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VOL. 50—No. 1.

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All communications are to be addressed to Mr. WILFORD MORGAN, at the Crystal Palace.

Christmas, 1871.

By order,

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R. LIMPUS, Hon. Sec.

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**MR. WILFORD MORGAN** will sing his popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," in Mrs. John Macfarren's Concert at Islington, February 8th.

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Fresh, fresh and sweet  
Are the dewy roses fair,  
When, blushing, the young buds greet  
The kiss of the summer air;  
Scatter thy perfume, rose,  
Scatter it far and wide,  
For well do I love to linger  
And gaze on thy blooming pride.

Soft, soft and low  
Is thy voice O rippling stream,  
While a thousand wavelets glow  
And dance 'neath the sun's bright beam;  
Sing me in gentle tones,  
As I wander thy banks along,  
A murmuring dreamy measure,  
A soothing and tender song.

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## CUPID'S DIARY.

AN ORIGINAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

BY AUG. MAYHEW.

(Continued from page 882.)

## ACT I.

*The scene is laid at the residence of Lady Rose Waters.*

*Boudoir of Lady Rose Waters. Tastefully and expensively furnished China Vases. Music scattered about. Elegant confusion. Sofa lounges. Easy chairs, &c., &c. Doors R. and L. The door L. leads into Lady Rose's private apartments.*

*Captain E. (aside).* It's all over!

*Lady R. (sternly).* Shall I return this curiosity to its owner, Captain Evelyn?

*Captain E. (with assurance).* Most certainly! *(Smiling. She offers the book to him. He bows and draws back.)* You said "to its owner," Lady Rose.

*Lady R. (aside).* Infamous man! And I, poor simpleton, looked upon this story of a Diary as an absurd jest—an impossible atrocity! *(Aloud.)* May I enquire the name of the vulgar coxcomb who has disgraced himself by this mean conceit?

*Captain E. (calmly).* To save you further trouble, I will take charge—*(Offers to take the book. Lady Rose declines to give it.)* As you will, Lady Rose, but do not, I pray, visit me with your indignation. An acquaintance of mine *(proudly)*—a man I shall for the future carefully avoid—rendered boastful by wine, was about to amuse his companions with quotations from that book, when, indignant at his infamy, I snatched it from him. *(Meekly)* Was I to blame, dearest Lady Rose?

*Lady R.* And the name of this—this person?

*Captain E. (with mock earnestness).* There are some things, Lady Rose, a gentleman cannot do, and one of them is to seek for profit by a betrayal!

*Lady R.* Then, Sir, I shall—in mercy to those whose names are herein catalogued *(shakes the book)* retain this treacherous record—until the rightful owner can summon sufficient courage to claim it!

*Captain E.* Lady Rose—for pity's sake!

*Lady R.* On that point, Sir, I am decided! For pity's sake I refuse to part with this monstrous libel.

*Captain E. (aside).* If I leave her, she will pry—her eyes are glistening with curiosity. *(Aloud with great assurance.)* Having completely cleared my reputation from your unjust suspicions—

*Enter Alfred Newton.*

*Lady R. (without paying attention to what Captain E. is saying, rushes to meet Alfred, and welcomes him with forced delight).* Dear Alfred! this is kind. You have come, too, like a good boy, just at the right moment. *(Alfred seems to be astonished.)* You must sacrifice your entire day to me! It seems an age since I last saw you!

*Alfred. (Astonished, but calm.)* I will with pleasure sacrifice anything and everything to you—but it is not an age since you last saw me—you mean since you noticed me. *(Lady Rose converses with him.)*

*Captain E. (Aside).* This forced amiability to that wretch is intended to kill me outright. Nothing can save me but brazened impudence. *(Aloud.)* Mr. Newton, permit me to interrupt your delightful conversation. *(To Lady Rose.)* Have I your permission, dear Lady Rose—may I share the secret with your cousin?

*Lady R. (Astonished).* Share what secret?

*Captain E. (To Alfred).* In a few days I shall be the hated of mankind, for I shall be the happiest of men! Allow me to present to you my future wife. *(Attempts to take Lady Rose's hand. She falls back indignantly.)*

*Alfred. (Clasping his hands—aside).* That is a nasty twinge! O the rough wakening from my happy dream! Lost! Lost! Both of us lost!

*Lady R.* Captain Evelyn!—I am extremely angry—this is rudely precipitate—I will not be entangled and snared in my half promises! *(is coquettishly vexed.)*

*Alfred. (Aside).* She encourages him by her affection. *(Aloud to Captain E., after an effort.)* This news will set all London in a blaze—when your other darlings begin burning your love letters. *(To Lady Rose.)* I thought your bosom cold and hard as an iron chest, in which was locked up all tenderness, secure from the gallant rogues—but the Captain, like love, laughs at locksmiths! He is a bold man!

*Lady R. (recovering her self-possession).* He is also a boastful man! He shouts victory—but there still remains the hand to hand encounter in church! *(Shakes her finger at the Captain and walks away, he following.)*

*Alfred (aside).* That's true! They are not married yet! I'll not give her up. *(Gaily to Captain.)* Captain, I felt too gloomy just now to wish you joy To tell you the truth I was envious! Have you ever

watched a lovely peach and noticed how, day by day, it bloomed and ripened, increasing in tempting beauty—but—just as you resolved to pluck the prize, some greedy wasp has pounced upon the pretty fruit and spoiled its perfection? Well, you are my wasp!

*Captain E. (aside).* This stuff gown is roused to poetry!

*Lady R.* Am I the peach?

*Alfred (gaily).* Yes! you are the peach, the round velvet fruit, the queen of my garden—until the wasp came!

*Lady R. (aside).* Alfred is charming! *(Aloud.)* Sincerely Alfred—*(with archness)*—as my legal adviser—since Captain Evelyn has dragged you into this business, do you think he will make a good husband!

*Captain E. (modestly).* Somehow or other, Mr. Newton, erroneous notions have crept into your cousin's charming little head, and her faith in my purity of mind is shaken!

*Alfred (with assumed vivacity).* The Captain has been a gay man, the terror of mothers, the scourge of husbands. As a matrimonial experiment he is highly speculative. His volcano of a heart may have exhausted its raging fires, and settled down to the pleasant warmth of the domestic hearth—but really—*(hesitates).*

*Captain E. (aside).* The dog snarls and means biting.

*Alfred.* So much depends on Lady Rose's taste in the matter of hearts! *(Earnestly looking at her.)* Young girls usually prefer new hearts, free from stain or blot, in which, as in a clean album, they may be the first to jot down their poetic fancies! Now, *(with a laugh)* the Captain's heart has been like a sea-side lodging house—it has always been full, but no one has stayed long!

*Captain E. (forcing a laugh).* Your cousin slanders me, Lady Rose. My bosom, I admit, gratefully preserves the record of departed friends, but it does so with the cold solemnity of a tombstone.

*Alfred.* And with this inscription on the tombstone, "It was a happy release."

*Captain E. (to Lady Rose).* You must not listen to this lawyer in sheep's clothing—while he bleats his advice I can detect the wolfish growl of the thwarted lover!

*Alfred (to Lady Rose).* O, marry him, marry him by all means! A capital match! *(To Captain.)* Should the men declare you married my cousin for her fortune, strike them smartly in the face with her cheque-book, and tell them they lie!

*Captain E. (to Lady Rose—savagely).* For peace sake, bid him be silent—his voice crackles like an old parchment. He is pleading a suit of ejectment to turn me out of your heart, and then occupy the premises on his own terms!

*Alfred.* Why should'nt you be as happy as paired pigeons! It is the fashion to abuse, Captain Evelyn *(to Lady Rose)*—the mean spite of the discarded beauties—but we have no positive proof of his perfidy!

*Lady R.* And this? *(Produces "Cupid's Diary").*

*Captain E. (excusingly).* Again! Have I not convinced you of my innocence!

*Lady R.* Mr. Arbitrator, *(to Alfred)*—I submit to you this strange manuscript as evidence, "Cupid's Diary—catalogue of my loves." *(To Captain E.)* You deny it to be yours?

*Captain E.* Lady Rose! To suspect me capable of such meanness is a death wound to my fondest hopes!

*Alfred (aside, excitedly).* I must have it! At the risk of my life I will have it! *(Aloud—meekly.)* You have not dipped into its contents, Cousin.

*Lady R. (indignantly).* What I! The Newgate Calendar of love's felonies! No! No!—Besides I have had no opportunity!

*Alfred (anxiously).* Well! Well! As arbitrator, I will take the first dip. *(Offers to take the Diary—Lady Rose declines to part with it.)*

*Lady R.* You should know, Mr. Arbitrator, Captain Evelyn denies the book to be his. He vows he snatched it from a tipsy braggart who would have turned traitor over his wine, and entertained his company with his love secrets—or some such story!

*Captain E. (with emphasis).* I saved a weak-brained sot from disgrace and remorse!

*Alfred (thoughtfully).* O! that is the story is it!

*Lady R.* Yes! and until that visionary scapegoat shall be sober enough to claim his property, I will keep it in charge!

*Alfred (aside, with sudden animation).* It is mine! *(Aloud.)* You shall not, Lady Rose, be long troubled with so disagreeable a trusteeship—Cousin! *(Hangs his head as though ashamed.)*

*Lady R.* Yes, Cousin!

*Captain E. (aside—nervously).* What dirty work is the lawyer up to?

*Alfred (despondently).* The Captain spoke truly. He did rescue a tipping idiot from disgrace and remorse! *(Proudly.)* But as I find the book in Lady Rose's possession, I can only presume he has repented of his generosity. *(To Captain Evelyn with mock severity.)* Of this, Sir, presently! *(Lady Rose stares in wonder from Alfred to Captain E.)*

*Captain E. (aside).* I dare not check the rogue's plot—the present danger is the more severe!

*Lady R.* Does the demure Alfred confess he has turned profligate.

*Captain E. (with mock resignation).* Lady Rose will be my witness, Mr. Newton, that I never breathed your name; but since you have the courage to confess your villany, Sir, I leave you to your fate. (*Goes towards Alfred, and in an altered tone—aside.*) By Heaven, Sir, if you play me false, you may say farewell to day-light!

*Alfred (aside to Captain E., proudly).* By Heaven, Sir, I will play you fair whilst the game lasts, and win who can!

*Lady R. (aside).* This is an arranged and acted scene. (*Glances at the gentlemen doubtingly.*) Cousin, you have confessed to a meanness that would disgrace a dandy footman, but which, in a gentleman, is the cowardice of a traitor, and painfully unworthy. Take your property!

*Captain E. (winning as he listens).* Henceforth, Mr. Newton, I must decline to know you! (*To Lady Rose.*) Now, dearest antecrat, may I claim to be restored to your favour. (*Kisses her hand, and as he does so, glances defiantly at Alfred.*)

(*Lady Rose delivers the book ceremoniously, to Alfred, and retires talking with Captain Evelyn.*)

*Alfred (kissing the book—aside).* She is mine! mine! mine! My head spins! There is a ringing in my ears as of wedding bells! (*With great animation.*) Dear Cousin, do not be too hard upon me! You mistook me for a quiet wisacre, and Evelyn for a heartless rake. Now I am the rogue and he the saint—eh, Captain? I have been detected robbing the orchard, whilst he was only peeping through the hedge, eh, Captain? He, good youth, walks through the garden of beauty, and cries aloud, "You are requested not to pluck the flowers." But I snap off the pretty blossoms and wear them proudly! (*Calmly.*) You will be so happy together!

*Lady R.* You are resplendent in your crimes, Alfred; you mount the scaffold bravely!

*Alfred.* He a fortune hunter! Nonsense! The only pity is, you are rich, cousin, and cannot test his merit. If you had been a shirt-maker he would have helped you sew on the buttons. That is correct; eh, Captain?

*Captain E. (with a savage glance at Alfred).* As certain as death!

*Lady R. (aside).* Since Alfred has turned vicious he has certainly grown handsomer. (*Aloud to Captain E.*) Most virtuous and maligned of men, you may, as a token of my returning favour—(*he rushes to her*)—enquire if my carriage is ready!

*Captain E.* Your most obedient servant—out of livery—is but too happy to obey. (*Half aside.*) Is there, dearest Lady, nothing else to be told me—not one little word?

*Lady R.* To-morrow, as I promised, the jury will return their verdict.

[*Exit Captain Evelyn.*]

*Alfred (who has been watching Captain Evelyn taking his departure, the moment the door is closed, rushes up to Lady Rose, seizes her hand, and speaks earnestly).* Dear Rose! By the memory of your mother, whose peaceful death we both witnessed, I conjure you not to make that man your master!

*Lady R.* For a professional lady-killer, Sir, you are strangely merciful. One does not often behold the butcher weeping over the doomed lamb!

*Alfred.* O Rose! Rose! I love you! You are my one joy. Can I, whilst my heart aches with timid tenderness, see you carried off to merciless captivity? Scorn me, hate me, but marry a good man! Entrust your young life to some upright protector!

*Lady R. (smilingly).* I am not surprised, Sir, at your success in love adventure! You manner is most impressive.

*Alfred.* Rose! Rose! I played the rogue that I might rescue you from a serious rascal. There was wisdom and charity in my assumed wickedness!

*Lady R. (coldly).* Wise and charitable cousin, I have no desire to be added to the list of your victims!

[*Exit into her rooms.*]

*Alfred.* My case is desperate; but I have a remedy that shall work wonders by to-morrow. (*Produces the Diary.*) Here is my apothecary. I will try a dose. (*Retires, and opens the book.*)

*Enter Sir Baker Taylor, wiping his forehead as though warm. Directly Alfred perceives him he closes the Diary, and watches Sir B. T.*

*Sir B. (not perceiving Alfred.)* Peuf! Peuf! I've read the will—beautiful document! Farms scattered all over the country; it's like marrying a map! (*Places his hat on table.*)

*Alfred (aside).* This old mole is longing for the earth. How can I play him off against the Captain? (*Advancing.*) You have arrived, Sir Baker, just in time to congratulate my cousin on her approaching marriage with Captain Evelyn!

*Sir B. (falling back astounded.)* Young man, you have a most unpleasant manner of firing off your bad news close to one's ears! How dare you tell me such a falsehood, and yet look as if you spoke the truth!

*Alfred.* I do speak the truth! Now listen to me, and be calm. As a near relative of Lady Rose Waters, I am most intensely opposed to this match!

*Sir B.* I admire your principles; they are mine!

*Alfred.* His character is bad!

*Sir B.* Unfit for human use!

*Alfred.* He is clutching at my cousin's fortune!

*Sir B.* That's it! He wants the farms—the villain!

*Alfred.* The man who, for the mere sake of lucre, could deceive a trusting woman with empty vows must be —

*Sir B.* In the hands of bill discounters!

*Alfred.* Will you assist me to save the threatened victim?

*Sir B.* To my utmost! (*Aside.*) I would rather marry her myself.

*Alfred.* Then we are agreed. (*Holds out his hand. Sir Baker grasps it.*) Hush! some one comes!

*Enter Lady Rose, with her bonnet on, as if going out. Foster follows, carrying parasol, shawl, &c.*

*Lady R. (aside, perceiving the gentleman.)* These rude men seem to have taken up their quarters in my house. (*To Sir B.*) Two visits in one day from Sir Baker Taylor! Is this admiration or business?

*Sir B.* Admiration of the highest intensity! My eyes were greedy to be feasted, and dragged me here.

*Foster.* A heavy load for a pair of old greys. (*Retires to back, near to door, &c.*)

*Lady R.* Then your eyes must take their refreshment quickly, for I am forced to leave you! (*Goes to looking glass, and busies herself arranging her bonnet strings.*)

*Alfred (aside to Sir Baker).* The Captain accompanies her!—it is an appointment—they wish to be alone—you must not leave them.

*Sir B.* Merciful powers! That grasping burglar! (*Goes to Lady Rose.*) Sweet hermitess of May-fair, I bring great news! I was describing you to Lady Clara De Lalune and she protests I must bring you together this very afternoon!

*Lady R. (still looking in the glass, and talking with a pin between her lips.)* Thanks! Thanks!

*Sir B. (disappointed).* Hum!—(*With renewed courage.*)—And Mrs. General Jumper is waiting at home on purpose to receive you.

*Lady R. (same play).* Really? Thanks! thanks!

*Sir B. (aside).* Nothing moves her! (*Aloud.*) I have a marchioness in tow—(*with great emphasis*)—and a duchess in hand!

*Lady R. (still busy).* These strings will drive me mad. (*Stamps her foot, and Sir Baker starts back alarmed.*)

*Sir B. (aside to Alfred.)* Treats the best blood in England as if it were a black pudding! (*Goes to Lady Rose and appears to be arguing with her.*)

*Enter Captain Evelyn quietly &c. Foster is close to the door. He looks around, and frowns on perceiving Alfred and Sir Baker. Alfred is intently watching Sir Baker.*

*Captain E. (aside to Foster.)* Listen to me, Foster. Your fortune is rising—it has gone up to two hundred guineas. Get rid of the lawyer cousin, insult him, murder him—if you have a fancy that way—but keep him out of this house for three days. (*Aloud, as he advances towards Lady Rose.*) Your ladyship has been obeyed in her commands. The barouche is at the door.

*Lady R.* You are a positive darling, Sir Baker! Entreat her ladyship to live a little longer, console Mrs. General Jumper, comfort the marchioness, and toady the duchess! (*Beckons to Foster, who hastens to arrange the shawl.*) If you are going my way, Captain Evelyn, I shall be happy to offer you a seat. (*Alfred is much agitated.*)

*Sir B. (alarmed, in a hurry).* I, too, will beg a lift of you, my lady! (*Foster snatches up Sir Baker's hat and conceals it behind her.*) Where the deuce is my hat? (*Hunts about.*) Have you seen my hat, Foster?

*Foster.* Many times, Sir Baker; it was a beauty.

[*Exeunt Lady Rose and Captain Evelyn.*]

*Sir B. (hunting about).* Where can my hat be? I certainly had a hat!

*Foster (who keeps her face always turned towards Sir Baker).* Of course; you're too old for caps!

*Sir B.* Hat, or no hat, I'll follow them! I'll pretend I don't wear hats! (*He is about to rush off when Foster gets into his way and stops him.*)

*Foster.* Perhaps you left it in the hall.

*Sir B. (trying to push past).* I'll go and see!

*Foster (dodging about).* Or, it might be in the dining-room.

*Sir B. (shuffling).* I'll look.

*Foster (dodging about).* Or, do you think it is in the study?

*Sir B. (savagely).* Damn this turnpike, let me through. (*Rumbling of wheels.*)

*Foster (aside).* They're off. (*Pretends to take the hat from a chair close by.*) Why, only look!—here it's been all the time; a pretty thing!

[*Sir Baker snatches the hat and exit.*]

*Foster (aside).* Now for the other. (*Alfred is seated in an arm-chair reading "The Diary" attentively. Th Alfred, aloud.*) Shall you be staying here much longer, Mr. Newton?

*Alfred (starting).* Did you speak?

*Foster (meekly).* Well, I did; but it doesn't matter—only the housemaid's got a day out, so I'm going to do the room during my lady's absence. I thought that, perhaps, you might object to being smothered in dust.

*Alfred (sternly).* I shall remain here until my cousin returns. But pray do not mind me—do your work! (*Settles back in his chair and reads, occasionally shrugging his shoulders or smiling savagely.*)

*Foster (meekly).* Thank you sir! You see these things must be done some time or other! I never was one as could abide dirt. I don't believe its wholesome! (*As she talks she piles the chairs one on the other around Alfred, who pays no attention.*) Perhaps you, being a bachelor, are fond of dirt, for I'm told chambers are reg'lar pigstyes. I wonder why lawyer's should be so dirty—come to be quite a saying, "a dirty lawyer." (*Pushes table close to Alfred. Then she goes to him, and says.*) Might I trouble you for that couch, sir? (*Alfred rises, takes another seat and continues reading. She dusts the couch hurriedly, and turns it upside down. Goes again to Alfred.*) Sorry to disturb you again, Mr. Newton, but I want this chair. (*Alfred rises. She turns the chair over. Alfred walks about reading.*) Now, sir, I'm going to sweep! Hadn't I better cover you over with a table cloth. (*Fetches a broom.*) I'll be very careful, Mr. Newton, not to choke you more than I can help. (*Follows Alfred sweeping round him. He puffs in disgust, looks around, seems astonished at the disorder—sneezes and rushes off. Foster rests on her broom and laughs.*)

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.

### NEW ORGAN AT OLDHAM.

The following is a synopsis of the organ now building for St. James's Church, by Messrs. W. Hill & Son:—

#### GREAT ORGAN (CC to G 56 pipes).

	Ft.	Pipes.		Ft.	Pipes.
1. Bourdon (wood) ...	16	56	6. Wald Flute (wood) ...	4	56
2. Open Diapason (metal) ...	8	56	7. Twelfth (metal) ...	3	56
3. Cone Gamba (metal) ...	8	56	8. Fifteenth (metal) ...	2	56
4. Stopped Diapason (wood) ...	8	56	9. Mixture 3 Ranks (metal) ...		168
5. Principal (metal) ...	4	56	10. Trumpet (metal) ...	8	56

#### SWELL ORGAN (CC to G 56 notes).

	Ft.	Pipes.		Ft.	Pipes.
1. Bourdon (wood) ...	16	56	5. Principal (metal) ...	4	56
2. Open Diapason (metal) ...	8	56	6. Lieblich flute (metal) ...	4	56
3. Salcional grooved into Stop Diapason (metal) ...	8	44	7. Fifteenth (metal) ...	2	56
4. Stopped Diapason (wood) ...	8	56	8. Mixture 3 Ranks (metal) ...		168
			9. Cornopean ...	8	56
			10. Oboe ...	8	56
			11. Clarion ...	4	56

#### CHOIR ORGAN (CC to G 56 notes).

	Ft.	Pipes.		Ft.	Pipes.
1. Dulciana (metal) ...	8	56	5. Piccolo (wood) ...	2	56
2. Lieblich Gedact (wood) ...	8	56	6. Clarionet, tenor C (metal) ...	8	44
3. Gemshorn (metal) ...	4	56			
4. Saube Flute (wood) ...	4	56			

#### PEDAL ORGAN (CCC to F 80 notes).

	Ft.	Pipes.		Ft.	Pipes.
1. Open Diapason (wood) ...	16	80	4. Trombone (wooden tubes) ...	16	80
2. Bourdon (wood) ...	16	80			
3. Violoncelle (wood) ...	8	80			

#### COUPLERS.

- |                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Swell to Great.  | 4. Choir to Pedals. |
| 2. Swell to Choir.  | 5. Swell to Pedals. |
| 3. Great to Pedals. |                     |

Tremulant to swell. Three composition pedals to Great, and two to Swell. The bellows to be blown by one of Joy's hydraulic engines, with provision for the usual hand blowing action. Deal case stained and varnished, with diapered front pipes. Pedal board, concave and radiating.

MILAN.—Signor Francesco Lucca, a music publisher, has given Signor Strazza a commission for a full length marble statue of Donizetti. When the statue is completed, it will be placed in the vestibule of the Scala, Signor Lucca having offered it to the Town Council for that purpose, and the Town Council having accepted the offer thus liberally made.—The management of the Scala has issued its prospectus for the ensuing season. The prospectus promises no less than five operas, among which will be *Aida*, Verdi; *Il Giuramento*, Mercadante; *Il Franco Arciere* (*Der Freischütz*), Weber; and *La Forza del Destino*. The season will be inaugurated with the last-named opera.

### ORGAN OPENING.

A new organ by Brindley & Foster of Sheffield, has been erected in the Parish Church of Staines. The event was celebrated by a special choral service. The organ consists of two complete manuals, CC to G, and independent pedal. The following are the Stops:—

#### GREAT ORGAN.

Open Diapason .....	8 feet.	Lieblich Flute .....	4 feet.
Stop Diapason .....	8 "	Mixture .....	3 ranks.
Dulciana .....	8 "	Clarionet .....	8 feet.
Principal .....	4 "		

#### SMALL ORGAN.

Lieblich Bourdon .....	16 feet.	Principal .....	4 feet.
Violin Diapason .....	8 "	Mixture .....	2 ranks.
Gedact .....	8 "	Trumpet .....	8 feet.
Vox Angelica .....	8 "	Oboe .....	8 "

The Pedal organ contains Bourdon, (large scale 16 feet) Couplers; Swell to Great, Swell to Pedal, and Great to Pedal. There are five Composition Pedals.

Mr. Walford, the organist of the church, presided, and the choir consisted of members of Eton College Chapel, Gray's Inn, &c., &c. A collection was made, at the conclusion of the sermon, for the organ fund, upon which a debt still remains of £150.

### SCHUMANN'S WRITINGS ON MUSIC.

(From the "New York Weekly Review.")

We learn that Madame Raymond Ritter is engaged on a translation of the literary works of Robert Schumann, and that the book will shortly be placed before the public in an attractive form. Madame Ritter undertook this translation at the especial request of Madame Clara Schumann, who will lend her aid towards a short biography of the composer, a complete and correct catalogue of his works and other *addenda*, which will much enhance the value of the translation. This will also be embellished by photographs from original portraits of Robert and Clara, presented by Madame Schumann to Madame Ritter, and considered by the former lady to be the best existing likenesses of herself and husband. It is well known that Madame Schumann never gave assistance or approval to the biographies of Schumann by Wasielewski or Reissmann; these works, though they may have filled an immediate want years ago, have been left behind by the views now generally held regarding Schumann and his work, and are often incorrect in their statements of fact. Madame Schumann has informed Madame Ritter of her long established habit of collecting letters and materials to serve for a complete biography, in order, as this great artist and devoted wife writes, in a recent letter from which we are permitted to quote,—“to bring my husband nearer to the public as a man; since, as a musician, his writings sufficiently attest the breadth of his mind, and the depth of his penetrating spirit. But the elevated nature of his every day thoughts, the purity and kindness of his disposition, the noble warmth of his heart—and all these more especially in the intimate relations of family life—have never yet had justice done to them by any pen.”—No one can doubt the pleasure with which a readable, interesting, as well as trustworthy life of Schumann would be received, for such a life has not yet been written, but until Madame Schumann considers the time ripe for giving her memoranda to the world, the lovers of Schumann's exquisite music will welcome with gladness, and may study with advantage, this first complete translation of his unique critical and miscellaneous essays on his own beautiful art. These writings when first published in Germany, marked an epoch in modern musical art, and created a profound sensation by their enthusiastic advocacy of progress, and their earnest protest against Philistinism and one-sidedness in art.

BAYREUTH.—The committee appointed to select a site for Herr R. Wagner's *Nibelungen* Theatre here have chosen the Stuckberg. The Stuckberg belongs to Herr Rose, a large sugar-refiner, who may not feel inclined to sell it, but no very great apprehensions are entertained on that score. The site, close to the Brandenburg suburb, is a tolerably elevated piece of table-land, commanding to the east and south, charming portions of the Fichtelberg and French Switzerland. Besides being, in the opinion of the committee, particularly well adapted by its magnificent position for the performance of an eminently poetic work, it possesses another advantage, excavations for deep “sinks” can be made without coming upon water, which is not the case elsewhere in the vicinity. The ascent, too, is very gentle, and consequently by no means fatiguing. The choice of the committee meets with general approbation. There is a second question which may be regarded as no less satisfactorily solved: the lodging, and providing for, from 2,000 to 3,000 visitors.

## CHRISTINE NILSSON IN COURT.

The appearance of Mlle. Nilsson in a New York Police-court, seeking protection against an unfortunate musician, who seems to be madly in love with her, is another instance of the penalties which may await success in art. There is a highly humorous extravaganza, familiar to the German theatres, and founded on the story of Pygmalion, in which the Cyprian sculptor is driven nearly out of his wits by the realisation of his dreams and prayers. The beautiful statue turns out to be a most incorrigible young woman, who spends all his money, is never satisfied with the jewellery he gives her, has a prosaic liking for Vienna cutlets with cucumber salad, and is at length discovered making love to the page. As it is the aim of an actress to produce in the minds of spectators the illusion that she is herself the heroine of the story in which she acts, it happens very frequently that she is only too successful, and that the idealisation she has conferred on herself she has also transferred to another. While she has been playing Juliet, she has convinced some young gentleman in the pit or the boxes that he is her natural Romeo; and as, from that moment, his senses may be considered to have left him, he can think of her no more as herself, but as the charming creature whose transcendent qualities have enslaved him. Moreover—but this does not apply to Mlle. Nilsson—it does really seem to be the object of most of our actresses to make love to "the house." While they ought to be regarding the rude advances of their rustic cousin, they are making eyes at the stalls; when they ought to be engaged in a tender flirtation with the young gentleman just down from London, they are in reality showing off their coquetties and addressing their pretty speeches to the dress-circle. In ordinary life, a love-struck young man is in general so very dull, silent, and gloomy, that we could not be surprised at any sensible woman turning elsewhere for amusement and appreciation. But it is rather unfair to the lover on the stage that his sweet-heart should invariably regard him as non-existent, and give all her little confidences, exhibit all her winning ways, and devote all her captivating smiles, to the sombre rows of heads in the pit and in the various galleries. Of course, a great lyric artist like Mlle. Nilsson does not adopt the tricks of a pert chambermaid in a modern comedy; but none the less do the heroines of the operatic stage labour to convince their audience that it is not Lucca, or Patti, or Tietjens, who is seen, but Zerlina, or Amina, or Fidelio. The young gentleman of imaginative temperament in the stalls forgets that he is in the stalls. He is as far removed from real life as is Alice when—in the new and charming volume of her adventures which has just been published—she gets through the looking-glass and finds herself in the wonderland on the other side. He sees no more of Mlle. Nilsson, let us say, but discovers that he is alone with Margaret in the garden, that she is singing the song about the King of Thule, and that as yet Faust and Mephistopheles have not approached her. Forthwith he thrusts himself into the drama in spite of Goethe. It does not occur to him that the rôle most likely to suit him is that of Siebel. He will be a law unto himself—play a new rôle—strike out a new drama—and there shall be only two persons in it, himself and Margarethe, and the tragedy may go hang. From this stage the patient sickens into confirmed lunacy. He discovers that Margarethe leaves the stage door at a certain hour every evening; and although that gate is not as the gate of Paradise, he resolves to hover round, and watch for a glimpse of the radiant being. And so forth, to various conclusions; but the comedy does not always end in a police-court.

In the case that has just occurred in New York, we are sorry to find that there was a predisposing cause. The unhappy victim of idealisation had—so say his friends—fallen violently in love some four years ago with a lady in Spain; and since then he has never altogether been himself. Elderly people who have had experience say that the best cure for an unfortunate passion is to go and fall in love with some one else; and affirm that even though that also should be luckless, the second disappointment is not like unto the first in severity, the tissues of the affections having become so far callous. With this hapless German musician, however, inoculation seemed to have had little effect; and his passion for Mlle. Nilsson was as violent as it well could be. He sat in the theatre and fancied she was addressing him when, as Margarethe, she plucked the leaves from the flower and repented the charm, "He loves me—he loves me 'not.'" He followed her carriage home. He made several wild attempts to see her; and at last succeeded in forcing his way into her room. The scene that confronted him there would have chilled the ardour of any less enthusiastic person; for there were several ladies present. Nevertheless, he rushed towards her; whereupon she caught him by the wrists, and held him until a porter came and shoved him out. Mlle. Nilsson told the magistrate that the prisoner attempted to kiss her; but he, in his subsequent confessions, does not admit that he was guilty of any such rudeness. But when both were in court it was evident that the fair songstress did not wish to deal harshly with this miserable wretch. She stated in a plain and matter-of-fact way what had occurred; and very amiably said that she only wished to have him prevented from annoying her in a similar fashion again. The prisoner's answer was to spring forward, catch Mlle. Nilsson's velvet cloak and kiss it rapturously, until a sergeant of police caught him by the collar and interrupted that innocent performance. The judge, specifying his crime as disorderly conduct, ordered him to find 800 dollars bail, or go to prison for six months. He could not find bail, and so he went to prison.

This German musician is exceptionally unfortunate in having caught the fever badly, and in having the news of it carried into a police-court. There are many not very dissimilar cases occurring from day to day in our theatres, which luckily stop short of that ignoble climax. He who fares best is the accomplished practitioner who imaginatively falls in love for an hour or two with the heroine of a drama or an opera, and then gaily goes home to supper and forgets all about it. There is no particular harm in a grey and grizzled paterfamilias of fifty reclining comfortably in the stalls, and dreaming for a brief space dreams of what might be if only he were twenty again. The harm that is done occurs in the case of younger and less hardened victims, who are apt to have a six months' fit of Byronism when they find their presents returned and their letters unanswered. But boys soon get over their disappointment; and their relatives are glad to observe what they consider a marked improvement in their digestion becoming visible about dinner-time.

## TONIC SOL-FA COLLEGE.

(Communicated.)

The annual assembly of teachers and students of this system in all parts of the country has been held, during the past week, at the Literary Institution, Aldersgate Street, under the presidency of Mr. Curwen. The proceedings lasted three days, and the attendance was large. On each evening, Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, F.R.S., gave a lecture on "Pronunciation in Singing." In these he showed by his own voice, aided by tables and diagrams, the nature and classification of vowel qualities, and their relation to musical tones. He dwelt on the mode of modifying vowel qualities so as to produce good tones at unfavourable pitches—the received pronunciation of the vowels as contrasted with provincial and vulgar varieties—the nature of diphthongs, and the best mode of singing them—with the proper practice necessary for rendering the effect of consonants distinct without being harsh, and, hence, of rendering the words of songs intelligible. The lectures exhibited a great wealth of research and philosophical power, and were listened to with much interest. About sixteen other papers and lectures were given on every variety of topic. Mr. Trevelyan gave explanations and hints to intending candidates for the Society of Arts examinations. Mr. Proudman, in a paper on "The duties of a praise-leader," set forth the qualifications for this important office. A very animated discussion took place on a paper by Mr. Griffiths on the method of conducting the examinations for certificates. Mr. Miller read a paper on the education of teachers of music. Mr. F. Smith, conductor of the Crystal Palace Band of Hope concerts, spoke on the employment of singing in Band of Hope work. A paper, by Mr. Callaway, on "The history and mystery of the counter-tenor voice" was read, in which the writer traced the early employment of this voice, and noticed how it was superseded by the male alto, who now seem dying out. Mr. Colin Brown spoke on "The characteristics of Scotch National Music." Mr. H. Fisher on the art of sustaining a melody on the pianoforte, with performances of Mendelssohn's songs without the words in illustration, &c. A model lesson in the development of musical expression was also given to a choir of men selected from the audience by Mr. Proudman. The meetings closed with the "Hallelujah Chorus," sung from memory by the whole of the company.

## MARK LEMON.

(From "Punch.")

It became our duty, some weeks ago, to invite the attention of our readers to the fact that a memorial fund, in aid of the widow and unmarried daughters of our late lamented friend, Mark Lemon, had been opened. Several donors have been generous, many have been very liberal, and thanks are due to those who have "done what they could." But the aggregate amount as yet obtained is altogether inadequate to the purpose, that of making a permanent provision for those so dear to one who never lost an opportunity of doing a kindness. It is with reluctance that, after examining the list, we admit to ourselves that very much is owed to private friendship, and comparatively little to public recognition of the noble character and the merits of Mark Lemon. Believing, as we sincerely believe, that we may account for this by supposing that thousands are still unacquainted with the fact that their aid is invited, we reiterate our appeal. We venture also to ask our contemporaries, who have already so ably and kindly promoted the object, again to perform that labour of love. We lastly, call attention to the notice at the foot of the list, stating how subscriptions may be forwarded. Some misapprehension on this point may have retarded the liberality which we refuse to believe will not be shown to those who possess such inherited and such personal claims to the kindly consideration of all.

## A DILETTANTE TO THE DEATH.

Leopold I., Emperor of Germany, was born for harmony. Little suited for the profession of arms, and not desirous of running the risks of battle, he never appeared at any siege, or at the head of his troops. However, as he ascended the throne when Europe was in a state of continual agitation, he did as all sovereigns then did: waged wars; but he waged them by his substitutes, namely, his generals, who were neither the least learned nor the least fortunate generals of a period as fertile in celebrated men as in great events.

Music was for him the truest of all religions, and he was a most fervent worshipper at its shrine. Having rendered himself familiar, at an early age, with all the mysteries of the science of sounds, he boasted, and congratulated himself, that he possessed philosophy and serenity of soul, and that he owed them to the cultivation of the divine art.

Early in the morning, on getting up, he had some one to play to him, or else played himself, to disperse the melancholy impressions produced in his mind by agitated sleep, a cloudy sky, or the innumerable causes of vexation incident to his position as a reigning sovereign; he said it was the only way to become a man again—good and humane; that when the hearing is occupied and captivated, it neutralizes the gross appetites of all the other senses, idealises matter, and makes one believe in the soul. When he felt he was about to give way to passion, he calmed himself, like Saul, by listening to the sweet and tender tones of some melody, especially that of the minuet: "Quel caprice," which he had parodied, for he was a good composer; he used to write some very pretty harmonic canons (with one *n*), while the cannons (with two *n*'s) of his army were thundering away in Europe. He was so enchanted with the canons played on the piano by a Pole, named Kontaki, great-grandfather of the present brothers Kontaki, that he ennobled him. Kontaki served in Sobieski's army, and, by his acquirements as an artilleryman, was instrumental in compelling the Turks to raise the siege of Vienna in 1683. The valiant Pole's double canons must, therefore, have been doubly pleasing to the Emperor. Leopold recompensed in a different fashion the Count de Serin, a noble Hungarian, who had summoned the Turks into the empire. Despite Serin's agreeable voice, which Leopold liked very much, he had the Count's head cut off, so as to prevent his again singing the hymn of revolt and treason. He had two other Hungarian nobles, Nadasti and Franzipani by name, served in the same way.

What this imperial dilettante loved most about the victories obtained by his general, Montecuculi, by the famous John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and by other commanders, was the pleasure of having Te Deums sung in the Cathedral at Vienna, to celebrate their successes.

Being one of those who signed the treaty of the Peace of Ryswick, he was on the point of taking part in the grand concerted piece, composed with reference to the Spanish succession—the right of Louis the Fourteenth's grandson to the throne of Spain being destined to contestation, a concerted piece which subsequently plunged Europe into war—when he felt that the principle, the springs of life in him were performing a fugue. A philosopher, a Christian, an epicurean, and a musician, he sent for his medical man, his confessor, and the musicians of his chapel. He ordered the first to inform him, as nearly as possible, how much time he had still to live, and, on learning, apparently without any emotion, that the torch of the Imperial life would be extinguished simultaneously with that of day, that in a few hours all would be over for him, he granted an hour of the time to the priest, and then, having taken leave of him, exhaled his last sighs, drowned his last gasp, in floods of harmony. His face was brightened by the different emotions produced by music that was religious, martial, and sensual in turn. He expired gently, murmuring in a recitative, which harmonised with a sweet mysterious melody, some vague, detached words seeming to say:—

"La musique est pour moi le ciel qui va s'ouvrir—  
Elle m'apprit à vivre et m'apprend à mourir."

Thus died, in 1705, Leopold I., Emperor of Germany, a cunning diplomatist, a hypocrite, and a coward, for some; for others, an adroit politician, firm or prudent, as the occasion

required; a gentle and benevolent philosopher; and, more especially, a man who, by his love for musical art, contributed to place Germany at the head of those nations which have distinguished themselves by their taste and their aptitude for the science of harmony.

## LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

On Wednesday night, Mr. John Boosey commenced a new series of ballad concerts at St. James's Hall, which was once more crowded to excess. These entertainments, with which Mr. Boosey has been so long and honourably identified, have taken the firmest hold upon the sympathies of the public, and the sixth season, now inaugurated, promises to be quite as attractive as any of its predecessors. This much is suggested by the announcement of such names as Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Arabella Goddard, and Mr. Sims Reeves, in the opening programme; and musical amateurs may take these announcements as so many indications of Mr. Boosey's resolve to win success by legitimate means. At the very beginning, the director of the London Ballad Concerts set up a standard from which it would be impolitic to depart. He engaged the services of the best artists in behalf of English songs and ballads, old and new; and the fact of our greatest pianist having so often taken part in the concerts is sufficient to prove that Mr. Boosey has no idea of making any compromise with the public. He gives them the first artists, both vocal and instrumental, and more than that he cannot be expected to do. The entertainments under notice are of an essentially "popular" order. They appeal to the most numerous section of the musical public. An acquaintance with, or training in, the art is not necessary for the broad appreciation of a song or ballad of our own school. A knowledge of music may aid and develop this appreciation, but the simple songs of the olden time, as well as those produced in such abundance by modern composers, find their way at once to the hearts of persons comparatively untutored in the art. This must always be so with the English ballad, which is really part of our nationality, and no mere form or fashion, to endure for a time only.

At Wednesday night's concert enthusiastic applause was, as usual, the rule. Encores began in the case of Madame Arabella Goddard, who played Thalberg's *Don Giovanni* fantasia with remarkable executive facility and delicacy of expression. Thalberg, if we remember correctly, composed two fantasias on airs from Mozart's opera. The one chosen by Madame Goddard contains the serenade, "Deh vieni," and the minuet. In the serenade, the pianist kept the melody and accompaniment going at the same time with wonderful exactitude, and the peculiar difficulties of this arrangement are well known to students of Thalberg's works. Madame Goddard did her best to resist the encore, but the public insisted, and she responded with the same composer's "Home, sweet home."

In the second part Madame Goddard's solo was Benedict's arrangement of "Where the bee sucks." Madame Lemmens-Sherrington sang Mr. Arthur Sullivan's charming lullaby, "Birds in the night." This was an encore, and was answered by Mr. Molloy's song, "Thady O'Flinn," about as great a contrast to the preceding song as can well be imagined. Hamilton Aidé's "Linden Waltz," and a new ballad by Mr. F. H. Cowen, were this lady's remaining solos. The latter is entitled "Spinning," and is a composition of much merit. The ballad has character, and very graceful feeling. Madame Cora de Wilhorst, sang Mr. Sullivan's "O fair dove," and "The last rose of summer," and was successful in both instances. Miss Enriquez, an acquisition in any concert-room, gave a new song, called "Rest," by Comyn Vaughan, and an old one, entitled "The old chimney corner." Miss Fennell, whose voice and style are both good, sang "Nightfall at sea," one of Virginia Gabriel's best compositions. Miss Harrison, another young lady, new, we believe, to London, was included in the vocal party. Mr. Sims Reeves sang Blumenthal's "Message," and the immortal sea song "Tom Bowling." This was encored (which was not remarkable, for the incomparable tenor gave it with the deepest pathos) and produced "Come into the garden, Maud," in answer. A new national song, with chorus, "Long live the Prince of Wales," was rapturously received and re-demanded. Mr. Sims Reeves took the solo part; the composer is Mr. J. W. Elliott. Mr. Maybrick gave a new song, "Be true," by Henriette; and Mr. Edward Lloyd, who struggled bravely through a pretty song, "Queen of the Stars," by Comyn Vaughan, was compelled, from hoarseness, to come to a stop in Balfe's "Good night, beloved."

The accompanists were Mr. J. L. Hatton, Mr. Sidney Naylor, Mr. F. H. Cowen, and M. Lemmens.—*Morning Advertiser*.

VENICE.—The operas *Fabligo*, at the Fenice, for the approaching season are *Nigron*, M. Ambroise Thomas; and *Romeo e Giulietta*, Signor Marchetti. Signor Petrella's *Joue*, also, is promised.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

### THE ELEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 8th, 1872,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

#### Programme.

##### PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 74, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—*MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERRINI and PIATTI* ... *Beethoven.*  
SONG, "Little Baby's gone to sleep"—(first time)—*Miss ALICE FAIRMAN* ... *Benedict.*  
SONATA, in E minor, Op. 90, for pianoforte alone—*Mr. CHARLES HALLS* ... *Beethoven.*

##### PART II.

ALLEMANDE, LARGO, and ALLEGRO, for violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—*Signor PIATTI* ... *Veracini.*  
SONG, "The Noblest"—*Miss ALICE FAIRMAN* ... *Schumann.*  
SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for violin, viola, clarinet, horn, bassoon, violoncello, and double bass—*MM. STRAUS, ZERRINI, LAMARUS, C. HARPER, WOTTON, REYNOLDS and PIATTI* ... *Beethoven.*  
Conductor *SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.*

Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Mr. Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Mr. Olivier, 39, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cook & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Keith, Frowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. H.—Consult some established professor of singing as to your voice, or apply for admission to one or other of our Academies.

#### NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1872.

#### A NEW YEAR'S HOPE.

1872 has begun well with regard to its musical prospects. Cheerfully as we wrote last week concerning the then passing and the coming year, it was without any knowledge of special good in store. But, sometimes, facts are not only better than our fears; they are better than our hopes. Arguing from the past to the future, we felt confident. There were, however, some coming events which so cast their shadows before as to justify confidence even in timidity itself, and we claim no credit for a divining instinct. The special good, of which mention must now be made, threw a shadow not more definite than that which might precede anything in general, nothing in particular. To speak plainly: the Crystal Palace managers had in store for us a New Year's Gift of the first magnitude, and they kept it as a surprise. We did not expect the thing; and have hardly yet found time to measure its worth. Suppose our readers and ourselves look at it together.

Few will dispute that one great hindrance to the spread of musical culture in England has been the want of such stimulus as arises from a prospect of gratified ambition. Of course, whatever is worth doing should be done for itself alone; but this is an ideal not easy of attainment, and upon which it would be folly to insist. There are traits—weaknesses, if the reader pleases—in human nature only needing to be properly worked upon to achieve great results. One such is an honourable desire for the reward of well-doing, which has encouraged so many to do well. In musical matters small chance of gratifying the craving

referred to has existed; and if amateurs have devoted themselves to our art, they have done so out of a pure love, able to reconcile them to the impossibility of winning more than the honours of a select circle. Upon this weak point the Crystal Palace directors have fastened their attention, and the result is an announcement worthy of all the prominence we can give it. Therefore, here it is—

"CRYSTAL PALACE.—National Music Meetings.—the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company beg to announce that the first annual series of National Music Meetings will be held at the Crystal Palace during the ensuing summer.

"At these Meetings, Native and Foreign Choral Societies, Glee, Madrigal, and Part Song Vocalists, Cathedral and Church Choirs, Military and Volunteer Bands, and Amateur Solo Singers, will be invited to compete for Prizes.

"The success which has attended the Handel Festival, and similar large undertakings at the Crystal Palace, gives the Directors ground to hope that the Institution they now seek to organize will meet with the hearty support of all who look with favour upon any important measure which has for its object the advancement and encouragement of music.

"The National Music Meetings will, it is believed, serve this object more directly than any movement that has recently been made in the interests of the art. By the competitions proposed, a healthy spirit of emulation will be aroused among executants; a test of merit, such as does not now exist, established; and diplomas of efficiency may be won which will confer indisputable distinction upon their holders.

"It is intended that the National Music Meetings shall be held on five days during a fortnight at or about Midsummer in each year.

"A Council will be formed, consisting of the most eminent authorities in music, from which body the competitors for the different prizes will elect a jury by ballot.

"A Challenge Prize or Prizes of the aggregate value of one thousand pounds will be awarded, and other prizes to the amount of five hundred pounds will be distributed for the best performances of the best vocal and instrumental music, on conditions to be hereafter specified.

"The choral and instrumental competitions will be between bodies of equal strength, in their respective classes. Solo singers will compete according to their respective voices. Not more than a certain number of competitors will be permitted to contend for the same prize; and priority of entry will, as far as possible, be considered in the order of selection.

"With a desire to make the National Music Meetings in every respect advantageous to the cause of music, and to enable all who take part in them to render practical service to the pursuit they follow, it has been determined to allot a portion of the proceeds of the undertaking to the Royal Academy of Music, and to the Royal Society of Musicians, in furtherance of the objects of those Institutions. The National Music meetings will thus not only encourage the development of musical proficiency to the fullest extent, but they will also be the means of supplying funds, which will go towards the education of musicians, and of providing money to be applied to charitable purposes in connection with the art.

"All communications are to be addressed to Mr. Willert Beale, at the Crystal Palace. By order,

"Christmas, 1871.

G. GROVE, Secretary."

All this means in effect that the managers have come forward to hold out that prospect of reward and encouragement, the absence of which has worked so much harm. That they have done so adequately cannot be doubted. Fifteen hundred pounds will make up no mean array of prizes; but more valuable than money is the opportunity of asserting merit "in the face of the sun, the eye of day," and in the presence, so to speak, of an assembled nation. These meetings cannot but have a real importance, and success in connexion with them must "confer indisputable distinction." We welcome the scheme, therefore, with a warmth proportioned to the need there was of it; and our best efforts, as

a matter of simple duty, shall be devoted to its furtherance. Meanwhile, all our readers will join us in thanking the Crystal Palace directors for having taken a course so likely to be productive of good. They will join us, moreover, in anxiously awaiting details which, as respects a matter of unquestionable delicacy, may make or mar the enterprise.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

USUALLY it is a delicate task for one man to come forward in defence of the aspersed character of another, but there are occasions when "taking thought" about such a step is quite superfluous. If, for example, the calumniated individual cannot possibly answer for himself, the duty of taking up his cause is a truism in the theory of chivalric manfulness. We are glad to see, therefore, that Mr. Santley has contradicted certain statements, published in America, with regard to the Prince of Wales. Doing this, he took the extreme step of a "letter to the editor," which we subjoin, because it best explains itself:—

"I have read, with much concern, in Saturday's ———, an account of certain interviews reported to have taken place, into which have been introduced reflections, as unjust as they are ungenerous, on the character, as a gentleman, of the Prince of Wales, in his relations with the theatrical world. From considerable experience in Her Majesty's Theatre, the Royal Italian Opera, Drury Lane, and the Gaiety Theatres, I can state positively that the bearing of the Prince of Wales, in these relations, was universally courteous and manly, and characterised by the greatest propriety. I am authorised by Mr. Chas. Fechter, whose opportunities of judging have been at least as frequent as those of any other manager or actor, to corroborate the above assertion on his behalf in the strongest possible manner; and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, a friend of Mr. Bancroft, of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, desires to add that he would have no difficulty in obtaining from the latter gentleman a complete denial of the allegation against the Prince in connection with that establishment, were it not too ridiculous to suppose that his Royal Highness would ever present himself at the stage door of any theatre whatever. Any one connected with the stage must desire, at the present moment, to concur in all that Mr. Sothern is reported to have said as to the urbanity and modesty displayed by the Prince of Wales in his dealings with actors, and it is a pity that the same column which contains this testimony should be disfigured by the aspersions I deem it my duty to contradict.—I am, yours respectfully, C. SANTLEY.—Grand Central Hotel, Sunday, Dec. 10, 1871."

**LUCCA'S CARLO BROSCHI.**—The *Neue Prussische Zeitung* writes as follows upon the subject:—

"In Auber's music, too, the touches of feeling, which Scribe imparted to the humorous Carlo Broschi, are not lost. But we must not look for the dreamy sentiment of profound German composers. A master in the singing and sounding tone of the *salon*, Auber made his concerted pieces push along like animated and sprightly conversations; even where true brotherly love and inward emotion has to be portrayed, the French composer sports, as a rule, only on the surface. Madame Lucca, on the contrary, as was to be expected from a German artist, entered, in her singing, more deeply into the spirit of the character; it was the feeling element in the part of Broschi that was displayed in her impersonation in the warmest and brightest colours. She thus brought the humorous creation nearer the hearts of the audience; her Broschi excited not only a joyous but also a serious kind of sympathy. Fresh and sportive in Broschi's graceful couplets; roguish in the scenes where the supposed 'demon,' possessed of magic power, mystifies his ally, Rafael, and the others; and true-hearted in the scenes with his sister, Madame Lucca accomplished, also, with natural charm and pleasing impressiveness, her task where the king and the queen are concerned. The full house honoured the fair artist, according to her deserts, by salvos of applause and numerous recalls. In the first scene of the second act, the applause did not cease till Madame Lucca complied with the enthusiastic demand for an encore, and repeated the comic couplet. The writer begs, however, to remind those enthusiasts who are never satisfied, that the part of Carlo Broschi is long enough without being rendered more arduous by repetitions."

SOME erroneous notions have prevailed as to the descendants of Schiller. The great German poet left a son and a daughter, the lady being still alive. She was married to Count von Gleichen, and it was her son who was present at the inauguration of the statue in Berlin. Schiller's son was married twice, and by the first wife he has a son living, *Friedrich Fritz von Schiller*, a retired officer in the Austrian service, who was prevented by illness from attending the Berlin festival. The present Baron von Schiller, who married the daughter of Colonel von Alberti, of Stuttgart, has no children; and, therefore, with his death, the name of Schiller will be extinct.—*Queen*.

THE following particulars with regard to the new organist of St. Paul's appeared in Wednesday's *Times*:—

"Dr. Stainer, who was born in 1840, was a chorister at St Paul's between 1847 and 1856. At the age of 16 he became organist to St. Michael's College, Tenbury, then recently founded by Sir Frederick G. Ouseley, Professor of Music in the University of Oxford; and, three years afterwards, he was, at the early age of 19, made organist of Magdalen College, Oxford. He seized the opportunity of graduating in Arts as well as in music, proceeding to Mus. Bac. in 1859, B.A. 1863, Mus. Doc. 1865, and M.A. 1866. In 1860, Dr. Stainer had been appointed organist of the University Church by the then Vice-Chancellor, the Rev. Dr. Jeune, late Bishop of Peterborough, and he has held this appointment, together with the organistship of Magdalen, up to the present date. With his brilliant powers as an instrumentalist no Oxford resident during the past twelve years can be entirely unacquainted; while from time to time he has been warmly welcomed at the Crystal Palace by metropolitan audiences. Dr. Stainer has composed a large number of anthems and Church services, as well as songs of a secular character, while by his recent work on *The Theory of Harmony* he has, in the opinion of the profession, at once achieved the highest reputation as a scientific musician. From Dr. Stainer's youth and energy the happiest expectations may be indulged as to his capacity for effecting the much needed improvements in the choir and musical services of the Cathedral Church of London."

We can add to these remarks only by congratulating Dr. Stainer, upon the anticipations to which his appointment has given rise, and by expressing a hope that he may justify them in full.

THE same fatality which made the words American, Yankee, and Indian genuine misnomers, seems to have followed even the national songs of the American people. "Yankee Doodle," at least, and the well-known tune which bears this name, are anything but American. Where their birthplace really was, is, however, quite a mystery. New discoveries are constantly being made. Kossuth was reported to have recognized it as one of his own Magyar race, and a learned diplomat of the United States discovered it among the Basques, in one of their ancient sword-dances. This much only is certain, that the wicked wife of the Court of Charles II. whistled the tune in the ears of the Nell Gwynnes of that time, and it is found jingling in a song on a famous lady of easy virtue in those days:

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket,  
Kitty Fisher found it;  
Nothing in it, nothing on it,  
But the binding round it."

Those indefatigable students, the Duyekins, track it still further back to the old songs of the land of their ancestors, Holland, and claim that Dutch labourers used to sing:

"Yanker didei, doodel down,  
Didel, dudal, lenter;  
Yanker viver, voover down,  
Botermilk and tanter."

which certainly has a suspicious look of originality about it, and might well shake our faith in the assertion that one Dr. Schaekburgh, of the British Army, composed the famous song. Its adoption as a national air dates from the day on which a country fifer happened to play it as a quick-march, at the head of a small detachment going to the fight at Bunker Hill.

Those who are reading Mr. Forster's first volume of *The Life of Charles Dickens* will have noted, with some surprise, the repugnance uniformly expressed by the great humorist for the House of Commons. Nothing would induce him to enter it. How are we to explain? Was it the mad side of this great wit; or is the British Constitution but the idol of fools? \* \* \* \* \* Dickens was a man of genius, and his genius was of that kind at once the most unaccommodating yet most exposed to compromise. His imagination selected letters as the sphere of its energy. It would never have suggested itself to any but Italians to send Signor Verdi to their first Chamber of Deputies, on account of his fame as a musical composer; and even Italians would never have dreamt of doing so save at a moment when overflowing with gratitude to all who, by making their country illustrious, had compelled the world to insist upon its liberation. Nor has it ever occurred to a constituency to tear painter from easel, or sculptor from block of marble, and make him legislator in homage to mastery over form, or command over colour. But in letters,

the contrast not being so apparent, the crowd are prone to think that they might be brought yet more into contact with what they admire. Mr. Disraeli might possibly have become a great man of letters; and Mr. Gladstone could not but have made a mark on any subject to which he was devoted. Lord Russell and the late Lord Derby, not to mention others, have been men of letters by accident. Lord Lytton is one who has descended, ever and anon, into the Parliamentary arena, to astonish us by the well-prepared periods of the ornate student, but only to withdraw again into the groves of the Academy. Dickens was of a different stamp, and his fortunes obeyed his genius. There is despot blood in the veins of all men of genius. In the prelude to *Middlemarch*, George Eliot speaks of "spiritual grandeur ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity," and such a discordant union is presented to us in imagination by the thought of Dickens as a member of the House of Commons. Better a thousand times that such an one should shut out from him all distractions than that "a courser of the sun" should, as Carlyle says of Burns, "be harnessed to a beer cart."

A. M. de Tyden, has contributed to *L'Europe Artiste* what he calls the "Livres d'Or de l'Hymen artistique," and we reproduce it here *pour encourager les autres* :—

1684. Mlle. Roland, danseuse, Marquise de Saint-Genès. 1768. La Fançon-Moreau, cantatrice, Marquise de Villiers. 1728. Quinault Dufresne, danseuse, Duchesse de Nevers. 1742. La Grognet, danseuse, Marquise d'Argus. 1752. La Rosaly, choriste, Présidente Massen de la Maison-Rouge. 1766. La Defresne, figurante, Marquise de Fleury. 1755. La Sullivan, figurante, Lady Crawford d'Auchimanes. 1760. La Leduc, figurante, veuve du Marquis de Tourvois, épouse en secret le Comte de Clermont, prince du sang. 1761. Grandpré, figurante, Marquise de Senneville. 1762. La Lemaure, cantatrice, Baronne de Montbruel. 1763. La Liancourt, figurante, Baronne d'Angny. 1765. Rem, figurante, devient femme de Lenormand d'Étiolles, veuf de la Pompadour. 1765. Chou-Chou, figurante, Présidente de Meinières. 1768. La Mazanelli, figurante, Marquise de Saint-Chamont. 1768. Lolotte, figurante, Comtesse d'Hérouville. 1771. La Marquise, figurante, Marquise de Villemomblo. 1778. Levasseur (Rosalie), cantatrice, Baronne du Saint-Empire, devient Comtesse de Mercy d'Argentan, en 1790. 1784. Cléron, cantatrice, Princesse d'Anspach. 1797. Clairval (dite Guignon), cantatrice, Présidente Campistron-Malibran. 1828. Auguste Ménétrier, coryphée, Marquise de Cussy. 1830. Sontag, cantatrice, Comtesse Rossi. 1882. Marie Taglioni, Comtesse Gilbert de Voisins. 1848. Maria, danseuse, Baronne d'Henneville. 1853. Alboni, cantatrice, Comtesse Pepoli. 1858. Dandilâtre aînée, Comtesse Clarke del Castillo. 1854. Thérèse Essler, danseuse, épouse le frère du Roi de Prusse. 1868. Adeline Patti, cantatrice, Marquise de Caux."

M. de Tyden might have extended his list, but, of course, English artists like Miss Stephens (Countess of Essex), don't count.

—o—

## THE REMBRANDT PORTRAITS AT THE ACADEMY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Finding some difficulty in discovering who the Burgomaster "Palekan" was, whose portrait, with that of his wife, has been contributed to the Academy Exhibition of Old Masters, by Sir Richard Wallace, from the Hertford Gallery, it has occurred to me that, as the catalogue does not appear to be very correct in names and titles, this name of Palekan, which must be new to many like myself, may possibly be a misprint for Pellecorne; for I find that portraits of Ian Pellecorne, and his wife and children, were amongst the pictures contributed by the late Marquis of Hertford to the Art Treasures Exhibition, at Manchester, in 1857, as the works of Rembrandt.

I am, sir, yours,

N. W.

—o—

## THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE IN 1815.

SIR,—One of your Special Correspondents recently stated that the Bois de Boulogne was destroyed in 1815 by the English. Will you allow me to say that in 1815, when the Bois was occupied by British troops, an order came from the Duke of Wellington for its destruction; but the order was no sooner given than it was countermanded, and the only English axe raised against the wood struck but a few splinters from off an old oak tree at the Autenil side of the wood. I have been myself a resident in Paris for many years, and I have frequently witnessed, on Sundays and holidays, people of all classes buzz round the tree in question, and show the marks of the English axe to their children and friends.—I remain, Sir, yours truly.

To Shirley Brooks Esq.

TIMOTHY BUBB (Bart).

## PROVINCIAL.

TENDERDEN.—The *Kentish Express* says :—

"On Wednesday evening Signor Campanella, assisted by some of his pupils, gave a concert in the town hall, when a long programme was performed. The execution of the various pieces, which were from the works of the best masters, was of a character that an audience in the country seldom has the opportunity of listening to. All performed their parts so well that it would be difficult to particularise any as having contributed more than the others to the success of the entertainment; but we must not omit to mention the rich treat afforded to lovers of music by the singing of Signor Campanella, who possesses an extraordinary bass voice, and at the same time is an accomplished artist. The applause that followed each performance was not of an ordinary character, but such that showed the heart of the audience had been touched. The encores were frequent, and most kindly responded to."

MALVERN.—A local paper says :—

"On Monday, the 18th inst., the College boys favoured us with one of their pleasant concerts. The precarious state in which the Prince of Wales has been lying kept the College authorities in doubt almost to the very day as to whether it would be well to have the concert or not. The telegrams of late, however, have been so favourable that it was finally determined not to disturb the arrangements; and the result of this decision was a very successful evening. The room, as usual on these occasions, was prettily and seasonably decorated with banners and festoons of evergreens, the wall over the orchestra being adorned with the Prince of Wales's feathers, the arms of the Bishop of Worcester, and the mottoes of the College and the Lygon family. We have heard no exact estimate given of the number of visitors, but there could not have been far short of 400 present; the fine schoolroom, however, afforded ample accommodation for the company, whose thanks are due to the committee and to A. W. Howard, Esq., for the excellent arrangements made; and to Mr. Haynes and the performers who worked under him for an interesting and effective programme. There was one thing worthy of note connected with this concert, which other schools would do well to copy, and that was the almost total absence of encores; and yet there was no coldness or want of appreciation. There are no concerts at which the privilege of demanding an encore is more apt to be abused than at those in connection with schools, for, as a fact, the privilege is sometimes carried to such an excess that we have known a two hours' programme lengthened by an hour, to the great weariness of those less interested in individual performers than in the boys themselves. On Monday, however, a two hours' programme produced a two hours' concert, and the consequence was that everyone went away pleased."

CROYDON.—We take the following from the *Croydon Advertiser* of Dec. 16 :—

"Mr. George Russell's annual concert is looked forward to with great pleasure and high anticipations, which are always realized. It is to concerts such as those of Mr. Russell that the weary amateur looks with feelings of longing desire. Here is refreshment for soul and body; here are living, loving, speaking forms. What a contrast to the skeletons strewing the way behind, with dry rattling bones. One concert a year, or thereabouts—"one halfpenny-worth of bread to all this sack!" It is the little spark amongst us which, presently, let us hope, will fill the whole place with light. The programme was as follows :—

"PART I.—Quartet in B flat (Weber)—Mr. George Russell, Mr. Henry Holmes, Mr. Burnett, and Signor Pezze. Aria di Chiesa, 'Pieta, Signor,' (Stradella, 1630)—Mr. Nordblom. Aria, 'Una voce poco fa,' (Rossini)—Madame Florence Lancia. Solo Pianoforte—a. Nocturne in F (Schumann), b. Albumbatter in F (Kirchner), c. Il moto continuo (Weber)—Mr. George Russell. Recit. and Air, 'O rudder than the cherry' (Handel)—Mr. Lewis Thomas. Swedish Melodies, Mr. Nordblom. Song (by desire), 'The Swan's Melody' (Geo. Russell)—Madame Florence Lancia. Trio, No. 1. Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, by desire (Geo. Russell)—Mr. George Russell, Mr. H. Holmes, and Signor Pezze.

"PART II.—Quartet (strings) in D major (Mendelssohn)—Messrs. H. Holmes, Folkes, Burnett and Signor Pezze. Song, 'If fondest wishes,' first time in public (Geo. Russell)—Mr. Nordblom. Romance in F for Violin (Beethoven)—Mr. Henry Holmes. Song, 'Good night, sweet mother' (Dionisato)—Madame Florence Lancia. Air, 'I'm a roamer' (Mendelssohn)—Mr. Lewis Thomas. Solo, 'Les Patineurs,' Le Prophète (Liszt)—Mr. George Russell. Trio, 'The magic-wave scarf' (Barnett)—Madame Florence Lancia, Mr. Nordblom, and Mr. Lewis Thomas.

"Mr. Russell generally presents some novelties, and this winter Croydon drawing-rooms will resound with Schumann's exquisitely charming Nocturnette, incomparably the best of the series, with its marked romantic contrast between the first and second subjects—the first all

first, gasping out short, eager sentences, like a man borne away in a whirl of passion; the second all love and tenderness with 'linked sweetness long drawn out.' Mr. Russell never showed to greater advantage than in his performance of this delightful little sketch. The crisp staccato chords of the first subject, and the sweet melody of the second, received additional beauties at his hands, and we can fancy the delight which our pianists will have when they realize more fully, by study, those beauties Mr. Russell so well introduced to them. Kirchner's *Albumblatt* in F is peculiarly graceful, and will undoubtedly share the honours of the afore-mentioned drawing-rooms with its more powerful companion. We have heard Mr. Russell play 'Il moto continuo'—as the *finale* to one of Weber's pianoforte sonatas is called—better than on Monday; the speed at which he took the movement was so great that the reverberation of the hall destroyed the clearness so necessary to brilliant performances. We were sorry to learn afterwards that Mr. Russell had slightly sprained his wrist before the concert, and was therefore playing in some considerable pain. To hear his last solo—the fantasia on the 'Skating Scene,' in *Les Huguenots*, by Liszt—one would never have dreamed that such was the case. Brilliant, and brilliantly played as this fantasia was, we shall certainly remember the 'Novelletten' in F as the gem of the concert. Weber's quartet in B flat, with its merry, busy *finale*, was a fine opening to the concert, and introduced to Croydon Mr. Henry Holmes as a leading violinist. Mr. Russell's well-known trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, concluded the first part, and we think it was never so well performed before. Mr. Holmes's solo—Beethoven's Romance in E—was played in a style worthy of the masterpiece, and much appreciated by his audience. Mr. Burnett's viola playing in the concerted pieces was also much applauded. Madame Lancia sang with her usual neatness 'Una voce poco fa,' Mr. Russell's favourite song, 'The Swan's Melody,' and the ballad 'If you're waking, call me early.' The pretty ballad which Mr. Russell composed (to Mr. Ormerod's words, commencing, 'If fondest wishes') for the bazaar held recently for the School of Art, was introduced into public life by Mr. Nordblom, the Swedish tenor. The song fully comes up on the platform to the reputation it has already earned in the drawing-room, and we hope soon to hear it again. Mr. Lewis Thomas's idea of 'Oh! ruddier than the cherry,' is as different as possible from the usual Santley-and-water we get now-a-days, being a return to the original method, and—thank Heaven!—to the original note at the end—that fatal G! How many more poor fellows are to strain their throats only to crack on it. We very much enjoyed Mr. Lewis Thomas's singing of the famous air, 'I'm a roamer.' It is just a trifle low for his voice, but his long acquaintance with what appears to be his favourite song enables him to give great effect to it. The audience was as numerous as brilliant, and as appreciative as usual."

MANCHESTER.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"The First Subscription Concert in the Stretford Town Hall took place on Friday evening, December 29th, and was attended by an audience both numerous and fashionable. The vocalists were Miss Thorley, and a glee party from the Manchester Cathedral Choir. The instrumental soloists were M. Brossa, whose performances on the flute gave great satisfaction, and Mr. Horton C. Allison, whose pianoforte solos were enthusiastically received. Mr. Allison played Beethoven's sonata in A flat (with the Funeral March), his own *Tarantella* in A minor, and Liszt's *Grand Concert Paraphrase* on Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*, which was (encored)—all from memory.

BREMEN.—Herr R. Wagner's opera, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, has been produced with marked success.

CAIRO.—The false jewels purchased in Paris for Signor Verdi's new opera of *Aida* alone cost 50,000 francs.

ROSSINI AND BOIELDIEU.—In the work he has lately published on Rossini, M. Arthur Pougin tells the following anecdote:—Rossini was good-nature personified in his relations with his friends. He and Boieldieu, especially, were upon the most amicable terms. After the first representation of *La Dame Blanche*, he complimented Boieldieu very warmly on his success, telling him there had never been so good a comic opera before; that it was a model of its kind; and that no Italian composer, himself not excepted, could write one like it. "On a happy day like this, when I can feel so contented, do you want to make me blush?" said Boieldieu. "Not at all, not at all," replied Rossini, "I am only speaking the truth. Not one of us Italians would have ever written such a scene as that of the sale. We should have manufactured a monstrous concerted piece, full of 'Felicità, Felicità, Felicità,' and yet not have produced the wonderful effect you have produced." "Come, come, my dear fellow," said Boieldieu with a smile, as he opened the door of his apartments—for both he and Rossini resided in the same house—"I see that I shall not overcome your stubbornness to-day. But just recollect one thing; I am never above you except when I am going to bed."

## ALEXANDER DUMAS.

(Continued from page 800).

The bare definition of the rival schools went far in popular opinion to decide the merits of the controversy. "Romanticism," says Bayle, "is the art of presenting a people with the literary works which, in the actual condition of their habits and modes of faith, are capable of affording them the greatest possible amount of pleasure. Classicism, on the contrary, presents them with the literature which afforded the greatest possible amount of pleasure to their great grandfathers." It was a clear gain to the dramatist to be emancipated from the rigid observance of the unities, to be free to choose subjects from modern history or the ordinary walks of life, to drape them appropriately, and make them talk naturally, instead of being tied down to Greek and Roman models, or rather what passed for Greek and Roman amongst the courtiers of the Grand Monarque. But a revolution in literature and art is as difficult to moderate as a revolution in government; it is idle to play Canute, and say "thus far shalt thou go and no farther" to the advancing waves of thought; we must take the evil with the good; and it was Victor Hugo himself who drew a parallel between the excesses of the Reign of Terror and what he called the nightmares of the new school as the necessities or inevitable results of progress. The extravagance to which they pushed their doctrine may be collected from the fact that, on the night of their crowning triumph, after the first representation of *Henri Trois*, a party of them formed a ring by joining hands in the foyer of the Théâtre Français, and danced round the bust of Racine, shouting in chorus, "Enfoncé, Racine! Enfoncé, Racine!" Dumas, to do him justice, never lost his reverence for the best classic models, and in the first of his accepted dramas, *Christine*, he was obviously still trammelled by their rules. The representation of this play was indefinitely postponed through a theatrical intrigue, which is amusingly detailed in the Memoirs—

"What happened to me during this period of suspense. One of those accidents which only happen to the predestined gave me the subject of *Henri Trois*, as another had given me the subject of *Christine*. The only cupboard in my bureau was common to Ferisse (his fellow-clerk) and me. In it I kept my paper; he, his bottles. One day, whether by inadvertence or to establish the superiority of his rights, he took away the key of this cupboard. Having three or four documents to transcribe, and being out of paper, I repaired to the accountant's office to get some. A volume of Anquetil lay open upon a desk; I cast my eyes mechanically on the page and read what follows."

What he read was a scene between the Duc de Guise and the Duchess, in which the Duc compels her to choose between the dagger and the bowl. This led Dumas to study the domestic history of the pair and the manners of the period. The result was the play familiar to English readers as *Catherine of Cleves*. It succeeded, and deserved to succeed: the historical portraits were true and life-like; the tone and manners in perfect keeping with the times; and the leading scenes admirably adapted for effect. The part of the Duchess was played by Mademoiselle Mars, who was the tyrant of the green-room as well as the queen of the stage:—

"After the reading, I was summoned to the director's cabinet, where I found Mademoiselle Mars, who began with that sort of brutality which was habitual to her!—'Ah, it is you? We must take care not to make the same *bêtises* as in *Christine*.' 'What *bêtises*, Madame?'—'In the distribution of parts.'—'True, I had the honour of giving you the part of Christine, and you have not acted it.'—'That may be: there is a good deal to be said on that subject; but I promise you I will play that of the Duchess of Guise.'—'Then, you take it?'—'Of course. Was it not intended for me?'—'Certainly, Madame.'—'Well then.'—'Therefore I thank you most sincerely.'—'Now, the Duc de Guise. To whom do you give the Duc de Guise?'"

They differ upon this part and two or three others which Dumas refuses to tier friends—

"So far so good: now for the page. I play three scenes with him. I give you fair warning that I insist on some one who suits me for this part.'—'There is Madame Menjaud, who will play it to admiration.'—'Madame de Menjaud has talent, but she wants the physical qualities for the part.'—'Oh, this is too much! And doubtless this part is given too?'—'Yes, Madame, it is, to Mademoiselle Louis Despreaux.'—'Choose her for a page!'—'Why not? Is she not pretty?'—'Oh yes, but it is not enough to be pretty.'—'Has she not talent?'—'It may come in time! but make that little girl play the page!'—'I am ready to listen to any good reason why she should not.'—'Well then, see her in tights; and you will see that she is horribly knock-kneed.'"

"I made my bow and took my departure, leaving Mademoiselle Mars stupefied. It was the first time an author had held out against her. I must confess, however, that the legs of my page kept running in my head."

The young lady turned out an unexceptional page in all respects; and Dumas explains that the real objection to her was her youth. Mademoiselle Mars at fifty-one did not wish to be brought into close contact with sweet seventeen.

From the moment Dumas took up the position of—

"Some youth his parents' wishes doom'd to cross,  
Who pens a stanza when he should engross,"

his official superiors lost no opportunity of finding fault with him, and at length the Duc d'Orleans was overpersuaded to write against his name: *Supprimer les gratifications de M. Alexandre Dumas, qui s'occupe de littérature*. Unabashed by this marked disapproval, Dumas, the day before the first performance of his play, boldly presented himself at the Palais Royal, and demanded to speak with his royal master. Under the belief that he came by appointment, he was admitted.

"So, M. Dumas, it is you. What good wind brings you or rather brings you back?" "Monseigneur, *Henry Trois* is to be brought out to-morrow, and I came to ask a favour or rather an act of justice, to attend my first representation. During a full year passed since your highness has been assured that I am a vain, headstrong, foolish fellow: during a full year I have maintained that I am an humble and hardworking poet: you have sided, without hearing me, with my accusers. Haply your Highness should have waited: your Highness judged differently and has not waited. To-morrow the cause comes before the public to be judged. Be present, Monseigneur, at the judgment. This is the prayer I am come to prefer."

"With the greatest pleasure," replied the Prince, after a brief hesitation, "but unluckily it is impossible, judge for yourself. I have twenty or thirty princes and princesses to dinner to-morrow." "Does your Highness believe that the first performance of *Henry Trois* would be a curious spectacle to offer to these princes and princesses?" "How can I offer it to them?" The dinner is at six, and the performance begins at seven." "Let Monseigneur put on the dinner an hour, I will put off *Henry Trois* an hour. Your highness will have three hours to satisfy the appetites of your angust guests." "But where shall I put them, I have only three boxes—" "I have requested the administration not to dispose of the gallery till I should have seen your Highness." "You took for granted then that I should consent to attend." "I reckoned on your justice. . . . Monseigneur, I appeal to Philip sober."

This was published, and passed unchallenged, when Philip sober was on the throne. The house was crowded with princes and notabilities; twenty louis were given for a box. The fate of the piece hung on the third act, especially on the scene where the Duc, grasping his wife's wrist with his gauntleted hand, compels her to write the note of assignation to Saint Mégrin. "This scene raised cries of terror, but simultaneously elicited thunders of applause: it was the first time that dramatic scenes of such force, I may also say of such brutality, had been risked upon the boards." At the conclusion of the third act, he hurries off to the sick-bed of his mother, and returns just in time to witness a complete success and receive the enthusiastic congratulations of his friends. "Few men have seen so rapid a change operated in their life as was operated in mine during the five hours that the representation lasted. Completely unknown the evening before, I was the talk of all Paris, for evil or for good, on the morrow. There are enmities, enmities of persons I have never seen, enmities that date from the obtrusive noise made by my name at this epoch. There are friendships, too, that date from it. How many envied me this evening, who little thought that I passed the night on a mattress by the bedside of my dying mother."

(To be continued.)

MELBOURNE.—The Italian operatic company, who gave a series of performances here some time ago, have since proceeded to New Zealand.

COLOGNE.—At the fifth Gürzenich Concert, the programme was composed of one work, Handel's oratorio of *Theodora*. The vocalists were Mdes. Bellingrath, Wagner, Joachim, Mdlla. Holmsen, Herren Wagner, and Krolop.

VIENNA.—Mdlla. Ima de Murska has returned, and been singing here again, but always in the same characters. Hints have been thrown out, by critics in nowise unfavourably inclined towards her, that it is high time she came out in something new.

VERDI'S *Atta* has been brought out at Cairo, and the following telegraphic despatch resulted:—"Splendid success. Enthusiasm without bounds. Grand ovation for the artists, for the director, Bottesini, for the orchestra, and the chorus conducted by Devasini. Demonstration in honour of Verdi, and the Viceroy present at the representation. *Mise-en-scène* incomparably magnificent. *Musica stupenda*. Great *chef d'œuvre*."

BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Oxford Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPE & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers Eppe's Cascade, a very thin evening beverage.

## TO PAULINE LUCCA.

The following appeared recently in an influential Berlin paper:—

### GRUSS AN PAULINE LUCCA.

"Wenn heut ein Geist herniederstiege,  
Zugleich ein *Sänger* und ein *Held*,  
Ein solcher, der im blut'gen Kriege  
Gefallen auf dem Schlachtenfeld,  
Er würde Dich als Gleiche preisen,  
Als Heldin und als Sängerin,  
Darum, zurück von Dpinen Reisen,  
Grüss' ich Dich mit ergeb'nem Sinn."

"Ein schwaches Lob nur kann ich spenden,  
Denn schon das schönste Lorbeerreis  
Befindet sich in Deinen Händen,  
Du aller Künstlerinnen Preis.  
Bald wird Berlin ganz ohne Söhranken  
Bejubeln Dich, so lieb und werth,  
Und lauter Beifall wird Dir danken,  
Das Du zu uns zurückkehrst."

For the benefit of Mad. Luoca's English admirers we add a literal translation of the above:—

### GREETING TO PAULINE LUCCA.

"Were a spirit to descend to-day, at once a *singer* and a *hero*, such a one, fallen in a sanguinary war upon the battle-field, would value you as his equal, as a *heroine* and *singer*, therefore, I greet thee, with devoted mind, on thy return from thy travels. I can offer thee only faint praise, for the most beautiful laurel-spray is already in thy hands, thou paragon of all artists. Soon will Berlin greet thee with unbounded jubilation, so dear and worthy art thou, and general applause will thank thee for having come back to us."

## W A I F S.

The Albert Hall Choral Society will shortly begin its rehearsals in Exeter Hall.

The Popular Concerts will resume on Monday next, with Herr Strau as first violin.

The Sacred Harmonic Society announce *Deborah* as their next oratorio. Good.

Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy are at work upon a three-act comedy entitled *La Veuve*.

Mr. Dolby's company gave two ballad entertainments in Washington on the 7th and 8th of December.

Gevaert's *Quentin Durward* has been successfully brought out at Antwerp.

Emperor William has appointed his eldest son Conservator of the Museums in the German capital.

Herr Wachtel will sing in Italian opera, with Mdme. Parepa-Rosa, at the New York Academy of Music, next spring.

Miss Kellogg has organized an operatic company, and will begin a season in San Francisco this month.

Fifty thousand dollars and all expenses paid is, we read, the inducement offered Miss Kellogg to sing in California twenty-eight nights.

Signor Gandini, author of several operas, and a well-known musical critic, has just died at Modena, aged 64.

The *Milan Gazette Musicale* says, that of 41 new Italian operas produced in 1871, four or five are just alive, the rest dead and buried.

M. Achard, the French tenor, seems to have made a *fiasco* on the Venetian stage, as Wilhelm, in *Mignon*. It is said, however, that he had a cold.

The *Chicago Journal* says: "It is the intention of Mr. Albert Crosby to build another mammoth opera house in this city, plans for which are at present under consideration."

P. S. Gilmore has met with complete success in securing the assistance of the Great Powers in his projected Universal Musical Festival, at Boston, in 1872.

The first *Bal de l'Opéra* of the present season produced upwards of 18,000 francs. So it seems that Paris has still the will to dance, and the means to pay the fiddler.

Mr. Alberto Laurance, has opened a conservatory for the instruction of music, and the preparation of singers for the lyric stage, in New York.

Dr. John Stainer, M.A., organist of Magdalen and to the University of Oxford, has accepted the post of organist to St. Paul's Cathedral, vacant upon the retirement of Mr. John Goss. Dr. Stainer is well known as an accomplished organist.

The *Musical Bulletin* of New York says:—

"The announcement of the projected visit of Mlle. Arabella Goddard to this country has created quite an excitement in musical circles. This lady has no living rival before the public as a pianist."

*L'Europe Artiste* is not honest. It reproduces and attributes to the *Musical World* an anecdote of Liszt and the Pope, which we quoted, not without laughter, from an American journal, acknowledging the source at the same time. We give our contemporary a first warning.

The production of M. Thomas's *Hamlet*, at Brussels, in presence of the composer, and with the co-operation of M. Faure, to say nothing of Mlle. Sessi, was looked upon as a great event. The King and Queen were present, his Majesty conferring on M. Thomas, when the curtain fell, the insignia of the Leopold Order.

Le Chanteur Espagnol arrive sur la place, chante à tous les balcons. Personne ne répond à ses accords joyeux; son refrain devient alors bien triste, il s'en va. Cependant, sa voix a été entendue—les balcons se garnissent d'auditeurs; il revient plein d'espoir et d'entrain, met son chapeau par terre, fait une abondante récolte, remercie, et s'éloigne.

The report that M. Gounod contemplates settling permanently in England, and founding a Conservatoire on the Paris model, has its rise in the warm support given by him to the Academy which Mrs. Weldon is endeavouring to establish in London, for the purpose of training the voice on a special system, affirmed to be her own.—*Athenæum*.

The French journals announce the death, at the age of 56, of M. Brieux, the well-known dramatic author. The number of pieces which he brought forward, chiefly in conjunction with others, is estimated at above a hundred. Among his most successful works were: *Le Baïser de l'Étrier*, *Le Tigre du Bengale*, *Lionard* (played 100 times at the Théâtre Historique), *La Route de Brest*, *L'Arracheur de Dents* &c.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—At a meeting of the committee of management on Saturday, the 23rd ult. (Sir Stansdale Bennett in the chair), Mr. Oliver May and Mr. H. R. Evers were unanimously elected members, and Mr. G. Townshend Smith, Mr. Henry Holmes, Mr. W. Dore (Worcester), Dr. E. G. Monk (York), and Mr. E. J. Hopkins, honorary members of this institution.

Un Choeur de Matelots Anglais. Ce chant, qui leur est ordonné comme remède contre la maladie du sommeil, les endort—ils ne chantent plus. Le commandant furieux adresse les plus sévères observations à son équipage. L'équipage se réveille, mais il se rendort aussitôt, et le commandant aussi.

For the first time, to our knowledge, in the history of the drama (says the *New York Tribune*, of Dec. 20), a school-house has been named in honour of an actress. The Bostonians are justly proud of Charlotte Cushman; and, having built a school-house upon the identical spot where, July 23, A.D. 1816, the tragic lady was born, they have ordained that the school there to be kept shall be called and known as "the Cushman School"—a pretty good advance for a city in which, seventy years ago, it was seriously proposed to crush out theatrical representations as irreligious.

When Rossini began to develop his peculiar style, which gives the singer opportunity to make all the excellencies of a well-cultivated instrument available, voices were raised against him even in Italy. The complaint was made that, instead of taking his predecessors, Cimarosa, Zingarelli, &c., for his models, and letting the singer produce his effect through the beauty of a sustained tone, he had turned the human voice into an instrument, and destroyed the natural power of tone. If we compare Rossini's demand upon the singers with the style of the older Italian opera; if we consult the traditions which have come down to us from that epoch, it will become clear enough that the charm felt in the fullness and power of the human organ in its highest development has been perceptibly weakened by Rossini, in order to make room for a more one-sided culture of mere technical facility. To be sure, the older Italian singers trained themselves to a facility in passages which scarcely fell short of that of the newer singers of the Rossini school. But their chief aim was the tone itself, and the effect produced upon the hearers purely by this. What we read of the formation of the tone, the cultivation of the breath, the flexibility of the voice in the singer of that time, judged by our present ideas, sounds almost fabulous. The singer Ferri, for example, who died in 1710, is said to have possessed such a control over his voice, that in the delivery of passages of feeling, he actually thrilled his hearers. Yet at the same time he had developed his technical facility to such a degree that he executed consecutive trills, for instance, through two octaves, up and down, in one breath, such passages requiring fifty seconds time. Similar things are told of Sammartini, soprano *castrato* of the King of Saxony, who sang as late as 1820, as Goriitz, in a musical festival. Farinelli (died 1772) executed in one breath passages requiring fifty seconds time. Moreover, it is said that he could increase his tone to such a degree of strength, that it completely covered up the sound of a trumpet.—*Das Musikalische Wochenblatt*.

The British Consul at Rome attributes the good voice possessed by so many Italians to the fact that the Roman mothers swaddle their babes. When the mother is employed out of doors, her child a mere animated bundle, is hung up by a chord to a nail in the wall, where it is often allowed to cry for hours. Such continued crying, according to this investigator, exercises and forms the vocal organs in an extraordinary way. Upon this an American paper says: "If there is any virtue in swaddling, the Indian tribes ought to supply us with more melodious singers instead of 'whoopers,' for swaddling is quite as common with squaws as with Roman mothers."

The influence of example has one more illustration in Mr. Fairlamb, a resident of Washington, D. C., who, says an American paper, "has just finished a grand opera, in which he has kept in view the unity of the lyric drama by excluding all spoken dialogue. Indeed, as a true musician, he could no more require his *prima donna* to make a speech than to dance a *pas seul*. In *Leonello*, Mr. Fairlamb has, according to the Wagner theory, availed himself of every resource, musical, scenic, and mechanical, to add to the completeness and interest of the work. Mr. Fairlamb has every reason to confidently anticipate a favourable verdict from the public on his *grand opera* of *Leonello*, and we gladly welcome him to the ranks, not very full as yet, of American composers."

Of the many European artists that have been listened to during the past year, few have presented such true artistic culture, added to natural advantages, as Mr. Santley. True, he brought with him a splendid European reputation, and, to those more intimately connected with music, was known as a great singer; but, to the general public, he was comparatively unknown, and has fairly won their suffrages and applause by honest artistic labour and ability. The last opportunity afforded of listening to him, at the time of writing, was in Mendelssohn's noble oratorio, *Elijah*, which he sang in connection with the Harmonic Society, M<sup>rs</sup>. Patey, Edith Wynne, Messrs. Cummings and Patey. Here the fullness, richness, and resonance of his voice were heard to excellent advantage, and much admiration aroused by the truth and purity of his style. Santley is nothing if not classical; *ad captandum* effects he despises heartily, and wins us, rather by the truth of his art than by the boisterous fustian of which, unfortunately, so many singers are too fond. It would be difficult to conceive a more thoroughly refined, artistic, and impressive rendering of the music of *Elijah*, than that given by Mr. Santley. Full of the very spirit of the music, of its requirements and beauties, he sang it with all the fervour of a noble artist, never faltering, but attacking his notes with firmness and precision, and carrying them through to a triumphant end. There is every chance that we shall hear this great artist in opera, in which, it is said, his talents are seen to the fullest advantage.—*Musical Bulletin*.

Frau Elise Polko, in her *Reminiscences of Mendelssohn*, tells us that one of the great master's favourite stories was an ancient Roman tradition of a motionless assembly of senators, seated in death-like silence, whom a guileless Gaul mistook for stone statues, and was, therefore, bold enough to pluck the beard of one of the circle, when the supposed statue started into life, and cut down the audacious Gaul with his sword. In remembrance of this anecdote Mendelssohn and Hildebrandt, the artist, agreed that whenever they met, no matter where, even in the most aristocratic society, never to say "Good day" to each other without a certain form. Hildebrandt was suddenly to stand still and assume a stony face, when Mendelssohn was to go up to him slowly and solemnly and pull his beard, while he was, in turn, to submit to a sharp Roman blow on the shoulder, which dissolved the magic spell, and they were then to greet each other with their usual cordiality.

The following bit of news, concerning the Vienna Female Orchestra, appeared recently in the *Cincinnati Inquirer*:—

"Mr. Rullman engaged the orchestra partly in Vienna, partly in Bohemia. He furnished the present outfits of all. He advanced each 250 dols., to be left with their families on a three months' contract. At Milwaukee, a singing society asked the manager's permission to announce them as volunteers at an approaching concert. The permit was granted, provided the fact should not be advertised more than one day in advance. It was advertised three days in advance, by mistake, it is claimed. Then Rullman refused to allow his people to appear, and the singing society, their concert ruined, swore revenge. They obtained it by making flattering offers to twelve of the prettiest of the Anstrians already predisposed to American life—and inducing them to remain in Milwaukee, Rullman—who, it is said, had always boarded them at first-class hotels, they eating what he ate and drinking what he drank, a lift in life for all of them in itself—remained behind to force them to fulfil their contract. Their friend raised 60,000 dols. bail for them, and litigation is pending. Meanwhile the singing society had the news of the *émoué* telegraphed over the country, and the faithful twelve, with Muller, the superb barytone, and the wonderful child *prima donna*, came here to play only a losing engagement. Their misfortune is, that they made a contract which seemed to promise a fortune in Germany, but whose proceeds dwindled in the presence of American salaries and American adulation. Their more serious trouble is that, not speaking a word of English, they are at the mercy of their agents."

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## "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

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## CUPID'S DIARY.

AN ORIGINAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

BY AUG. MAYHEW.

(Continued from page 5.)

## ACT II.

A handsomely furnished drawing-room in the residence of Lady Rose Waters. Elegant furniture. Sofa, lounges, chairs, table with ink-stand and writing-folio. Fire-place, with fire burning. At back, folding doors. Doors R. and L.

On the rising of the curtain, the folding doors at back are thrown open and enter Mr. Braham, Mr. Stoman, and Mr. Moss. They gaze around in admiration.

Enter Lady Rose and Foster.

Lady R. (aside, to Foster, on perceiving Sir Baker). Tiresome creature! I distinctly told you I was "out" to everybody!

Foster (aside). I might as well try to keep out the flies!

Lady R. (aside). I am not strong enough to endure that padded cupid! (Aloud.) You seem, Sir Baker, a victim to grief. Perhaps you would prefer a private room?

Foster. It's such a relief to have a good cry!

Lady R. A glass of sherry, and my smelling bottle, might restore you.

Foster. And, when he's better, one of the maids can take him home!

Sir B. (suddenly—aside). I'll rush in with a proposal! Surely Evelyn cannot be such an assassin as to thrust for a bridegroom's gore. (Aloud.)

Before I leave you, my Lady, may I request a moment's private interview?

Lady R. (to Foster). Go, Foster! but Sir Baker's moment must not be longer than ten minutes. [Exit Foster.]

Sir B. (after gathering himself together). Lady Rose Waters! The ancestors of the Taylors were, even in the dark ages, shining lights!

Lady R. How very convenient!

Sir B. In the senate, and in the tented field, they were equally famous!

Lady R. That quite relieves you from the necessity of distinguishing yourself.

Sir B. My estates, in Hampshire, produce me a princely revenue.

Lady R. (fanning herself, impatiently). You should, in gratitude, reside there!

Sir B. I ought to be the happiest man alive, but I lack the crowning joy—(looks at her tenderly).

Lady R. A Hampshire prince ought to be crowned!

Sir B. My personal appearance is not, I trust, repulsive—may I, dear Lady Rose, say it is not repulsive (tenderly).

Lady R. Whilst you are in my house I shall not be so rude as to contradict you! But why am I favoured with this inventory of blessings?

Sir B. Is it to your liking?

Lady R. The estates are delightful!

Sir B. Then, dearest of ladies, all that is mine can be yours, if you will only stretch out your lovely hand to take it!

Lady R. Have you left me your properties in your will?

Sir B. My wife will inherit all I possess.

Lady R. Your wife!

Enter Foster.

Foster. The elongated moment is up, my lady!

Sir B. Foster, I wish you, and your clock, were less fast!

Foster. We are both well regulated in our movements. [Exit.]

Lady R. Sir Baker, your attentions, which I have hitherto mistaken for the courtesies of a polite gentleman, have now assumed a most serious aspect, and I should be guilty, if I were to keep you in ignorance of my feelings. My affections are already engaged! (modestly).

Sir B. (vehemently). I know the man who has supplanted me! For such a wretch, would you forego the happiness of being Lady Taylor?

Lady R. Such is my penalty for having a heart, Sir Baker!

Enter Alfred Newton unperceived. He listens.

Sir B. You force me to speak! That diary belonged to Captain Evelyn—not to Newton (watches her).

Lady R. (calmly). I thought so, from the first.

Sir B. Surely my ears deceive me!

Lady R. I have, in my heart, forgiven him for his youthful follies, and, therefore, I decline to enquire into them too closely!

Sir B. Youthful follies! What will he do as he grows older?

Alfred (coming forward). I agree with Lady Rose! The Captain's amiable weaknesses ought not to be censured too cruelly! After all, what is infidelity? A playful vice, a comic wickedness! Women always pardon it, until it is their turn to suffer!

Sir B. (to Lady Rose). You, unalterably, believe the Captain loves you?

Alfred. Tush! What does it matter whether he loves her or not—that is purely a private matter! The Captain enjoys life. A week since he was swearing eternal love to Lucy's brown eyes, and, yesterday, he whispered his poem in my cousin's pink ear. What of that? Woman was born to be deceived—it is man's revenge for her irresistible power!

Lady R. (going to Alfred). Who is this Lucy of a week since?

Alfred. A charming creature! (Produces Diary.) It is sweetly recorded in this Diary.

Sir B. (quickly). I, for reasons, object to that book being exhibited!

Lady R. Then, permit me to doubt your accusations. (Paces stage).

Sir B. (following her). Will you promise me not to peep at the other names. The fact is, the sister of a friend of mine has, silly minx, allowed this military viper—

Lady R. (stopping suddenly and facing Sir B.). What do I care for the others!

Sir B. (aside). Thunder! but I do!

Lady R. Alfred, give me that Diary!

Alfred (opens it). With pleasure. (Grimly.) It is very—very laughable. (Holds the book tightly).

Lady R. (after reading). It is true! Seven days ago! And only a milliner! Poor thing! What chance of defence would she have? (Reads.) "Advantages. The girl's eyes unsettle my reason; her languid looks affect my senses; her sly glances drive me mad!"

Sir B. Horrible!

Lady R. (pushing away the "Diary"—angrily). To be supplanted by a mere work girl—to be made to play second to a seamstress! (Snatches the tablets from Alfred).

Sir B. (startled—aside). Is she often like this?

Lady R. I'll choose my vengeance with the reckless fury of an Indian woman! (Flourishes the "Diary").

Alfred (aside—joyfully). There is no love in this boisterous rage. It is disappointed vanity resenting an insult, not the grief of a broken heart. (Aloud to Lady R.) May I request the return of that precious manuscript (snatches away the "Diary").

Lady R. (to herself). What a child must I be, that the flimsy used up jargon which captivated the milliner should have disturbed my good sense! Yet, the hypocrite spoke of marriage! I required a nicer temptation than the needle girl—I was beyond the fascinations of a cheap, tea-garden courtship! (Suddenly). Sir Baker, just now you asked me to be your wife. If you have not repented of your offer—there is my hand (Sir Baker clasps it with delight).

Alfred (aside). Are they all mad!

Lady R. (to herself). His pride will choke him, when he finds I have cast him off for this pantaloons!

Sir B. (kissing Lady R.'s hand). Never shall you repent your choice.

Lady R. (whilst Sir Baker kisses her hand). He shall see me courted, feted, admired—though I risk my reputation he shall endure the delirium of jealousy! (Walks about followed by Sir Baker).

Alfred (watching Lady Rose—aside). The poor simpleton is so greedy for revenge, she has not even patience to wait for the culprit, but turns upon herself.

Lady R. (stopping suddenly. To Sir Baker). On one condition! We are married within the week!

Alfred (coldly—aloud). Hasty marriages have this advantage, Sir Baker—they allow no time for reflection.

Sir B. You need not interfere, Sir!

Alfred (speaking at Lady Rose). Like hasty words and hasty blows—when the evil is done, repentance is useless.

Sir B. (warmly). Damme, Sir! would you have me dawdle on my road to happiness, and allow some dare-devil scamp to rob me of my treasure! No, Sir! I'll pay her into the church and defy the brigands!

Lady R. (petulantly). As you gentlemen seem inclined to quarrel, perhaps you would be so obliging as to settle your differences outside. I wish to be alone. (Sir Baker kisses his hand to Lady Rose, then hurries to the door, beckoning fiercely to Newton to follow)—

[Exeunt Sir Baker and Newton.

—Insulted and disgraced! Fooled and laughed at! Did I really love that man—that false, cruel libertine? Help me, womanly pride!—help me to be brave and defiant!

Enter Captain Evelyn.

(Perceiving him—aside). He comes to punish me for my rebellion. A little time and my newly built-up resolves would have set as firmly as a fortress; but now they crumble, even before the attack.

Captain E. (suddenly perceiving Lady R.—joyfully). Lady Rose alone! Fortune smiles on me! The lover's paradise has only one woman in it!

Lady R. (epitaphically). One woman at a time, you mean.

Captain E. (laughing). Severe, but mistaken. My roaming fancy is weary of wandering, and turns to you for the delights of a peaceful home.

Lady R. (epitaphically). As a tired vagrant begs a lodging at the nearest poor-house.

Captain E. (laughing). Pity my sorrows, and in charity throw me a smile.

*Lady R.* Seven days since, you were begging at the milliner's heart—go there and rest.

*Captain E.* Oh! cruel Rose! (*Laughs.*) A thimble and bodkin flirtation.

*Lady R. (pointedly).* Captain Evelyn. I have seen the confession in your own, most bold, writing. (*Captain E. is embarrassed.*) I have a favour to ask, Sir. Pray, do not seem so zealous! Will you, for once, answer a woman's question truthfully?

*Captain E.* I will turn informer upon myself, if you promise me a full pardon.

*Lady R.* I am curious to learn, what might have been your object in asking me in marriage?

*Captain E. (slowly—after consideration).* At first, a pretty face—a fancy that seized me for red lips and a white skin—a whim about bright eyes, a prejudice in favour of an elegant figure! Then, as I knew you better, your independence of spirit, your wit and courage, charmed me. Gradually this admiration changed to love—a calm, true, and enduring love!

*Lady R.* Enough, Sir! And, to encourage this love, was there no motive, no urgent necessity—(*watches him sternly.*)

*Captain E. (proudly).* Lady Rose! I am not one of those who turn the wedding ring into the slide to a purse!

*Lady R. (relenting).* I would restore to you your liberty.

*Captain E.* Liberty! You cast me adrift, and call it liberty! Why study to be cruel? Already your eyes shine with the soft light of kindness! It is only the naughty mouth that scolds.

*Lady R.* What faith can I place in a love, that a week since belonged to the work girl? Your heart has learnt to see in seven days—kittens take longer.

*Enter Sir Baker T aylor, unperceived.*

*Captain E. (taking Lady R.'s hand).* For pity's sake do not call that stupid fancy, "love;" call it folly, crime, anything but love! (*Puts his arm round her waist.*)

*Sir B. (coughing).* Hem! Hem!

*Lady R. (aside, and breaking from Captain E.)* That terrible old man!

*Sir B. (placing himself between them—aside, to Lady R.)* Is the Captain aware of our engagement?

*Lady R. (aside).* No!

*Sir B. (aside).* Shall I acquaint him with my happy lot?

*Lady R. (vehemently).* No! no! no!

*Sir B. (aside—commandingly).* Then you must leave the room, and not allow him the opportunity of behaving rudely! (*Points to door.*)  
*Lady Rose glances savagely at Sir Baker, then bows proudly to Captain Evelyn, and* [*Exit R.*]

*Captain E.* Sir Baker, a word with you. You are at your tricks! Please to remember I allow no man to insult me with impunity!

*Sir B. (his back turned to Captain E. Posing himself).* Disgraceful man, explain yourself!

*Captain E.* Another question, Sir. I entrusted you with a mission to Mr. Newton. Perhaps you will render me an account of your trust-ship. (*Sits himself on the edge of the table.*)

*Sir B. (aside).* I could enjoy his death throes better than a ballet! (*Aloud—turning round and facing Captain E.*) Bold-faced traitor! I have perused your infamous Diary!

*Captain E. (laughing).* Sir Baker, that was naughty!

*Sir B.* Cool calumniator! (*Aside.*) I burn with rage and he smiles! If a cathedral were in flames, he'd tuck up his coat-tails and warm himself at the blaze!

*Captain E.* Poor little women! I should die of remorse if their cherished names—the world is so suspicious and spiteful—It wasn't a bad collection, for a young man, eh? Never went lower than a milliner! (*Laughs.*)

*Sir B. (exploding).* I have discovered everything, Sir, down to the lime-tree avenue, sir!

*Captain E. (rising).* Lime-tree avenue! (*Suddenly.*) I remember! Poor old boy! But there was nothing wrong! That woman, Sir Baker, was the concentrated essence of virtue; the purest extract of morality—the minutest portion would have flavoured a girl's school!

*Sir B. (exasperated).* My friend shall call upon you! I have written you the most insulting letter I could conceive! It will demand blood—mine or yours, and I hope not mine!

*Captain E.* Nonsense!

*Sir B.* Is it possible you will indulge me in the delight of branding you as a coward!

*Captain E.* Silly! I must defend your honour, if you will not! My dear fellow, you would twist my boyish nonsense into serious evil. I confess, I did flirt with your pretty little wife, and very delightful it was—You left her alone too often! But, bless me, if I am to fight every husband whose spouse I have admired, I might as well turn target at once—Good day!

[*Exit Captain Evelyn at back.*]

(*To be continued.*)

ГОТНА.—The duke has conferred the Ernest House Order upon Herr Emil Searia of the Royal Operahouse, Dresden.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

Speaking of bells, Lamennais says:—"To express its conceptions, to give them a form perceptible by the senses, art requires organs; the musical organ corresponding to the superior world is the voice; the organs corresponding to the inferior world are instruments. Among these last, there is one which a profound instinct, the genius of humanity, has created out of the admixture of various metals, originally different in pitch, but united by fusion into a single body of a form determined by certain geometric curves: a bell, in short. Were it possible for us to rise to a height where all the sounds of Earth, without ceasing to be audible, were confounded in one only, we should hear as it were one single sound, and in it a multitude of other sounds; it would truly be the voice of nature indefinitely varied, but strictly one. As far as we are concerned, a bell is such a voice; it not only emits a sound, the principal sound whose powerful unity is immediately seized by the ear; but each particle of metal sends forth also, according to its nature, its affinities, its density, and its mass, a separate perceptible sound, especially at short distances. These elementary sounds form integral parts of the principal sound, eddying and rustling, like innumerable voices of fantastic beings, round the bell when the latter is set in motion; they envelop it in a kind of living atmosphere, full of indefinable fascinations. Hence the marvellous effects it produces. When it begins vibrating, everything vibrates at the same instant, both inanimate objects and animated beings; something thrills with emotion in the heart of man, who is entranced, delighted, carried away, as it were, into endless space by the sonorous waves which spread out around him like a shoreless sea. In the midst of this world, peopled with indefinite forms, his floating reveries stand out like fugitive shadows on the horizon of the infinitely Vague."

Grétry discourses thus of church music:—"A musician who devotes himself to church music is fortunate in having at his disposal all the riches of counterpoint, which is rarely the case on the stage. Music marked by a vague impression possesses, perhaps, a more magical charm than declaimed music, and it is for sacred music that it ought to be adopted.—Profane music may employ a few of the forms consecrated to the church; we never risk aught by ennobling the passions connected with order and the happiness of man.—Sacred music degrades itself if it oversteps its own limits; profane music is enriched when ennobled by traits from its rival.—The study of harmony, the harmonic beau-ideal, is what ought to constitute a composer's special aim in the sacred style. The *Stabat* of the divine Pergolesi contains much more than this: it frequently combines the beau-ideal of harmony with the beau-ideal of melody. I will add, moreover, that everything, be it mystery or revelation, beyond the range of our comprehension, forces us to respect, and, for this reason, excludes all direct expression. The endeavour to make church music abandon the mysterious vagueness characterising it, is, I think, an error. Let us leave to theatrical music the advantages peculiar to it, and let us think that the musician who devotes himself to the church, is happy to employ, in this case, and with regard to metaphysics, musical language."

ROME.—The Teatro Apollo opened, on the 26th ult., with Halévy's *Juive*, which, being badly executed, proved a half failure. It appears that certain individuals here are highly scandalised that the Cardinal should be represented as having a daughter, and as humiliating himself before a Jew. It must be owned they have good reason for being so, because we know that there never was a Cardinal nor a Pope, who had offspring, more or less legitimate. Even Mr. Spurgeon, who does not love the Roman Catholic Church too much, would not so misrepresent its dignitaries. Why does not some one alter the libretto, so as to make it square more with truth?—The new theatre, in the Giardino Sallara, is completed. It is constructed entirely of wood, but is extremely comfortable and commodious. It will contain 1500 spectators, and is to be inaugurated with *opera buffa*.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makes Epps's Cascosine, a very thin evening beverage.

## TONIC SOL-FA COLLEGE.

The Tonic Sol-fa College, held its Christmas meetings on Wednesday, December 27th, when, in taking the chair, Mr. Curwen said that:—

"In looking retrospectively at the year then closing, it seemed to him that their work had been quiet but powerful—more powerful than that of any other period in his memory. For, during this year there had been going on, among the elementary schools in England, an enquiry as to methods of teaching music, more earnest than any he had known. He was old enough to remember the educational movement in the country thirty years ago. Something was done for singing then, and in some way or other it was taught nearly everywhere; so long as the schools were left to the patronage of the benevolent, singing was cared for. These people were those who befriended music, and recognized its civilizing and educating power. But when the Government interfered, music was made a non-essential subject. The teacher then knew that his only duty was to satisfy the inspector, and singing came naturally to be neglected. But owing to the spread of music through the country, and in some measure to the Tonic Sol-fa movement, a change had come within the last few years; music had been reinstated, and was now to be taught in every school—though after an easy fashion. But, Mr. Curwen continued, the more he became acquainted with the musical condition of school-masters, the less surprised was he that the Government hesitated to fix their standard higher. The ignorance of music among the teachers, their fear of having to take the least amount of extra trouble, was immense. Since the £250 fund did its work, there had been going on at Plaistow an amount of correspondence with school-teachers which was astonishing, and recently having occasion to address some questions to about 900 teachers in aided schools who were using the system, Mr. Curwen had been astonished at the amount of interest which the replies exhibited. Indeed the educational staff of the country was now thoroughly roused on the question of teaching singing, and being roused, they would naturally begin to look around for the best method, when there could be no doubt of the adoption of the Tonic Sol-fa. Some people who became acquainted with our system liked it because it was cheap, others because it was true; but the elementary teachers of England would adopt it because it was easy, and produced results with a minimum of trouble on their own part. A great deal had been done during the year in propagating our method for the purposes of psalmody. It seemed now to be an understood thing that if a new tune-book came out, it must appear in a Sol-fa edition. Mr. Curwen well remembered how, in the very early days of his connection with the system, he went to the proprietors of the three best-known tune-books to urge them to issue a Sol-fa edition. He made to them the most liberal proposals his purse would allow—the profit was to be all theirs, the risk all his—but in each case his request was promptly refused. The proprietors would not listen to the proposal that their books should appear in what they considered so disreputable a shape. But how all this was changed now! The proprietors discovered without a word from him if they want their book sung, they must put it into the Tonic Sol-fa notation. Looking at the literature published during the year, Mr. Curwen believed that in no previous year had a larger number of books been published by others than himself. Speaking of his own publications, he referred to 'The Crystal Spring.' In preparing this book with Mr. Smith, Secretary of the Band of Hope Union, he had been much gratified to find his friend throw aside those weak and "watery" pieces which we had thought necessary to the Band of Hope *répertoire*, and prefer to them pieces with words of sterling moral worth. A large supply of religious ballads had been provided, and these compositions, though they did not last long, and were not such as Handel could have written, nevertheless had their uses. They had a place of their own, and if one of these ballads laid hold of a man or woman here and there it had done its work. Mr. Curwen told of a friend who had gathered congregations in the streets of London to hear him preach, by the aid of a choir of children whom he had taught by Tonic Sol-fa. He referred also to the class for City Missionaries, under Mr. Griffiths, which now numbered 75. The issue of a first series of 'Orchestral Scores,' under the editorship of Mr. McNaught, was important, because the provision of this class of literature helped to keep students among us. (Hear, hear.) It made them feel they must go a long way to be above Sol-fa. The issue of men's voice music, under the editorship of Messrs. Gallaway & Stone, was also to be noticed; and among soldiers for example, it might inaugurate a mighty moral movement. As to the various new features in the method, Mr. Curwen was glad to say that it was beginning to be seen that those who use the time-names teach time, and that those who are without such a contrivance are at a disadvantage. The attention which had been directed of late to voice-training was remarkable. He was also happy to say that the number of students in composition, under the College, had doubled

during the past year, while his friend, Mr. Colin Brown, had, in Glasgow, a larger number of pupils than ever engaged upon the same study. Where but in Scotland were such vigorous bands of students to be got? Certainly not in London, as things now stood. He thought the Scotch studied more than the English, though it was to be hoped that by the help of School Boards and other contrivances, we should soon get up to our neighbours in this respect. Mr. Curwen hoped soon to lay before the Council of the College a plan for providing it a local habitation as well as a name. He should like to see classes in solo-singing, the pianoforte, violin, &c., under experienced teachers. In conclusion, he considered that all these things should give us confidence and joy in the work in which we were engaged. They should make us feel that we were all working together in various branches, for a common end."

THE ST PETERSBURG PRESS ON  
MADAME PAULINE LUCCA.

(*The "Russian World,"* No. 98.)

"Since the existence of St Petersburg, this is the first time that Madame Pauline Lucca has been unanimously proclaimed the ideal Margaretha. On the present occasion, the lady has indeed presented us with a real Goethe-like creation. The performance of *Faust*, on Thursday, caused great delight. The rendering of Margaretha by Madame Lucca is a science; it is seldom that we have seen upon the stage a part so personified. Of a truth, it is the conception and realisation of the character which raise Madame Lucca so high. A complimentary oration was delivered to her, and she was presented with a bracelet set with precious stones."

(*"The Exchange Newspaper,"* No. 333.)

"We have never seen that naïve soubrette, Zerlina, better acted than by the incomparable singer, Madame Lucca. Among other things, this part shows that the gifted vocalist is also an admirable actress. In the second act, she does not sing the air usually added by Madame Bosio.

"There is so much intellect in what she says, and in the expression of her face, and so much delicacy, also, that the public were, so to say, in a continuous state of ecstasy.

"Zerlina's bashfulness in the second act, when she is surprised in her night toilet, excited such a *furor*, that the fair artist was called forward twice during the scene. She was presented with a basket of flowers; a rich bouquet; and a laurel wreath.

"In the opinion of very severe critics, there were certain trivial errors observable, but thanks to her performances, as a whole, which were truly artistic, Madame Lucca could not, of course, fail to leave behind her an impression that will never be obliterated."

(*"St Petersburg Newspaper,"* No. 341.)

"Madame Pauline Lucca's benefit yesterday, was a thorough triumph for the gifted vocalist. The whole theatre was crowded from top to bottom, including all the temporary seats, improvised wherever it was possible to place one: The *bénéficiaire* quite came up to the expectations of her numberless admirers. A better Margaretha St Petersburg never beheld. The scene with the jewels, all the third act, the scene at the church, and the last picture, in the prison, were rendered by Madame Lucca to perfection.

"Madame Lucca was received with a deafening clapping of hands, which lasted ten minutes, and, during this time, the Conductor gave her a rich nosegay.

"After the jewel scene, which had to be repeated, a magnificent *parure* of brilliants, and a basket of fresh flowers were offered her. After the fourth act, she was presented with a wreath of laurel, amid loud bravos and the clapping of hands. She was evidently moved at such a reception, and her eyes were suffused with tears. After the conclusion of the opera, she was called on nineteen times. A great number of persons waited for her to come out, and the hurrahing and clapping of hands never ceased till her carriage had driven off."

COPENHAGEN.—A new Symphony by Gade has been performed. It is his eighth.

# PAULINE LUCCA'S "GRETCHEN," AT ST PETERSBURG.

(From the Russian "Exchange Newspaper," No. 389.)

"Thanks to Madame Pauline Lucca, the performance on Thursday afforded a great treat to the numerous audience. The engagement of this admirable dramatic vocalist makes up for many a gap in the Italian operatic company this year. In consideration of Madame Lucca, we must thank Signor Morelli, and overlook a good many mistakes, which, by the way, were unavoidable in the first year of his management. Experience is the best master, and we hope that, next year, Signor Morelli will be more careful about an *ensemble* worthy a first-class theatre. The co-operation of Pauline Lucca exercises no small influence on the development of æsthetic taste among our public, as well as on the propagation of a right comprehension of the lyric art. Correct *expression*, unartificial warmth of feeling in acting; truth in everything, down to the smallest details—in a word, a perfect merging of self in the type to be represented, such are the principal conditions; a beautiful voice, and its technical development, are only the means for attaining the end. To represent artistically a given type, it is necessary for the performer to identify himself with the character.

"On Thursday, we beheld in Mdme. Lucca the ideal of Goethe's Gretchen. When she first appears, the spectator perceives the picture of an innocent girl, enchanting from her simplicity. The meeting with Faust decides her fate, and, from the third act, we behold the dreamy, loving Gretchen; as in a mirror, the struggle between love and a feeling of duty, is reflected in her face; love conquers, and the innocent creature, too weak to resist her powerful seducer, staggers and falls—quietly and without any straining after theatrical effect. Mdme. Lucca's accents are full of feeling, which is involuntarily communicated to the spectator, and any one taking the slightest interest in Gretchen's fate, is deeply touched. It is precisely herein that the power of real talent lies.—Mdme. Lucca's voice is sympathetic, and, if a few inequalities, a certain trembling (scarcely observable, however), sometimes occur in her vocalization, these defects are, in our opinion, completely counterbalanced by the artistic way in which the whole is rounded off. Her expression and intonation, for instance, in the air and scene known as the 'air des bijoux,' were among the most brilliant *tours de force* of vocal art. In our eyes, Lucca is, we repeat, ideal, and, as we have already often said, may be taken as a model for fair young lyric artists."

## MUSIC IN INDIA.

"Yesterday evening"—says the *Indian Public Opinion and Panjab Times*, of Dec. 8th, 1871—"took place at the Lawrence Hall, one of those charming concerts which have given Signor Marras his deserved reputation. The first part was introduced by a chorus from Verdi, 'Va Pensiero,' in which a number of amateurs took part, executing it brilliantly. Scarcely had its storm subsided, when the soft and finished voice of a lady amateur of Lahore, accompanied by the flute *obbligato* of an excellent performer from Amritsar, announced the 'Soave imagine,' and led up to Schubert's 'Adieu,' admirably sung by Signor Marras; after which the 'Bid me to live,' of Hattou, was effectively rendered. We had then the 'Wanderer,' sung by an amateur; a violin and piano duet; and Marras' 'Canzonette Napolitane,' sung by himself, and encored. A solo for piano on the *Seraglio* of Mozart preluded a *terzetto*, 'Addio delizia,' and this closed the first part.

"The second part began with Verdi's chorus, 'Tu sei bella,' in which all the amateurs joined. It was succeeded by 'Phyllis is my only joy,' sung by a versatile resident of Lahore, which, in its turn, made room for 'Sull aria' Signor Marras then sang 'I wait for thee, my only love,' by Stella. A solo on the flute, by the Amritsar amateur, was exceedingly well done. A lady amateur proved her equal command of Italian song, and gave 'Si la stanchezza,' with Signor Marras, and Mattei's 'Non è ver.' Signor Marras then sang 'Salve dimora,' with great applause. With the cantique of Gounod, 'Le ciel a visité la terra,' in which a few new voices sang solos, the entertainment terminated."

# THE ITALIAN PRESS AND VERDI'S NEW OPERA, AIDA.

(From the "Gazetta Musical.")

The first performance took place at Cairo, on the 24th December, the birthday of his Royal Highness the Khedive. The overture had scarcely commenced, when the Khedive entered his box. He was greeted by a salvo of applause. The national hymn was performed amid the ovations of the public, who crammed all parts of the house.

ACT I.—Romance of Radamès (Mongini), greatly applauded. Following duet and trio between Amneris (Signora Grossi), Aida (Signora Pozzoni), and Radamès, interrupted by applause. Grand scene with chorus, Ramfis, (Signor Medini), and the King (Signor Costa), immensely effective. This is followed by Aida's fine dramatic scene, after which, on account of the small size of the theatre, the curtain was let down, so as to give the machinists time to set the scene of the Temple, thus dividing the act into two parts. This *finale*, also, was executed without a hitch, and greatly applauded.

ACT II.—Female chorus, followed by the duet between the two women, applauded. But the point where the enthusiasm reached its acmé was the grand second *finale*, which, from the first to the last bar, was interrupted by frantic applause; the magnificence of the costumes, the beauty of the music, and the imposing effect produced by the choral masses (which, notwithstanding are somewhat scant for this number), the supernumeraries, the appointments, and the way in which the whole scene was executed by all concerned, caused the public, not generally over susceptible, to shout with delight. After this act, the artists were repeatedly called for, as was also Bottesini, who conducted *con amore*, and judiciously.

ACT III.—Duet between Aida and Amonasro (Signor Steller), applauded. The following one between Aida and Radamès, as well as the conclusion of the act, with Medini, Signora Grossi, and Steller, was greatly applauded.

ACT IV.—Scene and duet between Amneris and Radamès; the song of the Priests; the curse of Amneris; magnificently executed and tumultuously applauded. The last scene, which comprises a duet, in the subterranean vaults, between Signor Pozzoni and Mongini, with chorus and dancing in the Temple overhead, was justly crowned with plaudits and recalls.

From a long article written by Filippo Fillippi, in the *Auvenire d'Egitto*, we take the following:—

"In the cosmopolitan crowd composing the audience of yesterday evening, the Italians formed the majority, and in the ovation to the Khedive there was, without doubt, an outburst of affectionate gratitude on our part for the splendid Mécenas, who, with the determination, and liberality distinguishing him, got Verdi to write for his theatre, and offered us a performance which, from a decorative and archæological point of view will not be equalled in any other theatre.—The success of *Aida*, at Cairo, may be called miraculous, when we reflect on the difficulties of the music, and on the drawbacks inseparable from the theatre there.—Not being able to analyze, one by one, the various pieces of *Aida*, I will state concisely how they were received by the public, who, extremely attentive, but exceedingly calm naturally, were at times irresistibly worked up into a state of enthusiasm by the power of the music.

"The prelude, played with mutes, a most delicate piece of embroidery in the way of modulation, and imitation on a motive from the score, was executed with precision and nice gradations of colour; the public understood, and emphatically applauded it, and this applause was the signal for a regular ovation to the Khedive, who was in his box before the opera began.

"The vocal portion commences with a romance of Radamès, the tenor. In this, we are at a loss which to admire most, the sweetness of the melody, or the elegant and, so to speak, new specimens of exquisite beauty characterising the instrumental part. Mongini sings it divinely. In the short trio following, a glowing phrase, sung by the three voices, is striking.

"The second act consists of a short and graceful female chorus; of a magnificent duet between Aida and Amneris; and of a grand finale. This colossal piece commences with a grand march, interspersed with choruses and dancing, and developed into an *adagio* and *stretto*; all the different parts agree admirably in their proportions and are extraordinarily effective.

"The phrases are inspired by a spirit of dramatic effect which absolutely causes one to shudder, and excited the enthusiasm even of those who never before clapped their hands since they were born. Verdi

never did anything more grandiose and more beautiful. It was the culminating point of the evening; the applause was continuous, and repeated again and again, all the artists being obliged to come on several times; the same is true of Signor Bottesini and M. D'Ormeville, the stage manager.

"Aida, as far as regards the representatives of the principal parts, can boast of two excellent ones, the representative of the tenor part, Radames, and of the soprano part, Aida, which are admirably sustained here by Mongini and Signora Pozzoni respectively.—Mongini gave us some very beautiful touches, and had moments of warmth and passion; really in the present dearth of tenors, the Cairo Theatre should keep an artist who possesses so beautiful a voice, and who sings with equal good fortune so many operas of different styles.—Signora Pozzini, though the part lies a little high for her, is, and will be, one of the best Aidas; she is intelligent, animated, and of handsome personal appearance; her success was great, definite, and deserved.—Steller sang his small part like a great artist, as he is, and with that accuracy of costume which is his peculiar characteristic. Signora Grossi strikes me as deficient in vocal power, her voice being weak in the medium and high notes, but she supplies the defect with great artistic intelligence.—Medini is always the prince of basses, thanks to his fine, powerful voice, his broad style, and his imposing bearing. The other bass, Costa, the other tenor, Steller; and the *seconda donna*, Signora Aliavi, were very good."

In a private letter, Filippi informs us that the second performance went off even more splendidly than the first, the third act exciting perfect fanaticism, and that the *allegro* of the duet between the soprano and tenor had to be repeated.

The Cairo correspondents of the *Opinione* and the *Diritto* are unanimous not only in confirming the enthusiastic reception of *Aida*, but in declaring the opera one of the most beautiful, most inspired, and most characteristic that Verdi ever wrote.—The Khedive forwarded a telegram, expressing his complete satisfaction to the distinguished master, and many highly respected and well-known Italians at Cairo have also sent the warmest congratulations to one who adds so much honour and glory to the great traditions of Italy.

(From the "Avenire d'Egitto.")

"The evening of Sunday may be summed up in a few words, nay, even in only two: *enthusiastic success*; but it would be nearly impossible to repeat the various incidents of the performance.—After the magnificent prelude, when the Khedive appeared in his box, the orchestra played the Egyptian hymn, while enthusiastic applause, and repeated cheers for him, broke out from all parts of the house. All the spectators stood up—applauding the generous sovereign, the patron of genius and of art. The ovation lasted during the performance of the march, and his Highness the Khedive, evidently affected by this spontaneous and enthusiastic demonstration, bowed repeatedly to the densely packed and delighted audience.

"All the numbers were applauded, and all the artists well received. The getting-up is the most splendid ever witnessed, and I do not hesitate to declare that no theatre in Europe ever could, or ever will, perhaps, show anything like it. Scenery, appointments, and costumes are princely and marvellous. The grand "Triumphal March" appeared to be a bit of *The Arabian Nights*, or the work of enchantment, rather than a stage spectacle. Were I to name all who deserve a word of praise, we should have to print a long list of names alone. But I cannot and ought not to pass over two: that of his Excellency Mariette Bey, and that of Braneth Bey, neither of whom spared either time or fatigue to respond worthily to the intentions of their munificent ruler. To the splendid wreath that crowns his head, His Highness the Khedive Ismael determined he would add another gem, the generous patronage extended to art and to genius, and not even a poet's fancy could have imagined a more splendid gem. Art is not the preliminary of a single nation; the works produced by great minds are, morally speaking, the property of the world; still we cannot forget that Verdi first saw the light in Italy, and that his genius is Italian genius. On us, therefore, the sons of that beautiful land, is it more incumbent than on others, to express gratification to the illustrious monarch who rules the destinies of Egypt, and to those who knew how to give a form to his ideas, especially Mariette and Braneth Bey. The evening of Sunday was a grand artistic festival which none present will be able easily to forget."

## ORGAN NEWS.

The organ, just inaugurated at Kilmarnock, is, from all accounts, one of which that town may well be proud. The specification is that of an orchestral organ, implying the three-fold condition of special orchestral stops, special mechanism to produce variety and combination, as well as facility and execution, and different pressures of wind. These conditions are all admirably fulfilled, as any musical reader will at once see, from the following specification, the scope of the instrument:—

### GREAT ORGAN CC TO C.

Feet. Pipes.		Feet. Pipes.	
1. Double open diapason (metal) .....	16 61	6. Harmonic flute (metal) .....	4 61
2. Open diapason (metal) .....	8 61	7. Fifteenth (metal) .....	2 61
3. Violin diapason (metal) .....	8 61	8. Piccolo (wood) .....	61
4. Hohlflöte (wood) .....	8 61	9. Mixture, 4 ranks (metal) .....	244
5. Principal (metal) .....	4 61	10. Trumpet (metal) .....	8 61
		11. Clarion (metal) .....	4 61
		854	

### SWELL ORGAN CC TO C.

12. Lieblich Bourdon (wood) .....	16 61	17. Flauto et (wood) .....	2 61
13. Open diapason (metal) .....	8 61	18. Mixture, 3 ranks (metal) .....	183
14. Salicional (metal) .....	8 61	19. Horn (metal) .....	8 61
15. Stop diapason (wood) .....	8 61	20. Oboe (metal) .....	8 54
16. Principal (metal) .....	4 61	657	

### ECHO ORGAN CC TO C.

21. Echo Dulciana (metal) .....	8 61	23. Echo Flautino (metal) .....	2 61
22. Echo Celestina (metal) .....	4 61		

### SOLO ORGAN CC TO C.

(Enclosed in a separate box.)

24. Orchestral Flute (wood) .....	8 61	27. Orchestral Bassoon (metal) .....	8 12
25. Orchestral Oboe (metal) .....	8 49	28. Tromba (metal) .....	8 61
26. Orchestral Clarinet (metal) .....	8 49	415	

### PEDAL ORGAN CCC TO F.

29. Bourdon (wood) .....	16 80	31. Violoncello (wood) .....	8 80
30. Open Diapason (wood) .....	16 80	90	

### COUPLERS.

32. Great to Pedals	36. Solo Octave.
33. Swell to Pedals	37. Swell to Great.
34. Pedal Octave.	38. Solo to Pedals.
35. Swell Octave.	39. Solo to Great.

Four composition pedals to Great and Pedal Organs.  
Three composition pedals to Swell Organ.

In addition to the above couplers and composition pedals, there are other pedals to connect or disconnect the solo organ from the echo organ keys; also to draw on and off the octave couplers, thereby relieving the organist of the necessity of taking his hand off the keys during manipulation. The pedal organ as yet only contains three stops. The echo stops are placed upon a very light wind, and being voiced very delicately and evenly, some nice effects are obtained from them. The case is of classic design, containing large towers in which are placed the 16 feet double open diapason of the great organ, the flats being occupied by the large open diapason. Above the centre portion are arranged, fan-like, the pipes connected with the tromba, as before stated, the most powerful reed stop yet used by organ-builders. All the front pipes are chastely decorated in gold and colours, and present, with the case, a handsome and imposing appearance. The manuals are conveniently arranged, and the pedal board is a combination of the radiating and concave principles, giving great facilities to the pedallist. Every contrivance is indeed adopted for the convenience and comfort of the performer, the numerous couplers being a striking instance of this feature. The organ was inaugurated by Dr. Spark, of whose playing the *Kilmarnock Standard* speaks in the most flattering terms.

MUNICH.—A concert has been given by Herr Johann Gung'l for the benefit of the Wagner Association. The programme comprised prelude to *Lohengrin*, Wagner; air from *Oberon*, Weber; Violin Concerto, Fromm; Overture to *Tannhäuser*, Wagner; three Songs, Wagner; C minor Concerto for Pianoforte, Beethoven; and "Kaisermarsch," Wagner.

TRIESTE.—After being successful everywhere else, Herr von Flotow's latest opera, *L'Ombre*, was here not even allowed to be played out. The curtain had to be dropped in the middle of the second act. Under these circumstances, we feel fully justified in saying for the ten thousand—well, in saying once more "*De gustibus*" etc.

## TESTIMONIAL TO Mr. HENRY BLAGROVE.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES RECEIVED SINCE DEC. 4, 1871.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amos, E. Esq. ...	5	5	0	Hughes, Miss per (Mr. W. D. Davison) ...	20	0	0
Anonymous (Ludlow) ...	0	10	0	Johnson, Major ...	10	0	0
Augener, A. Esq. ...	2	2	0	Jones, Rev. Calvert, and Friend (Bath) ...	4	0	0
Bailey, Sir Joseph R., Baronet M.P. ...	1	1	0	Jackson, E. Ward, Esq. (Clifton, Bristol) ...	1	1	0
Baines, William, Esq. ...	1	1	0	Jervis, St. Vincent, Esq., (Darlaston Hall, Staffordshire) ...	10	0	0
Baker, W. Proctor, Esq., (Broomwell House, near Bristol) ...	10	0	0	Kirkman, Messrs. J. & Son ...	5	5	0
Danting, W., Esq. ...	2	2	0	Lady, A. ...	0	10	0
Dayne, William Thirlwall, Esq. ...	2	2	0	Land, Edward, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Deanish, R., Esq., Southampton ...	2	0	0	Lees, John, Esq. (Helgate) ...	1	1	0
Deanish, Capt. R. Pigott, Southampton ...	2	0	0	Lewis, A. Esq. ...	5	0	0
Borwick, Alfred, Esq. ...	2	2	0	Lewis, Mrs. A. J. (per Mrs. Tom Taylor) ...	1	1	0
Burningham, Rev. Thomas (Charlwood) ...	5	0	0	Lindsay, Lady (Balcarras), (per Mrs. Tom Taylor) ...	2	0	0
Burrows, John, Esq. ...	1	0	0	Lintott, Thomas, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Carte, R. Esq. ...	2	2	0	Lintott, John, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Cawley, William, Esq., (Southport) ...	5	0	0	Lovatt, Mrs. Stratford (per Lamborn Cock & Co. Esq.) ...	1	0	0
Chaille, J. Henry, Esq., (Reform Club) ...	10	0	0	M. E. M. (per Mrs. St. Barbe, Lynton) ...	3	0	0
Cocks, Messrs. Robert & Co., (per Mr. W. D. Davison) ...	5	0	0	M. M. H. (per Charles Goodban, Esq.) ...	2	2	0
Cole, F. S., Esq., (Southampton) ...	2	0	0	Monk, Dr. E. G. (York) ...	1	1	0
Dando, J. B., Esq. ...	3	3	0	Musgrave, Henry, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Evans, Wm., Esq. (Edgbaston) ...	10	0	0	One whose Son received instruction from Mr. Blagrove ...	5	0	0
Evans, Mrs., (Birmingham) ...	10	0	0	O'Neill, The Lord ...	5	0	0
Fellows, F., Esq. (Eyreford) ...	2	0	0	Payot, Lady ...	2	2	0
Ferrai, Madame (Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park) ...	2	2	0	Payne, John, Esq. (Helgate) ...	1	1	0
Fountain, Andrew, Esq. ...	1	1	0	Penson, C. K. Esq. (Ludlow) ...	1	1	0
Friend, A. (Clifton, Bristol) ...	1	1	0	Plumb, J. B., Esq. ...	5	0	0
Friend, A. (Helgate) ...	1	1	0	Prier, Rev. W. John, B.A., Mus. Doc. (Oxford) ...	0	5	0
Friend, A. (Fenny Stratford) ...	0	5	0	Ravey, C. Esq. ...	2	2	0
Gardner, Charles, Esq. ...	1	1	0	Regondi, Giulio, Esq. ...	5	0	0
Garnier, the very Rev. Dr. Dean of Winchester ...	5	0	0	Reynolds, James, Esq. ...	5	5	0
Gladstone, Sir Thomas, Bart. ...	3	0	0	Rothschild, Baroness M. de Scipio, Mrs. ...	0	10	0
Godfrey, Dan, Esq. ...	1	1	0	Sely, H., Esq. ...	1	1	0
Gort, Dower Viscountess (East Cowes Castle, Isle of Wight) ...	5	0	0	Sin, Alexander, Esq. ...	3	3	0
Grainger, C. G., Esq. ...	1	0	0	Smith, Philip J. Esq. (Clifton, Bristol) ...	1	1	0
Grainger, C. T., Esq. ...	1	0	0	Stephens, General ...	3	0	0
Grant, Lady Henrietta (Barnet) ...	5	0	0	Stone, Dr. ...	1	1	0
Grover, — Esq. (Clapham) ...	1	1	0	Sullivan, Thomas J. Esq. (Cork) ...	1	1	0
Grunwell, C. L., Esq., F.R.G.S. ...	1	1	0	Taylor, James Esq. (New College, Oxford) ...	2	2	0
Halliday, Sir F. ...	5	0	0	Thompson, Lady (Wimpole St.) ...	5	0	0
Hare, John, Esq. (Clifton, Bristol) ...	1	1	0	Trimleston, Lord ...	5	0	0
Hart, George, Esq. ...	1	0	0	Vallock, Edmund, Esq. (Ealing) ...	1	1	0
Harvey, Charles, Esq. (Clifton, Bristol) ...	1	1	0	Wansey, Arthur H., Esq. (Stoke Bishop, Bristol) ...	1	0	0
Harvey, Edw. A. Esq. (Clifton, Bristol) ...	3	3	0	Walters, Miss (Helgate) ...	0	10	0
Harvey, John, Esq. (Clifton, Bristol) ...	1	1	0	Ward, Mrs. E. M. (per Mrs. Tom Taylor) ...	1	0	0
Heath, R., Esq. ...	1	1	0	Wari, Mrs. (per Mrs. Tom Taylor) ...	0	10	0
Holme, James, Esq. ...	10	0	0	Whitehead, W., Esq. (Sevenoaks) ...	2	0	0
Henderson, Mrs. ...	1	1	0	Wilson, Miss (per Professor Ellis) ...	1	0	0
Hering, Dr. ...	1	1	0	Wyld, Dr. ...	1	1	0
Holmes, Henry, Esq. (Bristol) ...	1	1	0				
Hopkinson, Messrs. J. & J. ...	2	2	0				
Hopkinson, John, Esq. (Watford) ...	5	0	0				

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COMPOSED BY

G. JERVIS-RUBINI.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVIDSON &amp; Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

## MARRIAGE.

On Jan. 3, at the parish church, Plaistow, Essex, by the Rev. G. Goodsell, Mr. T. AVANT, of Weymouth, to LOUISA, second daughter of R. STANNARD, Esq., of Winkfield Lodge, Plaistow.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR. QUER.—M. Alexandre Billet has never been heard at the Monday Popular Concerts, or at the Crystal Palace Concerts. The loss is with those concerts. Here Dr. Quer is right; in every other respect he is wrong. Mchul, not Boieldieu, wrote the overture to *Stratonic*, which has never been played at the Crystal Palace Concerts, although it was the overture one hearing of which made Onslow resolve to become a composer.

MR. C. BISHENDEN'S communication is an advertisement.

FANATICO.—The best instruments of the kind mentioned by our correspondent—at any rate, the best with which we are acquainted—are manufactured by the brother Whool. Abel Whool chiefly excels in the head piece, Adam Whool in the tail piece. Major Double has several of these instruments. In all respects "Fanatico" is mis-informed.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE THIRTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,  
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 22nd, 1872,  
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

## Programme.

## PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 47, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Mr. CHARLES HALLS, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI ... Schumann.  
SONG, "Non so più cosa son" (*Nozze di Figaro*)—Madame BENTHAM FERNANDES ... Mozart.  
SONATA, in A minor, Op. 164 (No. 8 of Halle's edition), for pianoforte alone (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Mr. CHARLES HALLS ... Schubert.

## PART II.

GRAND TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mr. CHARLES HALLS, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI ... Beethoven.  
SONG, "Aufenthalt"—Madame BENTHAM FERNANDES ... Schubert.  
QUARTET, in F major, Op. 77, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS and PIATTI ... Haydn.

Conductor ... Mr. ZERSINI.

## THE FIRST

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 27, 1872.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

## Programme.

QUINTET, in D major, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERSINI and PIATTI ... Mozart.  
SONG, "Lord, in youth's eager years" (*Gideon*)—Mr. SIMS REEVES C.E. Horsley.  
SUITE DE PIÈCES, in E major (containing "The Harmonious Blacksmith") for pianoforte alone. (by desire)—Madame ANABELLA GODDARD ... Handel.  
SONATA, in A major, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (by desire)—Signor PIATTI ... Boccherini.  
SONG, "Adelaide" (by desire)—Mr. SIMS REEVES Beethoven.  
QUARTET, in B minor, Op. 3, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Madame ANABELLA GODDARD, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI ... Mendelssohn.  
Conductor ... Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from time to time, as expediency may suggest.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1872.

## GLADSTONE FOR MERRIE ENGLAND.

THIS is an age of surprises. Events do not now march in the stately and deliberate order of olden time, when men had leisure to meditate upon the past, and to "pull themselves together" for what might be in the future. It seems, indeed, as though modern life were the centre of a network of electric wires, each wire pouring in its quota of shocks. The fathers of our generation were content to admit that they knew not "what a day might bring forth." Their children shorten the measure of ignorance, and are in doubt as to the next minute—one of the penalties, this, we suppose, of civilization.

The latest surprise comes to us from Liverpool, and is of a character very surprising indeed. Hereupon, we doubt not, the reader imagines that the Mersey merchants have invited the Premier of England to dinner; or that Sir Charles Dilke, and a fierce democracy, have proclaimed a Republic from the steps of St. George's Hall. The reader is wrong—wholly wrong. Yet has the surprise to do with a revolt, the Wat Tyler of which is Mr. Robertson Gladstone, own brother to the Premier. It is, in short, a re-enacting of the oldest and most frequently played incident of "our rough

island story:"—a rebellion of sturdy Anglo-Saxondom against foreign oppressions. But let us tell the tale in plain unvarnished words.

All unsuspectingly did thirty proprietors of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society meet the other day to receive the annual report of their directors. Good easy men, they anticipated a variety of more or less unenlivening particulars; vaguely wondered, perhaps, whether a balance was due to the treasurer, and, it may be, felt responsible to female relatives in the matter of standing up for some well-beloved artist. Beyond this, we can hardly imagine their expectations to have gone. But, in the words of Serjeant Buz-fuz, "The train was laid—the sapper and miner had been at work." The thirty unsuspecting proprietors reckoned without the thirty-first, who, in the person of Mr. Robertson Gladstone, came with high intent to disturb the peaceful routine of their meeting. What was it, then, which weighed upon Mr. Gladstone's soul? What reason had he for invective, sneer, and protest? Simply the fact that the Society had been spending money upon its "band," for the better performance of foreign works; had largely engaged foreign artists, and cultivated foreign music more diligently than that of home production. Against these things Mr. Gladstone's patriotic spirit revolted—helped thereto, perhaps, by the promptness of personal tastes, or the necessities of personal incapacity. So, in presence of his astounded peers, he raised the standard of rebellion against foreign art. "We have so much instrumental music," said, in effect, the honourable gentleman, "that it crushes people to the ground, or makes them skulk painfully away. Give us more singing; and, with it, more encouragement of native talent, which, doubtless exists, if we could only find it. In this respect, Liverpool ought to be ashamed of itself. Where are our English songs, glees, and madrigals?—Nowhere! But Italian opera companies visit us several times a year, and find that it pays them to sing old Italian music over and over again." Bravo! Mr. Robertson Gladstone; nobody can deny that you have the courage of unfashionable opinions. Moreover it does one good to see so sturdy a blow struck for native art, by such as yourself, though time and place may have been ill-chosen. But how did the thirty proprietors withstand the shock of an onslaught so unexpected?—In just such a way as might have been anticipated by those who know how thinly veneered with classical tastes is the average classical amateur. *Grattez un Russe, et vous trouverez un Tatar.* Mr. Gladstone scratched the Liverpool classicists, who had been demurely persuading themselves that they were supporters of high art, and forthwith most of them stood revealed, as sympathisers with "English songs, glees, and madrigals." Thus, Mr. C. Stoess put in a word for "local talent;" Mr. R. J. King avowed his preference for English songs and English singers; Mr. Behrend called for more variety in the vocal music; and only one or two directors put in an apologetic word for actualities. Finally, Mr. Gladstone dropped a significant hint "that the directors would have a sharp eye upon them for the future;" and the meeting then dissolved, in a state of perturbation.

As regards the special case of the Liverpool Society we had better allow one who is on the spot to answer Mr. Gladstone and the malcontents. A correspondent of the *Daily Post* says:—

"Did Mr. Gladstone and his friends ever reflect upon the fact that in music, as in all other arts, there is a real standard of taste and excellence to which it is the duty of committees and responsible bodies to educate the public? What would he say if an outcry were raised against a picture gallery, because there were

too many high class works in it, and if the introduction of sign-boards, caricatures, and coloured photographs were insisted on; or if it were urged against a theatrical manager, that as there were people who did not understand Shakspeare and Sheridan, Foote or Goldsmith, he ought to introduce burlesques, pantomimes, and ballets? Mr. Gladstone would have a case if he could say that the improvement effected by the Philharmonic committee had emptied the room, or lessened the value of the stalls and boxes; but the contrary is the case. The concerts were never so well attended; seats were never so difficult to procure as at present. The public has appreciated the character of the changes introduced, and, in homely phrase, has backed up the committee. Still Mr. Gladstone and his associates threaten us with a reaction, and a flood of music (?) of which they can approve. As Mr. Boulton and Mr. King well observed, the concerts which are most classical, where most recognized musical leaders appear, are the best attended; and undoubtedly the way to foster English music is not to set it up as a model, but to reform and raise it by cultivating public taste, and thus to render most of it quite 'impossible' at a public concert. The best English composers—Bishop, Macfarren, Sullivan, and others, are represented in our programmes, and I hope will always continue to be so, under the guidance of our committee."

So much for the local bearings of the case; which, however, are less important to us than the significance of Mr. Gladstone's revolt against the domination of foreign art. A few more such out-spoken utterances of what most Englishmen think, and "England for the English" will be the popular musical cry. That a "know-nothing" movement on a basis so narrow and exclusive, would be absurd, needs no demonstration. But it might be controlled for good; and we confess to a wish for the speedy coming of a time when the chairman of a Philharmonic Society may not say "English singers do not fill the hall," or that "English music means empty benches."

#### CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG IN ORATORIO.

The following admirable article appeared in the *New York Herald* of the 26th ult. :—

"Steinway Hall was fairly jammed last night by an enthusiastic audience, drawn together by the unfailing attraction of that greatest of all musical works, *The Messiah*, and the announcement of the appearance of the Costa Diva of America, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg. The chorus was selected from the Mendelssohn Union, with Mr. A. Reiff, jun., as conductor. The mighty choruses of the work were given in admirable style, and even the small orchestra, with the exception of being occasionally out of tune as far as the strings were concerned, was better than what is generally heard in oratorio in this city. Much credit is due to the conductor for this gratifying result. Miss Kellogg proved herself as thorough and as accomplished an artist in oratorio as she is known in opera. She sang 'Rejoice Greatly,' 'Come unto Him,' 'How beautiful are the feet' and 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' with a breadth of style, purity and earnestness of declamation, and warmth of feeling which showed an intimate acquaintance with a department of music that surprised even those accustomed to her triumphs on the operatic stage. Her versatility in music is certainly remarkable, as she did not evince the slightest tendency towards operatic style in her singing last evening, but would have been regarded by a stranger as an artist who made oratorio her sole study in music. Next to Miss Kellogg, we have to record the grand success of Miss Sterling, whose noble contralto voice was never heard to better advantage. It would be difficult to point out another contralto in America who has reached such a high standard as a thorough artist, and the appearance of Miss Sterling in concert or oratorio must always be looked upon with profound interest. Both of these ladies, by their artistic rendering of Handel's music, formed a pleasing contrast to their immediate predecessors in oratorio at the same hall. The success of the two gentlemen who undertook the tenor and bass solos, Messrs Romeyn and Remmertz, was in an inverse ratio to that of the artists we have just mentioned. More desirable exponents of oratorio could certainly be found in this city."

By the way, why does not Clara Louise Kellogg turn her eyes once again to "Old England." She would have an unmistakably genuine and heartily unanimous welcome. Our world-spread contemporary, the *New York Herald*, seems to be advocating the cause of music most strenuously, and through representatives, moreover, who (rare birds!) appear to understand thoroughly what they are talking about.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MADAME LUCCA, who started on Tuesday for St. Petersburg, wished her new residence in the Lonné Strasse to be put in good order before her departure. On looking at the bare, damaged walls, the painters declared the thing out of the question. With rapid determination, the genial *prima donna* exclaimed: "If you get the apartments ready, each of you shall have a ticket for my last appearance."—The men set to work with a will, and, behold, before the date assigned, the place was quite ready.—Would tickets for Mme. Lucca's performances be a good preservative against disputes between the employers of labour and their work-people?

It is said of an illustrious nobleman, that, when his son and heir was born, he determined to give the infant such a magnificent christening as should be talked of in ages to come. He kept his word; but when the ceremony was over, the poor little victim was found to be dead, smothered by the weight of its splendid apparel! Verdi's new opera very nearly shared the same fate. People who went to hear *Aida* remained to stare! From the moment when the curtain rose upon a scene of Oriental splendour until it finally fell, mind and sense were dazzled by the gorgeous stage effects, and the audience left the theatre with an impression that they had assisted at a "Grand Spectacle, music by Signor Verdi, scenery and dresses, &c." In spite, however, of all distractions, gems, worthy the gifted composer, were discernable; there are as beautiful melodies as we could expect even from the melodious Verdi, and the concert-room will undoubtedly be enriched by the new opera. How *Aida* can stand the test of more simple surroundings, will soon be proved at Milan, and, let us hope, in London. H. R. B.

HERR AUGUST WILHELMJ, who played at the centenary festival of the Royal Conservatory, at Stockholm, has no reason to complain of his northern friends and patrons. The Royal Academy unanimously made him one of its honorary members; in addition to this, it presented him with a valuable golden-hilted sword of honour, as well as the medal, "*Literis et Artibus*," to be worn on a blue ribbon. The king, Charles xv.—the numbers of the regal Charleses would appear to run rather high in these high Latitudes—conferred upon him the knight's cross of the Wasa-Order, and a gold medal struck on purpose. But why on earth did the Academy give him a sword? We never heard of a victorious general being presented with a lump of rosin or a fiddle-bow. Ah!—

"Les hommes, la plupart, sont étrangement faits;  
Dans le juste milieu on ne les voit jamais."

These verses are certainly as true to day as they were when Molière penned them.

## NILSSON'S LAST PERFORMANCES IN NEW YORK.

(From the "New York Herald," December, 80).

Flotow's sparkling little opera was given for the last time yesterday evening, before a house that was very full down stairs and the opposite among the boxes. Nilsson's Martha will take rank with the best of her rôles, as she invests the character of Lady Henrietta with a mingled dignity and tenderness that enlists the attention and sympathy of the audience. But in the "Last rose of summer," Mlle. Nilsson creates an effect such as few artists have ever gained on the stage. To say that her singing of this simple melody is delicious would give but a faint idea of the effect. She makes it a heart idyl, and infuses into it all the warmth, passion and tenderness of her nature. An enthusiastic encore followed accompanied by a handsome stand of flowers. The *Diva* then repeated the song in English, with even more thrilling effect than before. Brignoli, who created the rôle of Lionel in this country, replaced Capoul last evening. He was in excellent voice, and received such applause for his singing in the duet, with Martha, the lovely quartet, "Mezza notte," and the "M'appari," that an encore followed after each. In the last of these numbers, in particular, his silvery voice displayed all its old sweetness and grace. Miss Cary was the Nancy on the occasion, and Janet, as Plunkett, sang the beer song in the third act capitally. The fair scene (Richmond Fair, in England,) presented a very animated appearance, with Italian peasants, Watteau shepherdesses, a Swiss village, and Mount Cimborazo in the distance. A *Matinée of Mignon* will be given to-day, and, on Wednesday, a farewell performance of *Lucia*.

## PROVINCIAL.

WORCESTER.—The *Advertiser*, of Jan. 18th, contains the subjoined:—

"The second concert of the season was given by the St. Clement's choir, at the old school-room, when an excellent programme was performed in such a manner as to elicit applause from a large audience. We have often recorded in a complimentary manner the concerts given by this well-trained choir, under the direction of the choir-master, Mr. H. Gummery, and have occasionally thought that they were essaying things beyond their power, but the result has shown that where there is a will there is a way, and that perseverance will overcome difficulties and achieve success. The choir were as usual assisted by the Misses Grainger, Mrs. Evans, Mr. Hadley, Mr. J. Baxter, and Mr. Haywood, organist of St. George's church. We noticed many new faces amongst the audience, and the marked success of this concert will no doubt induce them to become frequent visitors. Miss Doward presided at the pianoforte with her accustomed skill."

LIVERPOOL.—The *Courier*, of January 8, contains the following:—

"The Societa Armonica recently gave a performance of the *Meenah*, at the Institute, Mount Street, in aid of the Seamen's Orphan Institution. The hall was crowded with an audience which appeared very much pleased. The principals were Miss Monkhouse, Miss Jessie Bond, Mr. T. Foulkes, and Mr. T. J. Hughes, who acquitted themselves in a creditable manner. Miss Monkhouse was heard to great effect, and her 'Rejoice greatly' was much applauded. Miss Bond's singing of 'He shall feed His flock,' and 'He was despised,' were characterised by pathos and sweetness. Mr. Foulkes, the tenor, sang his airs remarkably well. Mr. Hughes was no less happy in the bass songs. The chorus was good, considering the small number of voices, and the accompaniments were unexceptionable. The solo trumpet of Mr. Charles Powell was well executed, and no fault could be found with Mr. Lawson as leader, or Mr. Armstrong as conductor. The friends of the Orphanage and the Societa Armonica have reason to be proud of this success."

BRIGHTON.—We take the following from the *Brighton Guardian*:—

"Mr. Henry Stevens, borough accountant, reports to the finance committee that the balance in the treasurer's hands in respect of the military band concerts at the Pavilion, during the half-year ending 30th of December, 1871, is £175 12s. 7d., and that the treasurer has received, for hire of the organ, £36 12s. 6d., making together £212 5s. 1d., which sum, under the resolution of the Town Council of the 6th July, 1870, is payable to Messrs. Hall, Lloyd, Bevan, and West, on account of the amount on the dome organ. An order was made accordingly. A musical entertainment was given in the large upper room of the town hall for the benefit of the Sussex County Hospital, supported by Mrs. Goodman, and her three daughters, the Kitchin Family, and the original Brighton Town Band. Mr. H. Agates sang a couple of songs. Mrs. Goodman not only acted as accompanist, but sang a variety of songs. The children are to be commended for their efforts. Their trios, duets, and solos had a very pretty effect. The entertainment concluded with *God Bless the Prince of Wales*, by the band and company. Messrs. Cramer and Co. kindly lent one of their pianos for the occasion."

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN gave a pianoforte and vocal recital, last Tuesday, January 16th, in connection with the South Western Railway, at Brunswick House, Wandsworth Road. The spacious hall was filled by an audience, which exhibited an unflinching interest in the classical and popular music, contained in the programme. Mrs. John Macfarren played an attractive selection from the great composers, including Beethoven's beautiful sonata in D, for which, the title "Pastoral" has obtained so general an acceptance; also two brilliant pieces by Brissac, "Valse de Bravoure" and "Scotia," which she repeated in obedience to general desire. Miss Jessie Royd and Miss Alice Barnett's agreeable singing of some of Mendelssohn's two-part songs, of Mr. G. A. Macfarren's "All yesterday I was spinning," Arthur Sullivan's "Looking back," and other pieces, contributed to the success of the evening.

We are requested to say that the statement of certain French papers about Signor Mario's marriage is utterly untrue.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's oratorio, *Deborah*, the first work of the kind written by him expressly for public performance in England, will be given at the next concert of this Society, at Exeter Hall, on Friday next, the 26th inst. *Deborah* contains some of the great master's finest choruses, as well as some singularly beautiful songs. The performance will be conducted by Sir Michael Costa, the principal singers being Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Kerr Gedge, and Mr. Lewis Thomas.

## THE LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—During the past week the annual meeting of this Society has been held in Liverpool. From the committee's report, it appears that a large outlay was required last year (1870) for decoration, improvement in lighting, and repairs resulting in a deficit upon the year's doings. No serious outlay had been necessary this year, and the expenditure had been nearly covered by the receipts, but the committee drew the attention to the increasing cost of artists, both vocal and instrumental, a difficulty which, hereafter, might bring about the necessity for an increased subscription.

The committee had continued their efforts steadily to improve the band, and accepted the increased interest shown by the audience during the performance of the symphonies and concertos as satisfactory proof of this improvement, and they expressed their lively sense of the hearty assistance they continued to receive from Sir Julius Benedict, in all that could promote the success of the concerts, and offered him their warmest thanks for the labour he incessantly devoted to their interests. The chairman (Mr. F. H. Boulton) in moving the adoption of the report, expressed his opinion that it was their duty to go on improving the instrumental band, not only in the quality of the music, but in the numbers of the members, when Mr. Robertson Gladstone disturbed the even tenor of the meeting by complaining:—

"Of the very large amount paid for instrumental performance in preference to vocal music, and especially in preference to the music and the talent of the land in which they lived. He was quite aware that there were gentlemen—probably some of them were present—who carried their desires no further than stringed instruments, or something of that description; and those gentlemen were perfectly entitled to have their wishes considered, but the programme should be like a feast—there should be variety to suit everyone. Our national music had not enjoyed the protection and encouragement which it was justly entitled to receive, and was it not lamentable that a single individual had to come forward and, pretty nearly at his own cost, provide a night's enjoyment of the music of which he (Mr. Gladstone) was speaking? He contended that the managers of the hall were bound to consider the wants of the subscribers. Personally he did not dislike instrumental performances, but he knew very well when he had enough of them. Where the fault lay he was not prepared to say, but he felt to a certain extent disgraced by the circumstance of living in a town, the population of which considerably exceeded half a million, but in which there was no institution for the encouragement of native talent. To deny that such talent existed would be to deny the acts of Providence. Doubtless they had among them those who possessed all the qualities they desired, but there was no encouragement given, and that was a state of things which should not be permitted to continue. Then they must remember that the music of the Italian Opera Company, to whom they were, no doubt, very much indebted, had become very old and stale. There was scarcely a performance of Italian opera at which there was not something as common as could be found in the streets. That was not a desirable state of things, and it was time that something was done to provide music of which they could all approve. He asked that English talent should be a little more encouraged. With regard to the most honourable, most excellent, and most considerable body who attended the concerts, he asked how many of them could distinguish one note of music from another? How many of them went just for fashion's sake, and because others went? Mr. Meade King had adverted to a time when English music emptied the hall, and so it might, if they gave too much of it. But why go to either extremes? They had Mlle. Tietjens, a very distinguished singer; but there were those who thought that Mlle. Tietjens, with all her power, never touched the heart. He did not see, therefore, why they should be tethered to Mlle. Tietjens. They had had her very recently, and he believed they were to have her again on the 23d of next month. He wished her health and happiness most sincerely, but he had no desire to make her his guide. In conclusion, he said that in his opinion the majority had a fair and just claim to the performance of such music as was familiar to their feelings and sentiments, and of which they cordially and heartily approved."

Mr. Gladstone is a brother of the Premier, and one of the most influential men in Liverpool. His strong feeling in favour of native art finds frequent expression in many ways more substantial than mere words. With open purse and hand he is always ready to assist an English painter or musician. He has, therefore, a sort of prescriptive right to call the committee to account upon such a subject as that in question. Although we cannot

subscribe to all Mr. Gladstone says, he is right in the main. As a public body avowedly constituted for the encouragement of the art of music in all its branches, the Liverpool Philharmonic Society does not fulfil its purposes. Native professors established in the town derive no benefit from its existence, and new arrivals, be they English born, are ignored by the institution; but foreigners with the very slightest claims to distinction, if the lucky possessors of letters of introduction to members of the Philharmonic Direction are allowed especial privileges, and supported by every means within reach of the society. As regards the performance of English music at the Philharmonic Concerts, it certainly could be more frequent than at present. There are both native and foreign singers, whose terms are not extravagant, well equal to the task; to wit—Madame Vanzini, a lady whose remarkable talent is more appreciated apparently at the other side of the Atlantic than this. Without being invidious, or mentioning many other instances, Madame Vanzini may be cited as one who sings English music as well as Italian or that of any other country, but, who, for some reason or other, has not been allowed sufficient opportunity to establish her proper position among our professional vocalists. The words uttered by Mr. Gladstone, although spoken perhaps in that pardonable enthusiasm of a layman in behalf of music, deserve to be carefully considered by every member of the Liverpool Philharmonic, if that Society, which boasts of the finest music-room in the kingdom, intends to sustain its reputation,—I am, Sir, yours, A LIVERPUDIEN.

Liverpool, Jan. 17th.

## CHERUBINI AND BERLIOZ.

Cherubini and Berlioz were, in music, as far as the two poles asunder; the one was an out-and-out romanticist; the other, an intolerant classic. War was declared between them the very first day they met. Their meeting, which took place in the library of the Conservatory, was a genuine comedy scene. The foes were about to separate, and definitively lose sight of each other; it was after the second performance of the *Symphonie fantastique*. According to the regulations governing the course to be taken by the "grands prix," Berlioz was on the point of leaving Paris to make his way across Italy to Rome. To quote his own words:—"The reader may imagine the rage excited in Cherubini's breast by all these heterodox questions (romanticism in music), and all the noise to which I had given rise. Cherubini's trusty followers had furnished him with an account of the last rehearsal of the *abominable* symphony; the next day he happened to pass the door of the concert-room as the public were entering it. Some one stopped him and said:—'Well, Monsieur Cherubini, are you not coming to hear Berlioz's new composition?'—'I do not require to know how to do a thing as it ought not to be done,' he replied, in his bad French, and with the air of a cat, down whose throat you might attempt to thrust a quantity of mustard. Matters were very much worse, however, after the concert had proved successful. He appeared as if he had swallowed the mustard. He spoke no more; he sneezed." Some few days afterwards, he sent for Berlioz. "You are going to start for Italy?"—"Yes, sir."—"Your name will be erased from the registers of the Conservatory; your studies are terminated. It strikes me though that—that—that—that you ought to have come and paid me a visit. Peo—peo—people do not leave this place as they would a stable."—"I was," remarks Berlioz, "on the point of replying:—'Why should not they do so, when they are treated like so many brutes?' But I had the good sense to restrain myself, and even to assure our amiable director that I had never thought of leaving Paris without coming to bid him good-bye and thank him for all his kindness."

At one of his early concerts, Berlioz and the old Italian *maestro* had another passage of arms, somewhat similar to their meeting in the library.

To be allowed the use of the large hall of the Conservatory, Berlioz required the authorisation of M. Sosthènes de la Rochefoucault, Superintendent of Fine Arts, and, moreover, the consent of Cherubini. M. de la Rochefoucault made no difficulty in granting Berlioz's request. Cherubini, on the contrary, directly the project was mentioned, flew into a rage.—"You wish to give a concert, eh?"—he inquired, in his usual graceful way.—"Yes, sir."—"You must obtain the permission of the Superintendent

of Fine Arts."—"I have obtained it."—"Has Monsieur la Rochefoucault given his consent?"—"Yes, sir, he has."—"But I—I—I do not consent. I oppose your having the hall."—"You cannot have any good reason for refusing it me, as the Conservatory is not using it at present, and as, for the next fortnight, it will be completely free."—"But I tell you I will not have you give the concert. Everyone is in the country, and you will take nothing."—"I do not reckon on gaining anything by it. My sole aim in giving it is to make myself known."—"There is no necessity for your being known. Besides, to give a concert, money is requisite. Have you any to spare?"—"Yes, sir."—"Oh—well, wha—wha—what do you intend performing?"—"Two overtures, some fragments from an opera, my *Cantata on the Death of Ophelia*."—"What—the Competition Cantata? I will not have it! It is bad; it—it—cannot be performed."—"That is your opinion, but I am glad to say that I, too, have an opinion about it. A bad pianist may have been unable to accompany it, but that is no reason why a good orchestra should not be capable of the task."—"Then you—you—wish to offer an insult to the Academy?"

The polite answers with which Berlioz responded to Cherubini's objections, only exasperated the Italian *maestro* all the more. "I will not have it!—I will not have it!"—was his sole answer to all Berlioz urged. At length the latter had to have recourse to the official intervention of the Superintendent of Fine Arts. "Be kind enough to read that, sir," said Berlioz, handing Cherubini the order signed, "La Rochefoucault." From being white, Cherubini turned green. After reading his superior's letter over and over again, he returned it to Berlioz without uttering a single word.

#### W A I F S.

The *Buffalo Post* has the following about the Parepa-Rosa opera troupe:—

"Flotow's charming and delightful opera, *Martha*, has never received a more satisfactory rendition than that given last evening by the Parepa-Rosa opera troupe, at the Academy of Music, which institution was crowded from pit to dome—by far the largest and most brilliant audience that has assembled within its walls for many months; the beauty, fashion, and *élite* of our city being displayed to a great degree. The occasion was made doubly interesting by the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis, who occupied a box arranged for him at the right side of the theatre. Having made his obeisance to the people, after his arrival, he took his seat; and throughout the entire evening, aside from the performance, which he seemed to enjoy, he was apparently indifferent and oblivious to all surrounding objects, using his opera-glass but once, and then taking a sweeping view of the house. "The Grand Duke was so delighted with the splendid vocalization of Mme. Parepa-Rosa that he made her a magnificent present as a token of his appreciation of her talent. The gift was made this morning through his Excellency W. F. Machin, Councillor of State, and consisted of a heavy gold bracelet, ornamented with a beautiful turquoise and diamonds. The distinguished vocalist will thus have an additional reason to remember with pleasure her visit to Buffalo, during the Christmas Holidays of 1871."

"Many persons"—says a St. Petersburg journal—"fly to comparisons, and puzzle their brains to establish a parallel between Adelina Patti and Pauline Lucca. There is no sense in such comparisons. Each of the ladies possesses something independently her own, but should we deplore an abundance of riches?"

"We have been informed"—says the *Petersburg Russian Gazette*—"that an *Italiane* paid 600 roubles for a box on the occasion of Madame Pauline Lucca's benefit.—It does not seem too dear, when we consider our inexhaustible finances."

"On Wednesday"—writes the *Exchange Newspaper*, of St. Petersburg—"we shall see Madame Lucca for the first time in *Fra Diavolo*.—What a pity that this original and gifted vocalist stops with us only for seven performances!"

Mlle Reboux is singing in Havannah with Signor Tamberlick.

M. Gevaert has been elected a member of the Academy Royal of Brussels.

Mme. Julia Friedo, a once famous Spanish singer, died recently in Paris, aged 52.

Mme. Patti is engaged to give twenty representations in Vienna at the close of her St. Petersburg engagement. So says *Le Ménestrel*.

The direction of the Vienna Operahouse have resolved to reduce the salary of Mlle Salvini, their *dansuse*, from 18,000 florins to 15,000.

Mlle. Christine Nilsson, having terminated her New York engagement, has gone West for a lengthened tour.

Mr. John Gill has retired from the management of the Choir at St. James's, Westmorland Street.

A new opera, *Feramos*, is about to be produced at the Court Theatre, Vienna.

M. Gounod's *Romeo and Juliette* has been performed in St. Petersburg, with Madame Patti and Signor Nicolini in the cast.

Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault go to America next August, with a magnificent eight months' engagement.

Herr Bulow has commenced a concert tour in Germany. At Leipsic, he will play nothing but the compositions of Mendelssohn.

The brother of Sir Richard Wallace has just married Mlle. Daram, a popular artist of the Théâtre Lyrique.

It appears that *Lohengrin* really had but a cold reception at Florence, and that Italian enthusiasm is, on better acquaintance with its object, rapidly cooling.

M. N. J. Tourguenief, a Russian author, who has supplied Mme. Viardot with libretti for her operettas, died recently near Paris, aged 81.

A new tenor M. Trinquier, has made his appearance at the Grand Opéra, in *Il Trovatore*. He is advised by the French critics to forget provincial successes, and set himself to earnest study.

An open-air theatre, on the Italian principle is about to be erected, by M. Harand in the Champs Elysées. This report, however, is contradicted by the *Gazette Musicale*.

Among Mr. Gye's new engagements for next season are, we understand on good authority, Mlle. Zimmermann, Signor Nicolini, Herr Brandt, and Herr Köhler (bass).

Miss Charlotte Cushman is building a cottage at Newport which is to cost 20,000 dollars, and all the rooms are to be octagonal in shape.—*New York World*.

Signor Gassier, husband of the late well-known soprano, and for many years known here as one of the cleverest and most versatile baritones at our Italian Opera-houses, died recently at Havannah, of the yellow fever.

*L'Heraldo*, a Madrid paper, heralds the "coming man" in the shape of a young Portuguese tenor whose sonorous voice ranges from the bass lower E to D flat in alt. His address is "M. B. Madrid, Calle des Jardins, 81." Messrs. Gye & Mapleson please note.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—At the fourth Subscription Concert, on Tuesday next, at Exeter Hall, Mr. Barnby's Sacred Cantata *Rebekah*, so successfully produced two years ago, and afterwards performed at the Hereford Festival, is to be given.

Miss Marie Courtenay, whose tall singing at the Hall-by-the-Sea, was much extolled last season by a Margate correspondent, is now performing in the Pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre, where her contralto voice is heard to much advantage in a parody on the air, "Il segreto per esser felice."

*Le Ménestrel* publishes, in serious mood, the question on music which recently appeared in our columns as coming from *The Hissing Gridiron*? and, doubtless, hundreds of French readers have accepted them in like good faith. After this we believe there is no limit to the gullibility of our neighbours.

At the Crystal Palace, to-day (the Saturday Concerts being happily resumed), we are to hear Schumann's first symphony, Mr. J. Francis Barnett's *Overture Symphonique*, Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*, and Beethoven's E flat concerto, played by Mr. Franklin Taylor; together with vocal music by Mlle. Limia and Mr. Sims Reeves.

Madame Camilla Urso, the talented American violinist, whose performance of Mendelssohn's concerto, at one of the ante-Christmas Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, was highly appreciated, has been playing with signal success in Paris, at M. Padeloup's "Classical Concerts." Madame Urso, we understand, purposes returning to London in the ensuing season.

*Le Ménestrel* announces, on the authority of details "si précis, qu'il semble difficile d'en douter," that Signor Mario has married, "au temple catholique de Marylebone," a young English-woman, Lady Harriett Beaufort, aged 22. It goes on to say that the Duke and Duchess (!) de Candia are expected in Paris. Our contemporary is open to the charge of being slightly inexact.

Mr. Aynsley Cook has appeared with the Parepa-Rosa troupe as Leporello, and is thus spoken of by an influential journal:—

"An unquestioned triumph was achieved by Mr. Aynsley Cook, who made his *début* as Leporello. The part is more difficult than would seem at first, and is apt to be either very stupid or very clownish. Mr. Cook kept it, with excellent tact and judgment, from either extreme, and gave a Leporello as good as any ever gave, droll and humorous, but with the drollery and humour of a good mind. His voice is superb and excellently managed, his singing most effective, and his acting all that could be desired."

Similar high testimony is borne to his performance as the Podesta, in *La Gazza Lutra*.

Signor Ronconi meditates returning to Europe. His re-appearance at one of our Italian operas would be a real "god-send" (remembering what we have had to endure).

There is a talk of erecting in a central part of the city of Milan a theatre capable of accommodating 6,000 spectators. The estimated expense is 600,000 lire, of which a wealthy citizen, Signor Ercole Penelli, offers to contribute 200,000 lire. The remainder of the money will, it is expected, be raised without difficulty by shares, and there will, of course, be a committee selected from the body of shareholders to represent their interests.

At the tenth (and last) of a series of lectures by the Rev. William Braden, on the *Book of Ruth*, at the King's Weigh House Chapel, Fish Street Hill, on Thursday evening last, a selection from Mr. George Tolhurst's oratorio on the same subject was given by a volunteer choir, and five soloists. There was a large attendance, and, at the close, a vote of thanks was tendered to the ladies and gentlemen who had assisted, and to the composer, who accompanied the music on the harmonium.

It is with profound regret that we announce the death of Mr. Theodore Hagen, the editor and proprietor of the *New York Weekly Review*. He died quite suddenly, last Wednesday, December 27, at half-past two, A.M., of enlargement of the heart. He had recently returned from a prolonged tour through the West, during which he had enjoyed excellent health; but shortly after his return, he sickened, and suddenly succumbed to that disease which cuts the thread of life almost without warning. We propose to publish his portrait, together with a sketch of his life, so that now we will only say that by his death we have lost a friend whom we loved and respected, and that the musical art has lost one of its ablest exponents and sustainers.—*Watson's New York Art Journal*.

The following extract from a private letter, dated St. Petersburg, will be read with interest:—

"I need hardly mention Madame Adelina Patti's success here. You will take it for granted. The public are enthusiastic to a degree, whether she sings in *Dinorah*, *Lucia*, the *Sonnambula*, *Rigoletto*, or *Don Pasquale*, the operas given since her arrival from Moscow. Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*, which has not yet been heard at St. Petersburg, is in rehearsal. The first representation is announced for January 27. MM. Nicolini, Graziani, Moriani, and Baggiolo, are in the cast. Signor Arditì, the excellent *chef d'orchestra*, from London, has become a great favourite here. His benefit concert is announced for January 28, on which occasion Madame Patti will sing a new *morceau*, composed expressly for her by Signor Arditì."

We take the following from *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* (New York):—

"Signor Lyall, of the Nilsson Opera Company, is, in addition to being the most accomplished *genius comique* on the stage, a most clever artist. We have lately seen some of his sketches, of dramatic and operatic celebrities, and must pronounce them unique in point of finish and conception. Taking the principal characteristics of his subjects, he reproduces their features and manner in a wonderfully clever way. Since his arrival in this country, Signor Lyall has been suffering from lameness, and has only appeared, in a small part, in *Mignon*. The English critics speak very highly of him, and we hope soon to see him in a character in which his undoubted abilities as an actor and singer can be better displayed."

The "Signor Lyall," thus honourably mentioned by our well informed transatlantic contemporary, is, as no doubt many of our readers will guess, our own admirable lyric Canadian, plain Charles Lyall.

The latest advices from Chicago represent the recent calamity as having fallen heavily on the musical interest of that city. The principal music dealers lost nearly everything, and the leading organists and teachers, besides losing in music, instruments, and personal effects, found themselves deprived of business; consequently a number of them had to seek fields of enterprise in other cities. All the large firms of music dealers were burnt out. These were Root & Cady, W. W. Kimball, Dyon & Healy, Smith & Nixon, A. Reed & Sons, and J. Bauer & Co. All these lost heavily, as no goods were saved from any of the stocks. The most serious disaster befell Root & Cady, as was inevitable from the nature of their business. They hold an immense stock of printed music, all of which went, besides some valuable plates. They estimate their loss at 260,000 dollars.

The *Tonic Sol-fa Reporter* says of the proposal "National Music Meetings" at the Crystal Palace:—

"The plan looks well, and having organised the only choral competitions that have as yet been held at the Palace, we shall watch its development with interest. Meanwhile choral Societies will look anxiously for the 'conditions' which are 'to be hereafter specified.' Every detail of the regulations for competing choirs ought to be published without delay. Choirs will also wish to know how many pieces are to be sung, and whether a reading test—without which the proof of musicianship would be incomplete and partial—is to be imposed. It might also assist some in making up their minds if it were known whether such exceptional choirs as those conducted by Mr. Henry Leslie and Mr. Joseph Barnby intend to enter the lists."

The mayor of Sheffield, 'Thos. Moore, Esq., has just added another proof of his munificence and desire to encourage the cultivation of high-class music by presenting the Musical Union with twenty-five complete sets of vocal parts, and the scores of Mr. Crowther-Alwyn's *Mass* in F. According to appointment, a deputation from the Musical Union, met in the mayor's parlour, in the Council Hall, on Friday evening, the 6th inst., to receive the present. The mayor said he was always anxious that native talent of a refining character should be encouraged in Sheffield, and this *Mass* would only have to be known to be appreciated. Sheffield ought to be proud of such men as Sterndale Bennett and Crowther-Alwyn, and he hoped the latter would vie with the former in his career. Although but a young man, there were few professors who could beat him. In conclusion, he wished the society every success. A vote of thanks to the donor was proposed, and adopted unanimously.

As there is an evident disposition at the present time on the part of some of the richly endowed City companies to lend their aid in the promotion of technical education, may we suggest to the masters and wardens that a donation to the funds of the Royal Academy of Music would form a most useful means of promoting one important branch of popular art training? At the great dinners which are so freely given in the ancient halls of the City, music is generally introduced for the enjoyment of the guests, and it would, therefore, only be a graceful tribute if the opportunity were taken of lending a helping hand to our National Academy. There is, we believe, a "Company of Musicians;" in fact, the appointment of a clerk was recently gazetted in the *City Press*, and in this case, at any rate, such a step would be only just. Perhaps, however, its title is only enjoyed on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, and if some of our readers can enlighten us as to the nature of the institution, and tell us whether it has ever rendered any service to music or musicians, we shall be glad to find space for the information.—*Choir*.

The *Genius of Liberty* (Union Town) gives the following account of the singing of Miss Demorest at a recent concert:—

"Miss Demorest sang, last Monday evening, before one of the largest audiences ever convened in Skiles' Hall. She is quite a charming young lady in appearance, possessing a very sweet voice, a delightfully clear, pure tone, and her upper notes have none of that loud shrillness that pierces a shuddering mortal's ear, but are soft, mellow and musical, and the ease with which she executes them is remarkable. Her enunciation was so clear and distinct, that it was not necessary to refer to the programme to find out whether she was singing *English, Italian or French*; and the songs 'Who's at my window,' 'Do you really think he meant it?' and 'Forget me not'; and her style of rendering them, were appreciated and admired. She was assisted by Mr. J. J. Benitz, of Pittsburg, a gentleman of powerful voice, and well and favourably known to most of our citizens. Mrs. Meixell, of this place, played the piano accompaniment to all Miss Demorest's pieces. It was quite a delicate task, and we might say, perhaps a little difficult, but she did it very nicely indeed, and we were all well pleased with her part of the performance. The *impromptu* Quartet band are entitled to the thanks of the audience, and we hope to hear them frequently hereafter. 'Coming through the rye' never appeared to have much spirit about it until Miss Vienna Demorest sang it last Monday evening, in Skiles' Hall. Do you really think she meant it?"

The *Choir* thus notices the three Sonatas of Friedemann Bach, published in Messrs. Davison & Co.'s series of "Revivals":—

"Kant has somewhere expressed his disapproval of mathematics, since they could not be argued upon in a philosophical and speculative sense. The same idea may be generally applied to the music of the present day. Everywhere we find artifice, neatness of construction, and extraordinary difficulties, a surfeit instead of an agreeable fulness, and obscurity in the place of enlightenment, so that if we deduct that self-conceit which animates both composer and exeçant when engaged upon these high-flown productions, we find but little enjoyment or consolation left us. No art can exist without a life-element, and such an essential element is easily to be found in music if we go back to its origin and development. Music requires rules as much as verse, but as the greatness of a poem is not considered to lie in its strict regularity of versification, neither should our estimate of a composition be based upon regularity of construction, or unyielding adherence to rules. A musical work which offers nothing to the feelings, or offends them by its harsh rigidity, is nothing more than an exercise in spite of the raptures indulged in by those who know nothing good but the pedantic and difficult. We have before us three sonatas by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, in which are to be found all the high qualities which go to the making of a true work of art. To analyse or particularise would be useless; no preference can be given to any one of the three. Such works should be found on every pianist's music-stand. These three sonatas form a continuation of a series of 'Revivals,' edited by Mr. J. W. Davison, who gives us this new proof of his chaste taste, artistic abilities, and knowledge of ancient music, after having given to the public the fantasies of the same composer. We hope Messrs. Davison will receive ample encouragement from the public to persevere in their undertaking, which clearly shows the awakening of a more refined taste in our musical community. The print and paper are excellent, and worthy of the compositions."

ROME.—A new theatre, the Teatro Quirino, has just been opened.  
 St. PETERSBURG.—Herr Nohl has arrived, for the purpose of giving lectures.

MATRIMONIAL ON-DUT.—It is said that Signorina Elise Volpine, the prima donna, is about to be married to Signor Andrea Marin, the tenor.

FLORENCE.—*Papa Martin*, by Signor Cagnoni, was produced a short time since, for the first time, at the Teatro delle Logge. It was successful.

NAPLES.—A new opera, by Signor Miceli, has been well received at the Teatro Nuovo Nazionale. It is called *L'Ombra bianca*.

MILAN.—Verdi is at present here, for the purpose of superintending the rehearsals, which have already commenced at the Scala, of his new opera, *Aida*.—A Grand ballet, entitled *Le Figlie di Chèope*, has proved a failure at the above theatre. It was by the "coreographist," M. Monplaisir.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN & PARRY.—"It is not always May," "Gently row, Gondolier," Come again," songs, by Frank D'Alquen. "Joy on the Rhine," and "Scherzo," for pianoforte, by F. M. D'Alquen.

AUCKER & Co.—"He giveth his beloved sleep," and "There sits a bird on yonder tree," songs, by A. Dawson. "Festive March," for the piano, by Charles Severn.

CRAMER, WOOD, & Co., and LAMBORN COCK & Co.—"Under the olive," and "Oft I wander," songs, by Louisa Gray. "La Farfalla," by A. Martin; "Waverley," by L. Albrecht; "Flora," by S. F. Hellbron; "The Pickwick Quadrille," and "Jingle," galops, by F. Revallin; "Joy will come to-morrow," by J. J. Monk; "The Trooper," by Alfred Plumptre.

C. JEFFERY.—"The spell of music," by King Hall.

C. LONSDALE.—"Gather ye Rosebuds" and "Le Fleaneur," by Comte Carlo D'Albuquerque; "Farewell to thee, Charlie," "Shame on ye, Galanta," and "Maxwellton brass are bonnie," songs, by Lady John Scott; Haydn's dream," by W. H. Callcott; "Reminiscences du Barbier de Seville," par Wilhelm Schultes; "Minuet and trio" for piano, violin, and violoncello, and "Sketches," for Piano solo, by John Oldhill.

W. MORLEY.—"Rose Bud," by W. F. Taylor; "Le Lac" and "Boat song," by W. C. Levey; "Come pretty Swallow," by K. Limpus; "Dew when night has past away," by G. A. Macfarren.

NOVALL, EWEN, & Co.—"The Organist's Quarterly Journal for January."

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"Days of Childhood," song, by Frederic Penna.

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 My sad heart weeps and weeps,  
 In anguish that ne'er sleeps—  
 "What might have been!"

Living in his dear smile,  
 Guarding his weal the while,  
 A sweet life without guile—  
 "This might have been!"

Save that relentless spite  
 Breathed dark shades o'er truth's light,  
 That I scorned to set right—  
 "All might have been!"

Truth prevailed, ah! too late  
 Writhing in chains of fate,  
 He mourns disconsolate—  
 "What might have been!"

Strive we by duties done,  
 So our life's battle's won,  
 Crushing, each morning sun—  
 "Hopes that have been!"

Yet, must I in dream-light,  
 Waiting for weary night,  
 Wail and cry by grief's right—  
 "What might have been!"

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## THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Intelligence, or, as it has been called, intellectuality, is an essential element of all Art, practical as well as creative, and of none more so than of Music. Its development should be zealously encouraged in this branch of education, which, however, can be, and often is, conducted without calling into action any of the higher attributes of the mind. The Rudiments of Music are generally learnt by rote; proficiency in singing or playing acquired by that which is equivalent to automatic action of the voice or fingers. This should not be. Students should be taught that all musical sound, whether vocal or instrumental, is intended to convey some definite meaning; they should be made to reflect upon every phrase they have to sing or play, and thoroughly to understand that intelligence is the very essence of our Art. Music can thus become an important means of mental training. It is in this respect that the system of instruction now published for the first time in a complete form will, I hope, be useful. The plan I have set forth seems to necessitate concentration of thought upon the subject of study; it affords assistance to the memory, and tends to cultivate habits of precision, observation, and comparison. These are advantages which speak for themselves. Experience has proved that by writing exercises, pupils make steadier and more rapid progress than by the most frequent oral repetition of rules or notes. The hand and pen assist the eye and ear, and the result is more satisfactory than when the voice or fingers are guided by the eye or ear alone. I do not, for a moment, assume that this method will dispense with the necessity of vocal or instrumental practice; but as such practice becomes less troublesome and laborious if pursued with intelligence, it is evidently desirable, in teaching Music, to stimulate the faculty of thought. And that is the object I have had in view while writing the present elementary work.—WALTER MAYNARD."

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VOL. '50—No. 4.

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**CRYSTAL PALACE. — THIS DAY. — FOURTEENTH SATURDAY CONCERT.**—Madame Bentham-Fernandez, Mr. Bentham. Solo Pianoforte, Mr. Dannreuther; solo horn, Mr. Wendland. Symphony G minor (Mozart); Pianoforte Concerto in E flat (Liszt); and Notturmo, horn and orchestra (Reincke)—both first time at these concerts. Overtures—"Idomeneo" (Mozart); "Leonora," No. 3 (Beethoven). Conductor—Mr. MAXNE. Admission, Half-a-Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket. Transferable Serial Stalls, for the 13 Concerts, One Guinea. Single Stalls Half-a-crown.

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## CUPID'S DIARY.

AN ORIGINAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

BY AUG. MAYHEW.

(Continued from page 86.)

## ACT II.

*A handsomely furnished drawing-room in the residence of Lady Rose Waters. Elegant furniture. Sofa, lounges, chairs, table with inkstand and writing-folio. Fire-place, with fire burning. At back, folding doors. Doors R. and L.*

*Enter Newton and Lady Rose, R.*

*Alfred (aside to Sir Baker).* My dear friend, you must go! I have business to talk over with my cousin!

*Sir B.* Have you, Sir! My business with your cousin I consider of more importance than your lawyer's chatter!

*Alfred.* As you please!—only, her fortune depends upon my lawyer's chatter, and either she is a rich widow, or not worth a penny!

*Sir B.* My nerves vibrate like harp strings! Is this a stupid joke, Sir, or a fearful truth! You are serious! I go!

[*Exit rapidly.*]

*Lady Rose is seated. Newton advances to her.*

*Alfred (seriously).* Then it is decided. Captain Evelyn is to be the lord and master?

*Lady R.* If you talked for a twelvemonth, you would not shake my determination.

*Alfred.* He is a bad, selfish man, who will tire of your face in a month, and spend your fortune in a year!

*Lady R.* I entertain a better opinion of him, and I am not disposed to alter it!

*Alfred.* It is, I conclude, useless for me to interfere?

*Lady R.* Perfectly! I should regret the parting from him now, more than if his cruelty should drive me from him hereafter.

*Alfred (giving Lady R. a letter).* A short time since I received this letter—read it

*Lady R.* I would rather not. (*He insists. She takes letter and reads.*) Do you really think I am to be frightened by this childish nonsense? (*Reading from letter.*) In the event of my marrying again, the estates and income revert to you! (*Scornfully.*) You must take me for a bread-and-butter school-girl!

*Alfred.* Your own solicitors are answerable for the childish nonsense.

*Lady R. (after examining the letter closely).* You knew of this, Mr. Newton, and yet kept the secret from me!

*Alfred.* I received that letter (*looks at his watch*) nearly one hour since—and you are already acquainted with its contents. Had you attended the appointment your lawyers fixed for yesterday, you would have been earlier warned!

*Lady R. (scornfully).* I am no half-witted simpleton, Sir, to be thus tricked and frightened. I heard the will read, and it imposed no restrictions on my future conduct.

*Alfred.* Your late husband left—so I am told—a secret codicil to the will you heard read—a codicil that was only to be opened in the event of your relapsing into matrimony!

*Lady R. (with restrained rage).* Your course is clear, Sir—take the money and enjoy it; for I shall most certainly marry Captain Evelyn.

*Alfred. (coldly).* Certain creditors of the gallant captain were so elated at the prospect of his debts being paid (*pointedly*) by you, that they bragged of their luck, and so the secret escaped them.

*Lady R.* Poor fellow! I knew he was in debt—how could he help it, with his high spirit!

*Alfred (with sudden warmth).* Dear Rose, I love you very tenderly. Yes! so thoroughly, I will forget myself and think only of you. I renounce this reversion! You are free to marry whom you please!

*Lady R.* Are you serious?

*Alfred.* Very serious! But mark me! You shall go to this man, so well protected by settlements, that no harm can befall you. Should he weary of you, at least, he will be constant to your fortune.

*Lady R.* I have no fear of his proving traitor!

*Alfred (quickly).* Dare you test him?

*Lady R.* Yes! a thousand times, yes!

*Alfred.* May I play off a stratagem I have planned? This is all I ask in return for the fortune I restore.

*Lady R. (annoyed).* A stratagem, a plot, a trap!

*Alfred.* Retire to your room, listen, and be silent until I desire your presence! (*Unwillingly she obeys.*)

[*Exit Lady Rose, R.*]

*Alfred.* Now I am made or lost! What if this weathercock captain should shift and suddenly point to virtue? No! No! He has grown rusty and fixed in his vice! (*Goes to door at back and calls out.*) This way Mr. Braham, and bring your friends with you

*Enter Braham, Moss, and Sloman.*

*Braham.* Upon my word, Mr. Newton, we are much obliged to you for betraying the Captain into our hands—quite the gentleman!

*Moss.* That Captain is such a dodger! As for catching him in the regular way, you might as well bob for fish in a horse-trough.

*Alfred.* You have got him safely enough now, and can amuse yourselves by bullying him. I leave you!

[*Exit Alfred Newton.*]

*Sloman.* For a lawyer, he has a very pleasant manner!

*Enter Captain Evelyn.*

*Captain E. (aghast).* How the devil did you get in! (*Aside.*) These wretches stare me in the face like ruin.

*Moss.* You see, Captain, our Ike is regular tired of calling every half-hour, and the street door always opened with the chain up!

*Captain E. (aside).* I must roughride these rogues! (*Boldly; aloud.*) Be seated, gentlemen! This house is not as yet (*smiles*) exactly mine, but, I think, I may do in it pretty well as I like. (*They seat themselves.*) You all look tired and jaded—no doubt with a heavy day's hunting after me. Perhaps a glass of sherry would prove acceptable! We have some very fine, old, dry wine, and you must do me the honour of drinking to the health of Lady Waters. (*They smile and nod to each other whilst the Captain pulls the bell.*) Are all your grandchildren in health, Mr. Sloman—dear pets, they'll make noble sheriff's officers!

*Enter Foster.* She looks sulky and stares at the Creditors.

*Foster.* I suppose you want bill-stamps?

*Captain E. (aside).* What's the matter with the toad? (*To Foster, aside.*) Come here. (*She comes forward.*) Why do you scowl at me?—because I am to give you two hundred pounds? (*Throughout this scene the Jews watch and enjoy the quarrel.*)

*Foster. (aside, to him).* It is lucky I wasn't born in Italy, isn't it? (*Advances upon him viciously.*)

*Captain E. (retreating—mildly).* I care not where you were born, good Foster—yet I bless the cherished spot!

*Foster. (again advancing).* Or, I should have sold poisons, but, as it is, I have turned lady's maid!

*Captain E. (retreating).* A most amiable and accomplished lady's maid! But what do you mean?

*Foster. (exploding).* I have seen that Diary!

*Captain E. (in agonies; aside).* That accursed Diary again! It pursues, and worries me even unto Foster! I'll end this! (*Aloud.*) Listen, woman! (*Advances upon her, she retreats.*) Obey me, as in the olden time, before you filched my secrets, or to-night you shall sleep in a fourpenny shake-down at a fusty coffee shop!

*Foster. (retreating).* I would defy you, traitor, if I didn't think we could come to terms.

*Moss. (to Braham—aside).* That's the worst of courting the servant gals—they get so jealous of the missus, he! he!

*Captain E. (advancing on Foster).* Obey me, help me, and I am not the man to count whether I give you two or three hundreds! Mutiny, and you shall be hunted out of the house like a strange cat!

*Foster. (abashed).* What must I do to save my board and lodging?

*Captain E. (commandingly).* Bring me a decanter of sherry, having first doctored it with a tumbler of cognac.

*Foster.* Absurd man! It won't hurt them (*points to Jews*). You might as well try to poison rats with strong cheese! [*Exit.*]

*Sloman.* Business before pleasure, Captain—settlements before drinking. I'm no hand at figures when I've had a drop!

*Moss.* I consider you've humbugged me, Cap'n, most complete! This here lady is the fourth young woman, rolling in wealth, as you could marry whenever you liked. Well, I renews and renews, and now time's up again! It ain't fair!

*Enter Foster with decanter of wine, glasses, &c.*

*Foster.* You'll like this wine, gentlemen—one hundred years old. Mr. Sloman, nearly your age! Every drop of it worth a guinea. Mr. Braham—make you fancy your stomach is a money-box. (*She talks as she places wine, &c., on table, and addresses each Jew as she puts a clean glass before him.*)

*Braham (whilst Captain pours out wine—to Foster).* The wine will speak for itself, my dear, and I prefer its talk to yours. [*Exit Foster.*]

*Moss. (eyeing wine).* This is the sort of stuff for coaxing easy terms!

*Sloman (smelling wine).* Before I venture on a second bottle, I must upset the inkstand. (*They drink.*)

*Captain E.* Now, gentlemen, to business. You are impatient and doubt my promises—you look upon me as a swindler!

*Moss.* O, Captain! I always considered you an ornament to the discount market!

*Captain E.* When I told you of my future wife's fortune, you thought it a hoax

*Braham.* Owing as much as you did, I naturally expected you would not be over-nice at inventing.

*Captain E.* Come, speak out like brave men! Confess you doubted me.  
*All.* Oh! oh! oh! (*Look at each other and seemed pained*).  
*Captain E. (vehemently).* Then, you were right gentlemen! I have a soul that is above purloining petty cash! Fill your glasses. I'll give you a toast! (*They fill*). To the health of my promised bride! (*They stand up*).  
*Moss.* Promised! It's all arranged then!  
*Captain E.* This very day she blushed her consent!  
*Sloman.* Poor dear! And is the property settled on her?  
*Captain E.* Not one half-penny! Her chaste heart would revolt at a settlement! What is hers, is mine.  
*Braham.* Yes! Is yours!  
*Captain E.* Come, gentlemen, are you charged? In poetic silence, if you please! To the health of Lady Evelyn!

*Enter Alfred Newton as the Jews rise and flourish their glasses in silence.*  
*Alfred.* Stop! I, too, must join in that toast. Give me a glass. (*Takes one, and fills it.*) I wish you every joy, Captain! (*They all drink except the Captain*).  
*Captain E. (savagely).* It is a good wish, Mr. Newton, but it is spoiled by the spiteful glitter in your eye!  
*Alfred (raising his glass again).* A second health to Lady Evelyn. (*Putting down glass.*) My dear cousin, Rose! It shall be my especial care that she never comes to want!  
*Captain E. (smearing).* Her income, Sir, will, I think, relieve you from this generous anxiety.  
*Alfred.* I shall allow her at least three hundreds a year!  
*Captain E.* Then you, I presume, intend to starve!  
*Alfred.* Love, gentlemen, starting loves does not calculate and plot! It spurns the splendid pleasures of the world, and gains its own reward in virtue and purity! Is it not so, Mr. Moss?  
*Moss.* Among the lower classes, but their marriage settlements is generally on the parish.  
*Alfred.* I ask you, Mr. Sloman, is not the sacrifice of self the grandest duty of life?  
*Sloman.* I don't mind it in others, but, you see, I've a large family!  
*Captain E. (unable to restrain himself).* Newton! you have some devil's meaning in this—some infernal plot. How dare you congratulate me! Hypocrite, be candid, and speak your hatred!  
*Alfred.* Hatred! My sincerest gratitude! Do you not know that, by the will of Lady Rose's deceased husband, in the event of her again marrying, her fortune reverts to me?  
*Captain E. (fiercely).* It is a lie, devil!  
*Alfred (sternly).* It is truth—honest man! (*Hands lawyer's letter*).  
*Moss.* Here's a go! No larks, please! (*Helps himself to wine*).  
*Braham (to Evelyn).* If you think to fool me, Captain, you're gone silly! I have an officer outside, and to-night you sleep behind iron bars.  
*Captain E. (to Newton).* If my curses could strike you dead, you should soon be an undertaker's job! Be quiet, Braham! Don't you see I am half mad! Aas! Idiot that I am! I refused one with thirty thousands for this imposture of a cousin of yours! Over and over again I might have stretched out my hand and picked up a ten thousand woman. But I aimed at this big venture and behold my defeat! Damn her! Abrahams, come with me, the thirty-thousand-pounder may yet be in the humour. (*To Newton*). I'll be back soon, Sir, either to strike you across the face, or to laugh in it! (*Rushes off, followed by the Jews.*)  
*[Exeunt Captain, Braham, Moss, and Sloman.]*

*Enter Lady Rose, greatly agitated, &c.*  
*Lady R.* He says he will return! He must never enter this house again! O, Alfred! thanks for having nearly broken my heart.  
*Alfred (gaily).* It deserved to be broken, for its bad behaviour!  
*Lady R.* Foolish, empty woman, whom that shallow talker could entrance with his drawing-room phrases!  
*Alfred.* The folly is beginning to leak out of the broken heart!  
*Lady R.* He made me his stock-exchange, his share list, his gambling-table! He was actually pawning me to those Jews! Yet I thought I loved him.  
*Alfred.* You mustn't say that, dear Rose!  
*Lady R.* Give me time, do not be impatient! It is so hard to learn wisdom!  
*Alfred.* Dearest Rose, and what have I not endured? Jealousy of all who smirked their weak trash to fascinate the rich victim; terror, when they were smiled upon; rage, that I dared not interfere to save you from ruin and sorrow.  
*Lady R. (giving her hand).* My true, my noble hearted Alfred!  
*Alfred (clasping her to him).* Darling Rose!

*Enter Sir Baker Taylor.*  
*Sir B. (aside).* What do I behold! Newton and the future Lady Taylor in the closest act of adoration! That's the worst of cousins—you never know whether it is the freedom of relationship, or an outburst of matrimony. (*Aloud*). Lady Rose, I'm sorry to disturb you.  
*Lady R. (in Newton's arms—aside).* That bothering old thing!  
*Alfred (without changing his position).* Be seated, Sir Baker, Lady Rose will be shortly disengaged. (*Fondles Lady Rose*).  
*Sir B. (enraged).* He smirks and grins, and she seems to like it.

*Alfred (still holding Lady R.)* This is most pressing business, Sir Baker. Lady Rose has placed herself in my hands.  
*Sir B. (enraged).* It's confounded nonsense to call this a legal consultation.  
*Alfred (holding Lady Rose's hand).* Let me conduct you to the library. (*To Sir B.*) This is purely professional. (*Aside.*) I'll send Foster to him.

*[Exeunt Lady Rose and Alfred fondling.]*

*Sir B.* Purely professional! Hang him, his love-making, and the stratagem that's made! This barrister Cupid comes warm from his temple. It's special pleading and chamber practice, with kisses for fees and refreshers.

*Enter Foster.*

*Foster.* O Sir Baker! what shabby monsters dead husbands are—the tyrants won't even die without leaving a last will behind them! (*Whispers in his ear.* Sir Baker's countenances changes frequently as he listens).  
*Sir B.* The farms go to Newton! This is too horrible to be true.  
*Foster.* So Mr. Sloman told me, and he was crying like a child! She isn't worth a penny piece.  
*Sir B.* Now I can understand why she was clinging to him!  
*Foster.* And she so fond of you, she was actually willing to take you for life.  
*Sir B. (aside).* This is a trick—a dodge. I'll thwart 'em. (*Aloud*). No matter, Foster—rich or poor, I claim your angelic mistress. After all, Foster, what is money?  
*Foster.* It's so long since you gave me any that I almost forget.  
*Sir B.* Were she wealthy I would have added to her luxuries; as she is destitute I will comfort her from my ample resources!  
*Foster.* O lud! Here's a stone yielding blood! The end of the world must be near! I'll repent and turn pew-opener. (*Runs off.*)

*Enter Alfred and Lady Rose, with their arms round each other's waists.*  
*Sir B. (gallantly).* Dearest and most beautiful lady, I have heard the fearful news, but my love remains unaltered.  
*(Lady Rose does not seem to hear him, but gazes fondly at Alfred, as they pace the stage. Sir Baker is astounded.)*

*Alfred (to Lady R.).* Yes, dearest, I will meet you to-morrow in Kensington Gardens, under the elms. (*As though to himself*). Curious! Lucretia, the second Lady Taylor, preferred a lime-tree avenue—by moonlight; the third Lady Baker inclines to elms—by daylight. Funny!  
*Sir B.* Even an ancient forester couldn't stand so many meetings under the confounded trees. (*With rage*). Halt! Stand still, you two! *They stop and stare at Sir Baker.* Madam! You have't as much land left as would nourish a wall flower, and yet you dare to trifle with me, all freehold, arable and pasture, and in a ring fence. Faithless one, I renounce thee?  
*Lady R.* You're a strange man, Sir Baker, but I'm much obliged to you for not liking me.  
*Sir B.* Before I go, Mr. Newton, I claim that Diary.  
*Lady R. (to Sir B.).* May I enjoy the pleasure of burning it?  
*Sir B. (solemnly).* That enjoyment must be mine—for reasons. (*Takes the book from Alfred and casts it on the fire, which blazes up.*)  
*Lady R. (gazing on the fire).* Wicked little book! It writes and curls as though the forsaken beauties were appealing to us for mercy!  
*Sir B.* Those sparks, running about the tinkling mass are the sprites of the lovely ones driven from their resting place. (*Fire ceases.*) It's all over!  
*Alfred.* No! Not yet! See, dearest Rose,—(*points to fire-place*)—here come the parson and his clerk!

CURTAIN.

END OF CUPID'S DIARY.

HAMBURG.—The next novelty at the Stadttheater will be a grand five-act opera, with ballet, entitled *Canturini*. The libretto is by Herr M. C. Lindau, and the music by Mr. Henry Hugh Pierson, who has resided for some years in Stuttgart.

LEIPZIG.—At the twelfth Gewandhaus Concert, Herr Leopold Auer played Spohr's Ninth Violin Concerto, and pieces by Paganini, Bachrich, and himself. He was warmly applauded. Mdlle. Hanisch, from Dresden, sang a cavatina from Rossini's *Semiramide*, and songs by Schubert and Bach, without creating any particular sensation. The orchestral pieces were symphony D minor, Schumann; overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini; and overture to *Richard III*, Volkmann; the last was new here.

BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—*The Old Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast-tables with a deliciously flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPE & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makes Eppe's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

## THE GASSIERS.

(From the "New York Evening Post.")

Cuba has proved a place of fatal omen to some of our favourite singers. There it was the fever snatched away Virginia Lorini, the accomplished *prima donna*, whose facility of vocalization has been excelled by no other American soprano; and Amodio, the baritone, whose unrivalled richness of voice is still vividly remembered by our opera-goers. We yesterday recorded, also, the death by fever, in Havana, of Gassier, another baritone of rare merit and great popularity.

The Gassiers, man and wife, sang in this city a dozen years ago. M. Gassier's chief successes were as "William Tell" and as "Don Giovanni," and in the latter part he exhibited a vivacity and spirit which made him without a rival in the character. Certainly no singer has ever given here such a superb and dashing portraiture of the dissolute hero of Mozart's great opera. In *William Tell*, Gassier always made a great effect in the aria (with violoncello accompaniment) which "Tell" sings to his son before shooting the apple from his head. In *Ernani*, the *Trovatore*, the *Sonnambula*, and other standard operas, he was also deservedly admired. Of late years he has been singing in London, but went with the Tamberlik troupe to Havana, where he died and was buried—Tamberlik himself making the customary funeral oration at his grave.

Mdme. Gassier died several years ago. She was a bright, fascinating Spanish woman, with a sweet clear voice, most admirably cultivated. In Italy, as well as in this country, she was long a favourite singer, and in parts demanding a call on only the lighter emotions, and admitting of vocal display, she was always most charming. Her "Amina," in the *Sonnambula*, was a delicious performance, and her "Rosina" was equally excellent. By her brilliant execution she gave her a great popularity to the *Venzano Waltz*, which she warbled to perfection.

But singing birds die as surely as they who have no voices. "The daughters of music are brought low," and as the bright, intelligent beings who so largely minister to the innocent pleasure of society pass away, one by one, it is meet to record in a few words our sorrow for their loss. They all leave in our minds the fragrant memory of strains as delicate and tender as the music of the south wind breathing on a bed of violets. The recollection of the sweet singers of the past—of Bosio, of Griali, of the Gassiers, and their tuneful race, is like the faint strains of a sweet echo dying imperceptibly away. In a very few years their names will be but a mere tradition in the history of song.

## VERDI'S NEW OPERA.

M. Reyner, the well-known musical critic who had gone to Egypt expressly in order to be present at the first representation of Verdi's new opera, *Aida*, sends a long account of the new work by the author of the *Trovatore* to the *Journal des Débats*. After having been present at three performances, and after a careful study of the score, M. Reyner is of opinion that Verdi's new opera is "a very remarkable and interesting work, certain to be appreciated in France as well as in Italy." Verdi, M. Reyner thinks, has made decided progress—

"Certainly the old Verdi still survives; we find him, in *Aida*, with his exaggerations, his sharp oppositions, his negligencies of style, and his wildness (*emportement*). But another Verdi, touched with Germanism, also manifests himself, with a clever manner, with a science and tact of which we did not think him capable; with all the artifices of fugue and counterpoint, coupling tones with rare ingenuity, breaking the old forms of melody, even those of his own preference, . . . giving to the accompaniment more interest, often more importance than the melody itself. . . . Those who know the abrupt nature and the undisciplined character of the Italian master will see something more and something better than vague promises for the future in the aspirations and tendencies which *Aida* reveals."

The manner in which the libretto of *Aida* was written is somewhat curious. M. Mariette, the celebrated Egyptologist, first wrote the story in French prose; it was then turned into French verse, by M. Camille du Lode, and finally put into Italian verse by Signor Ghislanzoni. The scene of action is at Memphis and Thebes, at the "time of the power of the Pharaohs"—not a very precise date, as M. Reyner remarks. The curtain rises on the garden of the king's palace at Memphis. The high priest, Ramphis, enters to announce to Radamès, Captain of the Royal Guard, that the Ethiopians are in revolt, and threaten to invade the valley of the Nile. The sacred Isis has been consulted, and has named the warrior who is to repel the foe. Radamès mentally hopes that he may be the leader chosen by the deity to save his country, in order that he may be allowed to wed Aida, the favourite slave of his royal master. He is unaware that Aida is really the daughter of the king of Ethiopia, whom he hopes to help to conquer, and that Amneris, her mistress, is in love with himself. It is soon announced by the King that the choice of the deity has fallen on Radamès, who is solemnly invested with the sacred armour in the temple of Vulcan (*sic*). The solemn scene in the temple, with mystic dances and religious hymns, is said by M. Reyner to be one of the most successful, as well as one of the most

highly coloured, of the whole opera. The second act opens in a saloon in the palace of Princess Amneris. Here Aida, led on by the kindness of her mistress, confesses her love for Radamès. A violent scene of jealousy takes place, which is broken off by the return of Radamès in triumph, after a victory over the father of the unfortunate Aida. This return of Radamès is of course the occasion of a splendid procession, which is closed by a group of Ethiopian prisoners, amid whom is Amonasro, the father of Aida. The king gives his daughter Amneris to Radamès, as a recompense for his success. The next scene shows us Amonasro begging his daughter to steal from her lover the secret of his plans against the Ethiopians, who have again risen in revolt. Aida promises, hoping to be able to fly to her own land with her father and lover. She obtains the secret from Radamès, who is at once surprised and denounced by Amneris. The last scene shows Radamès and Aida in prison, both condemned to die. The curtain falls on their lamentations and hopes of meeting in another world.

M. Reyner can find no words sufficient to express his admiration for the scenery and costume, both of which have been executed under the superintendence of Mariette-Bey, and are consequently of rigorous archaeological exactitude. "The execution is excellent." In short, M. Reyner is in ecstasies; but, as he tells us that he has met with an excellent reception from the Khedive, we may perhaps ascribe some of his enthusiasm to the natural partiality of a musician for a Prince who brings out new operas on such a magnificent scale.

Hubert Siffer.

## THE PAREPA-ROSA COMPANY AT NEW YORK

(From the "New York Tribune.")

Herr Theodore Wachtel has made a very successful Western tour and has paid us a brief visit in New York, en route for Philadelphia. He sang *The Postilion of Longjumeau* at a Christmas *matinée* at the Grand Opera-house, before an immense and vociferously enthusiastic audience, Miss Canies, Herr Vierling, and Herr Franosch being his principal supporters. He appears in Philadelphia on Friday, and thence goes to Washington, Baltimore, and some of the principal Western cities, returning to New York for the Parepa-Rosa season of Italian Opera in the spring. We are informed that his share in the profits of his American tour has already reached the sum of 40,000 dollars. His contract with Mr. Carl Rosa has still four or five months to run.

Madame Parepa-Rosa is gradually moving eastward with her English company, and is now in Buffalo, where the Grand Duke attended her Christmas performance of *Martha*. He presented her next day with a magnificent pair of bracelets. On the 8th of January, the troupe are to open a three week's engagement in Boston, and on the 5th of February we shall have them again in New York. They will then produce three works in which we have not heard them, *La Gazza Ladra*, which they have recently played in Cincinnati and elsewhere, the *Ballo in Maschera*, and Cherubini's *Les Deux Journées*, under the English title of *The Water Carrier*.

## A JINGLE FOR ST. JAMES'S.

(By a Musical Enthusiast.)

The Monday Pops! The Monday Pops!  
Whoe'er admires what some call "Ops,"  
Should go, and lick his mental chops,  
While feasting at the Monday Pops.

The Monday Pops! The Monday Pops!  
To me their music far o'er-tops,  
The jingling polkas and galops,  
On cracked pianos played at hops.

Nor almond rock, nor lemon-drops,  
Nor sugar-plums, nor lollipops,  
With which small children cram their crops,  
Are sweeter than the Monday Pops!

The Monday Pops! The Monday Pops,  
Delight of fogies and of fops!  
The music that all other wops,  
Is given at the Monday Pops.

Their fame all rivals far o'er-tops:  
You see their programmes at the shops;  
And here the bard, exhausted, stops  
His rhymings on the Monday Pops.

Punch.

## ITALIAN OPERA IN NEW YORK.

(From the "New York Herald," Jan 4th.)

One of the most remarkable seasons of Italian opera ever known in New York city closed last night. The house was a crowded one, despite the inclemency of the weather, although the amount of "paper" that appeared in the parquette, dress circle and boxes was of alarming dimensions. Yet this is a question—the matter of "paper"—which is only known to the regular *habitués* of the Academy, who understand the peculiar management of conducting Italian opera at the Academy of Music. The performance last evening consisted of *Lucia*, the same opera with which the season commenced. It was one of Mdlle. Nilsson's most delicious rôles, notwithstanding the fact that great artists, such as Bodo, Lagrange, Piccolomini, Patti, Kellogg, and others appeared in this city in the same character. It is a signal triumph for an artist to make a great success in a rôle in which she has had so many distinguished predecessors. Therefore we may say that, as far as Nilsson is concerned, the season closed as successfully as it opened. This morning the entire *troupe* start from this city for Pittsburg, where they open on Friday with *Lucia*, the same opera that began and ended the season here.

It may be interesting to our readers to give a *résumé* of the past Italian opera season. The first performance was given on Monday, October 28, and Mdlle. Nilsson made her New York *début* in opera in *Lucia*. She at once gained the triumph that was expected of her, and became the rage of the city. After that performance it was the fashion to go to the Academy to hear Nilsson. The manager, Mr. Strakosch, made a shrewd arrangement before the opera season opened. He announced a season of twenty nights, and Mdlle. Nilsson as the *prima donna*, and a magnificent company to support her. He charged 500 dollars for a box during the season, and the general desire to see Nilsson was so great that the boxes were caught up immediately, and the season opened with very few of these coveted seats to spare. The prices were from five to two dollars—twice as much as ever were known before in this city, and fully equal to what has been charged in London. The season of twenty nights was eminently successful in a financial point of view. Yet to Nilsson alone this success is due. One may think that it is owing to the management. Here an explanation is necessary.

As we conceive it, an Italian opera *impresario* must be possessed of the rare, yet, in this instance, necessary, qualities of a great general, a profound statesman, a thorough musician, and a cunning politician. He must know how to conduct and manage his company, to engage the best talent in America or Europe, to produce an unexceptionable *ensemble*, to attract and then retain the *crème de la crème* of fashion and respectability, and to give satisfaction to the general public. He must be in music what Bismarck is in politics, what Grant is in war—thoroughly acquainted with his business. We regret that in no particular have these conditions been fulfilled.

The close of the season was attended with very peculiar circumstances. Once upon a time Joseph Haydn was kappelmeister to Prince Esterhazy. His Highness wanted to cut down the band, notwithstanding Haydn's remonstrances. Therefore the composer determined to give his princely employer a lesson. He composed the "Abschied" symphony, during the performance of which the members of the orchestra leave, one by one, until the contrabasso alone is left. Even he packs up his unwieldy instrument in its green bag, and the conductor, after looking around in vain for an orchestra, puts his baton in his pocket and leaves.

Here the manager played a capital joke on the New York public, in imitation of his illustrious predecessor, Haydn. The chorus of the opera at the beginning of the season consisted of sixty voices, and the orchestra of fifty instrumentalists. Since the close of the regular season the manager has gone into the "Abschied" business, until last night there were only thirty voices left for the chorus, and thirty players in the orchestra. Well, it was as good a joke on the public as Haydn played at Prince Esterhazy's. Regarding a comparison, in an artistic point of view, between this season and previous ones, and also between it and those of London, we shall speak at a future time. On March 4, the spring season of Italian opera with the same company will begin. Heaven grant that the management will not inflict upon Mdlle. Nilsson the terrible responsibility of supporting the entire weight of the season. She has done it so far.

MILAN.—After a repose of thirty-five years, Mercadante's opera, *Il Giuramento* has been revived at the Scala, where it was produced first of all. The principal parts were sustained by Signore Barbara Marchisio and Potentini, Signori Fancelli and d'Antoni. *Il Giuramento* has been followed by Signor Verdi's *Forza del Destino*, with Signore Stols and Waldman, Signori Fancelli, Pandolfini and Marini.—The rehearsals of *Aida* are still going on. In consequence of the illness of Signor Capponi, the part of Radames has been given to Signor Fancelli. The management have already engaged another tenor, Signor Perrotti.

## ALBERT HALL MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In your able remarks respecting the formation of the new Choral Society at Albert Hall, there is one point which it appears to me has been overlooked, namely: that the number of the inhabitants of the metropolis has not yet been adequately represented by existing choral societies. I am not in the smallest degree undervaluing the immense amount of good and acknowledged usefulness of other associations. The Sacred Harmonic, Barnby's, Lealie's, Martin's, Hullah's; but what are these among so many? Three millions of people! Comparing London with Birmingham, for instance, or with many smaller provincial towns, we shall discover that it is very inadequately represented by her choral societies. Of course, there are numerous thriving suburban societies, the Crystal Palace choir, and several professional and semi-professional associations. Few of them, however, are sufficient to present great choral works. Then there are numerous church choirs, tonic sol-fa meetings, and bands of hope. But all these, without the example and pattern of some more advanced association, can do but little to promote the cultivation of the highest form of art. There is "room enough for all" these, and for something better as well. Then as to an *Englishman* to conduct. Where is the coming man? You would never think of placing a man of upwards of threescore over our "rising generation!" You would never think of putting them into the hands of a "green hand!" Where is the man? If you will please to name him, numerous subordinates would readily give him a hearty support. You would not take those who are now at the head of their respective choirs, and where they have now been already producing and re-producing the *Messiah* and the *Creation* over and over again, for a quarter of a century and upwards, from the positions they so respectably occupy. Let them keep to their old groove. They have adopted the policy of standing still for a generation. Nothing will move them. Of course, they will "have their grumble" when they see others go by them. They have produced new works by their own conductors. Who should dare to expect them to give, or produce, or waste their time, in rehearsing other compositions? Even if there had been the courtesy of mutually performing one another's compositions, the choirs would have been relieved of much of the tedium of the "over and over again" system. But, no. For certain purposes the old routine must be stuck to. New men pooh-poohed; new works ignored. How can they wonder, then, if new people have new ways. The old societies have done good work, and will do more yet; and, perhaps, when M. Gounod has set them the example, they will imitate him and try a little variation on their stereotyped programmes. They have let new people alone; they must not be surprised if new people let them alone. At least, Mr. Editor, I am glad that you are disposed to take a broad view of the case, and manifest an inclination to give fair-play to all. Have we an Englishman who has composed an opera equal to *Faust*; let him step forward. You instance Dr. S. S. Wealey. He resides miles from London. Nor do I think he would be very willing to take up such a task as the one Mr. Charles Gounod has now before him. Where shall we look? To the English Cathedral school of writing? To our theatres? Academies? Where is there to be found a man who has produced a work of imagination sufficiently extensive and vigorous, to entitle him to precedence over the conductor of the new Choral Society. Trusting, in the interests of justice, you will allow the expression of both sides of opinion in this matter.—I remain, sir, yours very truly,

GEORGE TOLHURST.

28, Waterford Terrace, S.W., January 18th, 1872.

[There will be time enough to discuss these matters. *En attendant*, we have great satisfaction in publishing the letter of Mr. Tolhurst—always, we hope he will understand, a welcome contributor to our pages, whether or not we can endorse the opinions he invariably expresses like an artist and a gentleman.—Ed. M. W.]

## THE "NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS."

(To the Editor of "The Musical World.")

DEAR SIR.—I am very much obliged by the encouraging notice of the national music meetings contained in your impression of Saturday week, and by the terms in which you mention my name in connection with the subject; but I am anxious to correct a misapprehension into which you appear to have fallen as to the origin of the project. It was brought to the company by Mr. Willert Beale, and in the invention of it I had no share. The matter is now (like the Handel Festivals) a Crystal Palace measure, in which neither Mr. Beale nor I can claim any individual prominence.—Yours faithfully,

G. Gaovz, Secretary and Manager.

Crystal Palace, Jan. 10, 1872.

## CHRISTINE NILSSON.

(From the "New York World.")

"*Prima donnas* are called queens, and nearly all of them are tyrants. They belong to a line of despots who have governed the world without law or reason ever since song became a sovereignty. Theirs is a divine right to dispense joy, madden managers, fascinate the public, and receive the homage and the presents of smaller despots. Nobody ever saw an humble *prima donna*, or a meek *prima donna*. "When God has given to a mortal so extraordinary a talent as I possess,"—said Catalani—"people ought to applaud and honour it as a miracle. It is profane to depreciate the gifts of heaven."

The impious criticism of Catalani's time has happily passed away. Even the judges now array themselves in court robes of flattery, and bring only flowers of speech to these queens.

And we rather like their sweet arrogance. We want them to rule us. It is as if mankind, robbed of its saints and heroines, with its goddesses all relegated to fable, and even its Madonnas become a matter of barren *chiaroscuro*, clung to these wandering monarchs with a great deal of its old superstition, and of all its old chivalry.

They may be imperious, exacting, cruel, mercenary, but if they are pretty, graceful, voluptuous, or vivacious, straightway we fall down and worship them.

I suppose Pischelomini carried away more hearts from this country than did Grisi. And Lagrange told me herself that a *prima donna* never lived to an age that would protect her from lovers.

Christine Nilsson is without doubt the ruling queen in the direct line of descent. She is the best praised and the best managed *prima donna* of our time.

[Best praised and best managed are not necessarily equivalent terms.]

With less personal beauty she has more personal magnetism than the Patti's; with less voice she out-sings Lind; with an incredibly small *répertoire* she has filled the season with success.

For a queen who comes of a long line of peasants, I think she has more royalty in her mien and manner than any woman I ever saw.

Something of the weird fascination of her person follows her into all her rôles, for she never disguises her face. Whether barefoot in *Mignon*, or languishing elegantly in *The Traviata*, there is the inexplicable charm of her own strong personality.

Even the staid and impervious editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music* succumbed to this royalty, and capered about nimbly in its atmosphere.

You can't fancy how she is besieged at her hotel by wealthy and influential visitors. Ladies and gentlemen who insist on coming in their coaches, and taking up her time with compliments and invitations. Nor what a strife there is among certain families who affect art, to get her to their houses; and what a curious funk they turn this all takes when they get to Middle Nilsson's door at the Clarendon, and that benign but obdurate *duenna*, Mrs. Richardson, almost snubs them.

Yes, think of that, snubs the princes and the dowagers that you and I venerate and take our hats off to.

This kind of portable worship is inconvenient to the goddess. For there are times when even a divinity wishes to retire to the privacy of her thoughts, where there are no bouquets and no adorers.

As a rule, a *prima donna* gets sick of ordinary adorers in the fifth year, as indeed anybody must, for they are men who have a strange notion that public singers eat bouquets and sleep on them, and cannot live without them, and if they had their own way they would make the divinity's life miserable with flowers.

If you should ever pass the Clarendon very early in the morning and see a couple of small boys in the cold with bouquets, waiting for the porter to open it, you may be sure that some fellows with rooms round in Fifteenth street have been awake all night.

Perhaps Middle Nilsson's aversion to adorers in general will account for her affability with me.

She seemed to say with gladness in her eyes the first time she saw me, "Ah, welcome, welcome. You are one among ten thousand. You do not love me!"

And I didn't.

So we got along sensibly.

She calls me Neem Crank, which is rather pretty the way she pronounces it.

Bless you, anybody could get along sensibly with her. Why, there is more fuss and dignity and flam about one of those awful women in the dollar store, or the average prude who sells confectionery and deals you out ten cents' worth of caramels—if you are a man—with the chilling rectitude of a martyr.

She puts you at your ease at once. There is something child-like in the freedom and spontaneity of her manner. She looks you straight in the eyes with the steady gaze of innocence and curiosity combined. There is a flicker of pathos in her face. It is always

there, as if it were a heritage and organic. When she laughs she shows a magnificent set of teeth, and the pathos seems so to melt into tenderness. There is none of the Southern voluptuousness in that face. If it were not for the intelligence in it it would be rugged. It is the face of a strong-willed woman of the kind that can suffer self-denial when the time comes, though it kill them.

She speaks English with a slight accent, and shows a curious interest in anything American.

I thought her affection for the country rested in a great measure on the advantages it offered to the poorer classes. That was a novel discovery to make in a *prima donna*, wasn't it?

But you must remember her origin; how many generations of her people have toiled unknown to luxury before the vigour and virtue of the stock took vocal form and opened the way into the world; what traditions of hunger and penury and thankless labour must have come down to her, and must peep like ghosts of memory into her mind when she wears the regal robes of Leonora, or glorifies in the finery of Violetta.

Do you wonder at the pathos born in her face?

She isn't ashamed of her origin. Not she. Didn't I tell you she belonged to the Royal line? Where did Grisi come from? Rubini was a journeyman tailor. Wachtel drove a cab in Homburg. He told me so himself, and many a tenor he took to the opera-house before he got into it himself.

The fact is that these artists all fancy when they come to America that their humble origin gives them a patent of natural nobility with our people.

It takes them some time to find out that we democrats are rather ashamed of it.

But, as I was saying, Nilsson admires the material prosperity of the country. They say she clapped her hands with delight when they told her the wonderful history of Chicago. And when that city disappeared in a night, like the dream that it was, the tears came into her eyes. Everywhere in the West she saw the poorer classes happy and becoming prosperous. She says she sang better for it. Some of her letters to Europe glow with a naïve enthusiasm that is charming.

Everything pleases her. She never saw such warm-hearted people. She never saw people make money so fast. She never saw such a grand sight as a prairie. She fell in love with Peoria, and when they gave her the Illinois wine to drink she ordered it for her hotel in New York, and bought a vineyard in Peoria. She said there was more musical culture in the middle classes of our society than among the same classes anywhere in Europe. About her fellow artists she was cautious, reserving her opinions, expressing only a very decided admiration of Miss Kellogg's abilities.

She avoids society, having an actress's aversion to the assumption of showy apparel when off the stage. There are two or three families up town where she visits *en famille*, and there she romps and sings and abandons herself to the freedom of private life with genuine relief.

On the night that she appeared in *The Trovatore*, for the first time, she sent for me to come into her dressing-room and see the new costumes which had been sent over by Worth for the occasion. Those who saw her from the front on that night can have no idea of the magnificence of the woman thus attired in a room. To see her to the best advantage, is to hear her. The stage-lights throw heavy shadows on her face at times, and the most delicate and charming of her facial expressions do not 'carry.' She stood up like another Queen Mary in the room, her tall and graceful figure duplicated by the mirror. The moment we entered she held out her hands and with childish glee strode about the apartment and called attention to the elegance of the dress. Then she suddenly threw her head back and listened, unwittingly falling into an attitude of beautiful suspense. Brignoli was singing. She put her finger on her lip and opened the door of the dressing-room.

Magnificent!

It was the true Italian strain that pleased her. Something in the worn voice, and something more in the method of the once favourite tenor, touched her, as they sometimes will all of us, even at this day.

Nilsson has made a princely fortune with her voice. She will go back to Europe worth 400,000 dollars—half which she made in this country. It cannot be said of her, as of others, that she took it all away, for she has proved her admiration of America by investing nearly all her American profits here.

NYX CRINKLE.

COLOGNE.—A short time since, in one of the waits between the acts of *Unlida*, at the Thalia Theatre, the conductor, Herr Catenhusen, was agreeably surprised by having a handsome silver-mounted conductor's baton presented him, as a mark of the high esteem in which he is held by the company, and the appreciation they entertain of his exertions in the cause of opera. Donizetti's *Favorita* will shortly be produced for the first time here.

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

## PROGRAMME OF THE 400th CONCERT.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 27, 1872.

QUINTET, in D major, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—  
Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RISS, STRAUS, ZERBINI and  
PIATTI ... .. *Mozart.*  
SONG, "Lord, in youth's eager years" (*Gideon*)—Mr. SIMS REEVES *C.E. Horsley.*  
SUITE DE PIÈCES, in E major (containing "The Harmonious  
Blacksmith") for pianoforte alone. (By desire)—Madame  
ARABELLA GODDARD ... .. *Handel.*  
SONATA, in A major, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompani-  
ment (By desire)—Signor PIATTI ... .. *Bocherini.*  
SONG, "Adelaide." (By desire)—Mr. SIMS REEVES, accompanied  
by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD ... .. *Beethoven.*  
QUARTET, in B minor, Op. 3, No. 3, for pianoforte, violin, viola,  
and violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Madame NORMAN-  
NERUDA, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI ... .. *Mendelssohn.*  
Conductor ... .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,  
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 29th, 1872.

## Programme.

## PART I.

QUARTET, in A minor Op. 41, for two violins, viola, and violon-  
cello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RISS, STRAUS and  
PIATTI ... .. *Schumann.*  
AIR, "Dalla sua pace,"—Mr. BENTHAM ... .. *Mozart.*  
SONATA, in C minor, Op. 38, for pianoforte alone (first time at the  
Monday Popular Concerts)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD. ... .. *Dussek.*

## PART II.

SONATA, in B flat, for pianoforte, and violin, dedicated to Mlle:  
Sridassachchi—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Madame NOR-  
MAN-NERUDA ... .. *Mozart.*  
SONG,—Mr. BENTHAM ... .. *Schubert.*  
SEPTET, in D minor, Op. 74, for pianoforte, flute, oboe, horn, viola,  
violoncello, and contra bass.—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM.  
RADOLIFF, BARRETT, PAQUIN, STRAUS, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI ... .. *Hummel.*  
Conductor ... .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

## MARRIAGE.

On January 17th, OSCAR BEINGER, Esq., to Amy, daughter of  
EDWARD LYNCH DANIEL, Esq., formerly of Her Majesty's 2nd (Queen's  
Royals) Regiment, and grand-daughter of Brigadier-General Daniell,  
Commander of Fort William, Calcutta.

## DEATHS.

On the 20th inst., at his residence, Bowthorpe Hall, Norfolk, JOHN  
BOWLETT, aged 70.

On the 16th January, after a painful illness, at her residence, 1,  
Bladud Buildings, Bath, LETITIA, widow of the late Mr. GEORGE  
FIELD.

ERRATUM.—The term "lyric Canadian" applied in our last to Mr.  
Charles Lyall, should have been "lyric comedian."

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs.  
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little  
Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements  
may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive four  
extra pages, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1872.

## OPERA IN EGYPT AND ITALY.

GRAND Cairo has had an opera-house for some time past.  
The Khédive came west, as everybody knows; visited  
the Rue Lepelletier, looked in at the "Garden," and went  
home sensible of a new want. Not even the Lord of  
Egypt could take with him the establishment of Mr.  
Frederic Gye, or that over which M. Halanzier now rules;  
so, to satisfy his want, he had to create an establishment of

his own. Presto!—the thing was done; and Cairo boasted  
an opera-house almost before the steady-going inhabitants  
got an inkling of the fact. Aladdin's lamp could hardly  
have performed an architectural and upholstering feat with  
greater speed and completeness. Night and day the work-  
men laboured; while active agents resorted to the artistic  
marts of Europe, with full purse and *carte blanche*. Needs  
must when the Khédive drives—and the lyric drama soon  
found a home in the land of the Pharaohs. Here is matter  
wherewith to "point a moral, or adorn a tale!" Egypt,  
the mother of history, takes to herself the youngest-born of  
art; "forty centuries" witnessing the transaction, and a  
whole population gravely wondering what it might portend!  
But our business is not to draw lessons from the juxta-  
position of *prime donne* and the Pyramids, or the river Nile  
and *fioriture*. We desire, rather, to point out the natural  
logic with which, having determined upon Italian opera,  
the Khédive sought Italian co-operation. A more sophis-  
ticated amateur would, probably, have declined to see any  
necessary connexion between the two, now that the Italian  
lyric stage is chiefly adorned by artists and operas of foreign  
birth. But the illustrious *impresario* of Egypt seems to  
have resolved that what purported to be Italian should not  
believe its name. It pleased him to order a new work; and  
Signor Verdi was forthwith roused out of lethargy to write  
*Aida*, which opera has just been produced by a chosen band  
of Signor Verdi's compatriots. That was a triumph, the  
other day, in Cairo theatre, which recalled the time when  
Italian art reigned supreme. In the interest of Italian art  
there was need of it; not so much because Cis-Alpine talent  
is surely elbowing that of the Peninsula off the European  
stage, as because Italy herself is turning against her own  
offspring, and taking the stranger to her bosom. Here we  
have a phenomenon well worth looking at.

Who is the stranger thus able to conquer even  
maternal instinct?—and whence does he come? The  
question as to place evokes for answer a new phase of a  
very old story. It is once more the Goth who swoops  
down from the Alps—or rushes through the Mont Cenis  
tunnel—to overpower an ancient and effete order of things.  
But never, if present appearances may be trusted, did Goth  
address himself to an easier task. The invader has been  
received with acclaim instead of blows; shields which were  
expected to bar his passage, have borne him aloft in triumph;  
and he stands enrolled among the gods. Even the boundless  
self-esteem of Richard Wagner—for such is this conqueror's  
name—must find it hard to account for the victory he is said to  
have won. Nobody could have expected the result when it  
was announced that certain men of Bologna had determined,  
with fantastic courage, to place *Lohengrin* upon their lyric  
stage. The apparent odds were dead against the faintest  
chance of success, because Wagner's theory violates every  
tradition of Italian art. Melody, form, and the domination  
of musical over all other exigencies, are articles of faith in  
the school of Rossini, which the teachings of Wagner utterly  
repudiate. A stormy reception for *Lohengrin* was there-  
fore to be anticipated; or else that the orthodox audience  
would take out their money's worth in ridicule, and then  
insist upon *Il Barbiere* as a corrective. But if any went  
to laugh, it seems (if report may be credited) that they  
remained to applaud. The Bolognese became *Lohengrin*  
mad; wore *Lohengrin* hats, ate *Lohengrin* tarts, smoked  
*Lohengrin* cigars, and generally comported themselves to  
match. Meanwhile, the victor's chariot rolled on to  
Florence; the drivers meditating a triumphal progress  
through every other Italian city. What thought Richard

Wagner, who, in his own proper person, remained on the hither side of the Alps,—what thought the Prophet of all this? We should say that no miracle-worker was ever more astonished at his own success. Italy at the feet of Wagner!—the adamant walls of Italian prejudice and national pride crumbling into ruin at the first sound of the *Lohengrin* trumpets! No wonder that Wagner inundated the Peninsula with letters of thanks, till the man who had not received one went about in all the glory of singular distinction. No wonder that, for the moment, he saw the "Future" become the present; himself no longer "despised and rejected of men" (the comparison is his own), but enthroned and worshipped. What shall we say to these things? That true Art has received another blow from a hand which should have been the last raised against it? That true Art is in greater danger than ever, consequent upon the further success of a pestilent heresy? No; we will say nothing thus disquieting, for two reasons: First, when a nation becomes artistically so degraded and effete as the Italy of our day, its sympathies are without significance. Next, we believe that Truth cannot permanently suffer. *Magna est veritas*, &c., is not a mere form of words; but the essence of all history, which the history of music will not belie. Let Wagnerism, then, go on its victorious way. If it be true, as we believe it is not, so much the better. If it be false, as we believe it is, the end will come.

**THE 400th Monday Popular Concert**—since the institution, by Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, on February 14th, 1859—takes place this afternoon. Saturday, it is true, is not Monday; but any day in the week on which such music is to be heard as that which Mr. Chappell gives, always has given, and always will give, deserves to be called "Monday," if only on that account.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WE learn on good authority that Mr. Santley has accepted an engagement with the Parepa-Rosa company. The company may rejoice, and we hope Mr. Santley will "pocket bank notes by sheaves" in consequence of it. Meanwhile, English music lovers may find what consolation they can for the prolonged absence of their favourite baritone.

OFFENBACH's success in setting Alfred de Musset's *Chanson de Fortunio* has encouraged him to take for a libretto an entire piece by that poet. He selected *Fantasio*—more original in its details than in the subject—and turned it into an opera, which may be said to correspond, in a distant manner, to the poem. It contains some graceful melodies, but is dramatically ineffective, and gives but little satisfaction to the audience of the Opéra Comique. The only dramatic incident in *Fantasio* may have been suggested either by Marivaux's *Jeux de l'Amour et du Hasard*, or by Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, or both. The Duke of Mantua—not our familiar acquaintance in *Rigoletto*, but another less attractive—is about to marry the Princess of Bavaria, and, wishing to be loved on his own account, tries what effect the addresses of his aide-de-camp, presenting himself under the duke's name, and in the duke's attire, will have upon her; the duke, in the meantime, assuming the costume and character of the aide-de-camp. The poetical personage is a German student, who, finding that the Prince's jester is dead, replaces him at the Bavarian Court, brings her official suitor into ridiculous positions, and ends by marrying her. Offenbach has introduced a setting of Alfred de Musset's *ballade à la lune*, the most successful piece in the score. The poet's brother, Paul de Musset, and Alexandre Dumas, *filz*, acted as literary sponsors to the work; and the latter has added a *dénouement* indicated only in the original. Despite the care bestowed, it seems doubtful whether *Fantasio* will not continue to be better known in its original than in its adapted form.

WE are glad to welcome the prospectus of Mr. Henry Leslie's concerts, especially when, as in the case of the one just issued, it promises a choice selection of works already made familiar by the singing of Mr. Leslie's choir; and a novelty so interesting as Carissimi's oratorio, *Jonath.* Mr. Leslie praises this early example of religious dramatic music in high terms; but, whatever its value, he will deserve credit for making the thing known.

It has been decided to hold a grand national Festival in celebration of the recovery of the Prince of Wales, at the Crystal Palace, on the 1st May. The directors have commissioned Mr. Arthur Sullivan to compose a *Te Deum*, for orchestra and voices, for the occasion, and the work will be performed on a grand scale in the Centre Transept.

OUR Austrian neighbours enjoy the reputation of being phlegmatic and prosaic, but under their cold exterior is concealed a passionate love—we might almost say veneration—for the arts, especially of music and poetry, which may be looked for in vain amongst more volatile nations. Hence, the ovation last week, at Vienna, to the veteran poet, Edward von Bauernfeld, on the seventieth anniversary of his birth. From the Emperor, who sent him a diamond ring as a personal mark of esteem, to his humblest admirers, a number of whom clubbed together to offer him a simple bouquet—the whole city united to render homage to the venerable genius. Deputations from all the principal guilds, theatres, and musical societies, offered their congratulations, as well as more substantial proofs of esteem. The *Bürger Diplom* (which answers to our freedom of the city) was presented to the hero of the day by a number of distinguished personages and civic dignitaries. It was designed and decorated by August Klein, and fully sustains his artistic reputation. H. L. B.

MR. CHARLES NOVERRE, professor of music at Norwich, has forwarded £3 15s. 6d. to Mr. W. Duncan Davison, for the H. Blagrove Testimonial Fund.

TO-DAY, at the Crystal Palace, we are promised Liszt's piano-forte concerto in E flat, and—by way of compensation—Mozart's overture to *Idomeneo*, and G minor symphony, with the *Leonora*, "No. 3," by the mighty Beethoven, to finish.

SIGNOR COTOGNI, of the Royal Italian Opera, who is now singing at the St. Carlo, Lisbon, has been received with enthusiasm. The verdict of the Portuguese public has been endorsed by His Majesty the King, who has conferred upon Signor Cotogni one of those crowns of distinction rarely granted to any but ministers or warriors.

It is stated that Mr. Dion Boucicault has taken Covent Garden Theatre for eight months, to commence from the termination of the Italian Opera season. In that case we may hope to keep Mr. Boucicault and his accomplished wife among us for the autumn and winter. What then becomes of their much-talked-of American trip?

OLDENBURG.—Herr Emil Naumann's symphony, which was successfully performed some years ago at the Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipzig, was lately executed here by the Ducal orchestra, and well received.

RIGA.—There have already been 70 rehearsals of Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger*, which will be produced almost immediately.

STUTTGART.—A new opera, *Dornröschen* (*The Sleeping Beauty*), words by Herr Pasqué, music by Herr Gottfried von Linder, has been produced with unequivocal success. Though the libretto is entitled romantic, everything takes place according to the regular laws of nature, as in *La Dame Blanche*, the well-known story being simply related. The music is among the best new music heard on the stage for some time, and, considering it is a first effort, augurs well for the future career of the young composer. Herr Braun, Herr Schützky, and Mdle. Telini, representatives of the three principal parts, acquitted themselves admirably; so did the orchestra, under the direction of Herr Abert.

VIENNA.—M. Anton Rubinstein lately gave a grand concert. Among the audience were the Abbate Franz Liszt, and Herr Hans von Bülow. M. Rubinstein's opera, *Feramos*, will be produced at the Royal Operahouse.

## PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM.—We have received the subjoined from our own correspondent:—

"The sacred concert of the Festival Choral Society was given at the town hall on Wednesday, the 17th, the attendance being enormous despite the wretched weather. The name of Mdlle. Tietjens at the head of the list of principals exercised its unfailing attraction; and as the great German *prima donna* was in capital voice, her numerous admirers had ample scope for gratification, which they failed not to testify vociferously. Mdlle. Colombo created a favourable impression by this her first appearance in Birmingham, and the humour of Signor Borella appeared to suit the taste of his audience. Signor Vizzani does not improve, nor is he even likely to make substantial progress without much more careful study than he appears to have undergone. Signor Foli is an established favourite artist, and met with the warm reception of a friendly audience. The instrumental element was furnished with pianoforte solos by Mdlle. Carreno, and harp solos by Mdlle. Jansen, the latter a young Dutch lady of undoubted ability. Mr. F. H. Cowen officiated as an excellent accompanist, and the choir displayed their well known abilities in several pieces under the experienced conductorship of their careful and indefatigable master, Mr. Stockley.—March 21st to 23rd—Mr. Mapleson's company will give three performances at the Theatre Royal, the operas named being *Il Flauto Magico*, *Don Pasquale* and *Fidelio*. The last named will test the classical taste of the illardware capital (so-called).—D. H."

HEMEL-HEMPSTEAD, HERTS.—The subjoined is from a correspondent:—

"Mr. A. J. Parson's fifth annual grand evening concert was given on Friday, January 19th, in the town hall, under the patronage of the principal nobility and gentry of the town. Mdme. Clara Suter, the Misses Ashton and May Atkins, Messrs. Montem Smith and C. J. Bishenden were the vocalists. The amount of applause Mr. Bishenden, (who is a native of the town) received, proved that he is a great favourite among his townspeople. The large hall was crowded in every part, showing that the Hemel-Hempstead people like good singing, when they have the opportunity given them."

NEWPORT (Isle of Wight).—The following remarks on a concert given by the St. Thomas's Musical Society, are condensed from a long criticism in *The Hampshire Independent*:—

"All dwellers in the Isle of Wight—and many people out of the island—are fully aware of the high standard of musical proficiency which the St. Thomas's Musical Society has attained under the talented and painstaking conductorship of the Rev. W. H. Nutter. This charming society, as it was designated the other evening by our Archdeacon, gave a successful concert on Tuesday, the 9th inst., in the Volunteers' Hall. The programme consisted of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and a miscellaneous selection. The principal vocalists were Mr. Edward Lloyd and Miss Sophie Ferrari. Mr. J. L. Gubbins was the leading violinist; Mr. J. T. Mew and Mrs. W. H. Nutter, pianists; and Mr. Jones presided at the harmonium. This was the last concert (we regret to say) to be given under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Nutter, who, as farewell gifts, presented each lady member of the society with a camelia, red being the soprano, and white the contralto colours. Miss Sophie Ferrari was presented with a very elegant bouquet by the rev. gentleman, who was received with an "ovation" on taking his place as conductor. The introductory symphony of the *Hymn of Praise* was effectually played by the instrumentalists, and the vocal performances reflected the highest credit on the executants. The *chorale*, 'Let all men praise the Lord,' and the concluding chorus, 'Ye nations, offer to the Lord,' were especially well given, and received the warmest applause from all parts of the hall. In all that Miss Sophie Ferrari undertook she acquitted herself as an accomplished vocalist, and fully established herself a favourite with the audience. Mr. Lloyd is always certain of a cordial welcome from us. Mrs. H. Shepard took part with Miss Ferrari in the duet, 'The sorrows of death,' and sang with excellent effect. In the miscellaneous part of the concert, Miss Sophie Ferrari sang, with remarkable sweetness, 'The Maiden's Story,' by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and was rapturously encored; in response to the call she gave 'Dors mon ange,' by Mr. Molloy, both of which were tastefully accompanied by Miss Connor. Miss G. Bairnsfather's song, 'The Skylark,' was also so charmingly sung, that Miss Ferrari repeated it by unanimous desire; indeed, her rendering of the ballad was marked throughout by the highest taste and finish. We must not omit to mention an unexpected treat. The duet, 'L'Addio' (not in the programme), was sung by Miss Ferrari and the Rev. Robinson Duckworth, the latter displaying a rich and well-cultured voice, which blended well with the pure soprano of his gifted companion. Want of space compels us to omit mentioning in detail the other pieces in the programme; but in

justice we must name 'The Message' (Sims Reeves' great song) sung by Mr. Lloyd, who was encored, but only bowed his acknowledgment of the compliment. The concert began with the national anthem and concluded with Mr. Brinley Richards' 'God bless the Prince of Wales,' the solos being undertaken by Miss Ferrari and Mr. Lloyd. The Venerable C. W. Wilson (Archdeacon of the Isle of Wight) then addressed the audience, and said they ought not to separate without according their warmest thanks to the accomplished gentleman who had arranged that most delightful entertainment. He alluded to the Rev. W. H. Nutter, who was the very life and soul of that charming society, and sorry were they all to know that they were about to lose one who had so often contributed to their highest enjoyment. As they could not all speak on that occasion, let them by their cheers endorse and carry the vote of thanks to Mr. Nutter, which he then proposed. He was sure he might add, in their name, that Mr. Nutter would be followed to his new sphere of labour by their best wishes, and glad would they be at any time to see him once more amongst his many friends and admirers in the Isle of Wight. The remarks of the Archdeacon were received with loud and prolonged cheering, which was enthusiastically renewed when Mr. Nutter came to the front of the platform, and bowed his thanks to the audience. Since writing the above, we have learned, with pleasure, that there is a probability of another 'Last Concert' being given under Mr. Nutter's direction, before he leaves Newport, in which event the principal piece would most likely be a *Cantata* for female voices, 'The Cloud with a Silver lining,' composed by Miss Francesca Ferrari—a sister of the lady who ably filled such a prominent position at the concert we have just alluded to."

## THE LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The concert given by the professional students of the London Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening, in St. George's Hall, exhibited very satisfactorily the results of the system adopted at the institution. The programme comprised about thirty vocal and instrumental pieces, selected from classical and modern composers, and was sustained by as many aspirants for musical honours. The pianists were the Misses De Lucie, Rhodes, Hutchinson, Chidley, Ineson, Goodman (prize scholar), Codd, Ritter, Julia Russell, Lizzie Jacobs, Wagget, Learwood, Macgee, Clout, and Moulding (prize scholar). The vocalists were the Misses Hancock (prize scholar), Nora Manwell (prize scholar), Hillerton, Emrick, Alice Jennings, F. Martin, Green, and Hamilton. The violinists were Mr. Sommer (associate), and Master Jefford. Herr Ganz (professor) accompanied the young *débütantes* in his usual masterly style; he was ably seconded by Mr. A. Barth (associate and assistant master). The performance of Beethoven's *Appassionata* sonata by Miss Rhodes was the first success of the evening. It was followed by Liszt's "Rhapsodie" Hongroise, executed by Miss De Lucie. Both these young ladies have talents of a high order, which have, at other concerts, enlisted the sympathies of musical audiences. Miss Florence Hutchinson, who used to be regarded as a juvenile prodigy, although changed in appearance, has lost none of her pleasing qualities as a pianist, and executed Prudent's *Don Pasquale* fantasia with a brilliancy and effect which augur well for her future career as an *artiste*. The classical pieces contributed by Miss Chidley, Miss Ineson and Miss Codd—viz., the finale to Weber's sonata in A flat, the *moto continuo* from sonata in C, and Mendelssohn's fantasia in F sharp minor, were also admirably executed. Miss Lizzie Moulding and Miss Goodman (the two prize scholars) showed by their excellent playing their just title to the honours conferred on them, and did credit to their respective instructors, Dr. Wylde and Mr. K. O. Salaman; whilst the execution of some light pieces by Misses L. Jacobs, Ritter, M. Jacobs, and Julia Russell received due acknowledgment. Some pianoforte duets played by the Misses Clout, Learwood, and Macgee were also favourably noticed. The violin playing of Mr. Sommer was a feature in the concert, and, with that of the tiny youth Master Jefford, showed that the class over which Herr Ludwig presides is making rapid strides. The singing of the vocalists likewise showed progress. Miss Margaret Hancock (prize scholar), Miss Ori, Miss Emrick, Miss Hillerton, Miss Alice Jennings, and Miss Hamilton well sustained the reputation of the institution, and the pleasing voice of the Misses Nora Manwell (prize scholar), C. L. Green, F. Martin, and Farnese were warmly commended. The concert was attended by a large number of the amateur students, who avail themselves of the advantages the Academy offers, and by the friends and supporters of the professional scholars—in fact, St. George's Hall was thronged.—*Standard*.

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE.—On the 8th inst., Weber's *Der Freischütz* was played here for the 250th time. It was preceded by a *Festspiel*, written in honour of the occasion.

## MUSIC IN LONDON HALF A CENTURY AGO.

(By a Looker-on, living at the period—1820.)

(Continued.)

They who have not tried the experiment would be surprised to find how few songs there are which really contain those elements upon which a singer can build a great reputation; again their number is reduced, so far as his choice is concerned, by peculiarity of style, not only as respects the subject, but also as respects his own manner, compass, and various other circumstances, that unfit them for his powers. Singers know that they are but too often blamed for apparent failure or decline, when the fault lies in the composition they sing. Who, for instance, can raise any other songs to the same pitch of expression with those we have above named? In what other recitative and air does Braham rise to the sublimity of "Comfort ye my people," or to the passion of "Deeper and deeper still?" These reflections naturally coincide with the necessity of ease, and the multiplicity of engagements. Singers\* are glad to excuse themselves from the search after novelty,† till they feel the wearisome effects of repetition in purse and person. Indeed, such compositions are rare in England. "Gentle Lyre," and "The Soldier's Dream," are the only tenor songs of high celebrity the last twenty-five years have produced. Dr. Calcott and Mr. Horsley have given greater scope to the bass, while scarcely a single soprano song has attached and retained public esteem during the same period. Ballads that enjoy a short and bright existence and the last bravura from the last new opera afford the sole supply. Handel and Arne, after all, are the grand classical resources. It must therefore be confessed that in one elevated department there is a conspicuous want of novelty. The art of conducting, then, lies in learning to balance love of excellence against desire for what is new. It has always appeared to our judgment that, taking into view the limitations to which they are compelled to bend, the conductors of the Vocal Concerts have exhibited an admirable judgment in this particular. Their reign has been long and prosperous. In order to protract its duration and ensure its prosperity, may it not be worth while to consider the means of stimulating our English composers, and of enlarging the stock list of the songs of the principal performers? Sure we are that this is the only expedient which remains untried; everything that taste, talent, ancient learning, and modern improvement have furnished has been eagerly sought. Whether more can be affected may perhaps afford the subject of an experiment. To beguile the time we must look like the time. If this fails, the thing is worn out, or the fashion has changed; for in point of real excellence, the Vocal Concerts will not be surpassed. Insulated concerts cannot be expected to demonstrate that uniform precision of execution belonging to bands so trained in conjunction as those of the three great orchestral establishments. In other respects our observations are not applicable to the vocal alone; they might include the whole circle of metropolitan concerts, the Philharmonic only excepted.

In our last sketch of the state of music in London, we briefly remarked upon the rise of instrumental music, and its probable causes. Intimately connected with both, stands the society we have just named, a society established to rescue instrumental performance from the neglect into which it seemed likely to sink after the decline of Salomon's and The Professional Concerts. The Philharmonic has not this year increased in reputation; a slight relaxation towards the interspersing of more vocal music is visible.

During the season there have been of course some novelties in composition. A symphony of Mr. Spohr was well received, but did not excite extraordinary sensation.‡ A quarter of Mayseider (of which by the way Mr. Mori played the principal part admirably) with regard to extravaganzas *out-Beethoven's Beethoven*, but it had little of his genius, his richness or combination. It is one of the things most calculated to make even enthusiasts feel that in music, as in life, good sense is

\* The writer of this article remarked to an eminent public singer, at one of the rehearsals of the Ancient Concerts this season, that Mrs. Salomon's voice appeared to have lost some of its *freshness*. "Has it indeed?"—said the professor archly. "I will tell you the history of Mrs. Salomon's last week's public engagements:—On Monday morning she sung at the rehearsal of the Ancient Concert; at night at the Philharmonic. On Tuesday night at Oxford. On Wednesday night in the Oratorio, and at the Ancient Concert. On Thursday night at Oxford. On Friday at Bath. On Saturday at Bristol; and here she is again on Monday morning. There is then some reason to suppose she is not quite *fresh*." Such industry is not less astonishing than the power to sustain the labour implied.

† Mr. Braham is almost the only singer who takes a wide and lofty range, and even this is of late. This excursion is, however, honourable both to his judgment and his genius.

‡ This is the Symphony in D minor (No. 2), composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society, and to which Spohr himself refers in his *Autobiography*—Ed. M. W.

indispensable to real excellence. It is, however, probable that the taste for romancing will be pushed into yet stronger absurdity before the perverted judgment of the many will be corrected and brought back to truth. Perhaps no more sufficient proof is necessary than the comparative tameness with which Mozart's most masterly symphony, in C (No. 1), was received, and the applauses lavished on Beethoven's, in C minor, on the fifth night (!). Insensibility to so perfect a work can only be accounted for by this rage for extravagance. On the same evening a concerto, by the same author, was performed for the first time in this country by Mr. Neate. Beethoven wrote it expressly for himself, but his slovenly habits of execution were unequal to the task. The *tutti* introduction is fine, and the executive parts for the pianoforte very various, very difficult, and at times very effective, though frequently incongruous.\* Mr. Neate played with remarkable brilliancy, and was greeted with never-ending applause. Spontini's overture (*Fernand Cortez*) was positively ridiculous.

The playing of Mr. Spohr, a celebrated violinist, has been the grand circumstance of attraction during the season. A critic at Rome has said of this artist that "he was the greatest singer upon the violin ever heard"—(*Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*)—the highest compliment perhaps that can be paid to an instrumentalist. He first played a concerto in the dramatic style: the composition was very clever, and classed under its proper head. A quartet, in which he afterwards assisted, was so entirely calculated to display the single performer as to injure its effect as a concerted piece. His manner is totally without pretension; his tone fine, his intonation admirable, and his execution of the most finished order. But as all exceedingly minute polish is apt to diminish force, the impression upon some was that he wanted fire; but much of this objection vanishes on frequent hearing. He certainly does not possess the energetic bowing of the school of Viotti, which is a disadvantage, for a solo player ought in his very sweetest passages to have a character of vigour; and the position of his hand is peculiar, owing probably to the length of his fingers (he is upwards of 6 feet high). There is also a peculiarity in the fitting up of his violin, the tail-piece being considerably shorter than those in general use. This construction is said to give a quicker return of the string from the finger-board, and to confer greater facility in execution. Mr. Spohr has given very various proofs of ability at different concerts. At that for the benefit of the New Musical Fund he played an air of Mozart's with variations. The theme was touched with prodigious feeling and taste, and he introduced staccato runs into the variations with admirable skill and effect. The only slight draw-back to praise was that in some of the extreme transitions from low to high notes the intonation was occasionally imperfect.

In our former article we also noticed the Amateur City Concert with that satisfaction which it is natural to feel at seeing opulence ally itself to art. We have since enquired into the formation of this establishment, and we find particulars enough to make it at no very remote period (probably in our next), the subject of a separate article. In the meanwhile, however, it forms a distinguished point in a sketch, which professes to enumerate the details of the state of music in the metropolis. These concerts have given great satisfaction; such high pleasure, indeed, that their revival with redoubled spirit next season is fully anticipated. The list of subscribers is before us, amounting to five hundred. The entire management is entrusted to a committee of twenty gentlemen, ten of whom are entitled the musical committee. By one of these the music for the night is selected. Sir George Smart conducted, and Messrs. Spagnoletti and Loder led. The band was numerous and choice, consisting principally of instrumentalists engaged at the Philharmonic, intermixed with about sixteen amateurs (who submit to the severest restrictions with respect to rehearsals); and the vocal list is not less various and high in scientific merit. The selections have the predominant characteristics of the time, viz., the leaning to the music of foreign composers, amongst whom Mozart in the vocal, and Haydn and Beethoven in the instrumental departments, stand conspicuous. The programmes are, however, very various, and our own composers meet respectful attention. The names of Attwood, Bishop, Horsley, and C. Potter appear; and a *Gloria in excelsis*, amongst other things, was expressly composed for these concerts by Mr. Horsley, and presented to the directors. After the task of selection, the whole musical management lies, we believe, with Sir George Smart, who has derived great credit from the arrangements. At one of the concerts Madame Spohr played in a duet, on the harp, with her husband on the violin, and manifested great ability. It was a highly finished performance in every point.

(To be continued.)

DRESDEN.—Herr Mansfeld, at the head of an orchestra of forty-two performers, has been giving a series of concerts, which were well attended.

\* This refers to Beethoven's third pianoforte Concerto—in C minor (!)—Ed.

## REVIEWS.

*Zampa*. Fantaisie de Concert sur l'Ouverture de Hérold, pour piano par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown and Parry.]

MR. SMITH has treated Hérold's popular overture in a very characteristic and spirited fashion. There are numerous alternative passages which will be found useful by players of moderate skill. The actual text, however, looks more formidable than it really is, Mr. Smith being one of those composers for the piano who know how to write pianoforte music.

*Tyrolienne*. Pour Piano par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THIS is a very graceful and pleasing Allegretto in D flat. Moderate as to difficulty, it will be extensively popular.

*Saltarello (Etude d'Octaves)*. Pour Piano par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

A *presto vivace* in G minor; full of vigour, and as original as a movement of the sort can well be. Its utility for teaching purposes is obvious at a glance.

*Lucia di Lammermoor*. Fantaisie Brillante sur l'Opera de Donizetti, pour Piano par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

MR. SMITH shows his usual skill in this work; the themes being happily chosen, gracefully set off, and effectively contrasted. Lovers of Donizetti's opera may now enjoy their favourite melodies as served up in the most approved modern style.

*Fleur de l'Amour*. Romance sans Paroles Composé pour Piano par MAURICE LEE. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

Not novel, but easy and pleasing. Key, G major.

*Dolly Varden Quadrille* on old English tunes, by C. H. MARRIOTT. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

"Be gone, dull Care," "Old King Cole," "Cherry Ripe"—the dear old tunes make a capital quadrille. A group of sham Dolly Vardens (with the Grecian bend) strike attitudes on the title-page.

*March Religieuse pour l'Orgue*. Composée par A. W. NEWELL. [Liverpool: Hime and Son.]

THIS March (why has it a French title?) is in F major—episode in the subdominant. Its two simple themes are treated in a variety of forms, ending with a counterpoint of triplets for the pedal. Effective, and easy.

*The Orphan's Lament*. Ballad. Written by C. B. JACKSON, Music by ALBERT HESSIER. [W. W. Wand & Co.]

A PATHETIC story of want and woe—melody distinguished by true feeling—simple accompaniment. Key, A major; compass E to F, nine notes.

*March Brésilienne pour le Pianoforte*, par IGNACE GIBSONE. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

How far this march may answer its description, we are not prepared to say, but there can be no doubt that its character is well marked, fresh, and interesting. It presents little difficulty, and amateurs who desire variety for their "Canterburys," should give it attention.

*Stella*. Grande Valse de Concert pour le Pianoforte, par IGNACE GIBSONE. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THE graceful and pleasing character of this waltz, is the more valuable because associated with an absence of all difficulty. It is a capital teaching piece for extensions and repeated notes. Key E flat major.

*The Mill Lad's Love*. Song. Written by G. T. CHESTER, Music composed by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

ADMIRABLE words, with more pains in them than usually belongs to "words for music." The melody is pleasing, and marked by fitting piquancy, while the accompaniments are in good taste. The song ought to become a favourite.

*The Wonderland Quadrilles*. Composed for the Pianoforte, by C. H. MARRIOTT. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

NAMED after the most charming of childish books, (from which a number of pretty illustrations have been taken, to adorn the title-page), these quadrilles are adapted for children's use. The themes are those of well-known nursery ditties.

*Waiting, Watching*. Song. Written and composed by MRS. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS. [London: Chappell & Co.]

AN expressive little poem of love and constancy set to music at once appropriate, well written, and pleasing. The amateur must be a very bad singer indeed who cannot make an effect with it. Key, A flat major, compass, E flat to F.

*Lisana's Song*. Words by Sir H. TAYLOR, music by WILFRED POWELL, [Edinburgh: Paterson & Sons.]

THE first phrase of this song is in A flat major; the second in E major. The first part ends in A major; and the second begins in C minor. Bold, certainly.

## WAIFS.

Mdlle. Schneider is reported seriously ill at St. Petersburg.

They have begun to rebuild the Théâtre-Lyrique, burnt by the Commune.

Mr. Jacques Blumenthal has arrived in town, after a lengthened tour on the Continent.

Ricci's new opera, *Une Fête à Venise*, will be produced at the Athénée some time this month.

The Folies-Nouvelles has closed its doors for want of support. M. Hervé has sent the manager 1000 francs.

The Parisian theatres received last month 1,209,837 francs. *Nos voisins* have still money to spend, Prince Bismarck.

Mdme. Sophie Cruvelli proposes to give some concerts in Paris for the benefit of the poor.

*La France Musicale* says that Mdlle. Nilsson will go to Madrid on her return from America.

The eldest daughter of Signor Mario, if rumour may be credited, is about to be married to an English gentleman of fortune.

ORGAN APPOINTMENT.—Mr. G. L. Adler has been appointed organist to St. John's Church, Hillingdon, near Uxbridge.

M. Tringuier, the new tenor of the Grand Opéra, has flung up his engagement—the management being willing.

Dr. White of Waterford gave a lecture, on *The Legendary Tales and Songs of Ireland and Scotland*, on Tuesday, at the Richmond reading room, assisted by Miss Bucks.

M. Colin, the popular tenor of the Grand Opéra, died on the 18th inst, aged but thirty-one years. He was the original Laertes of M. Thomas's *Hamlet*.

The death is announced of M. Devries, father of the young artist who appeared at Covent Garden during Mr. Mapleson's autumnal season.

By twenty-six votes out of thirty-five, M. Victor Massé has been chosen to occupy Auber's vacant chair at the Institute. There is still room for another on the same seat.

Before leaving Paris for London, Mdme. Taglionni will sell her collection of pictures and *articles de vertu*, of which latter she has many curious specimens.

The Imperial arms have been replaced at the Grand Opéra by a lyre, with the following inscription, "Claudibus hæc nullus, nullo deleblis ævo." The motto is more true than most mottoes.

"A Scholarship," presented by the Mendelssohn Foundation Committee to the Royal Academy of Music, has been awarded to Miss Mary Crawford. Mr. Eaton Faring was highly commended.

The death has been announced of Major Robinson, of the City Artillery, long known and respected as the treasurer of Her Majesty's Theatre during Mr. Lumley's management. The major was in his 68th year.

The choir boys (thirteen in number) who left the choir of St. James's, Marylebone, at the same time that Mr. John Gill withdrew, have presented that gentleman with a handsome inkstand, as a mark of their esteem and regard.

More honours for artists:—M. Perny of Nice—Chevalier of the Crown of Italy; Signor Tiberini—Commander of Isabella the Catholic; M. Petit—Chevalier of the same order; M. Romero of Madrid—Commander of the same order; M. Wilhelmj—order of Gustavus Vasa.

M. Nichotte, a Belgian friend of Rossini, being employed by the master's widow to edit certain MSS., introduced several pieces at his concerts without her consent. Mdme. Rossini has now sued him for 50,000 francs damages, and M. Nichotte has entered a counter-claim *en réparation du tort moral*.

It is contemplated to introduce good change-ringing on a peal of eight bells, specially hung for the purpose, at the International Exhibition The Ancient Society of College Youths, and other well-known bell-ringing associations, may be expected to perform occasionally, and illustrate this essentially English branch of music.

The Executive Committee of the Royal Albert Hall will give a series of eighteen musical performances, in the months of May, June, and July next, for which a subscription list is now opened. These Concerts will embrace four classes of music, viz. :—Oratorios, given by the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa; Operatic and miscellaneous concerts, given by Mr. Mapleson; Popular concerts, given by Mr. Arthur Chappell; Grand Choral Concerts, under the direction of M. Chas. Gounod, with the aid of the Albert Hall Choral Society.

The following gentlemen have received, from the College of Organists, certificates of the first class, after passing the necessary examination, and have been admitted to Fellowship:—Mr. S. Corbett, of Wellington, Salop; Mr. H. B. Ellis, of Halstead, Essex; Mr. C. J. Frost, of Weston-Super-Mare; Mr. George Gaffe, of Norwich; Mr. Edward Griffiths, of Chislehurst; Mr. Frederick Iliffe, of Kibworth, Leicester; Mr. Jesse Minns, of Mitcham, Surrey.

The date of the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral, at which Her Majesty is to attend, will be fixed as soon as the necessary fittings can be erected. The Dean of St. Paul's has had an interview with the Lord Chamberlain on the subject. The choir is now closed, and the flooring being raised one foot throughout. Messrs. Cubitt are pushing forward the work as rapidly as possible, and Messrs. Willis are making every effort to complete the organ. It is proposed to issue tickets for 18,000 persons. These will be distributed from the Lord Chamberlain's office, and not by the cathedral authorities, who will hand over the control of the church for the day to the civil authorities. We understand that Mr. John Goss will write a *Te Deum* for the occasion.

The Parepa-Rosa troupe, after a most successful tour in the United States, including New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Detroit, Cleveland, &c., arrived at Buffalo on the 27th, ult.; and, if we may judge by the local papers, the company is creating no little excitement amongst the inhabitants of that city. Of *Mdlle. Parepa-Rosa* the *Express* informs us:—

"Madame Parepa assumed the part of Adelia, and her rendering was certainly unexceptionable. The wonderful vocal power, the perfect style and broad dramatic treatment of the theme combined to render the interpretation in every respect altogether admirable and artistic. It was above criticism, it is reserved for us to indulge only in the heartiest commendation."

The same paper says:—

"Mrs. Van Zandt played the part of the Page, and intensified the favourable impression made on the occasion of her first appearance in *La Gazza Ladra*. Her clear, beautiful voice and artistic method, together with her correct execution and bright vivacity, tended to render her interpretation of the character altogether the most artistic that we have ever seen. This lady seems to be never at fault, and her Continental training and experience are evident in her perfect style."

The *Courier*, in criticising a performance of Zerlina by the same lady, observes:—

"We are perfectly contented with her Zerlina it leaves nothing to be desired. The impression which this charming singer and actress has made here during the last three nights will not be readily effaced. Her conception of the part of Zerlina was thorough; she was the sprightly, vivacious, easily influenced peasant girl to the life; while the music of the *role* could scarcely have been rendered more delightfully. Her aria, 'Chide, O chide, dear, kind Masetto,' was admirable in every respect, and throughout the rare qualities of her voice and her well nigh faultless execution were apparent. The audience was at her feet, and the meed of applause that she received was enthusiastic for this cold-blooded city."

The following notice has been sent to exhibitors of musical instruments:—Her Majesty's Commissioners reserve to themselves the right of giving recitals in public on the musical instruments selected for the Exhibition of 1872, if such recitals be deemed expedient in the interest of the public. Such recitals will, when convenient, take place in the Royal Albert Hall, and the names of manufacturers of instruments will be announced in the programmes, and exhibited upon the orchestra. Instruments which may not be used in the recitals given in the hall may be tried without removal from their Exhibition allotments, subject to the approval of Her Majesty's Commissioners, and at the exhibitors' expense. Any additional trials which exhibitors may desire to have carried out will be matters of arrangement, both as to their nature and cost, between Her Majesty's Commissioners and the exhibitors interested. The recitals will include performances upon instruments accompanied and unaccompanied by other instruments.

A meeting fully attended by upwards of seventy representatives of the leading manufacturers of musical instruments in the United Kingdom was held in the east theatre of the Royal Albert Hall, on Saturday last, at twelve, noon, to consider what Musical Pitch should be recommended to Her Majesty's Commissioners for adoption, with regard to the recitals which will be given, during the International Exhibition, upon those instruments accepted for exhibition. The following members of the Musical Committee attended:—The Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, the Hon. Seymour Egerton, Mr. Frank Morrison, Mr. Alan Cole; and there were also present Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. John Hullah, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Herr E. Pauer, Mr. W. Ganz, Mr. Pitman, Mr. J. Riviere, &c., and other gentlemen representing foreign commissions. Mr. John Hullah was voted to the chair. A discussion ensued in which

gentlemen representing the firms of Messrs. Broadwood, Henry Brinsmead, Distin & Co., Boosey & Co., Bevington, Kohler, and Forster took part. Mr. Macfarren then moved that Her Majesty's Commissioners should be recommended to adopt the Musical Pitch which the Society of Arts twelve years ago suggested for general use—viz: that of 528 vibrations to C. Sir Julius Benedict seconded this motion, and Herr Ernst Pauer suggested, that in the event of its being carried, a tuning fork of the pitch proposed should be circulated by Her Majesty's Commissioners, not only to English, but also to foreign manufacturers. The motion was then put to the meeting, and was carried with only one dissentient. Capt. the Hon. Seymour Egerton, and Lieut. E. G. Clayton, R. E., attended on behalf of Her Majesty's Commissioners.—(Communicated.)

It may not generally be remembered that in the years 1860, 1861, and 1862, Mr. Curwen organised competitions of tonic sol-fa choirs at the Crystal Palace, and Exeter Hall. The fact may be referred to in view of the approaching National Music Meetings. The first of the sol-fa competitions was held at the Crystal Palace, on September 4th, 1860, and the judges were Mr. John Goss, the late Mr. George Hogarth, Mr. Charles Lucas, Mr. Thomas Oliphant, and Mr. James Tule. Choirs from Edinburgh, Staffordshire, Finsbury, Brighton and Bradford competed, each one singing a sight-reading test in the common notation and another in tonic sol-fa, and three pieces of their own selection. In the following year a similar competition was held at the Palace when choirs from Brighton, North Staffordshire and Hull competed. In 1862, the proceedings were held in Exeter Hall, and two choirs from London, with others from Staffordshire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, entered the lists. The prizes in each case consisted of silken banners, lettered with gold. Great interest was excited by the competitions. The choirs, returning to their several localities, were received by crowds of enthusiastic friends. Processions were formed, bands played, flags waved.

The following extract is made from a rare book written in 1658, entitled *Institutions; or Advice to his Grandson*, by William Higford, Esq., part III., pp. 84—87:— "But now, from the rude noise of arms, I shall call you to the harmonious sounds of music, worthily placed among the liberal arts. All creatures have an inclination thereunto—the birds chanting in the woods; the laborious husbandman and artificer, in their several vocations, alleviate their toilsome labours by their rude accents, making melodies to themselves; and in all ages music hath been esteemed a quality becoming a noble personage. Themistocles, the Athenian (as Tully saith), '*Quia non poterat fidibus canere, habitus est indoctor.*' Music is either vocal or instrumental. Vocal is best, because made by God himself, adding thereunto the liveliness of the musician, singing some excellent composed poem well fitted to the music; and in this kind these latter times have been most exquisite. But you will be most complete when you join the vocal and instrumental both together. Great is the power of music. In the kingdom of Naples, there is a small thing called the tarantula; any one bitten with it falleth into a phrenzy, and the proper cure for him is music, whereby he is recovered. Music did allay the evil spirit of Saul. Music prepared the prophet Elisha to receive his inspiration. Music advanced God's honour and service in the Temple, and the happiness in Heaven is described and set forth unto us by music and singing. Memorable is that which St. Austin relateth of his conversion (in the book of his Confession)—'*Cum reminiscor lacrymas meas quas fudi ad cantus ecclesie tue in primordiis recuperata fidei mee magnam institui hujus utilitatem agnosco.*' They say in our English colonies—in Virginia and New England, and the Summer Islands—the pagans give wonderful attention to the singing of psalms, and thereby are so taken and delighted, that it is a special means of their conversion to the Christian faith. I have sent you a book of the psalms composed in four parts, an excellent composure, whereby you may be invited to proceed farther in this divine faculty. When you are oppressed with serious and weighty business, to take your viol and sing to it will be a singular ease and refreshment."

### Times for Music.

Mr. Tweed's in a very bad plight,  
And his dodging and hiding may fail;  
But as long as he keeps out of sight,  
The old buffer will keep out of jail  
Till they make it all right with his bail.

NAPLES.—Signor Micele's new opera, *L'Ombra bianca*, has been produced with complete success at the Teatro Nuovo.

SALEBURG.—The first Mozartium Concert of the season went off with great éclat.

## MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

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In anguish that ne'er sleeps—  
"What might have been!"

Living in his dear smile,  
Guarding his weal the while,  
A sweet life without guile—  
"This might have been!"

Save that relentless spite  
Breathed dark shades o'er truth's light,  
That I scorned to set right—  
"All might have been!"

Truth prevailed, ah! too late  
Writhing in chains of fate,  
He mourns disconsolate—  
"What might have been!"

Strive we by duties done,  
So our life's battle's won,  
Crushing, each morning sun—  
"Hopes that have been!"

Yet, must I in dream-light,  
Waiting for weary night,  
Wall and cry by grief's right—  
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For well do I love to linger  
And gaze on thy blooming pride.

Soft, soft and low  
Is thy voice O rippling stream,  
While a thousand wavelets glow  
And dance 'neath the sun's bright beam  
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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE YOUTH  
OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

BY DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.\*

One portion of our youth comes vividly back to us in after life—the time of leaving home or school, to finish those studies which fit us for the great world. We are never so old but that we can look upon that as a pleasurable and important episode in our existence. For my part, although the incidents which I am about to narrate occurred nearly fifty years ago, they are as fresh in my memory as if but a year had elapsed. In the year 1822, I was sent to Berlin from my native town of Hamburg, in order to develop my musical studies. Strongly recommended to Mr. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the father of the great composer, Felix Mendelssohn, I received from him a friendly and cordial reception, together with promises of every possible assistance—these promises were so faithfully carried out as to lay upon me the burden of a sincere and lasting gratitude. My first visit was in the afternoon, the old gentleman inviting me to stay to tea, when I should be introduced to his family. "In the meanwhile," he said, "you shall see Felix, and I doubt not you will soon be friends. I will see if he is disengaged." Thereupon he rang the bell; nor had we long to wait for the advent of the young musician. Already Felix had a wide-spread repute as a musical prodigy; so that I felt both pleasure and curiosity in meeting with him. In he came, a youth with ruddy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and flowing black ringlets, looking keenly at me. Mr. Mendelssohn told him I had been recommended by a very old friend of his as a promising youth with musical talent, and had come to Berlin in order to extend my musical studies, concluding by expressing a wish not only that we should agree, but that I should be regarded by Felix as a house friend. Left alone, our conversation turned upon Professor Zelter, Felix expressing how indebted he was to him for his theoretical instructions, and for the care which he had always taken in introducing to him, and causing him to appreciate, the works of the old masters. Next, he mentioned his master on the piano, Ludwig Berger, in terms overflowing with praise, and attributing aught which was excellent in his playing, to "that great master," as he called him.

Ferdinand Rietz, a wonderful violin player, a pupil of the celebrated Rode, he called his dear friend, assuring me that I should be delighted to hear him play—"he is so clever and so modest." The bell rang for tea, and Felix conducted me to the sitting-room, where I was introduced to Madame Mendelssohn and to Fanny, the eldest child. Madame Mendelssohn was a pleasant, kind-hearted lady, rather delicate looking, who, as I afterwards found, was often a mediator between father and son. Papa Mendelssohn was very strict—his word was law, his ideas incapable of contravention; the only softening influence which could be brought to bear upon him being that of his wife. During tea, my course of instruction was planned, subject to the decision of Professor Zelter, who every Friday partook of that meal *en famille* with the Mendelssohns; consequently, the final arrangements were deferred until that important day should arrive. Friday came and my second visit took place. I found my young friend practising the first Allegro of Hummel's concerto in A minor, and, when he had concluded, I begged of him to play the other parts of the concerto. His playing was very fine; considering his age, wonderful. He apologized for his performance, saying, "I only commenced it last lesson, and have much to learn before I master it." For my part, I thought it already finished and executed to perfection. "Now," said he, "we will see mamma; I am longing to see her; neither shall we have long to wait for the Herr Professor." The Professor came, and as he entered the room the children ran towards him, and hung around him as if he were a general favourite. He was of a tall commanding figure, had a stern countenance, and a lofty carriage. Made acquainted with my projects, he at once began to question me with regard to my masters at Hamburg, and upon naming Music-Director Schwenke, he said, "Well, you could not have had a more highly accomplished adviser." I then expressed to him my gratitude for the trouble that Herr Schwenke had taken with me in classical music and the rudiments of composition.

Zelter then wished to examine me as to my acquirements before he took me as one of his pupils. Felix offering to

accompany me for the appointed time to Zelter. The evening then passed away in highly interesting musical conversation, in which papa Mendelssohn took a prominent part being versed uncommonly well in musical matters. He has written a treatise on the construction of a perfect independent temperature, "*Ein Versuch eine vollkommen gleichschwebende Temperatur durch die Construction zu finden*," which is printed in Marburg's Musical Contributions, Vol. V. I found Felix a sprightly youth, good hearted and obliging, but with an extremely sensitive reserve, he did not show that "Leiser aller" which might have been expected from one of his age, characteristics which I attributed to his having associated so much with grown-up people, and so little with those of his own age. So I always found him during the two years I stayed in Berlin; always under the direct control of his father, the tender thoughtfulness of his mother, and what I may call the loving surveillance of his sister Fanny. There is no doubt that the good habits and education of his early life had an influence upon his musical creations. In analyzing his melodies I am always impressed with a certain moderation in their fluency, a refinement and chaste intelligence, unclouded by any shadow of showing or vulgarity. Felix's time for study was strictly divided into portions for each branch. Seldom have I seen such punctuality as at Mendelssohn's; every hour in the day had its fixed employment; his practice on the piano was regulated by a watch placed in front of him, the instrument on which he played being a grand, by Streicher of Vienna, at that time considered the best German manufacturer. If a visitor called in the daytime, Felix was seldom allowed to interrupt his studies, but after teatime all work was done, house-friends made their appearance, and music and conversation filled up the remaining hours of the day. Paul and Rebecca, the younger children, retired early in the evening, Felix later, but never, to my remembrance much later than ten o'clock, his parents considering late hours would interfere with the next morning's studies, which included Latin and Mathematics, in both of which Felix was very proficient. The appointed day for my examination came on, and Felix and I rode over to Zelter. We made a larger circle than was necessary, in order that I might be shown the most conspicuous buildings and places of the city. The professor received us very cordially, and gave me several practical exercises, consisting of harmonizing a *chorale* in five parts, transposing a song with accompaniment into two different keys, and putting a counter subject to a motive for a *fugue*. When I had done these, he examined them, and seemed entirely satisfied, showing them to Felix, who directly pointed out two mistakes, in all probability overlooked by the Herr Professor. The result of my examination was favourable; I was accepted as a pupil, and my lessons were fixed. Whilst I was engaged with my exercises, Zelter showed to Felix two letters he had recently received from the great Goethe, which he seemed to read with the greatest interest. The Professor then requested me, as he had heard I was a good violin player, and had my instrument with me, to play a piece. I having brought no music, he gave me a volume of Mozart's sonatas for piano and violin, and requested Felix to play the sonata in A major,  $\frac{3}{4}$ , with me. We got through it capitally, obtaining the applause of the Professor, except in the last movement of *presto*, which he considered we played too fast, almost *prestissimo*, so that many beautiful passages were injured by not being played clearly enough. He then said he would expect me every Friday to take a violin part in the practice of classical music, vocal and instrumental, which took place at his house from twelve to two on that day, the performers being amateurs and professionals, Felix adding that he and his father would be very glad if I would join a musical reunion, held at their house every alternate Sunday morning, for the purpose of trying the Quintet-Symphonies . . . of himself and works of various other composers. I was extremely proud of these two invitations. Mendelssohn's symphonies for strings which we executed, were those of which examples have been recently played at the Crystal Palace. The performers at Mendelssohn's were 1st violin, Ferdinand Rietz and Hertz, members of the King's Chapel; 2nd violin, Louis Landsberg\* and myself. The

\* Louis Landsberg, who made afterwards Rome his residence, was created a Knight, and was well known by artists and connoisseurs who visited Rome as the Chevalier Landsberg. He worked very hard in that town to introduce and elevate classical music, and was a sincere apostle of our divine art.

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violins were played by Rietz, senior, and Boehmer, both of the Chapel Royal. The violoncello was in the hands of the distinguished artist and composer, Kelz, and the double-bass was played by the famous Eisolt. Mendelssohn himself indicated the time when not playing the piano. So it was that we executed the juvenile compositions of our late great maestro, and, so far as I can recollect, those works created a great impression on both hearers and instrumentalists, clearly anticipating his future artistical reputation. Few composers have been as fortunate as Mendelssohn in hearing their early compositions so well and carefully performed, and there is no doubt that the constant criticism of superior performers and highly versed connoisseurs must eventually produce not only a purer style, but a more elevated taste. Another great advantage was accorded to him at Professor Zelter's weekly practices, where selections from the old German and Italian masters were performed. A chorus numbering from 40 to 50, composed of the best amateurs of the Sing-Academy, and a double quartet of strings were regularly assembled there. The Professor conducted, and Mendelssohn presided at the piano, playing from the score the parts of those instruments which were not represented, namely: wind-instruments; leading the movements of the choruses, and pointing out, in conjunction with the conductor, any mistakes which occurred either in the vocal or instrumental parts. The Professor was not easily satisfied; yet at this age Felix drew his attention to points which he had overlooked, showing him the score from which he was playing and saying, modestly: "Sehen Sie hier, Herr Professor!" "Look here, Professor!" and I never heard him give cause to be contradicted or corrected. Although so young, I believe that Mendelssohn could have changed places with the Professor to the advantage of us all.

No doubt these practices laid the foundations of Mendelssohn's eminence as a conductor. His reading and playing from the score was really wonderful, although not more so than the rapidity and accuracy with which he could transpose a composition for several parts into various keys. I have heard him transpose many works of Bach and Handel—for which he had a great predilection—into any key which was selected by a bystander. Felix was delighted when I told him my intention to take lessons on the violin from his friend Ferdinand Rietz, and prophesied that I should go on well under his instructions, assuring me that his friend would amply repay the confidence I had shown by placing myself under his tuition. "I have composed a sonata for piano and violin," said he "which Rietz and I will let you hear; I hope you will like it." This he uttered in such a modest unaffected manner as to charm me. Zelter's instructions were mainly confined to the practical portions of music, to which he kept his students with a hand of iron—Mendelssohn being by no means excepted; and this course of training must have had a vast influence upon him at that period of his artistic development when his genius began to soar upwards. Amiable and polite to Felix, the Professor was coarse and brutal to his other pupils. In the Sing-Academy his outbursts towards single members were often calculated to wound the feelings of those to whom they were addressed. Nor had he the smallest respect for sex; the ladies received their full share of his unmannerly vituperations. Felix told me that he one day spoke to a young lady standing near his conducting place in the following uncomplimentary terms:—"Why don't you open your fine large mouth wider, you will find it improve your singing." I may here, whilst on this subject, mention an incident which occurred to me at one of the practices at Zelter's residence on Fridays. I was standing in a leisurely careless attitude at the music stand from which I played, when the Professor, noticing me, rapped with his *bâton*, and commenced a severe lecture on my slovenly attitude, finishing with such an indecent comparison as nearly made me faint. I have never heard such revolting language before ladies and in public as he used; and such was its effect upon me that I resolved not only to discontinue my attendance at those meetings, but also to relinquish the instructions which I received from him, as well as my visits at the Mendelssohns, where I feared again to meet him. A fortnight after this occurrence, I received a very kind letter from Felix, enquiring the cause of my absence, and expressing a hope that it was not caused by indisposition. Cooled down a little by this time, I was making my way next day to the Mendelssohns, in order

to give them the true explanation of my conduct—of which they must, however, have been fully aware, as Felix and Fanny were present, when, to my surprise, I met the Herr Professor. I saluted him in passing, and received a hard stare in reply, but had hardly proceeded ten or twelve yards when I heard him calling me, and turning round perceived that he was making signs for me to approach him. I obeyed, and was asked—"Why have I not seen you for so long a time?" I made some trifling excuses, but was interrupted by the Professor saying, "I will tell you the truth—you were offended at my remarks concerning your attitude when playing the violin. Now, my lad, to those in whom I take a particular interest I make no compliments, the more coarsely I express myself the better intentions I have towards them; so I shall expect you as usual." Arriving at Mendelssohn's, I related the particulars of my interview, at which we all laughed heartily, much pleased with the curious intermezzo—Felix consoling me with the remarks, "He treats every one alike, and you will doubtless hear more of his strange speeches; but in spite of his roughness he is really a kind-hearted man, and an excellent master; so you had better pocket his eccentricities, and regard them merely as jokes." This reasoning of Felix (who was looked up to by every one for his talents and amiability) convinced me that I had better forget the Professor's speech and resume my studies. Many years after, Felix and I enjoyed a merry laugh over this memory of our youth. Zelter's coarseness may be accounted for as he had been a master bricklayer in his early days; but he became more and more refined as his intimacy with Goethe, our German Homer, increased, but never attaining that tact and politeness which are now expected from an artist at the head of a musical institution. Such qualities were rarely to be found fifty years ago. I here conclude my narrative with respect to Felix Mendelssohn's boyhood, intending to resume it at that period of his life when he returned from his first visit to England.

London, January, 1872.

DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

#### CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The winter Saturday concerts are resumed. The two which have already been given were interesting on several accounts. The orchestra which Mr. Manns conducts, not merely with enthusiasm, but with genuine ability to back it, is playing better and better; in fact, it would be difficult to imagine more admirable performances of the symphonies and overtures of the great masters than are to be heard at the Crystal Palace. At the first concert, Schumann's symphony in B flat, his first, and, as many among his admirers confidently assert, his best, and the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, were instances in point. Of course, every member of the orchestra knows Mozart's incomparable prelude by heart, and it is, therefore, not surprising that it should have been played uniformly well; but the symphony of Schumann, being far less familiar, and written after a fashion by no means accommodating to the instruments, more particularly to the stringed instruments, is on that account alone a task of greater responsibility. Yet, in the comparatively modern symphony the Crystal Palace orchestra acquitted itself not a bit less satisfactorily than in the overture which has now for more than 80 years been universally recognized as a masterpiece. At the same concert Mr. John Francis Barnett's thoughtful ingenious, and elaborately wrought out "*Overture Symphonique*" (so-called), composed originally for, and first performed at, the Philharmonic Concerts, was given with such exemplary care and spirited effect as must have entirely satisfied the composer himself, however exacting. The pianoforte concerto was Beethoven's in E flat—the unsurpassed and unsurpassable "No 5"—the great musician's "last word" in this direction. The E flat concerto, the culminating effort of Beethoven's "second period," holds—as "G." the annotator of the Crystal Palace Programmes, says appositely—a place among pianoforte concertos similar to that of the third *Leonora* among overtures, and the *Eroica* among symphonies. The pianist who had the honour of playing this noble work was Mr. Franklin Taylor, one of those earnest and conscientious artists of whom we may reasonably be proud. We have on several occasions had the agreeable task of recognizing Mr. Taylor as an accomplished master of the most universal of instruments—and this, thanks chiefly to Mr. Manns; for elsewhere (an occasional appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts allowed for) our young countryman has enjoyed but rare opportunities for exhibiting his unquestionable talent before London audiences. Nevertheless, of each occasion

afforded him, he makes the best use; and, probably, he has never achieved a more genuine success than by his admirable rendering of Beethoven's Fifth Concerto.—the test of all pianists aiming at the highest honours. The times of each movement were taken to a nicety; the phrasing of each *cantabile* theme was the more acceptable, inasmuch as, while thoroughly expressive, it showed no trace of exaggeration; and the execution of the brilliant passages was not less correct than energetic and well accentuated. In short, the performance was quite worthy of the composition, and the hearty applause that followed was most legitimately earned.

The singers at this concert were Mdlle. Limia and Mr. Sims Reeves. Mdlle. Limia, a French lady, if we are not mistaken, produced an agreeable impression both in the cavatina from Rossini's *Semiramide* ("Bel raggio") and in Haydn's canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair;" her delivery of the last of which (although accompanied by the orchestra, instead of, as Haydn intended, by the pianoforte,) was especially worthy commendation. Mr. Sims Reeves sang his very best. His two pieces were "Deeper, and deeper still," with its long-accepted sequel, "Waft her, angels, through the skies," from Handel's *Jephtha*, and the splendid tenor scene from Weber's *Der Freischütz*, familiarly known by the early English version, "Through the forest." In each of these he was listened to with an interest and applauded with a fervour such as only the highest demonstrations of art can extort.

The concert on Saturday—the day being the anniversary of Mozart's birth exactly 105 years since—was devoted largely to the works of that great genius. The opening piece was the overture to *Idomeneo Re di Creta* (or *Ilis e Admante*), Mozart's first grand Italian opera, composed at Salzburg and Munich, in 1781, ten years before his death. This overture, happily not adorned with a *coda*, by either Winter or Wagner, was finely played; and still more finely played was the symphony in G minor, as a mere piece of "abstract music," to employ the hackneyed phrase of Wagner, positively unvalued. We have never listened to a more perfect execution of the G minor symphony than that by the Crystal Palace orchestra, under Mr. Mann's direction, on Saturday. The minuet and trio were encored and repeated; but, this distinction was no more due to the minuet and trio than to any other of the movements, inasmuch as all were played to perfection. Here is a symphony composed for a small orchestra, without trumpets, drums, or clarinets, with only a single flute, the other wind instruments, being bassoons, horns, oboes (two of each), and yet which sounds as vigorously as any symphony ever composed with all the means and appliances of the grand orchestra put into requisition. But it little mattered to a genius like Mozart what resources were at disposal; he made invariably such excellent use of them that no one missed anything he might be obliged to reject. What a contrast was presented on Saturday between this symphony in G minor and the concerto in E flat, for pianoforte with orchestral accompaniments, by the Abbé Liszt, which Mr. Dannreuther introduced for the first time at the Crystal Palace Concerts. In this concerto every conceivable expedient is employed to obtain force and sonorousness; but the result is a *caput mortuum*. The whole work which, the interest of its materials taken into consideration, is of immoderate length, appears to us as a mere jumble of passages—passages of enormous difficulty, but unaccompanied by the effect that might be expected to attend their facile and correct execution. The "themes" if "themes" they may be styled, are vague and shadowy, the leading one—"the main theme," which, as the annotated programme informs us, "remains intact throughout the concerto" (whatever that may signify)—being principally recognizable, whenever it appears, on account of its extreme unloveliness. In the remarks upon the concerto (signed "E. D.," not "G.") which enrich Saturday's programme there is a good deal of talk about a "continuous whole," brought about by what is termed the systematic use of "a metamorphosis of themes"—the precise meaning of which, although we are told that Beethoven has used it, "with astounding ingenuity," in his thirty-three variations (those, we presume, on Diabelli's waltz-tune), is beyond our comprehension. Nor can we understand in what possible way the Abbé Liszt's concerto carries out Coleridge's idea "of poetic beauty—unity in multitude," as the same authority suggests. "Perhaps"—concludes the annotation—"a rhapsody would be the most appropriate title for it;" and here we agree with the writer, merely differing with him about the character of the "rhapsody." The frequent performance of such music as this would very soon neutralize all the good which the Crystal Palace Concerts have been for years effecting; and finely as the concerto was played by Mr. Dannreuther, one of the most consummate pianists now before the public, and heartily as, out of deference

to the player, the performance was received, we could but wonder that an artist of his calibre should have devoted so much time and hard labour, as he must have devoted, to getting such a farrago of monstrous absurdities into his head and into his fingers, Herr Dannreuther played the concerto without book with wonderful fire and unimpeachable accuracy; and we could only grieve to find so much ability wasted upon such profitless stuff.

A smoothly-written *sotturmo*, for horn, with orchestral accompaniments, was another novelty in the programme. The composition in itself is null but the performance of the solo part, by Mr. Wendland, chief horn at the Crystal Palace, was in every respect irreproachable. The singers were Madame Bentham Fernandes and Mr. Bentham, the lady singing "Non so più cosa" (*Figaro*), with the same piquant expression which recently won for her such applause at the Monday Popular Concerts, as well as "Oh mio Fernando," from *La Favorita*; the gentleman giving, "Il mio tesoro" (half a tone lower than the original key), and "Ah si ben mio" (*Il Trovatore*), in his best style, the two joining their voices in a duet, also from *La Favorita*. The concert ended with a magnificent performance of the overture to *Leonora*—the inimitable "No. 8," which puzzled Cherubini and immortalized Beethoven.

At the concert to-day, in addition to the C minor symphony and a selection from the *Ruins of Athens* of Beethoven—we are promised the overture to Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* (first time at the Crystal Palace), a new ballet scene by Mr. C. Deffell, Sir Julius Benedict's overture, *König von Romberg* (first time), and other things.

### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Handel's *Deborah*, revived on Dec. 10, 1869, was repeated yesterday week to the satisfaction of a numerous audience. Unquestionably there are vitality and power in this work such as the composer could hardly have imagined when, stimulated by the unexpected success of his first oratorio, *Ester*, he used up a lot of old matter and produced his second. In 1768, Handel wanted money to carry on a desperate operatic enterprise, and the construction of *Deborah* shows that he knew how to subordinate art to the exigencies of a falling treasury. Perhaps no more conspicuous example of musical book-making exists. Out of fifteen choruses ten are adapted from the Hamburg *Passion*, the *Coronation Anthem*, and the *Dixit Dominus*, composed at Rome; while the airs with one or two exceptions, show more regard for *ad captandum* effects than for genuine merit. There is, indeed, reason to conclude that the master regarded *Deborah* as a *pièce d'occasion*. Otherwise, he would not have given the parts of Barak and Sisera to a couple of male altos; because he happened to have them in his company; nor would he have committed tenor airs altogether, because, at the moment, he kept no tenor vocalist in pay.

It will not do, then, to look at *Deborah* from the stand-point of high artistic purport. Handel was no hero when putting it together; but simply a man who wanted to turn an honest penny by humouring what seemed the passing fancy of the public. Yet, even so, he could not help producing music for all time. When twitted with the long days spent upon his *Creation*, Haydn answered that the work was meant to last; and we know that it is the things of slow growth which endure. Handel could be independent of these natural laws. If he blew a bubble to give momentary pleasure, it hardened into a crystal sphere by contact with the breath of his genius. There is music in *Deborah*, no matter whence it came, able to atone for greater faults than we have pointed out—music of the noblest character, genuine Handelian thunderbolts. But in what work of importance by the same hand do not these excellencies appear? Therefore, while giving the Sacred Harmonic Society credit, because of the revival of *Deborah*, we should be glad to know that other revivals are at hand. *Theodora*, the last but one of Handel's oratorios, and the pet child of his old age has recently commended itself to the music-lovers of Cologne, while London amateurs know no more of it than "Angels ever bright and fair" or "He saw the lovely youth"? Here, at all events, is a reproach which the society would do itself honour by wiping away.

The performance of *Deborah* gave just satisfaction, inasmuch as the choruses, with hardly an instance to the contrary, were rendered vigorously and well. To name all the successes would be to go through the concerted pieces number by number. Enough, therefore, if we single out for special praise "Immortal Lord of earth and skies," "O, blast, with thy tremendous row," "See the proud Chief," and the finale, "Let our glad songs." These are masterpieces, and in a masterly manner they were performed. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington did all that was possible with the thankless part of Deborah, whom neither the librettist nor the composer shows to advantage. Her delivery of the invocation, "By that adorable decree," was marked by appropriate dignity; while "Choirs of angels all around Thee," and

"In Jehovah's awful sight," received fitting treatment at the hands of this favourite artist. Miss Elton gave the music of Barak with spirit enough to atone for the incongruous association of a military hero and a woman's voice. She was much applauded after "All danger disdaining," as well as after "In the battle fame pursuing," to the success of which, however, Mr. James Coward's organ *obbligato* greatly contributed. Thanks to Sir M. Costa, Siera was represented by a tenor, Mr. Kerr Gedge, for whom the recitatives and air, "At my feet extended low," had been adapted. Mr. Gedge sang carefully, and thus helped to make the absence of a second hero with a woman's voice additionally acceptable. The two airs of Abinoam were given by Mr. Lewis Thomas, whose delivery of "Tears such as tender fathers shed," gained the chief honour by winning the only encore of the evening. A word in praise of the song would be superfluous, and we can hardly go further in praise of the singer than when we state that he did justice to his theme. Mrs. Sidney Smith and Mr. Smythson undertook the subordinate solo parts, and Sir M. Costa conducted, earning double honour by being also the author of discreetly written and effective "additional accompaniments."

### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," Jan. 31.)

Mr. Arthur Chappell began another course of morning performances in St. James's Hall, on Saturday last, when, in addition to the regular quartet—Madame Neruda, Herr Ries, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti—Madame Arabella Goddard appeared as solo pianist, and Mr. Sims Reeves as vocalist. Such an extraordinary combination of talent had the natural effect of crowding the hall to excess. But the occasion was otherwise interesting as being the 400th concert of the Monday Popular series. The number is almost unique in English musical annals, that of the Philharmonic Concerts alone exceeding it, thanks to a career of more than half a century. We may well congratulate director, artists, and audience upon a fact so encouraging; especially, as it is due to steadfast perseverance in giving the best compositions after the best manner. Tempting though the opportunity be, we will not enlarge upon the importance of the Monday Popular Concerts. It is only necessary to take one programme and multiply it by 400, in order to form an adequate idea of the good they have done. The 400th programme was equal to any of its predecessors. Mozart's string quintet in D major, led off, Mr. Zerbini taking part in its performance with the artists already named. Written exactly a year before the composer's death—being, in fact, the first fruits of that wonderful twelve months' labour which ended with the "Requiem"—the quintet represents Mozart's genius in its full development. He has left us nothing nobler of the kind, and hearing it, as on Saturday, must ever be, to amateurs of genuine music, a pleasure beyond words. Might not the same be said of Mendelssohn's pianoforte quartet in B minor, with which the concert ended? "I suppose I shall eventually be obliged to play it before a jury," wrote Mendelssohn, when his MS. was seized by the Paris police during a raid on the St. Simonians. Had he done so, there would have been a musical parallel to the unveiling of Phryne; at all events, as regards the power of beauty. The quartet was submitted to the Popular jury by Madame Goddard, Madame Neruda, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti, with what result need hardly be said. As her solo, and "by desire," Madame Goddard played Handel's "Suite de Pièces," in E major, containing the "Harmonious Blacksmith." This is a familiar *cheval de bataille* of the gifted artist, and once more it carried her to victory. Her performance of the well-known air and variations was perfect alike as to execution and expression, the *pianissimo* scale passages in particular being given with astonishing equality of touch and delicacy of tone. Madame Goddard was encored by acclamation, and repeated her effort with the same success. Mr. Sims Reeves sang Horley's air, "Lord, in youth's eager years," and Beethoven's "Adelaide." His rendering of the queen of love-songs was worthy of its beauty, and as absolutely unsurpassable; while equal, in its way, to either was Madame Goddard's accompaniment. Signor Piatti contributed to the programme his favourite Boccherini Sonata in A major, with which he added another to a long list of successes.

The concert of Monday last was chiefly remarkable as paying an instalment of the honour due to a great but neglected genius—J. L. Dussek. We shall make no complaint of the way in which this composer's claims are generally treated. It is in the nature of things that, being just below the greatest masters, he should suffer by reason of such contiguity. Dussek, indeed, forms only one of several whose high attainments, involving competition with the

highest, have led to conspicuous defeat. All the more credit, therefore attaches to efforts at securing justice for these *dii minores* of music—these gods who, because they do not deserve the noblest temple, are too often denied any. Dussek is, happily, no stranger to the Monday Popular audience, though hardly perhaps as familiar as might be wished. From time to time Mr. Chappell has brought forward the pianoforte quintet in F minor; the string quartets in G major and E flat; the sonatas for pianoforte and violin in G major and B flat; and the "Farewell," "Plus Ultra," and "Invocation" sonatas for pianoforte alone. Amateurs of Dussek's music will not require to be told that these are among his best efforts; while that they are not all his best was shown by the production on Monday of the pianoforte sonata in C minor, a work probably never before heard by an English audience. No Boswell of the period seems to have thought it worth while to make a Johnson of Dussek, and nothing further is known about the "C minor" than that it forms one of three (Op. 85), dedicated by the composer to his friend Clementi. In regard to merit, however, the work speaks for itself, trumpet-tongued, every movement (there is no minuet or scherzo) having characteristics which are strongly individual and of the highest order. This is especially the case with the opening *allegro*, wherein contrast of subject, masterly elaboration, and boldness of structure challenge the applause of connoisseurs. We might dwell largely upon these things, as upon the very interesting *adagio*, and the animated *rondo finale*, without exhausting their merits; but enough if the entire sonata be proclaimed worthy to rank, not only among Dussek's greatest masterpieces, but also among the best things of its kind, by whomsoever written. It is almost superfluous to mention that the artist who introduced this work was Madame Arabella Goddard, the same who first made the "Invocation," the "Farewell," and the "Plus Ultra," known to Mr. Chappell's audience. No character is more familiar to Madame Goddard, and none becomes her better than that of a musical pioneer. Her services in this capacity has been of immense value, and have been given at a sacrifice which only a strong sense of duty can explain. The English public do not take kindly to novelty, as such, and it is fortunate, both for novelty and the English public, that an artist of the highest rank acts as intermediary. Madame Goddard's performance on Monday was one of those finished efforts which silence criticism, and allow only of praise. As regards the clearness of exposition, which throws light on every detail, and reveals the composer's entire plan, it left nothing to desire. We know no higher or more comprehensive eulogy. The sonata was well received; and Madame Goddard had a warm recall. Other features of this concert were Mozart's sonata in B flat for piano and violin; which, composed for a lady (Mlle. Strinasacchi), was appropriately played by Madame Neruda and Madame Goddard; Schumann's string quartet in A minor; and Hummel's famous septet, capitably rendered by Madame Goddard, MM. Radcliff (flute), Barrett (oboe), Paquis (horn), Straus, Reynolds and Piatti. The vocalist was Mr. Bentham, who made a success in Gluck's "Sin dall' eta" (*Iphigenia in Tauris*).

### À TOUS LES FRANÇAIS RESIDENTS À LONDRES.

We have been requested by M. Raphaël Felix, of the St. James's Theatre, to publish the following letter:—

"Notre pays souffre encore de l'occupation des armées étrangères dans six de nos malheureux départements; les femmes de France, sous le patronage de toute la presse, viennent de se donner pour mission de faire une grande souscription nationale et patriotique pour aider à payer promptement le solde de l'indemnité due à nos vainqueurs. Les artistes français doivent leur obole à cette noble cause; ils offrent d'abord une journée de leur travail aux généreuses femmes de France, en donnant samedi, 10 février prochain, au théâtre St. James, une matinée dramatique pour laquelle je viens solliciter votre généreux concours. Je prends la respectueuse liberté de vous adresser sous ce pli mon humble supplique; et quelque soit l'offrande que vous voudrez bien accorder à cette grande et belle œuvre, les artistes français du théâtre St. James et moi nous en remercions profondément reconnaissants.—Croyez à mon profond respect, le Directeur du théâtre français,

"RAPHAËL FELIX."

BREAKFAST.—EPP'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers Epp's Cascade, a very thin evening beverage.

## ON THE ADVANTAGES OF LEARNING MUSIC.

(From "The School Board Chronicle.")

## NO. II.

In discussing musical education, I fear much may be said concerning the inefficiency of teachers.

Not many capacities are equal to fully comprehend the complicated structure and profound origin of music; and fewer still acquire such intimate acquaintance with its essence and principles as should enable them to explain its mysteries to other minds. Unfortunately, many persons imagine that if they possess a certain amount of digital or vocal agility, they are fully qualified to give "lessons in music," though they may be utterly ignorant of even such rudiments as the primary formation of the gamut, the affinity of scales, &c. They have but vague notions, themselves, as to different clefs, which they are apt to consider as indications of right hand and left hand; therefore any sagacious interrogatories from clever pupils throw them into awkward embarrassment, and perplex their brains with questions they have never dreamt of propounding to themselves. They are frequently (if teachers of vocal art) perfectly ignorant of the anatomical construction of the respiratory organ and its dependencies, and, therefore, are unable to correct in pupils such blemishes as are caused by physical conformation, or to judiciously develop the strength and elasticity of the vocal ligaments according to natural individual structure. Such pseudo instructors may teach *songs*, but not *singing*, or *pianoforte pieces*, but not *pianoforte playing*; and the parrot-like proficiency which their scholars attain is of no service to future study. The songs and pieces thus acquired resemble the rootless flowers which children plant in their play-gardens, transient and illusory, "dying with the morrow."

An able contributor to the *Musical Times* has pointed out how deplorable is the inefficiency prevalent amongst musical instructors, and has suggested that in many schools where examinations into the musical progress of the pupils take place yearly or oftener, it would be advisable that the teachers also should be required to display their ability, and prove themselves capable of imparting tuition. He adds that, under such circumstances, the shortcomings of the scholars might oft-times be traced to their incompetent instructors.

There is little excuse, in these days, for ignorance amongst teachers whose labours are infinitely lessened by the numerous treatises and books of instruction constantly in course of publication; indeed, such a flood of excellent works is now poured forth, that the only embarrassing question is, which system to adopt, or which method to pursue? doubtless the task of musical tuition is an arduous one, exceptionally so, because in other branches of education, a pupil's incapacity is annoying, but does not inflict actual pain; whereas, to the refined ear of a musician, an out-of-tune note is absolute torture; disgust and impatience are apt to betray themselves in the gestures and words of the teacher, mesmerically affecting the pupil, who becomes nervously discouraged, or resentfully perverse, according to individual character. But when the arduous task is undertaken in a proper spirit, if teachers strive to be what they ought to be, enthusiasts in their mission, patient in its fulfilment, and willing to adapt their talent to the peculiar exigencies of differently endowed pupils, then their *onus* is lightened of its tedious weight, and the dullest capacities may be trained into subordinate adjuncts to choral or concerted music, or, at any rate, may gain artistic ability sufficient to amuse themselves, and their home circle. If professors have to suffer physically more than others, they are amply compensated by a fuller share of moral satisfaction; for sure it is that, when musical instructors are worthy the title, they are the most popular of all teachers, and their lessons are looked forward to with joyful anticipation, more as pleasurable treats than toilsome duties; while class meetings for the study of music are hailed as true enjoyment, whether held in schools, or in elegant circles of fashionable society.

The erroneous opinion that only musical "rubbish" can find favour in society is fast becoming obsolete, giving place to the truer creed that art should elevate an audience, and must never be degraded to please empty-minded listeners. Amateurs now understand that it is better to select for private performance classical works of a high standard, which, even when executed by mediocre talent, interest by their genuine worth, and charm by their intrinsic beauty; of course the simplest ballad has a right to its place in musical entertainments, where it may pleasantly vary more serious compositions, in the same manner as a light novel may take turns with graver reading; but the ear soon palls of mere trivial productions, which suggest nothing to the higher faculties of the understanding. Amateurs of the present day are not to be satisfied by *potpourris* on opera airs, "*deranged*" for the pianoforte, or with variations "all sound and fury, signifying nothing," but are anxious to become familiar with sterling compositions of acknowledged merit. The execution of concerted instrumental music, however, is onerous to achieve in small circles, owing to the material difficulty of transporting and assembling the oft-times unwieldy instruments requisite for combined orchestral practice; but concerted vocal music

offers no such impediment, and its frequent indulgence is made easy to all by the cheapness of good choral publications of every description.

It were impossible to prescribe exactly what musical education should consist of, but generally speaking amateurs may content themselves with less executive perfection than is essential to professors, and should principally endeavour to fathom the fundamental beauties of music, and gain a due appreciation of its æsthetic affinities; this will enable them to penetrate into the meaning of sublime compositions, and will enhance their enjoyment of them a thousandfold. If, in cultivating their own powers, they follow the present excellent fashion of preferring classical music to mere pieces of display, they must bear in mind that, though less labour of the fingers be demanded from them, considerably more intellectual application will be indispensable for the due rendering of even the simplest production of a great composer; mind must prevail over mechanism, or they will never accomplish their desired aim.

To those who consider music a boon to mankind, it is consolatory to mark the giant strides its progress has made within the last twenty years: taste and correct judgment are already general, and modern facilities encourage further development of universal proficiency. No art so much as music possesses the power of soothing mere depression and diffusing pleasurable sensation alike among the young and old, the rich and poor, the sick and healthy, and the learned and ignorant; no especial worldly position, no fortuitous advantage of birth or fortune is necessary for its full appreciation. Queen Elizabeth deftly playing on the virginals, and the cottage lass carolling her rustic ditty, equally feel soothed from care or vexation; and the lowest manual drudgery becomes light if music accompany its irksome monotony. Those who sing at their work, work best, and the pedestrian who whistles a quick march as he walks puts vigour into his legs, however jaded they may be.

The love of music is a well spring of pure refreshment which nature furnishes for her children, at which all may freely drink; we may taste its delicious draught in earliest childhood, and revel in it till the last day of extreme old age—nay, we are taught to believe that not even with death shall our joy in music cease. Then let well-wishers to humanity lend a helping hand to extend this excellent boon to all their fellow mortals, thus furthering happiness and civilization throughout the world—"a consummation most devoutly to be wished."

SABELLA NOVELLO.

## AIDA FROM A GERMAN POINT OF VIEW.

If it is allowable, after hearing *Aida* only once, to pronounce an opinion on it, the opera is one which really possesses dramatic qualities—after the fashion of its composer, that is to say—and sometimes in his very best style. His two characteristic peculiarities, wild enthusiasm and touching melancholy, are exceedingly prominent, and worked out with an ease peculiar to Italian composers. We find instances of grand inspiration; fine musical thoughts, and clear ideas, which must meet with applause from every audience. The second and the third act are the most salient—of the first, we can mention only the opening scene, in the second act, however, there are a love-duet of melting sweetness; a very well-handled recitative; and a quartet with choral accompaniments; in the third, a romance, with an extraordinarily charming second strophe; two duets, in which the heroine takes part; and the finale, which was greeted with unanimous applause. But, with these beauties, there are many touches of triviality, lengths and reminiscences, and the inspiration is frequently suffocated by the endeavour to give the music an oriental colour. Accordingly, it is impossible to say with certainty whether the opera will have, in European theatres, the same success that it achieved at Cairo, where the getting-up had so much to do with it. It is impossible to form an idea of the magnificence of the scenery, and of the character of grandeur distinguishing this theatrical resurrection of old Egypt. There was no inexactitude in the details; no anachronism in the costumes. Mariette, that master of Egyptology, and Vasali, the Curator of the Museum at Bulak, gave their advice on every point; nothing was done without them. The representation, upon a modern stage, of ancient Egyptian life; the pictures of old Thebes, of Memphis, and of the plain of the Nile, are treated in a style of colour probable only in Egypt itself. It is a magnificent and exciting spectacle. When the curtain rises, one forgets *Aida* and Verdi, the drama and the music, so much is one's whole interest absorbed by the magic of the view, to the unity of which so many component elements contribute. It is a fantastic sight, and yet distinguished by ideal truth, a sight which evokes from the spectator a cry of wonder.—*Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 3, 1872.

QUARTET, in D minor, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—  
Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIEG, STRAUS and PIATTI ... *Mozart.*  
SONATA, in C major, Op. 24, for pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES  
HALLS ... *Weber.*  
SONG, "The First Violet"—Miss SOPHIE FERRARI ... *Mendelssohn.*  
SONG, "The Maiden's Story"—Miss SOPHIE FERRARI ... *Sullivan.*  
SONATA, in A major, Op. 47 (dedicated to Kreutzer), for pianoforte  
and violin—Mr. CHARLES HALLS and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA *Beethoven.*  
Conductor ... *Sir JULIUS BENEDIOT.*

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,  
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5th, 1872.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF MADAME SCHUMANN.

## Programme.

## PART I.

QUARTET, in G minor Op. 74, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and  
violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIEG, STRAUS  
and PIATTI ... *Haydn.*  
AIR, "Ah! rendimi quel core,"—Miss ENRIQUEZ ... *Rossi.*  
SONATA, in A major, Op. 101, for pianoforte alone—Madame SCHU-  
MANN ... *Beethoven.*

## PART II.

QUINTET in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and  
violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM.  
L. RIEG, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... *Schumann.*  
SONG, "The Linden Tree,"—Miss ENRIQUEZ ... *Schubert.*  
ANDANTE AND SCHERZO (Posthumous), for two violins, viola,  
and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIEG, STRAUS  
and PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*  
Conductor ... *MR. ZEBINI.*

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3rd.

## PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE, "St. Paul" ... *Mendelssohn.*  
AIR, "O God, have mercy" (St. Paul)—Mr. WHITNEY ... *Mendelssohn.*  
AIR, "Jerusalem" (St. Paul)—Miss KATHERINE POYNTE ... *Mendelssohn.*  
HYMN, "Hear my prayer"—Madame CORA DE WILHORST and the  
CRYSTAL PALACE CHOIR ... *Mendelssohn.*  
SYMPHONY No. 4, in C minor ... *Beethoven.*  
CAVATINA, "Casta diva" (Norma)—Madame CORA DE WILHORST, *Belini.*  
BALLET SCENE, TURKISH DANCE, AND CHORUS (Cora)—  
ORCHESTRA and CHORUS. (First time at these Concerts.) ... *C. Daffell.*  
SELECTION from "The Ruins of Athens." 1. Duet; 2. Chorus of  
Dervishes; 3. Turkish March; 4. Instrumental Interlude; 5. Grand  
March with Chorus; 6. Recit., Chorus, Air, Solo with Chorus;  
7. Final Chorus ... *Beethoven.*  
OVERTURE, "Der König von Homburg." (First time at these  
Concerts.) ... *Sir Julius Benedict.*  
CONDUCTOR ... *MR. MANNS.*

THE ANNUAL PRIVATE SUBSCRIPTION BALL,  
in aid of the SCHOLARSHIP FUND of the LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC,  
will take place at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Wednesday Evening next,  
February 7th. Tickets including supper, 10s. 6d., can be procured only of the Lady  
Patronesses, a list of whom can be obtained of Mr. Wilkinson, St. George's Hall.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. TEMPLE CLOUD.—No!—The composer of the oratorio-opera (or  
opera-oratorio), *Joseph*, was "Méhu," not Cherubini. True, Cherubini  
dedicated his *Madde* to Méhu, with whom the great Florentine was on  
intimate and friendly terms; but in every other respect Mr. Cloud has  
been misinformed.

THE BROTHERS WHOO.—We should have much pleasure in com-  
plying with the request of the Brothers Whool, but expediency forbids.  
Their paper would occupy at least two pages, and, moreover, is strictly  
an advertisement.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1872.

## LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

THESE popular entertainments, of which already five  
have been given, show no falling off either in the spirit  
of their management by Mr. John Boosey, the excellence of  
their programmes, or the support they receive from the  
public. Mr. Boosey wisely adheres to the plan upon which  
he started five years ago:—that is to say, he presents a  
certain number of old favorites along with new compositions,  
and thus makes sure of giving pleasure by means of the first,

whatever may be the failure of the second. It must be  
said, however, with regard to the novelties, that very few,  
if any, have turned out failures; while, on the other hand,  
there have been some striking successes. Further, the  
result of mixing accepted ballads with those which are  
merely candidates for acceptance is to keep the standard of  
merit at a proper height. The audience are invited to judge  
of new things by comparison with the old, and this is done,  
unconsciously perhaps, but still done.

People not sufficiently sure of their exalted musical tastes  
to tolerate music not exalted, are in the habit of sneering at  
ballad concerts as wholly unworthy of consideration from an  
artistic point of view. Those, however, who do not find it  
necessary to proclaim aloud their refinement, entertain a  
very different view; as, indeed, must every one familiar  
with the history, influence, and capacity of folk-songs.  
Supposing all who account themselves musicians fell  
to sneering, the making of ballads would still go on; and  
it is well, therefore, when men who have capacity for  
higher things take the matter in hand, bringing to it  
their superior knowledge and taste. Arthur Sullivan com-  
posing a song, and Sims Reeves singing it, may not be in  
the highest exercise of their talents; but we hardly know  
an exercise more useful. They appeal to the masses, over  
whose heads music of a higher character flies, and  
they do much to improve tastes which could be reached  
in no other way. Remembering this, the London Ballad  
Concerts have a significance not visible on the face of  
them; and when, as at last Wednesday's concert, a good  
many admirable things are done in an admirable way, there  
is every reason to credit them with being a means of useful-  
ness as well as of pleasure. The objection that such enter-  
tainments encourage the production of a lot of rubbish,  
which otherwise would not afflict the world, amounts to  
little. Nobody is obliged to buy the rubbish; and those  
who are compelled by social usages to tolerate it in others,  
may comfort themselves with the thought that people who  
love rubbish will, anyhow, make themselves objectionable.

The foregoing remarks would hardly be complete without  
the illustration supplied by what was done at last Wednes-  
day's concert; and we shall offer no apology for, in this  
respect, "condescending to particulars." Four new songs  
were brought forward; at the head of them being Sullivan's  
"Once Again," a composition certain to take its place among  
the favourites of the public. In sentiment, melody, and  
general treatment, it belongs to the cream of its order.  
Naturally, therefore, its success was immense; and Mr.  
Sims Reeves, who never sang more finely, could do no  
other than repeat it. Another good effect was made  
by a capital descriptive piece, entitled, "A Song of the  
Sea," in which Madame Sainton-Dolby has shewn more  
than ordinary power. This also is a valuable addition to  
Mr. Boosey's repertory. It was well rendered by Mr.  
Byron. Rudall's "Dreams" (Madame Sherrington), and  
Henriette's "Clouds" (Miss D'Alton), completed the list  
of novelties, in an admirable way. Side by side with these,  
and other examples of modern art, were Arne's "O bid your  
faithful Ariel fly" (Miss Blanche Cole); "The Three  
Ravens" (Miss Enriquez); Stevens's "Sigh no more,  
Ladies" (Mr. Reeves); "Ye banks and braes" (Miss  
Enriquez); and "Hope the hermit" (Mr. Maybrick). We  
fail to see how anything of the kind could be better than  
this selection; therefore, we also fail to see how, as the  
people will have their ballads, Mr. Boosey could do more  
towards refining and elevating the taste of a ballad-loving  
public. We wish success and continuance to his enterprise.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE Italian government, to the scandal of its friends, and the hilarity of its enemies, is disposed to do for the Roman stage what Mr. Donne did for the London pantomimes, and is as anxious to consult the susceptibilities of Pius IX. as Mr. Donne is to spare the nerves of Mr. Lowe. The Chamber of Deputies would have been amused had it been invited to insert in the Guarantee Bill a clause for the immunity of the Pope, Cardinals, and all the Vatican's dependants, from the irreverent wit of the secular dramatist; and no provision occurs for such a contingency. All the more bound the Executive considers itself to shelter things sacred from humour profane; and a fiat is gone forth that what is tolerated in every other city in Italy will not be permitted within earshot of the Vatican. Nor does interference end here. Ecclesiastics, male or female, must not appear on the stage. As a letter from Rome puts it:—

"Operas and comedies represented in the rest of the kingdom, after a certain received text, are to be admitted only on condition of thorough revision. A cardinal must be transformed into a civil magistrate, a father confessor into a lay schoolmaster, a nun into a midwife, and so forth."

Could anything be more absurd? It is understood in this country that the clergy must not be gratuitously brought upon the stage, but the instances in which they have served to assist the dramatist and divert the public without offence are familiar to playgoers. No parallel can be drawn between England and Italy. For eight hundred years the history of Italy has been bound up with that of the Roman Church. Popes have been the public friends or enemies; cardinal princes its statesmen; exalted ecclesiastics its busiest characters. The drama in every country, to be worth anything, must be national; and how can there be a national drama in Italy, if ecclesiastics are tabooed? It would be to ask the playwright to forego his most efficacious machinery. Shakspeare might as well have been forbidden to introduce kings and courtiers. Alfieri preferred classical subjects; but see what havoc this new decree would work among his dramas. There can scarcely be a finer theme for a drama than the rise and fall of the Florentine Savonarola, whose enemies, Alexander VI. and Cæsar Borgia, are the very stuff for tragedies. A prohibition affecting such themes would condemn the tragic muse of Italy to sterility. So silly a piece of complaisance cannot last. The Italian government should extend to the Pope and his friends that "firmness and patience" of which we have heard so much in connection with some impracticable people nearer home. Pius IX. will merely conclude that Victor Emmanuel is afraid, and the public draw the same conclusion. The darts of wit ward off the Vatican will descend upon the Quirinal, to the delight of the Churchmen who have been protected. Moreover, where is protection to stop? The shop-window and the journal will be next affected. Among contemporaries, not to be ridiculed, is not to be ridiculous. Dead men, whether Popes or Monarchs, belong to the world.

THE stewards of the Festival of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, which is to be held this year at Worcester, have had a preliminary meeting. The festival is to be held in the nave of Worcester Cathedral, and in the College hall either in the first or second week in September. The Rev. T. L. Wheeler has been elected hon. secretary, and Mr. W. Done, organist of Worcester Cathedral, conductor.

SIGNOR ARDITI.—A telegram from St. Petersburg states that this distinguished artist gave his benefit concert in that city on Sunday, and that it was a "magnificent success." The house was crowded in all parts, the receipts amounting to 80,000*f*. "Tarantella," a new song, which was expressly composed by Signor Arditi for Madame Adelina Patti, was received with immense enthusiasm, the composer and singer being recalled several times.

THE Strakosch Opera Company began their performances in Cincinnati early last month; and Mdlle. Nilsson appeared with great success, in a round of her favourite characters. *Fra Diavolo* was given on Jan. 9th, with Mdlle. Duval, Mdlle. Cary, M. Capoul and Mr. Charles Lyall in the principal rôles. The critics speak very favourably of the whole performance, and term Mr. Lyall's Lord Allicash "capital"—which it is.

## PROVINCIAL.

CHELMSFORD.—We read in the *Chelmsford Chronicle* of Jan. 26:—

"Mrs. John Macfarren's pianoforte and vocal recital secured, (owing to the reputation of Mrs. Macfarren), a crowded audience. The entertainment opened with Weber's *Moto continuo*, executed in a brilliant and skilful manner. The part-songs, 'O wert thou in the cauld blast,' and 'The May-bells and the flowers' (Mendelssohn), received full justice at the hands of Miss Sinclair and Miss Barnett. The grand scena, 'Softly sighs,' from *Der Freischütz*, followed, after which the *Pastoral Sonata* was artistically rendered by Mrs. Macfarren, and Miss Barnett sang 'Voi che sapete,' after which Thalberg's grand fantasia on *L'Elisir d'amore* was played by Mrs. Macfarren, who thus gave another proof of her executive skill. We are sure that she has, by her visit, increased the reputation which she gained on her *début* at Chelmsford."

RICHMOND.—A lecture entitled "Popular Legendary Tales and Songs of Ireland and Scotland," with characteristic vocal and instrumental illustrations, was given by Dr. White, assisted in the illustrations by Mdlle. Attilia Vassili, at the Boy's National School, Eton Street, on Tuesday, January 23rd. The spacious room was filled in every part. The lecturer was introduced by the Rev. Mr. Griffith, who, at the conclusion, thanked Dr. White for his entertainment.

RICHMOND.—A correspondent writes us as follows:—

"Mr. J. Hart Gordon's evening concert took place at the Castle Hotel, on Friday, the 26th inst. The concert opened with C. Oberthür's duet for harp and piano on *Oberon*, splendidly played by Mr. H. Gordon and the composer. This duet is brilliant and effective, the most striking themes being tastefully introduced, more especially the 'Mermaid's Song,' which is thoroughly in keeping with its fairy-like character. The duet, which was warmly applauded, was followed by 'O Salutaris' (Mr. A. H. Thoulless), sung by Mr. F. L. Robinson, whose bass voice was heard to great advantage. After this, Madame Florence Lancia and Miss Palmer gave Rossini's 'Quis est homo' in their best manner. Mr. George Perren sang 'Come into the garden, Maud,' and was loudly encored. Mr. Oberthür played his harp solo, 'Souvenir de Londres,' another highly effective piece, which met with a flattering reception, and then, in conjunction with Mr. H. Gordon, accompanied Miss Palmer in Vacca's scena from *Roméo's Giulietta*, and 'Rescued,' by Mr. Hatton, both admirably delivered. Mr. H. Gordon played Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo capriccioso*, and, in the second part, his own *Grand Polonaise*, being encored in the first and loudly applauded in the last. Madame Florence Lancia obtained universal applause in 'Una voce' as well as in a song by Diodonata, 'Good-night, sweet mother,' and C. Oberthür's 'Serenade,' in which latter the harp accompaniment was all that could be wished. Mr. George Perren gave 'All is lost' and 'When first the bells,' in his most finished style; Mr. Robinson produced a marked impression in Prince Poniatowski's 'Yeoman's Wedding'; and the concert finished with the quartet from *Rigoletto*. Mr. R. J. Hopper was an efficient accompanist. The room was numerous and fashionably attended, and the performance gave entire satisfaction to all present."

EDINBURGH.—A numerous audience assembled in the Music Hall, to hear the second and final classical chamber concert given this season by one of our most active young resident musicians, Mr. Mackenzie, who was assisted by Mr. Walter Bache, pianist; Miss Bertha Hamilton and Messrs. Niecks and C. Hamilton, strings; Mr. W. Harrison, organist; and Miss Eleanor Armstrong, vocalist. The most interesting part of the programme, to Mr. Mackenzie's patrons, was his pianoforte quartet (MS.), about which the *Edinburgh Courier*, of January 22nd, has the following remarks:—

"Of the four movements, the opening *allegro* is long and elaborately worked out, with many beauties apparent on a first hearing; the second is a popular lively *scherzo*, and was most applauded by the audience. The third—a *canzonetta con variazioni*—is a quaint minor air, with several cleverly constructed and pleasing variations, and struck us as being, from the fancy and admirable use of the different instruments, of very high merit indeed. Especially striking were the first variation for piano, with *pizzicato* string accompaniment, and another in which the strings were muted. The final *allegro* was very effective, being spirited and dramatic, and with much variety and pleasing music in it. Altogether it is an unusually excellent work, and being done great justice to by all the players, to each of whom equal prominence is in turn given by the exigencies of the music, it was highly appreciated by the whole audience. It is no desire to unduly exalt Mr. Mackenzie that promotes us to speak so highly of his success in so difficult a branch of writing, but a simple act of justice on our part, and our admiration of this work was shared by all the most distinguished gentlemen of the musical profession present on Saturday."

WINDSOR.—The following is from an occasional correspondent :—  
 "The members of the Windsor and Eton Choral Society have given their first concert for the present season. The town hall was filled in every part, and the concert went off with great spirit. The vocalists were Miss Barth, Master Brooksbank, Mr. Hunt, and Mr. Barnby. The amateur orchestral society, under the leadership of Mr. G. A. Griesbach, gave their services for the occasion, and Mr. Hanerck and Mr. Smith presided respectively at the harmonium and pianoforte. The first part of the programme consisted of Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, and the second part was miscellaneous. Sir G. J. Elvey conducted."

PLYMOUTH.—A correspondent from this place writes as subjoined :—  
 "The amateur vocal association gave Spohr's *cantata*, 'God, thou art great,' Mr. Lohr's 'Ave Maria,' and a selection from Handel's works. The *cantata* was well executed, and Mr. Lohr must have been satisfied with the way in which his 'Ave Maria' was sung, the style in which Madame Wilhorst gave the solos, and the warm reception it met with from the audience. In the Handel selection Miss Julia Elton sang 'He was despised' so well that she was unanimously recalled at the conclusion, and the same compliment was paid her after the air from *Samson*, 'Return, O God of hosts.' Mr. Lohr conducted with his usual ability, and on the whole the concert was one of the best the association has given since it was established."

### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

MUSIC AND MILLINERY.

We read the subjoined in last Saturday's *Figaro* :—

"Our little halfpenny friend, the *Echo*, always on the alert for novelty, appears to have engaged a milliner to write the musical notices in that truly wonderful paper. We had no idea that millinery was so intimately connected with music, until we read the *Echo* account of the Monday Popular Concerts. The singing of M<sup>me</sup>. Bentham-Fernandez is nothing. Her dress is everything. But, we will quote the musical milliner.

"M<sup>me</sup>. Bentham-Fernandez created a very favourable impression—not with her *voyante* green dress, but by her nice straightforward singing and her agreeable contralto. We preferred her in Mozart's 'Non so più cosa;' yet, in Schubert's ballad, 'Aufenthalt,' she showed signs of power that is, perhaps, susceptible of further development. By the way, why do singers so much avoid white or very pale-coloured dresses in favour of sombre or heavy raw colours? A singer is constantly not seen in the distance on account of the dress worn. In nine cases out of ten the backgrounds is black or parti-coloured, and white or pale pink is nearly the only colour which will tell in the distance. As for the poor men, they must be invisible in their sable attire; but, then, it does not so much matter, because they are not so well worth seeing. The great opera singers generally dress rightly for a concert, because they always instinctively study their surroundings—the ordinary concert singers are less thoughtful.

"All this must be very interesting to musicians, no doubt, and will tend to the improvement of musical art in this country. But, even after this interlude of millinery, taking up a third of the criticism, our erratic critic cannot keep his pen off the ladies' dresses. We are told further down 'that M<sup>lle</sup>. Limia, who sang, and very charmingly—again owing to her dress, was not very visible.' We advise the musical critic of the *Echo*, to borrow a pair of opera-glasses of extra power, and, having satisfied his loving eyes with a good stare at the various female artists, to distract his attention from the petticoats, and tell us something about the music. Besides, all this is emphatically a plagiarism. Our worthy and indefatigable friend 'Rambler,' of the *Sunday Times*, is alone permitted to be the weekly essayist on the over and under clothing of the female sex. The 'Rambler,' owing to his long and valuable services, is specially retained on the establishment to flirt with frills, to sigh over stockings, to gush on garters, to write prose poems on petticoats, and to romance generally on very delicate articles of dress. We cannot permit the *Echo* to take up millinery, without the special permission of our only, unequalled, and well-beloved 'Rambler.'"

THE *Sunday Times*, in its last impression, had the following special paragraph, with reference to the forthcoming introduction of a sonata by J. L. Dussek :—

"We wish to draw the special attention of our musical readers to the fact that one of the noblest compositions of this great, but too much neglected, genius will be played at the Monday Popular Concert of to-morrow. Upon the work in question, a pianoforte Sonata in C minor, Dussek's warmest admirers might well be content to rest his claims, so distinguished is it by melodic beauty, masterly treatment, and brilliant invention. That such music should be unknown, or, at best, be known only to a few amateurs of unusually wide sympathies, is a reproach we would gladly see wiped away. Therefore we write these lines. The executant will be Madame Arabella Goddard, who perseveres in the mission she has discharged so long and so well, and is never heard to better advantage than when introducing a novelty to the public, and, at the same time, asserting unrecognised merit. That Dussek's music will receive perfect justice from our gifted countrywoman, "goes without saying."

### REVIEWS.

*The Royal Edition of Operas.* WEBER'S *Der Freischütz*. Edited by ARTHUR SULLIVAN and J. FITTMAN. [London: Boosey & Co.]

In a short preface to this splendid edition of Weber's masterpiece, the editor says:—"This is the first attempt to publish the opera in a perfect form with Italian words. The drama is here given in all its completeness in Italian as well as in German and English, while particular care has been taken that the music does not suffer in its adaptation to the three languages." We need only add that the text has been edited with great care, and that the general "get up" of the volume is admirable. The English version is the one which use has made familiar, but the publishers add a translation of "Und ob die Wolke," made for them by the late Thomas Campbell, which is now printed for the first time. We cannot resist the temptation to give it here :—

"Though clouds around you sun may lower,  
 He still abides in Heaven's expanse,  
 Still o'er us reigns a hallowed Power,  
 Nor bows the world to blindfold chance,  
 A pure eternal eye above  
 Looks down on all, and looks with love.

"O'er me—let whatso'er befall me—  
 That Father's sheltering arm is cast,  
 E'en though His voice should homeward call me,  
 And though this morn should shine my last,  
 There is a pure bright eye above  
 To watch me with eternal love."

We are glad to find that the spirited publishers of the "Royal Edition" are about adding Wagner's *Lohengrin* to their series.

*Novello's Octavo Edition of Operas.* Weber's *Der Freischütz*. Edited by NATALIA MACFARREN. [London: Novello, Ewer & Co.]

THE care and completeness which mark this series of operatic hand-books generally, are most conspicuous in the volume now before us. We may doubt, however, if the new translation for which Madame Macfarren takes credit, will be as acceptable as the common version would have been. The editress brings grave charges against that version, and we are not going to say she is wrong, but popular use and long familiarity make light of such shortcomings, not caring enough for them to desire a radical change. We should add that the text is also given in the original, and that the dialogue follows the German acting version, which is an abbreviation of that written by Kind. The stage and orchestral directions are very full and complete in this edition. Wagner's *Tannhäuser* will shortly be added to the series.

### WAIFS.

Madame Julien announces that her annual benefit will take place at Drury-lane Theatre on the 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of next month, when the highly successful pantomime, "Tom Thumb," will be performed in combination with other attractions. As the widow of M. Julien, who did so much towards establishing popular concerts in this country, the *beneficiaire* possesses a strong claim on public support. Madame Julien reminds her friends that she will only derive benefit from the sale of tickets which are obtained from her at the stage-door of the theatre.

The Galton Operetta Company commenced an operetta season in Philadelphia on the 1st of January.

The Chicago papers invite all dramatic and musical companies to keep away from the city during the fall and coming winter.

Boston is the paradise of hand-organ grinders, having more than all the rest of the American cities combined.

Isn't it curious, after all Strakosch's liberal advertising outlay, that the only person who has fallen violently in love with M<sup>lle</sup>. Nilsson should prove to be a lunatic?

Frank Abt, the German vocal composer, has written to the President of the Washington Saengerbund, that he intends visiting the United States next spring.

The Bridgeport (Conn.) Choral Association gave Bennett's *Women of Samaria* on the 18th December, with great success. The solos were well rendered by members of the association.

There are, in the United States, not far from 4,000 military bands, with a capital of nearly 2,000,000 dols. invested in musical instruments, music, &c.

The vacancies in the Royal Academy of Belgium have been filled by the election of M<sup>rs</sup>. Gevaert, Boisselet, and Limnander as titular members, with M<sup>rs</sup>. Charles Gounod and Bassvi (a Florentine) associates.

A Greenwich music-hall proprietor was recently prosecuted by the London Theatrical Managers Association for having permitted stage plays to be performed without a license. A penalty of £10 was inflicted.

Boston has a musical conductor whose name, Peck, is a misnomer; it should be at least Bushel. He is now giving popular concerts at which such singers as Miss Kellogg and Miss Phillips can be heard for twenty-five cents.

Afzelius, the venerable collector of Swedish folk-songs, died on the 26th of September last, at Enköping, where he had been pastor for forty-nine years. His great work, "Svenska Folkets Sägohälder," was completed in 1870, the last part containing the history of Charles XII., since which date no true popular legends have come into being.

At a concert in Boston, a young woman who was disturbing those of the audience seated near her by incessant chattering, was summarily silenced by a gentleman who handed her a piece of paper, on which he had written the suggestion that she might not be conscious that she was revealing family secrets to a large circle of auditors.—*Musical Bulletin*.

The Royal Academy of Music Ball, given by the gentlemen to the lady students, came off with *clat* on Tuesday evening, at the Hanover Square Rooms, which were all thrown open in honour of the occasion. Sir Sterndale Bennett, the principal professors, and upwards of 400 guests were present. A handsome supper was provided, and dancing was kept up to a late hour. Mr. Godfrey's band attended.

Easter will fall so early this year that a serious shortening of the Popular Concert season will take place unless, as we hope will be the case, Mr. Chappell gives some additional performances in April. Such a course would be the more welcome when it is remembered that Herr Joachim will not appear until the 19th of February, and thus his performances will be very limited.—*Choir*.

The Brussels correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes:—"I hear that M. Faure has accepted the appointment of inspector of the singing classes of the Brussels Conservatory of Music. It is expected that he will establish himself here permanently, and take a leading part in the approaching reorganization of the Grand Opéra at the Théâtre de la Monnaie."

Count Andrassy, the Prime Minister of Hungary, supported himself when an exile in London by giving music lessons. He was often so poor that he walked the streets all night supperless, having not a cent to pay for food or lodging. No wonder that he gave up such an unprofitable pursuit to be prime minister, and go from an hungry life to a life in Hungary.

The great hall in Boston, for the next Jubilee, will be 822 and a half feet long, 448½ feet wide. It will cover nearly eight acres of ground. The radius of the roof will have 26½ feet. The corridors will be 2488 feet long. At least 4,600,000 feet of lumber will be needed, 860,000 square feet of covering for the roof, 52,162 iron bolts, and 3,528 iron bars, 44,338 tree nails, and 44,888 square feet of glass.

Saturday last being the anniversary of the capitulation of Paris, M. Strauss, the *entrepreneur* of the *bal masque* at the Opera, announced that that national institution would close its doors, and that the Citizen Clodoche would not perform the Can-can Quadrille. The Government took the hint, and a notice was to be posted on the walls ordering the closing of all theatres, cafés-concerts, public amusements, &c., on Saturday night, in token of mourning. It is to be hoped that after this extraordinary piece of self-denial, cynical foreigners will no longer question the regeneration of France.

In a country town in one of the central states, noted for its institutions of learning, a lady of doubtful age called upon the best established music teacher of the place, stating her desire to have instruction, in the following manner: "I am tired of my present employment (teaching a new system of dress cutting,) and have concluded to teach music. I will give you ten dollars if you will teach me *one tune* so that I can play it as well as anybody." Her proposal being indignantly refused by the teacher applied to, she went elsewhere, and, on advancing the ten dollars, learned the tune, and finally, found much employment as a music teacher in an adjoining village.

A remarkable manifestation of ability was Mr. Jerome Hopkins' "Piano Lecture Concert," given recently for the Orpheon Free Choral Schools. He kept his audience for an hour and a half deeply interested by an amusing and highly instructive series of short musical "talks," or about ten minutes each, between which the audience were invited to select pieces to be played, from a programme of one hundred pieces from nearly all the greatest masters. Mr. Hopkins rendered thirteen compositions entirely from memory, among which were works by Handel, Beethoven, Bach, De Meyer, Gottschalk, Stephen Heller, and others. The performance was certainly a novel and curious success.

The Duke of Edinburgh intimated his willingness on Friday week to accept the Presidency of the Society of Amateur Instrumentalists, to be established in connection with the Royal Albert Hall.

Grillparzer, the poet, died on Sunday evening at the age of 81. Byron, as far back as 1816, wrote in terms of warm admiration of his verse. It is but little more than a year ago that all the kings, nobles, *litterati*, and peoples of Germany joined to worship his genius at a solemn *fete* held in Vienna, and on Wednesday, deputations from all parts of the Fatherland, the inhabitants, and garrison, and Imperial Court accompanied the remains of the bard, of whom Austria is justly proud, to their last home in the Wahring cemetery. His dramas have long been the most popular on the German stage. Beethoven, Schubert, Spohr, and others have set to music his cantatas, songs, and ballads, &c.

Madame Arditi has lately given three *matinées* at her residence, which were fully and fashionably attended on each occasion. The following is a list of some of the principal items in the programmes:—

"Trio, Mendelssohn (Madame Piatti, Signor Piatti, and Herr Straus); solo violin (Herr Straus); serenade, Braga, (Madame Arditi, accompaniment on the pianoforte by Miss Giulietta Arditi, and violoncello *obligato*, Signor Piatti); song, "Looking back," A. Sullivan, (Miss Fairman); rondo, Beethoven, Op. 51, (Miss Arditi); Song, Miss Gabriel, (Miss Fennell); Overture, *Zampa*, arranged for two performers on one pianoforte, violin and violoncello) Miss Arditi, Signor Visetti, Mlle. Victoria de Bono, and Monsieur Pague); several other distinguished artists assisted, and Signor Visetti accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte."

A young men's association having heard that the Mendelssohn Quintet Club were to perform in Albany, came down to that city to negotiate with them for a concert. The committee called at one hotel after another asking for Mr. Mendelssohn, until twenty-one hotels had been visited, but without finding him. Finally they pulled up at Campbell & Collyer's music store, and asked if they could be informed where Mr. Mendelssohn was stopping? Mr. Campbell replied that Mr. Mendelssohn was dead. "Dead?" exclaimed the spokesman, rushing out of the carriage which held his fellow committeemen, "then the proper thing for us to do would be to retire and draw up resolutions of Christian sympathy with the Quartet Club in their bereavement of their leader!!!"

#### A Boston correspondent says:—

"The return of Mr. Gilmore from his musical mission abroad has awakened renewed interest in his great project of a World's Musical Jubilee to be held in this city next June. Mr. Gilmore was eminently successful in all his undertakings abroad, his chief business being to interest the leading nations of Europe and prominent musicians and composers in the grand scheme. He was very cordially received everywhere, and his gigantic plan elicited warm admiration and commendation. The governmental authorities of Great Britain, France, Prussia, Austria, Belgium, Switzerland, and several other nations gave assurances that they would be represented in the great musical assemblage, and the leading bands of the several nations will be sent over to participate. Among the bands thus promised are the bands of the Grenadier Guards of England, led by Godfrey, and the famous Belgian band of the *Guides*. Strauss has promised to come with his orchestra, provided he can get a release from an engagement in St. Petersburg. Both he and Bilse have promised to write compositions for the Festival; and so have Benedict, Randegger, Arthur Sullivan, Barnby, and others. The item that has been going the rounds of the press to the effect that Costa refused to have anything to do with the affair is wholly unfounded. Costa was not consulted, as he was in Italy when Mr. Gilmore was in England. The Executive Committee of the old Jubilee, who have consented to act in conjunction with others in the same capacity for the coming demonstration, will at once take the necessary steps to place the great enterprise upon a firm financial basis; and work upon the building, which is to be located near the site of the Coliseum of 1869, will shortly be begun. The work of organizing the great chorus of twenty thousand voices will also be begun under the direction of Dr. Tourjee."

"Madame Lucca's benefit," says the opera critic of the *Petersburg Theatrical Chronicle*, "on Thursday, was a complete triumph for the fair and entrancing artist, who played Gretchen in Gounod's *Faust*. Every place was booked; and all the passages were taken up by improvised seats. The audience received Mad. Lucca with marks of approbation, which lasted probably ten minutes; and the Conductor handed her a magnificent bouquet of flowers. After the scene with the jewels, she was presented with a set of brilliants, and a basket of fresh flowers. After the fourth act, a laurel wreath was given to the *diva* amid continuous shouts of applause. She was so touched by her reception, that her eyes were filled with tears. At the conclusion of the performance she was recalled nineteen times; and an immense crowd waited for her outside, to cheer her on her road home."

Dr. Steiner's appointment as organist of St. Paul's will date from Lady Day next.

There is a striking contrast in the matter of winter concerts between London and the great American cities. Here—if we except the Crystal Palace performances—we are left almost entirely without orchestral concerts during the winter months, while across the Atlantic scarcely a night passes on which a concert is not provided by Mr. Theodore Thomas, or by one of the local associations. The want of a good orchestra constantly employed, is indeed one of the greatest drawbacks to the progress of music amongst us, and it is little short of a public disgrace that from October until February or March, it is impossible to hear an average performance of a symphony or an overture in a London concert-room.—*Choir.*

### ALEXANDER DUMAS.

(Continued from page 12.)

An attempt was made to prevent the second representation of the piece through the censorship, and, on this failing, a formal protest against its admission into the repertory of the Theatre Français, signed by seven men of letters more or less eminent, was presented to the King, who replied, in terms no doubt suggested by his Minister, M. de Montigny:—

"Messieurs: Je ne puis rien pour ce que vous desirez; je n'ai, comme tous les Français, qu'une place au parterre."

The utmost that could be urged against the originality of this play was that two or three incidents had been borrowed and turned to good account. The act of violence by which the Duc de Guise extorts the signature of his wife was probably suggested by the scene in *The Abbot* between Lord Lindsay and Queen Mary. In *The Conspiracy of Venice*, Fiesco's suspicions are excited by finding his wife's handkerchief wet with tears in a room which she and Calcagno have just left; and the Duchesse de Guise's handkerchief, found in a compromising spot, is what first turns the Duc's suspicions on her lover. This incident gave rise to the following epigram preserved by Lord Dalling:—

"Messieurs et Mesdames, cette pièce est morale,  
Elle prouve aujourd'hui sans faire de scandale,  
Que chez un amant, lorsqu'on va le soir,  
On peut oublier tout—excepté son mouchoir."

Although the accusation of immorality was unscrupulously brought against the chiefs of the romantic school, they were not more open to it than the classicists in regard to the choice of subjects, so long as these were taken from history. The most repulsive subject ever chosen by either of them, that of *La Tour de Nesle* for example, was not more repulsive than that of *Medea* or *Oedipus*; and neither Lucrece Borgia nor Marion Delorme could be put to shame by Phédre, who sums up her ruling passion in one line:—

"C'est Venus tout entière à sa proie attachée."

A plot laid in the middle ages, in a corrupt French or Italian court, should be judged by the same rules as one laid in Thebes or Colchis. Nor should a poet or dramatist be summarily condemned for immorality, merely because he describes immoral actions, or brings immoral characters on the stage, so long as these are true to nature and correct representatives of their epoch, with its passions, its vices and its crimes. Dramas can no more be compounded entirely of virtue, than revolutions can be made with rose-water. It was when Dumas abandoned the past for present, forsook romance for reality, chose his heroes and heroines from modern life, and bade us sympathize with their perverted notions of right and wrong, their systematic defiance of all social ties, their sensuality, and their selfishness,—when, in short, he "dressed up the nineteenth century, in a livery of heroism, turned up with assassination and incest" that he justly fell within the critic's ban, and gave point to the most stinging epigram levelled at his school:—

"A croire ces Messieurs, on ne trouve dans les rues,  
Que des enfants trouvés et des femmes perdues."

In his drama of *Antony* he set all notions of morality at defiance; yet his bitterest opponents were obliged to confess that it bore the strongest impress of originality, and that its faults were quite as much those of the epoch, of the applauding public, as of the author. "It contains," says one of them, "badly put together, illogical and odious as it is, scenes of touching sensibility and intense pathos." "It is perhaps the play," says Lord Dalling, "in which the public have seen most to admire. The plot is simple, the action rapid; each act contains an event, and each event develops the character, and tends to the catastrophe."

Antony is a man formed after the Byronic model, gloomy and saturnine, whose birth (illegitimate) and position are a mystery. He is in love with Adèle, a young lady of family and fortune, who returns his passion, but not venturing to propose to her, he suddenly disappears, and is absent for three years; at the end

of which he returns to find her the wife of Colonel d'Hervey with a daughter.

In the first act an opportune accident causes him to be domiciled in her house whilst her husband is away.\* Explanations take place. He eloquently expatiates on his love, his heart-broken condition, his despair; and Adèle, distrusting her own powers of prolonged resistance, suddenly gives him the slip, orders post-horses, and makes the best of her way to join the Colonel at Frankfort. She is pursued by Antony, who passes her on the road, arrives first at the little inn at which she is compelled to sleep for want of post-horses, and makes arrangements as to rooms, which may be collected from the result.

"Adèle. Jamais il n'est arrivé d'accident dans cet hotel?"

"L'Hôte. Jamais... Si Madame veut, je ferai veiller quelqu'un?"

"Adèle. Mon, non... au fait, pardon... laissez-moi... (*Elle rentre dans le cabinet et ferme la porte.*)"

"Antony paraît sur le balcon, derrière la fenêtre, casse un carreau, passe son bras, ouvre l'espagnolette, entre vivement, et va mettre le verrou à la porte par laquelle est sortie l'hôte."

"Adèle (*sortant du cabinet*). Du bruit... un homme... ah!..."

"Antony. Silence!... (*La prenant dans ses bras et lui mettant un mouchoir sur la bouche*). C'est moi... moi, Antony... (*Il l'entraîne dans le cabinet.*)"

This is the end of the third Act. In the fourth, the lovers are again in Paris, and suffering tortures from the sarcasms and covert allusions of their social circle, in which their inn adventure has got wind. Antony, hearing that the Colonel will arrive within the hour, has only just time to prepare Adèle for the meeting. We borrow Lord Dalling's translation of the catastrophe:—

"Adèle. Oh! it's he... Oh! my God! my God! Have pity on me! pardon, pardon!"

"Antony. Come it is over now!"

"Adèle. Somebody's coming upstairs... somebody rings. It's my husband—fly, fly!"

"Antony (*fastening the door*). Not I—I fly not... Listen!... You said just now that you did not fear death."

"Adèle. No, no... Oh! kill me, for pity's sake."

"Antony. A death that would save thy reputation, that of thy child?"

"Adèle. I'll beg for it on my knees. (*A voice from without, 'Open, open! break open the door!'*)"

"Antony. And in thy last breath thou wilt not curse thy assassin?"

"Adèle. I'll bless him—but be quick... that door."

"Antony. Fear nothing! death shall be here before anyone. But reflect on it well—death!"

"Adèle. I beg it—wish it—implore it (*throwing herself into his arms*)—I come to seek it."

"Antony (*kissing her*). Well then, die (*He stabs her with a poniard.*)"

"Adèle. (*falling into a fauteuil*). Ah! (*At the same moment the door is forced open, Col. d'Hervey rushes on the stage.*)"

#### SCENE IV.

Col. d'Hervey, Anthony, Adèle, and different servants.

"Col. d'Hervey. Wretch!—What do I see?—Adèle!"

"Antony. Dead, yes, dead!—She resisted me, and I assassinated her. (*He throws his dagger at the Colonel's feet.*)"

(To be continued.)

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—The fifth Subscription concert is announced to take place on Tuesday next the 6th inst., when Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* (Hymn of Praise), and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* are to be performed. The principal vocalists will be Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Benthams-Fernandes, Miss Annie Sinclair, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Raynham and Mr. Whitney.

LEIPZIG.—According to report, Herr Ferdinand David has determined, from motives of health, to resign next Easter his posts of first leader at the Gewandhaus Concerts and at the Theatre.

NOT A BAD JUDGE EITHER.—A writer in *La Fanfulla*, discussing the performances of *Lohengrin* at Bologna, says: "Eradition (in music) is a very fine thing; but if I am to go to sleep, I prefer a good bed."

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE.—Madame Clara Schumann played at the seventh Museum Concert. The compositions selected were Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in G major; Schumann's "Canon from the Studies for a Pedal Grand;" and Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14. The orchestral pieces were Spohr's third Symphony, in C minor, and M. Anton Rubinstein's Overture in B flat major. The vocalist was a young lady of the name of Regan, already favourably known by having appeared at these concerts last season.

\* *Apologies* of plagiarism, this mode of bringing the lover under the conjugal roof is employed by Charles de Bernard in his fascinating novel, *Gerfaulk*.

# RICHARD WAGNER : AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

(From the "Observer.")

The sketch in question forms the opening number of vol. I. of Wagner's collected writings, which we reviewed some weeks ago, and extends up to 1848. As we are in a condition to supply additional facts, we think it would be worth while to give some extracts, and to carry the sketch on to the present day. The literature concerning Wagner's artistic doings has reached dimensions of surprising magnitude; ever since 1845, when *Tannhäuser* was produced at Dresden, all manner of competent critics have assailed the musician of the future, or broken a lance in his honour, so that long before our day their unfortunate victim has attained the distinction of being, if not the best understood certainly the best-abused artist in Europe. At all times it is a difficult thing to give an account of, or to abridge other men's thoughts; but when we come in contact with a man of genius, such as Wagner undoubtedly is, it often becomes painfully evident that his ideas will not bear filtration through the brains of every-day mortals. As Aristotle has it, "*Natura lo fecit e poi rompe lo stampo.*" So it has come to pass that many of the earnest people who have treated the æsthetical problems suggested by his dramatic works, or his critical books, have written themselves down as contributors towards that *genre ennuyeux* which is so characteristic of modern German writings upon art. Wagner's books, and dramas must be made to speak for themselves; but if ever a biography be written it would be best done by himself, and on the scheme of Goethe's *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, wherein all that appertains to the author's spiritual development is carried out in full, and personal details are but lightly sketched, or even coloured, as artistic necessity would dictate. In the meantime the following facts may not be unwelcome:—

Wilhelm Richard Wagner was born 22nd of May, 1813. His father, an officer of police, died six months after his birth. His step-father, Ludwig Geyer, was an actor and a painter, as well as the author of several comedies. He took his family to Dresden, and had the intention of bringing up Richard as a painter, but the boy was invincibly awkward at drawing. Geyer, too, died early, and just before his death, Richard, seven years old, was taught to play several tunes on the piano, and it was then first surmised that he might possibly possess talents for music. At nine he was sent to the Kreuzschule, at Dresden with a view to the usual university career. His sisters at that time learned to play the piano properly; he listened without receiving instruction himself. At length a tutor who propounded "Cornelius Nepos" to him was induced to give him pianoforte lessons. Soon after the first finger exercises, the boy was caught studying by ear the overture to *Der Freischütz*. The master thought him a hopeless case, and was not far wrong, for Wagner has to the present day continued playing the piano in an abominable fashion. But music, though he was enthusiastic about it, was but an accessory to his studies, Greek, Latin, mythology, and ancient history being the main points. He made poems too. Once, in his eleventh year, the task of making a poem upon the death of a lately deceased member of the school was proposed to the pupils; Wagner's, being the best, was printed, after the removal of much bombastic excrecence. Now, of all things, he wished to become a poet. He sketched tragedies in the ancient Greek form, and he passed muster in the school for a clever fellow in *litteris*. As a member of third form he translated the first twelve books of the *Odyssey*; he learnt English, too, so as to be able to read Shakspeare properly, and he translated him metrically. As a fruit of this study an immense tragedy was projected by the lad, a concoction made up of *Hamlet* and *King Lear* on a grand scale. Forty-two men died in the course of it, and he was obliged to make the greater number return as ghosts, so as to keep the last act sufficiently stocked with *dramatis personæ*. He was at work on this play for two years, left Dresden during its progress and came to Leipzig. Here, at the concerts of the Gewandhaus, it was that the works of Beethoven and Mozart, especially the former, made an enormous impression upon him, and, in imitation of Beethoven's *Elymunt*, he wanted to add similar music to his play. Meanwhile his family had discovered that he had allowed this pursuit entirely to supersede his attention to philology, and there were, of course, endless troubles and recriminations in consequence. But he was not to be stopped. He wrote overtures for grand orchestra, a sonata, a quartet, &c. One overture, which he describes as the culminating point of his musical absurdities, was actually performed at the Leipzig Theatre. The public laughed at it, but the composer was much impressed by this first appearance in public. Soon after this, and whilst he was a student at the Leipzig University, he felt the necessity of a strict and regular study of music, and he found the right man for his purpose in Theodor Weinlig, who was *cantor* at the Thomas School. With him he went through a thorough course of counterpoint, and laid a solid foundation for his future artistic development. Now were brought forth a considerable number of works, an overture, a symphony, the libretto, and some musical numbers for a tragic opera, &c. The year 1833 he spent at Würzburg, on a visit to a brother, an experienced

singer, composing an opera in three acts, *Die Fern*, for which the story was taken from Gozzi's *Woman Snake*. After this, another opera, *Das Liebesverbot*, after Shakspeare's *Measure for Measure*, was completed. It was a difficult subject, and he was imprudent enough to give a performance of it at Magdeburg, in 1836, where for two years he had been conductor at the theatre, after only twelve days' preparation. The result was null, though some numbers which had been tolerably sung were applauded. The Magdeburg Theatre failed soon after this, and Wagner went to Berlin, with the hope of getting his opera performed there; failed, of course, and then, penniless and encumbered with debts, he accepted a conductorship at the theatre of Königsberg. There, in 1836, he married, and composed an overture, *Rule Britannia*. In 1837, we find him conductor at the theatre of Riga, and making sketches for his five-act tragic opera, *Rienzi*, which, as is well known, was the first of his works that has gained acceptance at most European opera-houses. He executed it on an immense scale, so as to make it suitable for the largest theatres only. With two acts of it finished, he started without money, without friends or connections, and without the smallest definite plan of action for Paris. At Boulogne, where he rested some weeks, he made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer, who, after seeing the score of *Rienzi*, gave him letters of introduction to the musical and theatrical notabilities of Paris. In consequence of these, things looked bright for some little time at Paris, but he soon found that to gain a hearing in Paris without the aid of influential friends on the spot (Meyerbeer did not stay there for any length of time during the two years of Wagner's sojourn) was an Herculean task beyond the reach even of such indomitable energy as his. He kept himself alive by writing articles for the *Gazette Musicale*, composing songs to French words, and, lastly, when things took a particularly unfavourable turn, by making arrangements for publishers of operatic tunes for all sorts of instruments. We have ourselves seen airs from Donizetti's *Favorita*, arranged by Wagner for the cornet à piston. Of serious work, during these years, an overture to Goethe's *Faust*, the final three acts of *Rienzi*, and the poem and music to his *Fliegende Holländer*, which latter was composed in seven weeks, must be enumerated. Giving up all hopes of Paris, he sent the score of *Rienzi* to the Court Theatre of Dresden. It was accepted, performed with immense success, in 1842, and Wagner, who had followed it to Dresden, found himself of a sudden the most popular man there, and the King of Saxony's court *Capellmeister*. A performance of *Der Fliegende Holländer* followed on the 2nd January, 1843; and now, amidst the arduous duties of a principal conductorship at the Dresden Opera, one of the largest of German theatres, at which the performances are continued all the year round, and the *répertoire* is most varied, he conceived and executed the poems and music to *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, the cantata, *Das Liebesmahl der Apostel*, and the poems to *Die Meistersinger* and *Siegfried's Tod*.

The revolution of 1849, in which Wagner took active part with written and spoken addresses, put an end to his connection with Dresden; he had to fly, and to seek refuge at Zurich. During the next ten years he appeared before the public, if we except a few concerts which he conducted here and there, amongst which we may mention the eight concerts of the London Philharmonic Society in the season of 1855, only as a writer on musical æsthetics. In 1852, he was at work on the poems of *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre*, the composition of which was completed in 1854, and in '55 he began *Tristan und Isolde* and *Siegfried*. It had, during ten years of exile, been impossible for him to witness a performance in German of any of his dramatic works. *Tannhäuser*, *Der Holländer*, and *Rienzi* had become prime favourites everywhere in Germany, yet it was not until 1861 that he was allowed to return to his country. On the 9th of May in that year he heard *Lohengrin* for the first time at Vienna. Two months before that *Tannhäuser* had been hooted off the Stage at the Grand Opera of Paris, by the members of the Jockey Club. In 1863, he appeared at Vienna, Prague, Leipzig, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Pesth, &c., conducting orchestral concerts with brilliant success; and in May, 1866, King Ludwig II. called him to Munich where, in 1865, *Tristan*, in 1868, *Die Meistersinger*, in 1869, *Das Rheingold*, and in 1870, *Die Walküre* were performed, for the first time; the last, too, without the composer's co-operation. In August of that year he was married a second time, to Cosima von Bülow, *née Liszt*.

It would seem that his artistic career is about to reach its culminating point in the course of next year, when his most elaborate works—*Der Ring des Nibelungen*, a trilogy; *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, *Götterdämmerung*, with a preparatory evening, *Das Rheingold*, are to be produced under his own direction, at a theatre to be built for the purpose at Bayreuth. The shares, issued for seats during three successive performances of four evenings each, have been eagerly bought up; and thus the pecuniary difficulty, which so long stood in the way of Wagner's realizing this, his most cherished project, is at last overcome. Let these performances turn out a defeat of Sedan for his opponents, or of Waterloo for him; it is, at all events, beyond dispute that they will be the most interesting, and the most carefully-prepared musical performances, that Germany has ever seen

## MISS CLARA DORIA.

Admirers of native-born talent will be glad to learn that Miss Clara Doria, now a member of Mdme. Parepa-Roma's Opera Company, is winning all sorts of good opinions from our consins by her good singing and intelligent acting. We subjoin the remarks made upon some recent performances in Boston, by the critics of important journals. The *Evening Transcript* said of Miss Doria's Countess (*Le Nozze*):—

"Miss Doria fully answered the predictions which were made by the critics of her first appearance, and, as the Countess, gave additional evidence of the care and truthfulness that are the marks of an artist who seeks to do justice by both her author and auditors."

The *Post* spoke with even greater emphasis of her Arline:—

"The *début* of Miss Clara Doria made the occasion one of unusual interest. Miss Doria sustained the part of Arline, with great satisfaction to the audience. Her voice is a full rich and tolerably high soprano, of considerable flexibility. It rings out clear as a bell in the middle and lower registers, and is used in a manner that shows its possessor to be a thoroughly-educated and trained musician. Miss Doria displays much facility in florid passages, and her 'shake' is true and very brilliant; while her rendering of the air, 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,' showed its quality in the more quiet and sentimental style. Miss Doria has the powers that will make her a favourite."

With regard to the same performance, the *Journal* was most emphatic of all, and said:—

"Miss Doria is a daughter of the celebrated English composer, John Barnett, and assumed the name by which she has been known upon the stage only for the reason that she desired to make a reputation for herself and upon her own merits, rather than to rely upon her father's celebrity. In this effort she was wholly successful, winning distinguished favour in Italy in Italian opera. Previous to her appearance upon the stage, she studied the piano in Leipzig, and it would seem that she has inherited something of her father's genius, for she composed at that time a stringed quartet and other music. She appeared last night as Arline, and gained at once the favour of the audience. She is young and pretty, and her voice is a mezzo-soprano of much sweetness and power. She has been well schooled in the Italian method of singing, and with the exception of a little free use of the *portamento*, sings admirably. Her delivery of the well-known ballad, 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,' at once established her in the full esteem of the audience, who, almost as a matter of course, demanded a repetition of the song. In subsequent parts of the opera she heightened the very clever impression she had at first produced."

Success so unanimously admitted must be gratifying not only to the subject of it, but to all who take an interest in English art.

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The work was extremely well received.—*Choir.*The airs are melodious and effective, and the choruses are pleasing.—*Dorby Mercury.*Mr. Tolhurst has grappled with the greatest of all musical undertakings.—*London Paper.*From what we have seen of the work we rather like it. The music is good.—*Chatham Observer.*The production of *Ruth* on Monday night, was a great achievement.—*Maidstone Telegraph.*It abounds in fresh and melodious airs, and displays otherwise very considerable talent.—*Nonconformist.**Ruth* has been twice performed in Maidstone, the composer's native town, with signal success.—*Athenæum.*Some of the choruses are peculiarly attractive, and all are composed with true musical feeling.—*Maidstone Paper.*That *Ruth* is the work of an earnest man no one can doubt, evidence being found on every page.—*Yorkshire Orchestra.*We cannot but congratulate Mr. Tolhurst on his success. \* \* The work was extremely well received.—*Musical Times.*Several of the airs for solo voices are very fine. Many of the choruses evince great originality. The enthusiasm during the entire performance was very great.—*London Paper.*The usual custom of restraining applause at a sacred performance was broken through on this occasion, almost every number being welcomed with hearty demonstrations of approval.—*Musical World.*The composer's musical conceptions in this work are bold, vigorous, and original; there is an endless variation of the most delightful melody, which charms and rivets the attention of all who hear it.—*Sussex Gazette.**Ruth* is full from first to last of original, striking, and graceful melody. That is precisely the character which makes it totally unlike anything of its kind which has been offered to the notice of the public for some time past.—*Correspondent of the Musical Standard.*In the opinion of competent judges the work evinces great originality of treatment, particularly in the choruses, while many of the airs are singularly beautiful, and the overture is a most vigorous composition. We congratulate Mr. Tolhurst on the result.—*South Eastern Gazette.*The overture is a very effective prelude. Of the Oratorio generally, we cannot do otherwise than speak most favourably. It is written evidently with great earnestness, and is throughout well constructed and melodious. The composer was received with most enthusiastic applause.—*Maidstone Journal.**Ruth* is a regular Oratorio. When the words themselves indicate their treatment, the composer is often eminently successful; as, for example, the beautiful well-known phrase, "Entreat me not to leave thee." This is the best *morceau* in the work, being melodious and expressive.—*Illustrated London News.*The work presents abundant evidence of thought, of laborious application, and of a seeking after new and striking effects. The overture is vigorously written. "It hath fully been shown me" is a *morceau* of surprising merit. This melody is continuous, flowing and eminently satisfactory. There is an unquestionable independence about Mr. Tolhurst's music, and he boldly strikes out a path for himself.—*Era.*The performance of that class of musical composition known as the Oratorio flourishes more in England than in any other country in the world, although the supply of original works has hitherto come almost invariably from foreign sources. The exceptions have been so insignificant as only to prove the rule. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, were all Germans. Such a reception as that accorded to *Ruth* has never before attended any English Oratorio by any English composer.There was a good attendance, and it is scarcely possible that any musical work of such a character could have been received with a more appreciative enthusiasm without seriously checking that calm continuity so essential to the onward progress and uninterrupted enjoyment of a great sacred work. Although *Ruth* takes three hours in performance, no impatience was manifested; the latter numbers, especially a trio, "At meal-time come," and a quartet, "Blessed be he of the Lord" being listened to with all that wrapt attention so honouring alike to both composer and exponents.—*Musical Standard.*

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### THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Intelligence, or, as it has been called, intellectuality, is an essential element of all Art, practical as well as creative, and of none more so than of Music. Its development should be zealously encouraged in this branch of education, which, however, can be, and often is, conducted without calling into action any of the higher attributes of the mind. The Rudiments of Music are generally learnt by rote; proficiency in singing or playing acquired by that which is equivalent to automatic action of the voice or fingers. This should not be. Students should be taught that all musical sound, whether vocal or instrumental, is intended to convey some definite meaning; they should be made to reflect upon every phrase they have to sing or play, and thoroughly to understand that intelligence is the very essence of our Art. Music can thus become an important means of mental training. It is in this respect that the system of instruction now published for the first time in a complete form will, I hope, be useful. The plan I have set forth seems to necessitate concentration of thought upon the subject of study; it affords assistance to the memory, and tends to cultivate habits of precision, observation, and comparison. These are advantages which speak for themselves. Experience has proved that by writing exercises, pupils make steadier and more rapid progress than by the most frequent oral repetition of rules or notes. The hand and pen assist the eye and ear, and the result is more satisfactory than when the voice or fingers are guided by the eye or ear alone. I do not, for a moment, assume that this method will dispense with the necessity of vocal or instrumental practice; but as such practice becomes less troublesome and laborious if pursued with intelligence, it is evidently desirable, in teaching Music, to stimulate the faculty of thought. And that is the object I have had in view while writing the present elementary work.—WALTER MAYNARD."

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VOL. 50—No. 6.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1872.

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**CRYSTAL PALACE.—SIXTEENTH SATURDAY**  
CONCERT—THIS DAY.—Madame Lemmens, Signor Agnesi. Solo Piano-forte, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. Overtures, "Egmont" (Beethoven), "Anacreon" (Cherubini), Piano-forte Concerto in A (Mozart) Sinfonische Fantasie (Hiller) first time in England. Conductor—Mr. MANNA.  
Admission, Half-a-Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket. Transferable serial Stalls, for the remaining 11 Concerts, One Guinea. Single stalls Half-a-crown.

**ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—On ASH WEDNESDAY**  
Evening, February 14, A GRAND CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC will be given, under the direction of Mr. John Boosey. Artists—Madame Sherrington, Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, and Miss Enriquez; Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. At the Organ—Mr. J. C. Ward. At the Piano-forte—Messrs. Sidney Naylor and Callcott. Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie. The Programme will include the finest compositions of Handel, Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Gounod, Costa, Arthur Sullivan, and Leslie. Between the Parts the new National Song, "Long Live the Prince of Wales," will be sung by Mr. Vernon Rigby, with Chorus. Private Boxes, 1s. 2, and 3 guineas; Amphitheatre 5s.; Arena, 4s.; Balcony, two front rows, 4s.; Back Rows, 2s. 6d.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had at the Hall; and of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; and Boosey & Co., 28, Holles Street.

## NOTICE.

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—NOTICE.**—There will be NO CONCERT ON WEDNESDAY NEXT. The evening concerts will be resumed on Wednesday, February 28th. A Morning Concert will be given on Monday next, February 12th, at 2 o'clock. Tickets of Boosey and Co., Holles Street.

**MORNING BALLAD CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL.**  
On MONDAY, February 12, at two o'clock. Artists—Madame Sherrington, Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, and Miss Enriquez; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Arthur Byron, and Mr. Maybrick. Piano-forte—Madame Arabella Goddard. Conductors—Mr. J. L. HATTON and Mr. SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 6s.; family tickets for four, 21s.; balcony, 3s.; area 2s.; orchestra and gallery, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall, Boosey & Co., Holles Street, and the usual music-sellers.

## FEBRUARY 23rd.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.**—Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA.—FRIDAY, February 23rd. Haydn's "Third Service," Mendelssohn's "Praise Jehovah," (Lauda Now), Spohr's "Last Judgment." Principal vocalists: Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Drasill, Mr. Pearson, and Mr. Whitney. Tickets 3s., 5s., and stalls, 10s. 6d., at No. 6, Exeter Hall (now ready).

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President—The Right Hon. The Earl of DUDLEY.  
Principal—Sir STERNDALE BENNETT, Mus. D., D.C.L.

The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the Institution, on Thursday Evening next, the 16th inst., commencing at 8 o'clock.

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MDLLE. CARLOTTA PATTI will shortly arrive in London, and would accept Engagements for a limited number of Public and Private Concerts. Applications to be made to Mr. Maurice Strakosch, 106, Boulevard Haussmann, Paris.

## SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS OF CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC, at St. George's Hall.

Director—Mr. WILHELM GANZ. A Series of SIX CONCERTS will take place on the following consecutive Saturday Evenings, viz.,—FEBRUARY 24th, MARCH 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd, and 30th, at Eight o'clock. At each Concert Three Concerted Pieces will be performed, and Two Vocalists will appear. Artists: Violinists—Mdlle. Camilla Urso (from the "Concerts Populaires Pasdeloup à Paris"), Herren Josef Ludwig, and Heermann. Violoncello—M. Paque. Pianists—Messrs. Wilhelm Ganz, Edouard de Paris, Heutseler, F. S. Southgate, and J. F. Barnett. Vocalists—Madelme Liebiart, Carola, Florence Lancia, Banks, Jose Sherrington, Drasill, Fairman, Mr. Bentham, and Mdlle. Bentham-Fernandez, Mdlle. Marie Cabel, Mdlle. Conneau, and Miss Edith Wynne. Conductors—Messrs. RAYBROOK, LEMMETTER, and GANZ. Single Subscription Stalls (Transferable) for the Six Concerts, One Guinea; Stalls, Numbered, Five Shillings; Balcony, Half-a-crown; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be obtained at the principal music-sellers, at St. George's Hall, and of the Director, Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, 15, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.

## SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W.

President, Sir JULIUS BENEDIKT; Director, Herr SCHUBERT. SIXTH SEASON, 1872. The Concerts of the Society, this Season, will take place on Thursdays 29th February, April 4th, May 9th, and June 13th. The Concerts of the Schubert Society afford an excellent opportunity for young rising artists to make their appearance in public. Prospectus and full particulars on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec.

## MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS, BRIXTON.

Director—Mr. RIDLEY PRANTICE. THIRD SEASON. FIFTH CONCERT, next TUESDAY EVENING, February 13th. Messrs. Lazarus, Ridley Prentice, Fox, Stedman, and Minson; Miss Purdy. Piano-forte Duet, Hummel; Piano-forte Sonata in D, Op. 10, Beethoven; Sonata in E flat, Weber; Concerto (clarinet), Mozart, &c. Tickets, 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s., of Mr. Ridley Prantice, 9, Angel Park Gardens, Brixton.

## MDME. CAMILLA URSO has the honour to announce

that she will arrive in London for the season early in March. All letters to be addressed to Mdlle. C. Urso, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

## "LISCHEN AND FRITZCHEN."

MISS BLANCHE REIVES (late REEVES) will Sing "LITTLE BROOMS, COME AND BUY" from "Lischen and Fritzchen." at Deal, on the 14th February.—47, Tachbrook Street, S.W.

## BRISSAC'S "Valse de Bravoure."

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN will play BRISSAC'S popular "Valse de Bravoure," in her Piano-forte and Vocal Recitals, at Lymington, February 20th; Southampton, 21st; Isle of Wight, 22nd, &c.

## MR. ARTHUR BYRON begs to announce that he

is in town for the Season. All applications for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street.

## "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR. R. SUTCLIFFE will sing Wilford Morgan's Popular Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Beverley, February 12th; and at all engagements.

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To a thoroughly educated instrumentalist a guarantee of £50 for the first year will be given, in return for which he will have to lead, &c., the Orchestra, composed of amateurs, and to give one lesson weekly to each of six pupils; remainder of time at own disposal. To a steady young professional without connection, but desirous of establishing himself permanently, this is a splendid opportunity. For further particulars, apply to the Hon. Secretary of the Orchestral Union, Charles Darley, Solicitor, Blackburn, Lancashire.

## A WIDOW LADY, (having given up Housekeeping),

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**MR. KERR GEDGE** will Sing ASCHER's Popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Athenæum, Camden Town, on MONDAY EVENING, February 12th.

"THE MESSAGE."

**MR. WILFORD MORGAN** will sing Blumenthal's celebrated Song, "THE MESSAGE," at Bristol, February 12th; Newport, 22nd; St. James's Hall, March 22nd.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

**MR. WILFORD MORGAN** will sing his immensely Popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," Willis's Rooms, 14th; Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 14th; also at Mr. Ransford's Concert, St. James's Hall.

**MISS ROSE HARRISON** (Soprano).—All communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

**MADAME LAURA BAXTER** begs to request that all communications respecting concerts, &c., may be addressed to her, at her residence, 19, Fulham Place, Maiden Hill West, W.

**MISS EDITH WYNNE** has returned from America. Applications for concert, and other engagements, should be addressed to her residence, 18, Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, W.

**MRS. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS' NEW SONGS.**

"WAITING, WATCHING," sung by Miss Edith Holman Andrews. Published at CHAPPELL'S.

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## MR. VAN PRAAG,

## GENERAL CONCERT AGENT, &amp;c.

Mr. VAN PRAAG, after a lapse of upwards of twenty years, during which he has had the honour of serving the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Musical Profession, begs leave to forward his annual circular to his patrons, and to remind them that he still continues to undertake the management of Concerts, Matinées, Soirées, and also superintends Balls, engages Bands, Choruses, &c., &c.

Mr. VAN PRAAG flatters himself after his many years experience, and the ample satisfaction he has hitherto given to the Musical Profession and the Public in general, that he may again be favoured with their commands, and that no effort will be spared to be punctual. He begs to call the attention of the Ladies and Gentlemen to the adage, "What is worth doing is worth doing well."

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Adagio maestoso, Allegro con brio, Romanza, Intermezzo, Scherzo and Trio,  
Rondo brillante. Composed and Dedicated by permission to

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD,

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## THE GUITAR.

**MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN** begs to inform her friends and pupils, that she is in town for the Season, and at liberty to accept Engagements for Private Parties, and Lessons. 38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

**MR. W. H. CUMMINGS** begs to announce his Return from his Tour in America.—Applications for Concert and other Engagements should be addressed to his Residence, Brackley Villa, Dulwich, London, S. E.

## "SWEET EVENING AIR."

**MR. VERNON RIGBY** will sing WILFORD MORGAN's new song, "SWEET EVENING AIR," at St. James's Hall, March 22nd.

**MR. WILBYE COOPER** begs to inform his Friends and the Public that he has returned to Town. Letters respecting Oratorios, Concerts, Pupils, &c., address, 19, Great Portland Street, Oxford Circus, W.

## NOW READY.

**THE MUSICAL DIRECTORY, ANNUAL AND ALMANACK** FOR 1872, containing Names and Addresses of the Professions and Trade, (town and country); List of Societies; Record of Musical Events, 1871, and other valuable information. In wrappers, post free, 2s. 3d.; cloth, 2s. Rudall, Carter & Co., 26, Charing Cross, S.W.

## SIGNOR FOLI'S NEW AND SUCCESSFUL SONG.

## "THE MARINER,"

Sung with distinguished success by SIGNOR FOLI at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and at the Crystal Palace SATURDAY CONCERTS.

Composed by LOUIS DIEHL.

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Where may be obtained "A Message from the Deep," sung by Signor Foli.

"Signor Foli was unanimously encoored in Herr Diehl's new and already very popular song, 'The Mariner,' which he gave with remarkable vigour and expression."—*The Times*.

"We must not omit to mention a song entitled 'The Mariner,' which is an excellent composition, by Louis Diehl. It was well executed by Signor Foli, and was encoored as much for the beauty of the composition, as the excellence of the singing."—*The Observer*.

"Signor Foli obtained an encoore for a capital song, 'The Mariner,' by Herr Louis Diehl."—*The Graphic*.

"Signor Foli sang Herr Diehl's new song, 'The Mariner,' (at the Philharmonic Concert, Liverpool). It is an excellent and spirited piece of music, and was encoored."—*Liverpool Courier*.

"Signor Foli has proved himself worthy of the title of best of bass singers known in this country. In every place he sang he was at once the man of superb natural gift and admirable power of interpretation; but it was in the very genuine song of 'The Mariner'—a class of music and sentiment peculiarly well suited to his powers—that his rich, deep, strong basso and hearty delivery told with most success. It was very heartily applauded and encoored."—*Cork Examiner*.

"The manner in which Signor Foli sang Diehl's new song, 'The Mariner,' elicited immense applause; and though the Signor appeared twice on the platform to bow his acknowledgments, the audience would not be content, and he eventually responded to their demands."—*The Nottingham Journal*, Saturday, January 20th, 1872.

"In 'The Mariner,' a new song by Diehl, Signor Foli so gratified his audience that he was recalled three times, and eventually yielded to the encoore."—*Nottingham Daily Guardian*, Saturday, January 20th, 1872.

"The new song by Diehl, which Signor Foli introduced at a later hour, possesses every element of wide popularity, including, of course, conventionality; and as it was really well sung, its re-demand, which was not complied with, was only natural."—*Birmingham Daily Post*, Thursday, January 18, 1872.

"In Diehl's song of 'The Mariner,' Signor Foli fairly brought down the house."—*Belfast Evening Telegraph*, January 13th, 1872.

"Signor Foli sang the song, 'The Mariner,' in such a manner that he was obliged to repeat it, the audience forgetting his indisposition in their enthusiasm."—*Belfast Times*, January 13th, 1872.

"A new song, 'The Mariner,' was introduced by Signor Foli, who achieved an unequalled success. The execution and manner were so well adapted to the music and words (both of a high character), that the singer fairly won the hearts of his hearers but the well-merited encoore was courteously but firmly declined. We have to thank Signor Foli for introducing this song to our notice; it will form a very pleasing addition to the repertoire of every baritone."—*Derby Mercury*, January 24th.

"A vigorous attempt was made to encoore Signor Foli in a capital new song, 'The Mariner,' by Diehl, but without success."—*Bath Chronicle*, February 1.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Although the programme of Monday night did not comprise a single novelty, consisting exclusively of pieces which have been heard at St. James's Hall over and over again, there was a very large audience. It was, however, the first appearance of Madame Schumann, and that sufficed to give a special interest to the performance. The distinguished lady was welcomed, as she invariably is in this country, with the heartiest greeting. The pieces selected for, or by Madame Schumann, were pieces in which she has been frequently heard, but at the same time pieces in which she must always be heard with satisfaction, when, as was the case on Monday night, she brings to them the enthusiasm which is the salient characteristic of her playing, and, with a vast number of amateurs, the secret in a great measure of her popularity. The quintet in E flat, for pianoforte and stringed instruments, is perhaps the most brilliant and effective among the chamber compositions of Robert Schumann, and by its colouring throughout, more particularly as shown in the first, *allegro*, *scherzo*, and *finale*, just suited to the impulsive style, emphatic accentuation, and restless energy of his gifted widow. It is hardly necessary to add that Madame Schumann enters deeply into the feeling of the mysterious slow movement, one of Schumann's happiest inspirations, its prevailing sombre character not forgotten. Every part of this quintet, indeed, exhibited her at her best, and the result, both in expression and in mechanism, was beyond criticism. No wonder that the applause at the conclusion was general, ending in a loud call for the performer. We are sometimes tempted to think that no one should meddle with the music of Schumann except Schumann's wife; but that would hardly be fair to a composer who, like other composers, addressed himself with confident enthusiasm to the world. Madame Schumann's associates in the quintet were Herr Straus (*vice* Madame Néruda, absent on account of illness), Herr Ries, M. Zerbini, and Signor Piatti.

Madame Schumann's solo display was the sonata of Beethoven in A, Op. 101, first of the five which, if we have his pianoforte works alone to deal with—in spite of all that Czerny has said to the contrary—belong exclusively to what is denominated the "third style." This sonata appears to be a favourite with Madame Schumann, who has played it on several occasions to the neglect of Ops. 106, 109, 110, and 111—its four magnificent successors, any one of which Mr. Chappell's cultivated audience would be pleased to find set down for her in a future programme. The "Op. 101," in certain respects is the least easily intelligible, because the most difficult to balance, or, in other language, to set forth in the light of an "organic whole," than any of the other four, "Op. 109" not excepted. The first movement is especially trying. Beethoven's indication of the manner in which it should be played—"stets lebhaft, mit der innigsten empfindung" (which may be freely translated—"somewhat animated, and with profound sentiment")—together with his frequent modifications of rhythm, his pauses, gradations of time as well as of tone, is alone enough to puzzle ordinary executants. But Madame Schumann, no ordinary executant, lays hold of it unhesitatingly, and endows it with an expression unlike that which we are accustomed to from other pianists. Doctors may differ, but genuine artists are privileged to have their own way, and to speak fearlessly and independently for themselves. Perhaps the most striking feature in Monday night's performance of the sonata was the *Vivace alla Marcia* (*Lebhaft Marsch*). This Madame Schumann played with extraordinary vigour, making an effective contrast with the odd little trio in "canon," which, but for an unmistakable touch here and there (the return to the theme of the March, for example), one could scarcely imagine ever came from Beethoven. Into the elaborate and splendid *finale*, as usual, Madame Schumann threw all her energy. At the end of the sonata she was twice called back.

The quartet which opened the concert was one of the very best of Haydn's incomparable "83," the finest, in our opinion, of three which the cheerful master, not over addicted to the "minor" mode, wrote in G minor. A bold trait in this particular quartet is shown in the key selected by Haydn for his slow movement—E major, which is about as remote from G minor as one key can be from another. Other instances of this off-hand defiance of what Richard Wagner would call the "tyranny of the tone-families" may be found in Haydn's chamber music, as all musicians are aware. The "G minor" was played to perfection by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, as were also the exquisitely beautiful fragments from an unfinished quartet by Mendelssohn (*andante* with variations, and *scherzo*), to which Mr. Chappell often

treats the frequenters of his Popular Concerts, much, it should be admitted, to their gratification. A more truly Mendelssohnian movement than the second of these fragments does not exist. A "*scherzo*," it is, and no misunderstanding.

The vocal music on Monday night consisted of Schubert's too hackneyed "Wanderer," and Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's fresh and charming canzonet, "Winter's gone"—the singer being Mr. Maybrick, who took commendable pains with both, and is seemingly gaining ground. The accompanist at the piano was Mr. Zerbini.

At the concert on Monday next Madame Schumann is to play Beethoven's *Sonata Pastorale* and (with Signor Piatti) Mendelssohn's first sonata for pianoforte and violoncello. Herr Straus will again lead the quartets. A novelty was announced, in the shape of a quintet in C minor by Beethoven, "Op. 104," which is surely neither more nor less than an arrangement, for stringed instruments, of the early pianoforte trio—No. 3, Op. 1; but this has been abandoned, and we are promised the first "Rasoumowsky" quartet in its place.

## LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The success of these entertainments—a success which has been continuous since the beginning of the season—was emphatically asserted by the enthusiastic audience that filled St. James's Hall on Wednesday night. There were special circumstances to account for the interest shown; none other, in point of fact, than the first appearance of Miss Edith Wynne and Madame Patey since their return from America. Why artists so popular among ourselves should have left England for a country which, as the result proved, could not estimate their merits, still remains an open question. Hardly, however, did last night's audience trouble themselves to debate it. They were assembled to welcome their favourites, and this sole duty they discharged with an earnestness which must have been in the highest degree gratifying. We need not trouble ourselves to describe how the ladies were applauded, both on coming forward and after each of the familiar ditties they sang. Enough that Madame Patey, whose fine voice seemed unimpaired by the vicissitudes of travel, was encored in Sullivan's "Looking back," and Crouch's "Kathleen Mavourneen," for which she substituted, to the delight of her hearers, "Home, sweet home," and "The Bailiff's Daughter of Ilington." Miss Wynne, on her part, was asked to repeat "O bid your faithful Ariel," and might have construed the plaudits which followed her rendering of "The Angel's Whisper" into a similar request. Greater success, or a more convincing proof of public sympathy, no artist could desire. Madame Sherrington, always a favourite at these concerts, was encored in Grace Sherrington's pretty "Serenade to Helena," and recalled after Sullivan's "Birds in the night;" like favours being shown to Mr. Vernon Rigby's delivery of the "The Thorn," and to the singing by Mr. Arthur Byron of "Oft in the still night." The chief novelties—Madame Sainton-Dolby's charming ballad, "When we are old and grey;" and Henriette's not less charming "Sympathy"—were both sung by Miss Enriquez, who was called upon to repeat the first. Mr. Maybrick also took an effective part in the concert; as did Miss Agnes Zimmermann, whose pianoforte solos—Liszt's "La Regatta," and Litolff's "Spinnlied"—obtained a very appreciative hearing. The accompaniments were played by Mr. J. L. Hatton and Mr. Sidney Naylor.

## LINES FOR MUSIC.

## WHY! OH, WHY!

The Bullock's roar is heard no more,  
And Beewell's muse is mute;—  
As Spring returns each bosom burns  
To see the green things shoot.

By W. CARTER, Esq.

NATHANIEL NAPLESS.

KÖNIGSBERG.—A new five-act opera, *Harald, der letzte Sachsenkönig* (*Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings*), book by Dr. Ewin Schlieben, and music by Herr G. Dullo, will be produced in September.

DRESDEN.—The concerts given by Herr Mannsfeld and his orchestra still continue attractive.

DUSSELDORF.—Sixth concert of the Universal Musical Union: Toccata, J. S. Bach (arranged for orchestra by Herr Esser); Concerto for Violin, Beethoven (Herr Leopold Auer, from St. Petersburg); "Ave, verum," Mozart; Adagio for Violin and Orchestra, Spohr (Herr Auer); Music to *Manfred*, Schumann.

## THE FAREWELL DOLBY CONCERT.

(From the "Boston Post.")

The farewell concert in America of the Dolby *troupe* was given in the Boston Music Hall, in the presence of an overflowing and exceedingly enthusiastic audience. We might answer the question whether the audience was pleased with the entertainment, to the satisfaction of all, by the statement that no less than nine of the numbers received the compliment of an *encore*, and that there were several recalls in addition. It was noticeable that the several vocalists, in responding to the demands of the audience, selected songs expressive of sorrow at parting or of joy in home, as was highly appropriate to the occasion. The troublesome hoarseness of a week ago had disappeared, and all seemed to be in their best voice as well as in the best humour.

The programme was made up on the model of the admirable ballad concerts given soon after the arrival of the *troupe* in this country. Three operatic airs were assigned to Mr. Santley (perhaps in view of the fact that he is soon to appear on the stage in opera), and he sang two other airs from like sources in response to *encores*. The result was to confirm all our previously expressed opinions as to the power and training of his wonderful voice, but there was not the slightest indication of his probable manner on the stage, since he did not depart in the least degree from his ordinary concert style and bearing. We were pleased to hear once more his noble rendering of the love-song of Polyphemus, from *Acis and Galatea*.

The reception accorded to the other singers was very enthusiastic, and deservedly so. We need hardly particularize the excellence with which the concert-goers of Boston are now so familiar, and which were so strikingly displayed on Saturday evening; but we cannot forbear to express the universal delight at the tenderness of Mr. Cummings' rendering of "*O ma maitresse*," the fluency and sprightly vigour of Miss Wynne's "*O bid your faithful Ariel fly*," and the deep feeling of Madame Patey's singing of "*Home, sweet home*." The repetition of Mr. Cummings' part-song "*Golden Slumbers*" was a well-deserved compliment to both the composer and the unsurpassed quartett which interpreted it with such tender truthfulness.

The season of Mr. Dolby's *troupe* in this country has been, so far as Boston at least is concerned, eminently successful. The singers had already established a most excellent reputation abroad, more than one of them standing at the very head of his or her department of the musical profession in England. They have resorted to none of the tricks of the trade to gain fictitious applause, but have won their way among us by honest fidelity to the highest standard of art. They go from us with regret on our part, and with a sincere wish that they may be heartily welcomed home by the warm hearts that are awaiting them, and yet not so earnestly that there may not be such a longing for the honest applause of a Boston audience as will lead them to cross the water westward once more. Meanwhile we may take much comfort in the fact that we are to retain Mr. Santley for a season yet.

**BYREUTH.**—Herr Richard Wagner's triumphal progress received a temporary check the other day. His managing committee selected a spot called the Stuckberg as a fit and suitable site for the wonderful "Festival-Stage-Play Theatre." Herr Wagner himself put the seal of his approbation on their choice. Great was the horror—and still more the surprise—of Herr Richard Wagner and his followers when the proprietor of the Stuckberg quietly refused to give up his land. What audacity! Such an eventuality had never for a moment entered the head either of the inventor of the Music of the Future or of the admirers of that product. However, like the owner of the celebrated windmill, which Frederick the II. desired to purchase, the proprietor of the Stuckberg dared to defy the indignation even of Herr Wagner. He would not sell or let his ground at any price. At first the Wagnerites were probably furious; but now they are "so glad" they did not succeed in acquiring that horrid Stuckberg, for, had they not been thwarted, they would not have the site they afterwards hit upon and purchased, and which is "so very superior in every respect to the Stuckberg." So they tell us, and, of course, we do not for an instant doubt the sincerity of what they say, but—but—well, then, there! we wish we had not read so often the fable about the Fox and the Grapes. The theatre, "the grand Festival-Stage-Play Theatre" was to be commenced at once. Perhaps, by the time these lines appear in print, it will have been begun.—Herr R. Wagner has left Lucerne, and taken up his permanent abode here.

**BREAKFAST.**—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers Epp's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

## THE ORGAN BLOWER.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(From "Dwight's Boston Journal of Music.")

Devotest of my Sunday friends,  
The patient organ blower bends;  
I see his figure sink and rise,  
(Forgive me, Heaven, my wandering eyes!)  
A moment lost; the next half seen,  
His head above the scanty screen,  
Still measuring out his deep salaams  
Through quavering hymns and panting psalms.

No priest that prays in gilded stole,  
To save a rich man's mortgaged soul;  
No sister, fresh from holy vows,—  
So humbly stoops so meekly bows;  
His large obeisance puts to shame  
The proudest genuflecting dame,  
Whose Easter bonnet low descends  
With all the grace devotion lends.

O brother with the supple spine,  
How much we owe those bows of thine!  
Without thine arm to lend the breeze,  
How vain the finger on the keys!  
Though all unmatched the player's skill,  
Those thousand throats were dumb and still;  
Another's art may shape the tone,  
The breath that fills it is thine own.

Six days the silent Memnon waits  
Behind his temple's folded gates;  
But when the seventh day's sunshine falls  
Through rainbow windows on the walls,  
He breathes, he sings, he shouts, he fills  
The quivering air with rapturous thrills  
The roof resounds, the pillars shake,  
And all the slumbering echoes wake!"

The preacher from the Bible-text  
With weary words my soul has vexed—  
(Some stranger, fumbling far astray  
To find the lesson for the day;)  
He tells us truths too plainly true,  
And reads the service all askew,—  
Why—why the—mischief—can't he look  
Beforehand in the service book?

But thou, with decent mien and face,  
Art always ready in thy place;  
Thy strenuous blast, whatever the tune,  
As steady as the strong monsoon;  
The only dread a leathery creak,  
Or small residual extra squeak,  
To send along the shadowy aisles  
A sunlit wave of dimpled smiles.

Not all the preaching, O my friend,  
Comes from the church's pulpit end!  
Not all that bend the knee and bow  
Yield service half so true as thou!  
One simple task performed aright,  
With slender skill, but all thy might,  
Where honest labour does its best,  
And leaves the player all the rest.

This many-diapasoned maze,  
Through which the breath of being strays,  
Whose music makes our earth divine,  
Has work for mortal hands like mine.  
My duty lies before me. Lo,  
The lever there! Take hold and blow!  
And he whose hand is on the keys  
Will play the tune as he shall please!

**COLOGNE.**—Third Soirée for Chamber Music: Pianoforte Quartet, Schumann; String Quartet, in C minor, Op. 25, Gernsheim; and Quintet, C major, Schubert.—Sixth Gürzenich Concert: Overture to *Oberon*, Weber; tenor air from *Euryanthe*, Weber (Herr Augustin Ruff, from Mayence); Violin Concerto, Bruch (Herr Leopold Auer, from St. Petersburg); "Nordische Sommernacht," Gernsheim; Andante and Minuet, from the first *Canonische Suite*, Grimm; Violin Solos, Ries and Auer; and Second Symphony, Mendelssohn.

## PAULINE LUCCA.

(By a *Berlinese Enthusiast*.)

Mdme. Pauline Lucca, by marriage Frau von Rhaden, has again set out upon "a starring" trip; it was either too warm for her in Berlin, with the thermometer at six degrees below zero, or there are not enough brilliants growing on the banks of the Spree for her. We have been informed that her husband entertains an idea of founding a joint stock company for the sale of jewels, and his wife's brilliants are to constitute the original stock; opera-house tickets for Lucca performances will be given instead of interest coupons. The speculation would, at any rate, be a more profitable investment than Roumanian bonds, provided only the precious uvula of "her Ladyship" ("gnädige Frau"), as she is proud of being called, does not suffer from the frost on the banks of the Neva. When Herr Gustav Engel, the infallible musical Pope, writes to his faithful flock on the banks of the Spree: "The sweet timbre of the Lucca voice is for ever gone" (the article will of course be published with a black band round it, and Herr von Hülsen will go into half mourning), Mdme. Lucca will have to get on with simply a yearly pension of 2,500 thalers. All her "starring" contracts bear, therefore, the motto: "Make money in time, that you may have sufficient in the day of need!" for Mdme. Lucca, as *Kammersängerin* (Chamber Singer) receives from the treasury of the Berlin Operahouse only 8000 thalers a year, a sum which, taking into consideration the high price of Christmas apples, is palpably not sufficient to defray the expenses of her household. Mdme. Lucca's London "starring" engagement was for four years, two of which are expired. She is bound to spend three months every year in the city by the Thames, with the obligation of appearing thirty times. For this she receives 30,000 thalers a season, that is to say: a total of 120,000 thalers. We derive this information from a letter in Mdme. Lucca's own hand. The St. Petersburg theatre pays her for a three weeks' engagement 10,000 silver roubles—brilliant extra. It is acknowledged that Mdme. Lucca possesses a beautiful voice. We will in no wise dispute its beauty; but she herself has no very high opinion of its lasting qualities, and avoids Richard Wagner's larynx-destroying scores as a dove avoids a martens. For this reason, on her express demand, a paragraph had to be inserted in the engagement between her and the management of the Berlin Operahouse that she was not liable ever to take a part in any of Wagner's operas. When she was playing in Pesth, about seven years ago—so, at least, her historiographer informs us—she was besieged by solicitations from all quarters to sing the part of Elsa in *Lohengrin*. "Not for a million!" she replied. The Hungarians know, however, as well as we do, by what means such *prime donne* are to be tamed. All the papers, one after the other, published articles to the effect that Madame Lucca was not equal to singing in a Wagnerian opera. That is the point where she is mortal. She immediately sent to the management for the part of Elsa, studied it in three days, and sang it with such wonderful clearness, that the Magyars were very nearly jumping on the stage during the performance, to squeeze her to death for sheer delight. Scarcely, however, was the performance over, before she returned the part to the manager with the remark written on it: "Did Wagner once; never again," and, before the next morning dawned, quitted the wine-abounding city on the banks of the Danube. The position of *Kammersängerin* at Court is agreeable and advantageous. The Empress especially is most affectionate and kind to the fair artist. Madame Lucca is never allowed to miss any of the *soirées* at the Emperor's Palace. A peculiar fact connected with the etiquette of the Court will interest our fair readers. The *Kammersängerin*, Madame Lucca, is ordered to attend the *soirées*. Exactly on the stroke of midnight, Count Perponcher-Sedlnitzky, the Lord Chamberlain, announces that supper is ready. Then it is no longer Madame Lucca but the Baroness von Rhaden who is escorted to her seat at the table.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Herr Joachim is here. He has apartments in the palace of her Imperial Highness the Grand Princess Helen. He was announced to take part, on the 21st January, at the Russian Musical Society in Beethoven's Quartets in B flat, Op. 18; E minor, Op. 59; and E flat, Op. 127.

## ELI AT NOTTINGHAM.

Sir Michael Costa's first oratorio was performed at Nottingham yesterday week, on the occasion of a Festival given by Mr. Pyatt. The composer himself conducted, with what result may be gathered from a notice which appeared in the local *Guardian*. Our contemporary said:—

"On making his appearance, Sir Michael Costa met with a warm reception. Mr. Vernon Rigby and the other principals, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. H. Pyatt, and Madame Sherrington, also received plaudits. Before the oratorio, "God save the Queen" was given by the band and chorus to an arrangement of Sir Michael Costa's, the effect being extremely fine. The performance of *Eli* then commenced. After an organ prelude, tastefully played by Mr. Essex, the overture was rendered in brilliant style. The first recitative fell to Mr. Thomas, and then the chorus took up, as their first venture, 'Let us go to pray before the Lord.' Mr. Thomas having given very finely the air, 'Let the people praise Thee,' the chorus, 'Lord, be merciful,' was sung with great steadiness. A recitative and air by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, 'Turn Thee unto me,' drew forth loud applause. The chorus, 'The Lord is good,' an extremely beautiful one, full of marked passages, was sung with skill and taste, the singers being in full accord with the conductor. A duet between Mr. Vernon Rigby and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, 'Wherefore is thy soul cast down,' created a favourable impression, as did also the chorus of women, 'There is a time to laugh,' which was faultlessly sung. The chorus of Levites and a *chorale* following—a grand and impressive piece of composition—having been sung, the audience appeared to become fully alive to the merits of the oratorio, but they were, perhaps, hardly prepared for the grand effects contained in the chorus of Philistines. The war song was sung by Mr. Vernon Rigby with a fire and energy which elicited enthusiastic applause, and a demand for an encore. Of Mr. Thomas, we may say generally that he is probably the best *Eli* to be found in this country. His voice is one of great range and purity of tone, and his efforts yesterday gave unqualified satisfaction. Madame Sherrington was encored after a very effective rendering of 'I will extol thee.' In the second part, the contralto (Samuel) is introduced, Mdme. d'Alton being the soloist. She sang the Morning and Evening Prayer with considerable sweetness and expression. The quartet, 'We bless you in the name of the Lord,' one of the gems of the oratorio, was encored. The greatest feature in the performance, however, and which created the most decided impression, was the 'March of the Israelites.' Being entirely fresh, and played to perfection, it created an undoubted sensation, and a repetition was demanded, Sir Michael Costa being loudly applauded as he turned to bow his thanks. The march was played again, and was again applauded. The chorus, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel,' brought to a close a performance never equalled in Nottingham. The oratorio concluded amid loud applause, and general satisfaction was expressed at the manner in which it had been produced. We understand that Sir Michael Costa expressed himself greatly pleased. Opinions were also expressed by those competent to judge that there had never been a finer performance of *Eli* in the provinces."

## MUSICAL PITCH.

The question of musical pitch has come to the front again, and was discussed at a meeting of professors, amateurs, and manufacturers, recently held in the Albert Hall. Twelve years have elapsed since the Society of Arts, looking at the multifarious "diapasons" used in England, and stimulated by French example, sought to establish one uniform standard. After due discussion, they adopted the C of 628 double vibrations, fixed upon by a congress of musicians held at Stuttgart, in 1834. It was one thing, however, to decide, and quite another to enforce the decision. The Society of Arts, issued their "fork;" but nobody took any notice of it; and the multifarious diapasons remained in full blast till about three years ago, when Mr. Sims Reeves headed a revolt against the high pitch (C=638) of Exeter Hall. In this instance, it was sought to establish the French standard (C=522), and, for a while, success appeared likely. The directors of the Oratorio Concerts took an active share in the movement; while it was conceded by nearly every one able to speak authoritatively, that some change should be made. But practical difficulties stood in the way. Change involved expense; and when the question of cost arose, nobody's enthusiasm for C=522 was equal to the emergency. Then came forward Mr. Manns with an alternative, proposing that the orchestral pitch should be lowered a half-tone (C=508). For technical reasons, unnecessary to mention here, it was possible to do this with little difficulty, as the National Choral Society showed by a performance of the *Creation* in Exeter Hall. But the effect was not happy; and, tied hopelessly to a matter of expenditure, the agitation for a "diapason normal" died away, leaving confusion worse confounded.

Such, briefly told, is the history of the pitch movement in England from the time when France quietly and effectually settled her own diapason by means of a musical congress and an Imperial decree. Looking at these facts, the wisdom of re-opening the question, so long as no decision can be enforced, is doubtful. The South Kensington authorities, however, have thought proper to do so, and the meeting we now notice was called to determine a uniform pitch for such instruments as may be shown at the International Exhibition of 1872. A more representative character could hardly have been desired for such a gathering. Her Majesty's Commissioners sent the Hon. Seymour Egerton and Lieut. Clayton, R.E.; Lord Gerald FitzGerald, Mr. F. Morrison, and Mr. Alan Cole appeared for the Musical Committee of the Exhibition. The professors present included Sir Julius Benedict, Messrs. Hullah, G. A. Macfarren, Paue, Ganz, and Pittman; attendance being also given on behalf of Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, Brinsmead, Distin & Co., Boosey & Co., Bevington, Kohler, and other firms. The avowed object of the meeting had, no doubt, a certain importance, it being desirable, if not absolutely essential, that competing instruments should be tuned to the same standard. We cannot but think, however, that if this uniformity was the whole result contemplated, unnecessary trouble was taken to secure it. Between the French pitch and that of Stuttgart—all others are practically out of the race for preference—the difference is so small that Her Majesty's Commissioners, might, suppose them capable of so undignified an act, have trusted their decision to the gyrations of a coin of the realm. Why then, this gathering of musical magnates, unless it occurred to the officials of South Kensington that the forthcoming Exhibition would supply an opportunity of following up the movement begun by the Society of Arts twelve years ago? The Society and Her Majesty's Commissioners are old colleagues, and so intimate are the relations still existing between the two bodies, that the latter are prepared to sell Exhibition tickets to the former at half-price. Moreover, it happens that many of the gentlemen present on Saturday aided the society in 1859, and that the Stuttgart diapason they then favoured was adopted at the Albert Hall almost unanimously—there being but a single dissident. It is impossible not to conclude that the long-neglected "fork" of the Society of Arts is now destined to become a thing of importance. The standard of this year's International Exhibition will probably be that of succeeding years; and its use, under such auspices, is bound to exert a wide-spread and powerful influence. So far as the result of Saturday's meeting tends to uniformity, it supplies matter for congratulation. English music has enough of which to be ashamed without continuing before the world in a state of muddle, not knowing its own diapason. If, however, the result stop short of uniformity, we shall only have another pitch added to the nine or ten employed in this metropolis. It is with regard to influence outside the Exhibition that the choice made at the meeting assumes importance; and we could have wished that more had been said than presumably was said in favour of the French diapason. Only a shade lower—one-third of a semitone—than that of Stuttgart, its use would involve hardly an appreciable diminution of effect, while it would constitute another step towards international uniformity. The pitch decreed by the Emperor Napoleon—on the advice of Meyerbeer, Rossini, Anber, Berlioz, among others—soon recommended itself, as a matter of course, beyond the limits of France; and, unless the influence of French art has declined along with the power of French arms, the time cannot be far distant when it will have spread over the Continent. In such a case, the inconvenience of having a different pitch here would be seriously felt; while, even now, the authorised Exhibition "fork" will hardly meet with cheerful acceptance at the hands of foreign firms.

#### ALEXANDER DUMAS.

(Continued from page 76.)

In point of conventional delicacy or propriety, the action of this play is not more objectionable than *La Grand Duchesse*, and even the concluding scene of the third act is not more hazardous than the critical one in *Tartuffe*, nor than the famous scene in *Les Intimes*, which, after an unavailing remonstrance from our decorous and esteemed Lord Chamberlain, Mademoiselle Fargueil played not very long ago, in her own manner, to one of the most aristocratic audiences which this metropolis could supply. But the profound immorality, the ingrained corruption and perversion of principle, the mockery of sensibility, which pervade *Antony*, and struck a sympathetic chord in a highly cultivated audience (half the notabilities of Paris being present at the first representation) are positively startling. There is nothing to idealise; nothing to throw a delusive halo over vice; not a particle of ennobling passion—

"That exquisite passion—ay, exquisite, even  
In the ruin its madness too often hath made,  
As it keeps even then a bright trace of the heaven—  
The heaven of virtue—from which it has strayed."

What one redeeming quality has Adèle, who only shrinks from remaining under the conjugal roof, and affecting innocence, for fear of discovery? What one redeeming quality has Antony, if we except the nerve to perpetrate crime and the courage to face the criminal court? He is hard, selfish, material, brutal throughout; and the crowning atrocity is an absurdity. There is a charming novel by Count de Jarnac in which the hero endures torture, and is ready to endure death, rather than compromise a woman. This is natural and (it is to be hoped) not very improbable. But how could Antony hope to silence a scandal, which was already the talk of Paris, by deepening it? What human being would believe that he had killed his known, almost avowed, mistress for resisting him! But the French mind, or rather the mind of the French play-going public, is so constituted that a moral paradox or sentimental extravagance fascinates them, and they will applaud impulsively whatever creates a sensation or excites, however false or foolish in conception or in act. And that public, when *Antony* was brought out, was still fevered and disordered, still seething and surging from the Revolution of July. The subversive spirit was in the ascendant: established rules and principles shared the fate of established institutions: the legitimate drama had fallen with the legitimate monarchy; and the Academy was at a discount like the Throne.

The sole place of refuge for the classic muse, the single fane at which the sacred fire was still kept burning by her worshippers, was the Theatre Français. Yet it only escaped profanation by a caprice. *Antony* had been accepted there; an early day had been fixed for the first representation, and the company were assembled for the last rehearsal, when Dumas hurries in with excuses for being late, and the following dialogue takes place between him and Mdlle. Mars, who was to play Adèle:—

"Mars. The delay is of no consequence; you have heard what has happened? We are to have a new chandelier, and be lighted with gas?"

"D. So much the better.

"M. Not exactly; I have laid out 1200 francs (sixty pounds) for your piece. I have four different *toilettes*.\* I wish them to be seen; and since we are to have a new chandelier—

"D. How soon?

"M. In three months.

"D. Well!

"M. Well, we will play *Antony* to inaugurate the new lustre."

The new lustre was a pretence. The company of the classical theatre had resolved not to act the piece. It was immediately transferred to the more congenial atmosphere of the Porte St. Martin, to which Victor Hugo emigrated about the same time; and this theatre thenceforth became the headquarters of their school. The part of Adèle was played by Madame Dorval, and played *con amore* in every sense of the phrase. On learning the arrival of her husband, Adèle exclaims, "*Mais je suis perdue, moi!*" At the last rehearsal, Madame Dorval was still at a loss how to give full effect to these words, and stepping forward, requested to speak to the author. "How did Mdlle. Mars say '*Mais je suis perdue moi*.'?" "She was sitting down, and she stood up." "Good," replied Dorval, "I will be standing up, and sit down." On the first night of the performance, owing to some inadvertence, the arm-chair into which she was to drop was not properly placed, and she fell back against the arm, but the words were given with so thrilling an expression of despair that the house rang with applause.

The key to the plot being in the last position and last words, the angry disappointment of the audience may be guessed, when one evening the stage-manager let down the curtain as soon as Antony had stabbed Adèle. "*Le Dénouement! Le Dénouement!*" was the sustained cry from every part of the house; till Madame Dorval resumed her recumbent position as a dead or dying woman to complete the performance. But Bocage (who acted Antony); furious at the blunder, stayed away, and the call was renewed in menacing tones, when Dorval raised her drooping head, reanimated her inert form, advanced to the footlights, and in the midst of a dead silence, gave the words with a startling and telling variation: "*Messieurs, je lui résistais, il m'a assassiné*." Dumas complacently records this incident with apparent unconsciousness of the ridicule which it mingles with the supposed pathos or horror of the catastrophe.

(To be continued.)

MILAN.—The principal artists, the choristers, the musicians, &c., of the Scala purchased, by subscription, a short time since, a portrait of Signor Verdi, painted by Signor Giuseppe Ugolini. Their object in so doing was to offer it as a present to Signora Verdi. A deputation, consisting of Signori Taccio, Zarini, and the leading vocalists, waited the other day upon the lady and handed over to her the picture.

\* We beg our female readers to mark this and meditate on it. Four complete *toilettes*, or costumes, for sixty pounds!

## FRANCOIS LEBLON.

*De Eendracht*, a Ghent paper devoted to art, science, and literature, contains under the title, *Aldenardiana*, a series of highly interesting articles, relating to the history of the public buildings and monuments of the town of Audenarde. The author of these sketches, M. Edmond Vanderstraeten, in order to render them still more instructive, has joined to the description of each monument the artistic reminiscences it evokes. Thus in the description of the *Gildehuis der Tapitwevers*, the Guild-house of the Tapestry Weavers (situate in the Rue du Pai, or Broodstraete), we read certain details of a musical society entitled the Concert d'Amis, established in the Guild-house at the commencement of the century.

At that period, according to M. Vanderstraeten, the house was purchased and occupied by a relative of the celebrated organist, Triels, a member of the order of Recollets. Hence the new society moved to the ancient convent of the Black Sisters, Rue d'Eime. Every week, says M. Jules Saby, in his work: *Let's over de zangspiel kundige Genootschappen op het Einde der XVIIIe. en Begijn der XIXe. Eeuw, te Audenarde*, p. 9, the members gave an entertainment, with music and dancing, which was very well attended.

Musical performances continued to take place in the building till the Belgian Revolution of 1830.

M. Vanderstraeten found accidentally a programme of the concert given by the military band of the Free Corps, formed after the departure of the Dutch. The pieces certainly afford evidence of the revolutionary spirit which animated these votaries of Apollo and Mars, but the titles do not say much for the good taste or orthographic knowledge of those who drew up the programme:—"MUSIQUE.—CORPS FRANÇ. Concert à leur salle chez M<sup>me</sup>. Déléchin, le 19 Février, 1832, à 6 heures du soir. CARTE D'ENTRÉE pour M<sup>ms</sup>. les amateurs de musique. PROGRAMME.

1. Harmonie de Pommes et Oranges cuites à Bruzelles; 2. Chant de Carrara ou les Diamants volés; 3. Harmonie du Chant du Cygne au Parc; 4. Chant de la Grande Semaine à Bruzelles; 5. Harmonie entre Grégoire et les Pompier de Gand; 6. Chant patriotique ou le Grand bon voyage; Harmonie entre les Puissances et Ratification."

If the performers played out of tune, the ears as well as the eyes of the public would have had a treat. But we may make ourselves easy on that point. A short time since he who, under the name of *Lieftallige* (the Charming) was the learned director of the Society, died at the respectable age of seventy-one.

Like the minstrels of old, François Leblon played with equal talent several instruments, including the flute, the clarinet, the bassoon, the horn, the trombone, the violin, and all similar instruments, the serpent, the guitar, &c. He put himself at the head of the Société d'Harmonie Sainte-Cécile, which sprang from the one we have been describing, and was afterwards amalgamated with the orchestra of the Society of Fine Arts. He conducted, at the same time, several reed-bands in the neighbouring communes.

When the School of Music was founded at Audenarde, the classes for trumpet and hautbois were confided to his care. He was also "serpent" in the church of St. Walburge. The liturgical instrument, having become insufficient for the service, was replaced, about 1850, by the small box-wood keyed serpent, manufactured by Mazingen, and now in the magnificent collection of M. César Snoeck at Renaix. The sounds of the new instrument were scrupulously correct and very sweet.

François Leblon's father was chapelmaster at the same church, and conductor at the Flemish Theatre. The reader will appreciate the artistic value attached to the latter post, when he is informed that, towards the end of the last century, the best French comic operas, translated into Flemish, were performed at the said Theatre.

François Leblon arranged also fantasias for various instruments, and double-quick marches and quick marches for reed-bands: they have all remained in manuscript. The only composition he ever had printed and published was a romance, with accompaniment of piano or guitar, entitled "Lief, soet en rein."

This valiant musician was born at Audenarde, the 21st December, 1792, and gently breathed his last there the 15th August, 1868.

## ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.

(From an Occasional Contributor.)

The first meeting of the Albert Hall Choral Society was held in Exeter Hall, on Monday evening. The number present exceeded slightly the expectations of many; and it must have been a source of gratification to the friends of M. Gounod to find that the announcement of his name was sufficient to elicit so hearty a response from the amateur element. Granted that there will always be many in a metropolitan population like that of London, who are ever on the alert to discover "some new thing," still the mere fact of the Association being an entirely new one would be insufficient of itself to account for sixteen hundred useful, and, for the most part, practised singers, assembling at the first choir rehearsal of the Albert Hall Choral Society. A solution of the phenomena must be looked for in some other direction than that of novelty alone. Doubtless, the but little known music of the first programme attracted many; the promised new *Te Deum*,—a "Thanksgiving," as it is called,—many more. The programme of the first concert of this new monster choir has been already issued and commented upon in various quarters. By some dispraised, by others approved. It is a healthy sign of the times, in this country, when every subject coming to the surface of public notice can be thoroughly discussed; every opinion freely ventilated. This is especially satisfactory to us, because, in music, the most diverse and even opposite opinions are most conscientiously held and most vigorously defended. Each day furnishes some new illustration of this fact. The man who can listen with exemplary patience to all, sympathising with all that shall be good in each theory, and yet maintaining his individual opinion undisturbed, is in a position to enjoy more thoroughly what is passing around him than another who suffers himself to be vexed and annoyed at every fresh discovery he makes of the existence of diverse opinions. Of the other pieces contained in the programme we may have something to say when the time of performance arrives. The only real novelty is the afore-mentioned *Te Deum*, composed by M. Gounod, in celebration of the public sentiment of "Thanksgiving" for the recovery of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.—G. T.

## REVIEWS.

*The Musical Directory, Annual, and Almanack, for 1872.* [London: Rudall, Rose, Carte & Co.]

THE publishers of the Musical Directory have spared no pains to keep their work up to the mark of former years. The edition for 1872 is full of information, useful to the musical profession and trade. There is a very complete list of the copyright music brought out by each publisher during the past year; the usual list of town and country professors; together with the different musical societies and their conductors. The remarks on the musical matters of the past year are full of interest; and the obituary contains memoirs of musical artists who have passed away, as well as a great deal of general information. Messrs. Rudall, Rose, Carte & Co. deserve thanks for their useful publication.

Mozart's *Entführung aus dem Serail* has been produced at the new Operahouse, to the great satisfaction of every person, except M<sup>me</sup>. Wilt, who obstinately refused, for a long time, to sing the part of Constanze, which, she affirmed, ought not to be considered in her "line of business." The arguments of the management at last induced her to undertake the character, but they did not metamorphose her feeling of dislike into a sentiment of admiration and love. In fact, to "communicate," as Herr R. Wagner might say, "the repugnance of her inward being to the outward world, and render it palpable to the material senses of the latter," she indulged in many acts which may fairly be referred to the principle of cutting off one's nose to be revenged on one's face. For example: The management provided a magnificent costume; M<sup>me</sup>. Wilt refused to put it on, and wore, instead, a dress of the plainest and most unpretending description. Again, she would not sing the beautiful and telling air, "Mit Martern aller Art," but substituted a monotonous humdrum thing that wearied every one present.—The old Operahouse has been sold to a Herr Popper for 250,000 florins. Dwelling houses will be erected on the site. This, of course, puts the extinguisher on all the reports about the old theatre being re-opened for operatic performances.—Herr Johann Strauss is hard at work on a new operetta. In the spring, he proceeds to St. Petersburg, and, in the summer, to Baden, at which latter place he is to receive 42,000 francs for his services.

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 10, 1872.

SEXTET, in C major, for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts).—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, HANN, DAUBERT, and PIATTI ... Spohr.  
 SONG, "Ave Maria"—Miss MEGAN WATTS ... Cherubini.  
 SONATA, in E flat, Op. 29, for pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN ... Beethoven.  
 SONGS, "Frozen tears," and "The Hardy Gurdy"—Miss MEGAN WATTS ... Schubert.  
 TRIO, in B flat Op. 99, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI ... Schubert.  
 Conductor ... Mr. ZERBINI.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,  
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 12th, 1872.

## Programme.

## PART I.

QUARTET, in F major Op. 69, No. 1, (dedicated to Count Ráson-mowski), for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... Beethoven.  
 SONG, "By Celia's Arbour"—Mr. EDWARD LLOYD ... Mendelssohn.  
 SONATA PASTORALE, in D major, Op. 28, for pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN ... Beethoven.

## PART II.

SONATA, in B flat, Op. 45, for pianoforte and violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN and Signor PIATTI ... Mendelssohn.  
 SONGS, "The Mock Sun," and "The Post"—Mr. EDWARD LLOYD ... Schubert.  
 QUARTET, in G major, Op. 76, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... Haydn.  
 Conductor ... Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

SIXTEENTH SATURDAY CONCERT, FEBRUARY 10th.

## PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE, "Anacreon" ... Cherubini.  
 RECIT., "Hal gia vinta," and ARIA, "Vedro mentr'lo sospiro" (Nozze di Figaro)—Signor AGNESI ... Mozart.  
 AIR, "Angels ever bright and fair" (Theodora)—Madame LEMMENS ... Handel.  
 PIANOFORTE CONCERTO in A—Dr. FERDINAND HILLER ... Mozart.  
 DUET, "Pronto lo son" (Don Pasquale)—Madame LEMMENS and Signor AGNESI ... Donizetti.  
 SINFONISCHE FANTASIE (MS.) (First time of performance in England) ... F. Hiller.  
 ARIA, "O tu Palermo" (Vespri Siciliani)—Signor AGNESI ... Verdi.  
 SOLOS FOR PIANOFORTE. a. Ghazal. b. Waltz. Both MS. and expressly composed for this Concert—Dr. F. HILLER ... F. Hiller.  
 CAVATINA, "O vago suol" (Les Huguenots)—Madame LEMMENS ... Meyerbeer.  
 OVERTURE, "Egmont" ... Beethoven.  
 CONDUCTOR ... Mr. MANNS.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1872.

## THE "NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS."

IN furtherance of our promise to help this enterprise as far as may be, we now ask favourable attention for certain details which have just appeared.

It being essential that men connected with the management, especially men who may hold the place of judges, should command respect, great importance belongs to the list of names headed "Council of Musicians." Here is that list:—

REV. SIR FREDERIC A. G. OUSELEY, Bart., Mus. Doc. (Oxford).	JOSEPH BARNEY, Esq.
SIR W. STERDALE BENNETT, Mus. Doc. (Cambridge).	EDMUND J. CHIFF, Esq.
HERBERT S. OAKLEY, Esq., (Edinburgh).	JAMES COWARD, Esq.
R. P. STEWART, Esq., Mus. Doc. (Dublin).	W. G. CUSINS, Esq.
JOHN HULLAH, Esq. (King's College, London).	FREDERICK GODFREY, Esq.
SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.	HENRY LESLIE, Esq.
SIR GEORGE ELVEY, Mus. Doc.	G. A. MACFARREN, Esq.
	DR. E. G. MONK.
	ERNST PAUER, Esq.
	ALBERTO RANDEGGER, Esq.
	DR. W. SPARK.
	ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, Esq.

All branches of music are represented by these names in a manner we need not particularise; but should any persons see reason to complain, they may find comfort in knowing that the list is "to be continued." So far, then, good; and now, as to the "Rules and Regulations," which are twenty-four in number—more than our space will allow us to print in *extenso*. We may, however, give the substance of all that give character. Rule 2 enacts a preliminary bond of good faith. Societies competing will have to deposit £10, and individuals £5. But all who are unlucky enough not to win more than £25, will have their deposit returned, as consolation. Others will not need consoling. Of course, if any body or bodies do not put in an appearance, or if they break the rules in any case made and provided, the entrance fee is forfeited. Thus do the managers get the whip hand of all and sundry. Rule 5 applies to the actual competition, which must take place in public, and in presence of a jury (not exceeding five) elected by the competitors. The jury will have absolute power, and may forbid the trial of unworthy candidates without hope—for the unworthy candidates—of appeal. Nobody, says Rule 9, shall go in for two prizes; whereof let Admirable Crichtons take note. Rules 10 and 11 lay further obligations upon competitors:—they shall take part, if required, in miscellaneous public performances, and shall sing as they may be told. Also, the prize winners shall perform at a grand concert to be given when the prizes are received. Rule 12 enumerates the rewards and the character of the labours by which they may be won. We summarise it thus:—

CLASS I.—CHORAL SOCIETIES, not exceeding 500 members, and not less than two hundred (male and female voices). For the best performance of a selection of choruses. For the best rendering of a piece or pieces (not in the selection) to be chosen by the jury. The Challenge Prize, of the value of £1,000.

CLASS II.—CHORAL SOCIETIES, not exceeding 200 members. For the best performance of a selection of choruses, £100.

CLASS III.—CHORAL SOCIETIES (MEN'S VOICES), for the best performance of one or more pieces. £50.

CLASS IV.—CHURCH AND CATHEDRAL CHOIRS, for the best performance of one or more Services and Anthems. £50.

CLASS V.—GLEE SOCIETIES, one voice to a part. For the best performance of a selection of Glee. £25.

CLASS VI.—MILITARY BANDS, not exceeding forty performers. For the best performance of one or more known pieces. £50.

CLASS VII.—BANDS OF VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS, not exceeding forty performers. For the best performance of one or more known pieces. £50.

CLASS VIII.—SOPRANO SOLO SINGERS, for the best rendering of a selection of pieces. £30.

CLASS IX.—CONTRALTO OR MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO SINGERS, for the best rendering of a selection of pieces. £30.

CLASS X.—TENOR SOLO SINGERS, for the best rendering of a selection of pieces. £30.

CLASS XI.—BARITONE OR BASS SOLO SINGERS, for the best rendering of a selection of pieces. £30.

With reference to the Challenge Prize, Rule 18 carefully states that it "must be deposited with the municipal authorities of the town to which the prize-holders may belong"—who would neither care a button for it, nor comprehend its significance. However, they would (probably) keep it safely locked up during the three years which, according to Rule 15, is the longest time it may remain in the same hands. A special diploma will be given for sight-singing merit in each class. The further obligations and privileges of competitors are defined in Rules 17-25:—Solo singers must have a professional testimony to merit, and undergo preliminary trials:—All contestants must find their own music; but, *per contra*, they may travel to the Crystal

Palace and back gratis;—Competitors are privileged to choose their own conductor;—Prize-winners from the country or abroad must not sing in London for a month after their success, without permission from the Crystal Palace authorities.

Such are the main features of the scheme—fair features in our estimation, and such as, if properly respected, will ensure success. There only remains now for English amateurs to go into training for these new Sydenham Games. For the honour of their country they should do so. Doubtless—

The Germans will come, like wolves on the fold,  
Their pockets agape for the silver and gold.

But hardly will our own people suffer them to make an easy conquest. Look to it, English amateurs.

### Ad Misericordiam.

WE appeal earnestly to the *Daily News*. We apprehend the influence which that paper obtained on the strength of its forty-mile, improvised telegram, about the capitulation of Metz (even the *Musical World* had not the news more than five minutes sooner); and apprehending this, we earnestly appeal. "Ignorant" we are, doubtless (who is not ignorant in certain matters?); "prejudiced" we are not. Perish the thought!

Nevertheless, we regard the *Daily News* with wholesome terror. Our innermost consolation springs from a steadfast belief in the adage, *Noblesse oblige*. "*Noblesse*"—we have often mumbled just before going off to sleep—"if it entail obligations on anything mundane, entails it upon the journal of the forty-mile telegram." The merely insinuated lash of that power is more to be feared than the undisguised "cat-o'-nine-tails" of any other. Long and profoundly impressed with this rough truth, we have endeavoured to shape our course so as to meet it without personal disaccommodation. Let us, then, on our knees (bar metaphor), entreat the *Daily News* to be condign. What if we are groping about in darkness? The magnanimity which should always accompany supreme power might suggest to—dare we use the words?—"our contemporary," that mercy is a good thing, and the quality thereof not strained. True, Casca stabbed Cæsar from behind, while Brutus (jolly old boy!) smote the writhing dagger-spotted tyrant barefacedly in the thick of the thigh (alliteration here intended). But what then? Ah!—there's the missing point.

A worm, it is said, will turn. And why not? Ah!—there again's the missing point.

"A private man"—says Democritus Junior—"if he be resolved with himself, or set on an opinion, accounts all idiots and asses that are not affected as he is."\* This private man holds not with the Attic sage—that every one may reasonably be satisfied with *suam sponam*; but rather doth he hold with Æsop's fox, who, when he had lost his tail, would have all his fellow-foxes cut off their's.

But no more. Let Elpenor and Gryllus add what remains to be added, should (which may the gods forfend!) occasion urge.

Middle. HILSON gave a concert in the Westbourne Hall, on Tuesday Evening, February 6th, to a large audience. The following vocalists appeared:—Mesdames Haydée Abrek. Von Schmidt, Holt-hausen, Blanche Reives, and Scotti; Messrs. Montelli, Percy, and C. J. Bishenden. "The Friar," sung by Mr. Bishenden, was received with hearty applause. Signor Fiori, Louis Emanuel, R.A.M., and Herr Lehmayr were the conductors.

\* —Nil rectum, nisi placuit quod sibi, ducit.—A. S. S.

### SYMPHONY-MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

The *New York Herald*, of Jan. 11, gives the subjoined account of one of the recent "Symphony Soirées" of the celebrated conductor, Mr. Theodore Thomas (the "American Costa"—as many call him):—

"The audience at Steinway Hall last evening was very much larger than on Monday, and the programme even more interesting. The orchestra played the Heroic symphony of Beethoven in a style such as probably it has never been heard before, and followed up their grand success in this immortal work with Horneman's *Maerchen* overture, *Aladdin*, Schubert's German dances, instrumented by Herleck, the delicious serenade of Haydn for strings alone, and the well-known introduction, chorus, and march from the third act of *Lohengrin*. Miss Krebs played Liszt's piano concerto, No. 2, in A, an *étude* by Chopin, and Weber's rondo in E flat, Op. 32. The orchestra did their work with a precision, spirit and expression that left nothing to be desired. We are certain that if Mr. Thomas were to take this body of musicians to Europe they would create an unexampled furor. Certain it is, that they have no superiors there. The third concert takes place this evening, and Beethoven, Bach, Volkmann, Liszt, Wagner and Litolff supply the programme. The soloists will be Miss Marie Krebs and Mr. Bernard Listernann."

[Come, by all means, Mr. Theodore Thomas, we have all heard of you here; and you will be right welcome.]

### PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM.—We have received the following from our own correspondent:—

"Strikes in the coal trade, threats of strikes in the iron trade, agitation in all sorts of trades in the Black country (so called), deluges of rain, rivers of mud—(and Birmingham mud both for quantity and quality must be seen to be believed)—all are inoperative, so far as music is concerned, and scarcely a week passes but at one or other of the halls with which this town is so well provided, some sort of entertainment, more or less connected with 'the divine art' (so called) takes place. Recently an amateur operetta performance has been given with marked success, the leading attractions being a musical version of *Bombastes Furioso* under the title of *Artaxaminous*, written by Mr. Anderton, a local professor of more than average ability, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan's at once comic and elegant rendering of *Cox and Box*. While the lovers of the light and amusing school have thus been gratified, those whose tastes lean to the classical have not been neglected; two concerts of chamber music having been given within a fortnight. Under the name of the Birmingham Musical Union, Messrs. Adams and Hereford have a subscription for four concerts, the second of which was held on the 24th January. The programme included Haydn's Quartet in F major, Op. 77, No. 2; Schubert's sonata in D major, Op. 53, for pianoforte alone; Mendelssohn's sonata in D major for pianoforte and violoncello; Vieuxtemps' *Réverie* in E flat; and Beethoven's Quartet in E flat, Op. 16, for piano, two violins and violoncello. The string instruments were held by Herr Otto Bernhardt, 1st, and Mr. L. Goodwin, 2nd violin, Herr Baetens, viola, and M. Vieuxtemps, violoncello; Mr. C. J. Duchemin being the solo pianist. To ears long accustomed to the executants of the 'Monday Pop,' the performance, although in many respects worthy commendation, lacked somewhat of that refinement essential to a complete realization of the composers' intentions. Nevertheless, if applause be accepted as a criterion, the audience were thoroughly satisfied; and as the room was well filled, and the vocalist (Miss Harmon) did her best, despite severe hoarseness, nothing more need be said.—A week later, Messrs. Harrison gave their second concert; the party, with the exception of the singer, being the same as at the first, namely: Madame Norma-Néruda, Herr Ries, M. Schreurs, and Herr Dautert for string quartet; and Mr. Charles Hallé, pianist. The scheme comprised Mendelssohn's Quartet in D, Op. 44, No. 1; Beethoven's sonata in E flat, Op. 81, (*Les Adieux, L'Absinthe and Le Retour*), pianoforte alone; Mendelssohn's duet in D, piano and violoncello, (Op. 17), a *Chaconne*, Vitali, for violin; and Schubert's trio in B flat, Op. 99, for piano, violin, and violoncello. With artists so experienced and so thoroughly familiar with every work before them, it is almost superfluous to say that the execution was all that could be desired. The audience were no less alive to the merits of the executants, whose efforts were cordially applauded throughout. Miss Elsie Clifford displayed not only an agreeable and sympathetic voice, but a knowledge of its use, and met with a recognition as cordial as it was well deserved. Messrs. Harrison's next concert is announced for the 21st. On the 9th, Mdlle. Liebhart and party give a ballad concert at the town hall, where, later on, the Festival Choral Society are to hold their last concert for the present season, with Beethoven's Mass in C, and Spohr's *Last Judgement*. Mr. Stimpson continues his Saturday afternoon performances on the great organ in the Town Hall, giving a special selection from the works of Mendelssohn, in commemoration of that illustrious musician's birthday. (Saturday, February 8).

D. H.

DURHAM.—With regard to a concert lately given in the Freemason's Hall, a local critic writes:—

"The principal artists were the gentlemen of the Cathedral Choir, viz.: Messrs. Martin, Walker and Tuke, *alti*; Messrs. Price, Whitehead and Webster, *tenors*; and Messrs. Lambert, Brown and David Lambert, *bassi*; and the members of the "Temple of the Muses," from Newcastle, consisting of two alto; four tenors, and four basses; the solo pianist being Mr. W. Rea, organist of the town hall, Newcastle. The concert opened with the glee, "Come bounteous May," and the richness, fine quality, and perfect balance of the voices at once became apparent. This was followed by 'Variations Serieuses,' Mendelssohn, magnificently played by Mr. Rea; the song, 'We gathered the roses,' beautifully rendered by the Bros. Walker, the glee 'The cloud cap't towers;' Molloy's 'Blue eyes,' and Parry's 'In a cell,' splendidly sung by Messrs. Tuke, Price Webster and Lambert; Mr. Rea delighted the audience with the 'Chanson Hongroise' (Dupont), and the 'Rigoletto Fantasia' by Liszt. The second part opened with Cook's glee 'Shades of the heroes,' followed by Prince Poniatowski's song, 'The Yeoman's Wedding,' in which the rich, and manly voice of our talented basso, Mr. David Lambert, was heard to great advantage. He was of course, enthusiastically applauded and encored. Other selections were given, and the National Anthem brought this enjoyable concert to a termination."

HASTINGS.—The local press is loud in praise of the pianoforte playing of Master Harry Walker, whose performance of a sonata by Dussek was recently noticed in these columns. The *Hastings and St. Leonards Chronicle*, of January 31, writes as follows:—

"Lastly, we have to notice the performance of Master Harry Walker; and this cannot be mentioned in terms too high. Much as his skilful manipulation was admired before he entered the Royal Academy, he has evidently benefited by the tuition of Mr. F. B. Jewson, and he performs with a brilliancy and effect which is truly astonishing for one of such tender years. His first solo was a grand sonata (*L'Invocation*), in which he was loudly applauded. He next appeared with M. Sainton, and displayed both a remarkable delicacy of touch, and marked precision in a sonata in A major, by Mozart. This was repeated in response to the continued applause of the audience, and, finally, the young pianist played with exquisite skill a fantasia on Scotch airs, at the close of which he re-appeared and bowed his acknowledgment in response to the ovation which greeted him from all parts."

Brett's *St. Leonards and Hastings Gazette*, of January 30, has the following:—

"Next came Master Harry Walker, the little musical hero, for we cannot consider him less, after such an achievement as that witnessed in his masterly performance of Dussek's grand sonata. After this, the young pianist (10 years of age) received an enthusiastic recall, and substituted another piece, equally brilliant and difficult, for which he was again heartily applauded. But the most crucial test, probably, of this child's extraordinary genius was when he played with M. Sainton (violin and pianoforte) Mozart's sonata in A major. It was as pleasing as it was novel to see a young child playing with such a skilled veteran, but the pleasure was increased when the little pianist was heard to execute that *chef d'œuvre* with the accuracy and lucidity of an experienced performer. The apparent ease, too, observable in his management of the responses to the violin, as well as in his entire execution of the three movements, was simply marvellous, and the audience could scarcely restrain their enthusiasm. The other performance of Master Walker was a 'Fantasia on Scotch airs,' after which he was called back."

The *Hastings and St. Leonards Advertiser*, of February, 1, writes as subjoined:—

"One of the best concerts at the Music Hall, Hastings, took place on Monday evening, when Master Harry Walker, with several artists, entertained a crowded audience. For the information of those who may not be acquainted with this youthful musician—in his tenth year—we must recall his first appearance three years ago. At that time his performances were the result of natural enthusiasm. The period that has elapsed has been occupied in careful study and constant practice under eminent tuition. He now assumes a student's manner, and the increase of his physical power is a great auxiliary to the remarkable aptitude of his genius. No wonder that his appearance on Monday was looked forward to with great interest by residents and visitors of Hastings and St. Leonards. One half of the audience were holders of stall tickets. In fact it was a general anticipation that the young pianist would attract a large assemblage of his fellow-town-people. The concert was a decided success, the most sanguine expectations being realized. The performance of the sonata in A major, (pianoforte, Master Walker, and violin, M. Sainton), rivetted the attention of the assembly, the various movements affording opportunities for the exhibition of Master Walker's skilful manipulation."

About the artists who assisted Master Harry Walker, the *Hastings Chronicle* says:—

"The sopranos were Miss Rebecca Jewell, Miss Sophie Ferrari, and Miss Jessie Jones. The former was heard with effect in 'List'ning to the nightingales' (Smart), and Sullivan's 'Will he come?' Miss Sophie Ferrari was equally successful in 'Pardiceste' and 'The skylark,' the latter composed expressly for her by Miss Georgina Bairnsfather student of the Royal Academy. Miss Jessie Jones also sang with effect. Each was encored, and the same appreciation was manifested when Miss Marion Severn sung 'Children's voices.' Mr. Guy was much admired in 'Salve! Dimora,' and in an air by Weber; while Mr. Wadmore gave expression to 'Per la gloria' and 'O, ruddier than the cherry.' A trio and quartet gave variety to the vocal part, as did also a part-song, 'Autumn,' composed by the conductor, Mr. Eaton Fanning. Only one solo was executed by M. Sainton, and this, a composition by Porpora (date 1720), was characterized by such a rare display of musical skill as to call forth a loud encore, to which M. Sainton simply bowed his acknowledgments."

Kew.—The *Surrey Comet* informs us that—

"The Kew Instructional Institute—a commodious building situated in Gloucester Road, Kew—was opened by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge in the presence of the principal inhabitants of the royal village. In the evening a grand concert was given by some first-class London artists. The performers were the Misses Ferrari, Mrs. R. Bell, and Messrs. Thorley, Doynne Bell, Cousins (pianoforte), Buziau (violin), Svensden (flute). The singing of the Misses Ferrari was very much admired, and they were repeatedly applauded and encored. Where every part of the programme was so well performed it is difficult to make selection, but in the opinion of many, the gem of the evening was Bishop's 'Lo, here the gentle lark I' sung by Miss Sophie Ferrari, with flute *obbligato* by Mr. Svensden, and pianoforte accompaniment by Mr. Cousins."

Malvern.—The *Advertiser*, says:—

"On Wednesday evening, Feb 8rd., Mr. Henry Elgar, of Worcester, gave a concert, in Mr. Haynes' concert room. The programme comprised a capital selection. The names of those who assisted Mr. Elgar were not unknown to the public. Of the instrumental portion of the entertainment we can speak most favourably, the overtures in particular being splendidly executed. The vocal part disappointed us greatly, there being scarcely a redeeming feature in the whole affair. Justice, however, compels us to say that Mr. Price sang with considerable grace and feeling, 'The Village Blacksmith,' which secured a well-merited encore. Mr. Elgar's effort to provide a musical treat for Malvern ought to have secured a better house, the thinness of which was more than sufficient to check the enthusiasm of the performers; indeed, to this cause we attribute, in a great measure, the failure of the vocalists. If Mr. Elgar should favour us another year, we hope he will receive a suitable reward."

LIVERPOOL.—We read in the *Mercury* of February 7th, as follows:—

"The Philharmonic Society's second subscription concert, which took place last evening, furnished music of an exceedingly attractive kind, and there was more than usual enthusiasm displayed by a very large audience. The vocalists were Madame Lemmens and Herr Stockhausen, and Dr. F. Hiller appeared as pianoforte soloist. The presence of Dr. F. Hiller gave an assurance of complete satisfaction, so far as his labours were concerned. His "International" march was set down at the beginning of the programme, but the non-arrival of the music necessitated the substitution of Auber's characteristic overture to *Gustave*. To Dr. Hiller's reading of Mozart's melodious concerto—worthy in every respect of the *maestro's* great name—there could not possibly be any exception, and his execution was of the most finished character. The former was sympathetic and intelligent, while the latter was marked by all the carefulness which the movements require. Of his overture to *Demetrius*, played for the first time in Liverpool, and personally conducted, it would be somewhat premature to pronounce an opinion. There are passages of force and originality, considerable ingenuity in some of the effects, and a wonderful variety in the "divers passions" ought to be portrayed. Of the other soloists it is not necessary to speak at length, as each of them are already well-known in Liverpool. Madame Lemmens retains in all its vigour the art which has so long made her popular. Her delivery of Rossini's "Della rosa" was an exquisite display of vocal refinement. Herr Stockhausen's selection was not of the most happy character; and as he was more than usually heavy, and lacking in animation, his songs were somewhat coldly received. The Schumann and Schubert *Lieder* are better adapted for quiet chamber concerts. The chorus deserve much praise. Of the instrumental numbers, it is only necessary to say that Beethoven's symphony was played throughout with refinement and precision. The accompaniments were also in good taste, thanks to the judicious use made of the rod of power by Sir Julius Benedict."

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Lawson's third promenade concert was given in St. George's Hall, on 31st. Jan., and attracted a large audience. The *Courier* said of it:—

"Contrary to general expectation, but still in strict accordance with the wording of the advertisements, the orchestral band did not perform, the instrumental music being confided to that of the 8th (King's) Regiment of the Line. Although not quite equal to those of some of the regiments of the Guards, this band plays well, and its execution of the operatic selections, dance music, &c., was such as to completely satisfy the audience. The vocal music was on the whole satisfactory; that contributed by Madame Billinie Porter was particularly so, that lady having improved considerably, both as to the quality of her voice and its use, since we last heard her. The clear tones of her fine soprano completely filled the spacious hall, but we should have liked to have heard her in something more worthy of her talents than Bishop's "Ray of Hope," which has been needlessly resuscitated from the oblivion for which it was peculiarly fitted. Mr. Alfred Brown, a local artist who is rapidly gaining favour with the public, sang some pleasing baritone songs in an earnest, manly, and intelligent, though, as yet, not absolutely finished, style."

BRADFORD.—The *Observer* says, with regard to the Saturday Evening Concert of last week:—

"It is seldom that the public have the opportunity of hearing such artists as those who appeared at the entertainment on Saturday night, at such extraordinary low prices (3d., 6d., 1s.) We were pleased to see that the efforts of the management in engaging so excellent a party were appreciated, and attracted an overflowing audience. The programme was long and varied, containing twenty-two pieces. It opened with a very effective duet, "Army and Navy," sung by Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. Lander. Mr. Lloyd was greeted with applause, and although he had but once before sung to a Bradford audience, already seems a favourite. Mr. Lander, the bass, possesses a good voice and execution; but he seemed troubled with huskiness. His bold rendering of "The Wolf" was greeted with applause. Herr Baht Sauvelet's performances on the flute were very brilliant, the variations in some of the airs being truly wonderful—more wonderful than pleasing, in some instances. Mr. E. Beyloff played several pianoforte solos, and also accompanied the songs in a creditable manner. Madame Liebhart is so well known and appreciated as to need little comment. She sang with her usual piquancy and taste, and was several times encored. In "Little bird, so sweetly singing," she was vociferously applauded; and, in response, she sang in a very pleasing manner, "Within a mile of Edinburgh town." Madame Demeric-Lablache's rich contralto voice and graceful execution are also familiar in Bradford. Madlle. Therese Liebe's performance on the violin was very good. We must not omit to mention that the gem of the concert was "God is a spirit," from *The Woman of Samaria*, beautifully rendered by Mesdames Liebhart and Lablache, and Messrs. Lloyd and Lander. We hope that Mr. Morgan will be able soon to place before us another musical treat of the same nature."

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Cowen's symphony in C minor was played at a "Gentlemen's Concert," given a few days ago, and drew from the critic of the *Guardian* the following remarks:—

"The performance of a new symphony by an English composer is an event which we rarely have the pleasure of recording. Mr. Cowen is a very young man, but he has already attained a high rank amongst musicians; and no one who heard his symphony on Monday evening will dispute his title to the position he has gained. By unanimous consent, the work was hailed on its first performance in London as the production of one who possessed both original ideas and orchestral skill in a very high degree. Musicians in this city listened to its execution by the concert hall band with the greatest interest. Perhaps a little more rehearsal would have resulted in a more delicate and finished rendering of the work, but, on the whole, the audience were enabled to form an accurate opinion of its principal features. It opens with a slow movement in C minor, the theme of which is developed in the *allegro* which succeeds. If anything, this *allegro* is too exclusively devoted to the treatment of its principal subject; and, perhaps, the same objection applies to the closing movement. A charming second subject, however, relieves and contrasts well with the opening theme; and both these *allegros* are written with vigour and a masterly knowledge of the resources of the orchestra. To the audience the *scherzo* was the most pleasing portion of the symphony; and few who heard it could have doubted the justice of Mr. Cowen's claims to consideration as an accomplished musician. Though the succeeding *allegretto con moto* is a very pleasing movement, it is perhaps the weakest and least symphonic in character of the whole work. We owe our thanks to the directors of the Concert Hall for the opportunity of hearing the symphony, and only regret that as Mr. Cowen was in this neighbourhood, if not in this city, on Monday, an effort was not made to secure the presence of the composer himself on such an interesting occasion."

The *Kentish Observer*, of January 18, thus notices a recent performance here of Mr. Longhurst's new oratorio, *David and Abigail*:—

"The success which attended the performance of *David and Abigail* by the Harmonic Union, on Tuesday evening, must be highly gratifying to its painstaking composer, both as regards the enthusiastic manner in which it was received, and the careful manner in which each part was rendered. Being the first occasion on which the work of our local professor was publicly performed, Mr. Longhurst was fortunate in securing a compact orchestra to do full justice to his clever composition. The vocalists engaged were Miss Helen Horne (soprano), Madame Poole (contralto), Mr. Plant, Mr. Kerr Gedge and Mr. Moulding (tenors), and Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Higgins (bass); the members of the Union forming the chorus, and the orchestra led by Mr. Willey, comprising chiefly local talent, augmented by amateur and professional assistance from London. At the conclusion, the audience gave a vociferous round of cheering as an expression of their appreciation of Mr. Longhurst's talent as a musician and composer. The Harmonic Union may congratulate themselves on having selected Mr. Longhurst's oratorio, for never do we remember having seen so large an audience at any of their concerts. We shall expect to see the work taken in hand by other musical societies—we hope of larger dimensions; for although no one present was disappointed at the result of the efforts of the vocalists to make it a success, yet the effect of the choruses would be much greater if performed by a larger body of singers. Throughout the whole of the work there is a striking originality and brilliancy of composition which claim for it a place amongst standard works."

STOURBRIDGE.—A correspondent writes word that—

"An amateur concert, in aid of the funds for the restoration of Enville Church, took place in the picture gallery of Enville Hall, by the kind permission of the Earl and Countess of Stamford and Warrington. The spacious gallery was crowded by a fashionable company, which included the large party of visitors of Lord Stamford now staying with his Lordship. The programme was well chosen. The vocalists were Miss Edwards, Madlle. Drasdil, Miss Wharton, Mrs. John Bolton, Signor Della Rocca, M. Rives, and Mr. Davis; the instrumentalists were Miss Edwards, Miss Geary, M. Buziau, and M. Pague. Several accomplished amateurs also assisted. Signor Campana conducted. Among the many compositions in the programme was a pretty part-song, composed expressly for the occasion by Miss Edwards, entitled, "Oh, harmony, loved harmony!" admirably sung by Miss Edwards, Madlle. Drasdil, Signor Della Rocca, M. Rives, and the Enville Choir. Miss Edwards exhibited her talent also by a brilliant performance of the late Achier's "Marche des Amazones." The concert commenced with "God Bless the Prince of Wales," sung by the entire company, and concluded with the National Anthem. Three cheers for Lord and Lady Stamford brought the evening's entertainment to a close."

## W A I F S.

M. Faure has received the Order of Leopold from King Leopold.

There is a musician who has such a tame piano, he can send it to the broker's and it will fetch twenty pounds.

M. Faure returned to the Grand Opéra on Monday last, when he played Don Giovanni.

M. Verger, an uncle of the baritone, Verger, has taken the Théâtre Italien for ten years, from September next.

The 116th anniversary of Mozart's birthday was celebrated at Dijon by a grand *fête*. The master visited Dijon in 1766.

At the Saturday Popular Concert, Spohr's Sextet in C, for stringed instruments, is a leading feature.

Herr Wagner has been elected a member of the Stockholm Society of the Friends of Music. Surely he will be ill at ease in such company.

The proceeds of two concerts given by Carlotta Patti, for the French wounded, and the liberation of French territory, amounted to 40,000 francs.

At the Crystal Palace to-day, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller is to play Mozart's concerto in A. A new orchestral work from his pen—*Sinfonische Fantasia* (MS.)—is also to be given.

The managers of all the Brussels theatres have devoted one night's receipts to the fund for liberating French territory from German occupation. In truth, a neighbourly action.

A thief was lately caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars, when a policeman came up and hit him with a staff.

Mr. Lewis Thomas, we believe, is engaged to sing at the Worcester Festival in September next. It must be said, to the credit of these Three Choir gatherings, that their managers prefer English singers when they can get them.

A new anthem was sung at the Temple Church on Sunday last, composed by Mr. Wilford Morgan, a member of the Choir—the words from the Psalms, “They that go down to the sea in ships.”

Miss Lina Glover, who made so favourable a *début* in London last season, is announced to take part in the grand selection from Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, at Drury Lane Theatre, on *Ash Wednesday*.

Mrs. Sidney Pratten, the accomplished guitarist, has returned to town after a round of visits to the country seats of her aristocratic patrons.

Professor Oakeley gave an organ recital at Edinburgh on the 1st inst. Among other things he played Handel's Fugue in C minor, and a selection from *Solomon*.

Afternoon musical promenades are being given in the Music Hall, Edinburgh; the music coming from the band and pipers (!) of the 93rd Highlanders.

The expenses of the Wagner representations at Bayreuth are estimated at 1,125,000 francs. “Wagner,” says *Le Guide Musical*, “has left to his friends the task of obtaining this sum.”

Mr. (Professor) Ella lately told his audience at the London Institution, that he paid thirty shillings for a stall, at the first performance in London of *Le Prophète*. Pro-di-gious.

The Birmingham Amateur Harmonic Association gave an “Open Rehearsal” in the Masonic Hall, yesterday week, Mendelssohn's Psalm, “When Israel out of Egypt came,” and *Acis and Galatea* being the chief features of the programme.

The new edition of *Mackeson's Guide to the Churches of London* (for 1872), contains an addition of considerable importance to professional musicians, in the shape of an alphabetical index to the organists and choirmasters of all churches within twelve miles of London, thus forming a directory, the need of which has long been felt.

The Perth Rowing Club gave a concert on Friday last, in the city hall, under the patronage of the Lord Provost and magistrates, which was well attended. Madame Ida Gillies-Corri was specially engaged, and received quite an ovation in some Scotch ballads and Wellington Guernsey's popular romance, “A summer eve,” which was re-demanded.

It is rumoured that a season of Italian opera will be given shortly in New York, with Miss C. L. Kellogg as the principal attraction, and that she will appear in the character of Mignon, and also as Ophelia in *Hamlet*. If this be true, there will be a general desire to see her, and compare her Mignon with that of Nilsson.

A good story is told of a tame owl so fond of music that he would enter the drawing-room of an evening, and, perched on the shoulder of one of the children, listen with great attention to the tones of the pianoforte, holding his head first on one side, then on the other, after the manner of connoisseurs. One night, suddenly spreading his wings, as if unable to endure his rapture any longer, he alighted on the keys, and driving away the fingers of the performer with his beak, began to hop about upon the keys himself, apparently in great delight with his own execution.

Au nombre des artistes qui se dévouent à l'œuvre de la délivrance du sol français, signalons :—Mlle. Carlotta Patti, qui déjà par l'entremise du Consulat de Lima, a envoyé 25,000 fr., produit d'un concert donné par elle au bénéfice des blessés français. Nous ne doutons pas que la nouvelle solennité projetée par Mlle. Carlotta Patti n'arrive à d'aussi bons résultats que son concert au Cirque des Champs-Élysées, sous le patronage de Mme. Thiers, dont la recette s'est élevée à 15,000 fr.—*Paris Journal*.

The Dolby troupe took their farewell of us on Thursday evening. We regret their departure and the inadequate recognition of their transcendent merits in this country. They are singers of the highest and purest quality. The distinctness of their articulation, the clearness and fulness of their expression, the delicacy and exact shading of their *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, of their *forte* and *piano* movements evince consummate culture and refinement. Mr. Santley is one of the grandest baritones we ever heard. His melodious declaration is eloquence of the highest order. Every word is clear as a silver bell, perfectly intelligible, sympathetic, and full of feeling. He is evidently possessor of great dramatic power and we are therefore glad to learn that we shall have the pleasure of hearing him in opera. But Mdm. Patey, one of the most dulcet and luscious contraltos ever heard in this country, and the other members of this gifted and admirable troupe leave us to fulfil engagements in Europe, where they are held in high estimation. Our amateurs who have omitted to hear their glee singing have lost a great treat, one that was never before offered in America. Had our musical public been awakened to the special excellence of this troupe they would have enjoyed a great popular triumph throughout the States: The attractions they present are, however, simple, genuine, pure and artistic, and not such as commonly create a public sensation and factitious excitement.—*Watson's Art Journal*.

In the course of an elaborate article on John Newton, by Mr. Charles Mackeson, F.S.S., in the February number of the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine*, of which he is the editor, we find an interesting account of a course of sermons preached by the old hymn-writer in the city church of St. Mary Woolnotte, upon the libretto of Handel's *Messiah*, the text of the oratorio forming the subjects of a long series of discourses.

ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., presided at a meeting of the committee for promoting this exhibition, on Wednesday, held in the Board Room of the South Kensington Museum. There were present the Earl of Wilton, Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, the Hon. Seymour Egerton, Right Hon. Sir John Pakington, M.P., Sir Digby Wyatt, Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., Mr. Redgrave, R.A., Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, Mr. Henry Leslie, Professor Ella, Mr. George Grove, Mr. R. Thompson, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, and Dr. E. Rimbault. The secretary, Mr. Alan S. Cole, attended.

The musical public in this country will hear with regret that it is reported that Mr. Santley is about to join the Parepa-Rosa English Opera troupe in the United States, and will not therefore return to London with the other members of Mr. Dolby's party. This temporary absence of the great baritone will be an unquestionable loss, not only in the concert room, but in the opera-house, and although we can scarcely be surprised that our neighbours should be anxious to secure his services, it reflects little credit on us as a musical nation that America should possess a National Opera Company of such high artistic celebrity, while in England the musical drama is comparatively unrepresented.—*Choir*.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—A *Peculiar Family*, having, after its revival, been represented nearly a hundred times, was withdrawn on Tuesday; and on Wednesday last, a new musical proverb, *Charity begins at Home*, written by B. Rowe, with music by Alfred Cellier, took its place, sustained by Mrs. German Reed, Miss Holland, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. Alfred Reed, and Mr. Arthur Cecil. We hear that a novelty by Mr. F. C. Burnand, is in preparation, and a work by Mr. W. S. Gilbert has been accepted.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has the following “spicy” note on Herr Wagner:—

“That this composer is exceedingly disliked personally is well known, and his favour with the king, who is almost inaccessible to nearly every one else, does not add to his popularity. The most absurd stories are told of his pretension, and so impressed is he with his own extraordinary genius, that he scorns the apparel of ordinary human beings. He wears generally upon the street a long green velvet robe-like affair reaching to the knees, and a mantle of the same colour and material, of the style of the Middle Ages over that. There are slanderous whispers of exceeding lankness of limb, the reason for his detestation of the present fashion. One day he was striding with his melodramatic air along the street, when a strong gust of wind carried off his mantle, and dropped it at the feet of a young lady passing in a carriage. She ordered the driver to stop, and courteously handed it to the bowing musician, who came stately, though panting to the carriage door. To her consternation, with a gracious wave of the hand, he patronizingly exclaimed, ‘Retain it, my Fraulein!’”

The following interesting statistics respecting the churches of London and its suburbs are compiled from the seventh annual edition of “Mackeson's Guide,” published under the sanction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Rochester:—The “Guide”; contains information as to 720 churches; but for statistical purposes the number is reduced to 706; corrections not having been received on all the under-mentioned points from the clergy of the remaining 15 churches. There is a weekly celebration of the Holy Communion at 228, more than one-third, daily celebration at 23, more than one-thirtieth; early morning celebration at 263, more than one-third; evening celebration at 163, nearly one-fifth; afternoon celebration at 5; choral celebration at 85, nearly one-ninth; Saints'-day services at 287, more than one-third; daily service at 154, more than one-fifth; no week-day service at 142, one-fifth; fully choral service at 163, nearly one-fourth; and partly choral service at 189, more than one-fourth, giving a proportion of one half where the Psalms are chanted; surpliced choirs at 164, more than one-fourth; paid choirs at 141, one-fifth; voluntary choirs at 352, one half; Gregorian tones are exclusively used for chanting at 76, more than one-ninth; the weekly offertory is the rule at 214, nearly one-third; there are free but appropriated seats at 116, nearly one-sixth; free and open seats at 110, nearly one-sixth; the Eucharistic vestments are worn at 23, being one church in every 30; incense is used at 6, not one per cent; the surplice is worn in the pulpit at 274, more than one-third; the old lectionary is in use exclusively at 10, and the old and new conjointly at 11; and 65 churches are open daily for private prayer.

A concert was given by the members of the Dolby company at Bridgeport, on Monday, January 15th, and the next morning they were presented with the following address:—

"In the name and on behalf of the English residents in the city of Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A., I esteem it a privilege to tender you our hearty congratulations upon the artistic success you have achieved during your short sojourn in this country; a success which has engendered in our breasts feelings of real pleasure and national pride. In a musical sense we have much to thank you for; in the inimitable rendering of those gems of melody, those much prized glees and madrigals, you have done much to elevate and improve the musical taste of this community. May favourable breezes waft you in safety to your much loved native land, and may the good ship 'plough the deep' without encountering any 'storm'; and when amid the endearments of home, reminiscences of your travels loom up in your minds, rest assured your presence in Bridgeport was an oasis in our pilgrimage on earth. That you, one and all, may continue to 'climb the mountain' of fame, is the earnest desire of yours, very sincerely,

WILLIAM TOMLIN.

Director of Bridgeport Choral Association.

To Messrs. Santley, Patey and Cummings, and Miss E. Wyne and Madame Patey."

January, 1872.

## JOSEPH II. AND DITTERSDORF, THE COMPOSER.

1786.

Dittersdorf, the composer of some light pieces, which enjoyed at the time a great vogue, wrote an oratorio entitled *Job*. This, together with the symphonies of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, he wanted to have performed at Vienna, at a place called the Augarten. But the Emperor's permission was necessary. It was granted without difficulty. When the matter had been arranged, the following dialogue occurred between the Emperor and the composer.

Emperor. You have an appointment in Silesia.

Dittersdorf. I have, Sir. I am captain of a bailiwick.

Emperor. Do you possess all the knowledge requisite for so important a post?

Dittersdorf. I was born and educated in Vienna, and it would be shameful if I had learnt only how to play the violin and write a little music.

Emperor. Your replies are exceedingly sharp.

Dittersdorf. I have been told that you are fond of frankness; but, if there is anything unbecoming in my words, I humbly beg your majesty will pardon me.

Emperor. You were correctly informed, and your words have not affronted me in the least. Have you ever heard Mozart play?

Dittersdorf. Three times, Sir.

Emperor. What do think of him?

Dittersdorf. What every competent judge must think.

Emperor. Have you heard Clementi, also?

Dittersdorf. Yes, I have heard him, too.

Emperor. Some persons prefer him to Mozart. What do you think on the subject? Answer frankly.

Dittersdorf. There is great art and profundity in Clementi's playing; we find the same two qualities in Mozart, and in addition, a great deal of taste.

Emperor. That is my opinion. I am glad to find I agree with you about Mozart's playing. Now tell me what you think of his compositions.

Dittersdorf. He is, without doubt, an original genius, and I know no other composer in whom new ideas gush forth so abundantly; one might almost say he has too many. He does not give his hearers time to breathe. Scarcely have you been entranced at some beautiful creation, before suddenly another rises up, and so on. You enjoy at a gallop, and, at the end of the opera, you regret all you have been obliged to leave on the road to follow the composer in the flight of his indefatigable and inexhaustible productivity.

Emperor. That is true. Moreover, I find his music overloaded with notes; even the singers complain of this.

Dittersdorf. That is not a defect, provided the accompaniment does not cover the voice.

Emperor. And what do you say of Haydn?

Dittersdorf. I have not heard his compositions for the stage.

Emperor. You have not lost anything by that; but what do you think of his chamber-music?

Dittersdorf. I think it only right that it should produce a great sensation everywhere, and I believe Haydn runs no risk of

having his vein dried up, as has been the case with so many composers of our own times. Haydn knows so well how to regenerate and deck out the most common and most used-up idea, that even a connoisseur is taken in.

Emperor. Does he not often fall into affectation?

Dittersdorf. Haydn knows how to be graceful without falling into mannerism, and without profaning the dignity of art.

Emperor. Your remark is just. (After a moment's silence), I instituted lately a comparison between Haydn and Mozart. Do you do so, too, that we may see how far our opinions agree.

Dittersdorf. (shrugging his shoulders). That is a very delicate task.

Emperor. Oh! I know the modesty of you gentlemen. I must confess, however, I did not expect to find it in your case, after the decided character you have hitherto shown.

Dittersdorf. Well, then, since it is absolutely necessary for me to speak, will your Majesty allow me first to ask you a question?

Emperor. Go on.

Dittersdorf. Which of the two poets does your Majesty prefer; Klopstock or Gellert?

Emperor. They are two great poets, with this difference: you must think twice before you can seize all the beauties of Klopstock, while Gellert's merit stares you in the face.

Dittersdorf. Your Majesty has yourself settled the question.

Emperor. According to you, Mozart is Klopstock and Haydn is Gellert?

Dittersdorf. Precisely.

Emperor. I have no objection to urge against that.

Dittersdorf. May I now be so bold as to enquire what is your Majesty's opinion of these two artists?

Emperor. I compare Mozart's productions to a snuff-box made in Paris, and Haydn's, to one made in London: both are beautiful. The first is remarkable for the elegance and good taste of the ornaments; the second for its simplicity and the brilliancy of its polish. You see we are pretty nearly of the same opinion, and I am delighted to find that you in no way resemble the portrait they draw me of you.

Dittersdorf. How so, Sir?

Emperor. They told me that you were egotistical; that you rendered justice to no virtuoso and to no composer; and that you were ridiculously vain. I have just been convinced of the contrary, and I shall be delighted to see you during your stay in Vienna; you will always find me at this time.

## MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

BOOSEY & Co.—"Sympathy," song, by Henriette.  
 METZLER & Co.—"The Office of the Holy Communion," by James J. Monk.  
 AUGENER & Co.—"Come back, ye friendships, long departed," by A. Dawson;  
 "Triumphal March" for piano solo, duet, and organ, by James J. Monk.  
 CRAMER, WOOD & Co., and LAMBORN COOK & Co.—"Recueil. del' opera," twelve operatic fantasias by J. Rummel; "Miss or Mrs. Polka," "The Ivanhoe Waltz," by C. H. R. Marriott; "Liebes Verlangen," by F. Praeger; "My old love," by Louisa Gray; "The Wanderers," by Alfred Plumpton; "Raindrops" and "The Choice," by Virginia Gabriel; "Not Lost," by Henry Rupell; "Choose now your Valentine," by Charles E. Horn; "Damask Roses brightly blooming," by W. F. Taylor; "Oh! give me back the golden days," by Giovanni Scaccia.  
 HIME & SOX (Liverpool)—Six songs by J. E. Mallandaine.  
 WEEKES & Co.—"Lovely flowers," song, by Horton C. Allison; "I think of thee," by F. V. Kornatski.  
 WOOD & Co.—(Calthorpe Street).—"Village Blacksmith," and "Rigoletto," by W. Kake.

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### "SWEET EVENING AIR."

**MR. VERNON RIGBY** will sing WILFORD MORGAN'S new song, "SWEET EVENING AIR," at St. James's Hall, March 22nd.

**MR. WILBYE COOPER** begs to inform his Friends and the Public that he has returned to Town. Letters respecting Oratorios, Concerts, Pupils, &c., address, 19, Great Portland Street, Oxford Circus, W.

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Words and Music composed by Madame WEISS.

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## ON THE NEW YEAR.

A CRITICAL LETTER TO THE RESPONSIBLE EDITOR OF THE  
*Signale*, HERR BARTHOLOMÆ SNEFF.

Well, it is you, my dear Sir, who are responsible for this letter. Who would dare to prove recalcitrant when you call? You, the head of the celebrated house for obtaining German artistic fame! It is true that the dividends are very unequally distributed, but you do what you can. And if the shares of one go up while those of another go down, your paper remains in the same request as ever, or, rather, I fancy, in greater request than ever.

You appeal to my "heart," and ask for "a nice article," and "by next Sunday," too. This shows us to what excesses power leads a man, no matter how amiable the forms in which it is couched. If you had only supplied me, the occasional writer of occasional things, a theme for my improvisation—for instance: the hair in connection with musicians (the peruke; the pigtail; flowing locks; or a close crop) or musical tours (with or without a secretary; alone; in couples; or not at all)—but no, you want a leader, and you say nothing more. \* \* \*

It always has been and still is a riddle to me (I speak quite frankly) how it happens that persons in so many different quarters want my prose. "It is so easy to read," say some amiable and fair young friends. Is that the reason? But it is so hard to write. And the resolve to write something is even more difficult than the thing itself. I live in a continual state of astonishment at those who can always write; who understand how to write on anything; and send their lucubrations to the printer's with as much composure of soul as though they were merely leaving their card on any one. I experience difficulty even in fabricating a newspaper advertisement. Perhaps, however, it is not as easy for others as I think, only they are unable to resist the attraction there is of seeing themselves in print.

Mephisto says that blood is a very peculiar sap. He might have said so with more justice of ink. Ink is to man what blood is to the lion. That is to say, not regular ink, but printing ink. And how could it fail to be so? A man has an idea—or, perhaps, he has none at all—even this non-idea is announced in a few hours to hundreds of thousands, who are bound to think of the writer, and thank him for enriching, enlightening, exciting, moving, and surprising them—for offering them a little bit of inward life. An opinion which, when orally uttered, would, probably, be disregarded by him to whom it is addressed, becomes a *fact*—through the medium of printer's ink. How elevating, how encouraging, how inspiring!

Without carrying modesty to the pitch of self-annihilation, there is another point of view from which I behold the subject. I see in the crowd a master of language to whom my style may appear contemptible; a ripe thinker whom my conclusions may strike as being illogical. I see the forms of approved, trusty friends and colleagues, a slight shake of whose heads would render me anxious. Printed language has something about it so absolute—there it sticks, like a discharged bullet. Any accommodation, such as the most warmly conducted conversation may lead up to, is scarcely possible in it. This is why I write unwillingly, seldom, and only on special occasions, and why I admire those who wander through life with the authorial pen in their hand, as light and merry as if it were a walking-cane.

But though I admire the mental calm displayed by our writing combatants, I frequently find their mode of composition exceedingly anti-pathetic, and should often succumb to the temptation of getting up a little opposition, had I not discovered a preservative against such a course. It consists in reading almost exclusively subjects of which I understand nothing—this plan destroys the passion for rushing to pen and ink and plunging into polemics, at least, as far as I am concerned. The principle of not publicly holding forth on subjects one does not understand thoroughly, or nearly so, appears to me, after all, perfectly correct. It is a question, however, whether such a principle can be strictly carried out amid the enormous publicistic activity of our age. How could the thousands of newspapers be filled, were none save experts employed on them? Only go ahead, it is said—supposing some do not know how to load a gun; that others hit about them with the butt-ends of theirs; that others scamper off; while others again are knocked over—the public is pleased

at the fight; that is the great thing, and some little progress is probably made here and there. But could not the mode of fighting be somewhat improved?

I am losing myself in generalities, and these lines are addressed to the editor of the *Signale* for the musical world. In this world, also, as in all other worlds, there reigns, now-a-days, a degree of activity, bustle, hurry and scurry, an amount of attempts and undertakings, never, as regards quantity at least, known before. Writers busy themselves with all this in a manner of which people had previously no presentiment, and their influence is not to be calculated, though the immediacy of musical impressions is greater than that producible in any other art. To cajole people into believing they are pleased, when they are bored, and *vice versa*, is a task which not even the ablest pen can accomplish. Yet printed language most certainly exercises a sufficiently strong influence to mislead the public eventually as to their impressions, to rob them, where anything new is concerned, of their impartiality, to render them greedy of artistic productions with which they are unacquainted, or to lessen their respect for such as were previously agreeable to them. The—generally uncritical—perusal of newspaper criticisms, exercises, at least momentarily, considerable power on people's opinions and prejudices, and on the verdict they may pronounce, before or after the event.\* The literary discussion of artists and works of art, cannot annihilate what is good—but it can raise, and it can depress it—and that historical justice, which, we are informed, never fails, reminds us, by its mode of travelling, more of an old halting messenger than of a Russian government-courier.

But whether the grand progress of the arts through the culture-periods of civilised nations be more or less obstructed or facilitated by critical literature than appears to us bystanders the case—it is of palpable importance for the poor artistic world. The poorest artist is, it is true, rich—but even the richest may be called poor—and we are, despite so much spoiling, a small folk harassed and little to be envied. We are expected, and should like, to cause pleasure to thousands, and we can never satisfy ourselves—that is the value and the curse of our existence—the simple, inestimable feeling of duty accomplished is never really experienced by the genuine artist.

And here it strikes me that the representatives of criticism do not always treat us as they ought. I scarcely dare mention what too frequently fails them—the word may seem to many ridiculous—but I can find no other. It is: love.

"Well, the love of art," will be the answer; "the love of the Beautiful, of the True, of the Ideal—we live in it—it guides our pen. All the worse for you, if what you bring us is not beautiful, or good, or true. We live for the thing; the person is nothing in your eyes."

We, personally, are nothing in your eyes. But how about yourselves? Is your personality completely absorbed in the subject-matter? Do you not wish to show that you are clever, and learned—and experienced? And, if you are so, do you employ all your fine natural gifts only to teach, to encourage, to advance, and to enlighten? Are we never taken as the subject for showing off your wisdom? And do you never abuse the power entrusted to you? Answer, ye who, like the gods of Olympus, are quietly banqueting, while we are fighting!

I am growing tragic, and am afraid of being comical. Just allow me to give a simple and short *résumé* of my criticism of criticism.

What I mean is that we ought not to be bespattered with praise any more than reviled.

I mean that every writer should always remember that not only is it easier to blame anything than to do it better one's self, but that praise is actually more difficult than blame. Furthermore, it strikes me that the sharpest criticism may be expressed without insulting contempt for persons. Or ought a writer, when publicly addressing anyone, to employ a tone he would hesitate to

\* The original text, as written by the genial author, runs thus: "Auf das Urtheil und auf das Vorurtheil, und auf das Aburtheilen, und Verurtheilen, übt die meistens unkritische Lectüre der Zeitungskritik momentan wenigstens eine bedeutende Macht aus." It is impossible to render this exactly into English.—TRANSLATOR.

adopt in private? Neither does every opinion require to be established with the precision of a mathematically demonstrated proposition. There are plenty of cases in which the views of the artist are more matured than those of the critic, however improbable the assertion may appear to the latter. Belief in infallibility, even though it be one's own, is a ticklish thing.

The disposition, so easily affected, of the artist, always retains something of that of the child. Both quickly feel whether people are well inclined towards them or not. Both forgive an act of injustice in anyone they like, and find scarcely a word of thanks for the most beautiful gift from one who inwardly strikes them as cold. Partiality is easily forgiven, but the opposite quality should never and nowhere exist.

Has this turned out "a nice leader," most estimable and responsible editor? Will you be responsible for it? I scarcely know whether I can say: I hope so.

At any rate, I wish you a glorious New Year, so full of musical prodigies and triumphal processions, that your paper may not be large enough to chronicle them all, and that your critics may become historians. "Sine ira et studio." Yours,

FERDINAND HILLER.

Cologne, the 16th December, 1871.

### HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

(Communicated.)

We have information from a reliable direction that Mr. Mapleson's opera season will commence on an early day in April. It is said that Her Majesty's Opera will again occupy its old favourable quarters in the Théâtre Royal, Drury Lane, pending the determination of the great forthcoming Chancery suit, with all its attendant complications, which we consider will be soon decided when once opened. The heavy case, in regard of which innumerable affidavits—*pro* and *con*.—are said to have been filed, has the Earl of Dudley for the plaintiff, and Mr. Gye, of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, for the defendant. It is likely to challenge dimensions as a "*cause célèbre*"—to use the favourite word—with that wonder of the age, the stupendous Tichborne trial, which may be said already to have almost overborne public patience, acquiring as it has national measurement and dilation extraordinary in the public papers. Any parallel to such heavy weight of legal warfare must be imposing in its very greatness, and, therefore, this imminent operative lawsuit may be spoken of as a companion in importance, though we anticipate a much more satisfactory, complete, and speedy decision upon it. The probable list of artists for Her Majesty's Opera presents a welcome host of favourites. It is said we are to have Tietjens, Marie Marimon, Carlotti Grossi (a new soprano of great excellence), Christine Nilsson (who, it is said, returns from America on the 20th of April), Trebelli-Bettini, Madame Alboni, M. Capoul, Signori Fancelli, Vizzani, and a number of others, including Signor Rota, Signor Agnesi, Signor Mendioroz, Signor Foli, Signor Borella, and other celebrated names. This is a strong array of forces; but in addition, there is promised the magnificent band and chorus again under the powerful baton of Sir Michael Costa. All this is very interesting as a view of probable events in the operatic season of 1872. Meantime, as the natural result of the long and seemingly interminable delay in the opening of the new Opera House in the Haymarket, indubitably the finest situation in London, the immediate building of another new operahouse (elsewhere) is talked of as only waiting the settlement of the suit concerning Her Majesty's Theatre, to be ready for 1873.—*E.*

NEW YORK.—Mr. Richard Hoffmann's "first pianoforte Soirée" took place on Saturday evening, January 27th, at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms. There was a large and fashionable attendance. The following is the programme:—Mendelssohn's second trio (Op. 66), Stephen Heller's "Im walde," Mr. Hoffman's "Introduction and tarantella" (encored), Mozart's sonata in A, for piano and violin, Chopin's "Ballade" (Op. 28), Mr. Bergner's "Reverie," for violoncello, selections from Heller and Ernest's "Pensées fugitives," for piano and violin, and the late M. Gottschalk's "Pastorella" and "The Banjo." Mr. Hoffmann had the assistance of Mr. J. Burke and Mr. F. Bergner as violinist and violoncellist.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers Epp's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

### THE PAREPA-ROSA COMPANY AT BOSTON.

The great success of Madame Parepa-Rosa at Boston may be guessed from the following articles, which successively appeared in the *Boston Commonwealth*:—

#### "DONNA ANNA."

"The ever delightful *Don Giovanni* attracted a crowded and fashionable audience on Tuesday. Madame Rosa's grand interpretation of Donna Anna added a feature of distinctive prominence to a representation otherwise good. Her lyric powers find full scope in the vocal and dramatic difficulties presented in this character. In sustained intensity, emotional power, and force of abandon, her performance has not been excelled; in vocal breadth it certainly has not been equalled. The rôle has never been sung in English here by any other artist, nor has any Italian singer rendered the part with such conscientious fidelity to the original score of the composer. Her singing of the celebrated 'Letter aria,' one of the most difficult compositions of its kind, created a *furore* of enthusiasm, the artist being twice recalled after the scene."

#### "LEONORA."

"One of the largest audiences of the season witnessed *Il Trovatore* on Wednesday night. Madame Rosa's Leonora is one of her noblest lyric efforts. The interpretation gains a something from her individuality which lends a peculiar charm to her rendering of the music, which, with a less gifted artist, could not be redeemed from the *blasé* effect its frequent performance, and distortion by amateurs in public and private, has been well calculated to induce. In singing, acting, and, we cannot refrain from adding in tribute to her elegant taste, costuming, Madame Rosa's performance excelled even her former standard in Leonora."

#### "ARLINE."

"The judgment in giving familiar popular operas in the most complete style, was again exhibited in the performance of *The Bohemian Girl*, which attracted a crowded house on Thursday evening. Madame Rosa's Arline, in a lyrical sense, was the finest performance of the rôle we have ever seen here; for we believe this lady has never rendered the part but once before here, and that under unfavourable circumstances as to uncongenial surroundings. In her exquisite singing of 'The dream,' she electrified her audience by one of her bird-like *sostenutos*, an octave above, clear and pure as the sound of a crystal bell, and, in the encore, soared a full tone higher with wonderful ease and purity."

#### "MARIA."

"The second week of the season of English opera opened suspiciously to a large and brilliant audience with *The Daughter of the Regiment*. The opera, although familiar, has been but unfrequently performed of late years, and its performance by the English troupe was far above the ordinary standard of its previous representations in Italian that have been given here. Madame Rosa has done nothing in light opera, since Rosina, more thoroughly charming in vocalization and action than Maria. The character of the music, although light, exacts a wide vocal range, and a versatility of interpretation such as few artists could adequately realize. Whether in the pathetic song of farewell, the dashing 'Rataplan,' or the inspiring 'Salut à la France,' the artist was fascinatingly magnetic in her grace, vitality, brilliancy, and the unflinching certainty of her vocalizing. Her rendering of her part in the 'singing-scene' developed her peculiar aptness in bright comedy-acting, and fully realized the spirit of the scene."

### THE CARNIVAL AT VENICE.

(Extract from a letter.)

I have just received a letter from the "Silent City by the Sea"—which does not seem to be silent at all. That old favourite, the "Carnival of Venice," is being performed with all manner of "variations." *Figures-vous*, too, my friend writes of very mild weather and spring clothing! The Canals and the Piazza are alive day and night—your true Venetian never goes to bed during the Carnival—with every description of mask; and there is a nightly supplementary masquerade, after the theatres are over, at the Café Bauer. Now the theatres are not over till next day, and then—just as in the days of Byron—Venetian society dawns; dawns before the day, and is very pleasant, even respectable. Don't believe a word that *ce cher* M. Otello said; he was only "a man of colour"—though, perhaps, not a dun—and was prejudiced; and so you may imagine that late hours are the order of the morning in Venice. At the Venice they are giving *lone*, with a splendid company, and a ballet, *Fantasia*, which my friend declares beats *Fantasia* here. Life, then, in Venice seems to glide by like one of its own canals—

—So smooth it scarcely seems to stray,

And yet it glides like happiness away."

For it will soon be over, this Beppo-celebrated Carnival; then with a rush the masquers and mummers will take train and bolt off to Milan, to that "Carnevallone," those three extra days of debauchery, which the most pious Carlo Borromeo granted to the Lombard city on account of the exceeding virtue and charity of the Milanese.

W.  
Vienna, Feb. 4.

## ENGLISH AND SCOTCH HISTORICAL BALLADS.\*

Music and Poetry may be called sisters; they go hand in hand, and have always exercised a kind of charm over man's nature. When we consider that hackneyed phrase, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," it is easy to understand that hundreds of years ago our forefathers almost worshipped a man who could command sweet sounds and utter them in sweet words. Throughout history it is apparent that men skilled in song have always been revered by the masses, and respected by the kings and queens and lords of the land. In time of peace they fared as princes; in time of war they went about unmolested. They might follow their fancy and go to what castle or great house they pleased, with a consciousness that they would be well cared for. On the battle-field they had no enemies—they might choose their own camp and be safe. "Their skill," says Percy, "was considered as something divine, their persons were deemed sacred, their attendance was solicited by kings, and they were everywhere loaded with honours and rewards."

From the earliest times the inhabitants of this island have had "a reasonable good ear for music" and (if we may be allowed to take a big stride that shall presently be retraced) to this day the music of all schools flourishes in England as it does nowhere else. We have probably done more for music than any other nation; it wins more money and more worship amongst us than in any other nation; and we have produced the greatest composer of any nation. We are driven to make these assertions because we are continually hearing and reading that the English are not a musical people, and that we have no national music. We have not either read or heard, however, how the case is made out; we have simply been given to understand that "such things are." If we are not a musical people, how comes it that the better half of our countrymen and countrywomen will sit for hours spell-bound, listening to opera in a foreign tongue; and that the same airs when played on a barrel organ will stop the butcher's boy in wind, snow, or rain, and cause him afterwards to hum the tune until his throat is sore? If we are not a musical nation, why do our people "whistle and kick" and "laugh and go mad" at the sounds of Offenbach? or look as if they could cry with happiness at the sublime harmony of Mendelssohn? or glow with religious fervour at the big bursting music of the *Messiah*? If we have no national music, what is to be said of our ballads, that have been the delight of the world for hundreds of years. We may safely challenge any nation, not only to produce as much, but to give the same satisfactory proofs of antiquity. In days gone by the musicians of other countries were not too proud to acknowledge our talent and taste in music, and gave us the supreme position. There was a proverb of French origin respecting the manner of singing by different nations. The Latin version was, *Galli cantant Angli jubilant, Hispani plangunt, Germani ululant, Itali caprisant*. This compliment is repeated by Pasqualigo, the Venetian ambassador to Henry VIII., who, in describing the singing of the English choristers in the King's chapel, says, "their voices are really rather divine than human—*non cantavano ma jubilavano*." We may also ask how it came about that in Britain the minstrels were more highly regarded than in other parts of the world. Surely it could not have been for their dress; it must have been that the minstrels were favoured for the art they professed, and that the Britons loved music.

There is scarcely an old English poem but abounds with the praises of music; it has called forth more frequent mention and enthusiasm from our old poets than from those of any other country. In the "Life of Alexander," written by Adam Davy, of Stratford-le-Bow, we have several such passages as the following:—

"Mery it is in halle to hear the harpe;  
The Mynstrall synge, the jogelour carpe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mery is the twynkelyng of the harpoure."

And in the "Canterbury Tales" we have the musical Squire—

"Synngynge he was, or flowtyng al the day

\* \* \* \* \*

He cowde songs wel make and ordite."

And there was the Nun, too—

"Ful wel sche sang the service devyne,  
Entuned in hire nose ful seemly."

The Mendicant Friar, too,

"—Haddes a merry note

Wel couthe he synge and playe on a rote."

The Miller—

"A bagpipe cowde he blowe and sowne."

The Pardoner could sing "ful lowde," and the poor scholar, Nicholas sang—

"So swetely, that al the chamber rang:

And *Angelus ad Virginia* he sang,

And after that he sang *The Kyng's note*.

Ful often blessed was his merry throte."

The Carpenter's Wife and the Parish Clerk also could sing and play. Such passages as these are found from the beginning of Chaucer to the end. The poets who followed sang in the same strain until the time of Shakspeare, who penned some of his most beautiful speeches in honour of music, and was constantly singing its praises. Speaking of the English, Erasmus said (*"Britanni, præter alia, formam, musicam et lautas mentes propriè sibi vindicant"*) that they challenge the prerogative of having the most handsome women, of keeping the best tables, and of being most accomplished in the skill of music of any people. In the beginning of the sixteenth century there is no doubt England had a race of musicians equal to the best in foreign countries, and in point of secular music decidedly in advance of them.

Minstrelsy flourished with great splendour in the reign of Richard I. The king himself was a proficient in the art, and his romantic temper led him to be the patron not only of chivalry, but also of those who celebrated its exploits. "There is an old tale goes" that the king was released from the Castle of Durrenstein, on the Danube, by the fidelity and stratagem of his minstrel Blondel, that favours the glowing accounts of his love for minstrels, and their loyalty and love in return. But as all things have an end, so the cultivation of poetry and music by men of genius and learning, together with the invention of printing, brought about the downfall of the minstrels. They were beset by refined art on the one hand, and on the other by the ballad-singer who performed without asking remuneration, and sold his songs for a penny. Once surpassed or beaten, they lost their prestige; they began to be looked upon as "old and grey," and in fifty years from this time were regarded with utter contempt. We have a specimen of the wretchedness to which they were reduced in Richard Sheale, to whom is attributed the celebrated heroic ballad, "Chevy Chase," at which Sir Philip Sydney's heart was wont to beat "as at the sound of a trumpet," and of which the great Ben Jonson declared he would rather have been the author than of all he had written. Sheale thought that by reason of his harp men would not harm him; but in his wanderings he was set upon by robbers, who took all the money he had, and nearly beat him to death. Sheale could find no one to help him or sympathize with him, or even to believe that he had been robbed.

"The most unkindest cut of all" was given in the thirty-ninth year of Elizabeth, when an Act was passed by which "minstrels wandering abroad" were pronounced "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and when found were to be punished as such. The result was, they were not found; the Act extinguished them—they went out. After their downfall, there arose a miserable race of harpers and itinerant fiddlers, who bore the name "minstrels," but who were no more like their forerunners than modern nigger minstrels are like the bards who lived in the days of the Druids. Ritson, whose animosity to Percy and Warton became so great that it extended itself to the whole minstrel race, quotes with great glee the following lines on their downfall (written by Dr. Bull, a rival musician):—

"When Jesus went to Jairus' house  
(Whose daughter was about to die),  
He turned the minstrels out of doors,  
Among the rascal company.  
Beggars they are with one consent,  
And rogues by Act of Parliament."

When we get through the "sunshinie dayes" of the minstrels, and come to their rude downfall, which entitled them to be called "beggars with one consent, and rogues by Act of Parliament" ("so sweet beginning and so foul an end"), we are tempted to turn back to their better days, and consider their position again. And we will for a line or two, but not to repeat ourselves. What devotion to music there must have been in those old times! Warriors listened and forgot their enemies in the enjoyment of harmony. The baron had not so much power over the hearts of men as the bard, for the minstrels' tunes were whistled by the king and the carman, by the ploughman at the plough, and the lord among the ladies. Titled men became jealous of the popularity of the minstrels. They must needs know how to touch the strings themselves, and sing a song of their own to the lady-love in satin. By the "Leges Wallice," a harp was one of the three things that were necessary to constitute a gentleman or a freeman; and none could pretend to that character who had not one of these favourite instruments or could not play upon it. This brought about a difficulty: slaves had talents, and they might learn to play harps and style themselves gentlemen. The laws of Wales again came to the rescue. A hare must be caught before it is cooked. The virtue in the lord was made a crime in the slave. To prevent slaves from being gentlemen, it was

\* *The Ballad Literature and Popular Music of the Olden Time.*  
2 vols. By W. Chappell, F.S.A. (London: Chappell & Co.)

expressly forbidden to teach or to permit them to play upon the harp, and none but the King, the King's musicians, and gentlemen, were allowed to have harps in their possession. Neither could debt seize the harp, because the want of it would have degraded the owner from his rank and reduced him to that of a slave.

In the work under notice, which is in two handsome volumes, a hard task has been brought to a most successful ending. The account of the minstrels, evidently the result of arduous research, is carefully written by Mr. W. Chappell, who has given time and patience to the work, and to whom the public owe a debt of gratitude. It is by no means an ordinary production; it is an historical book, and must of necessity take its place as the safest and most complete work of reference on our ballad literature extant. The author has sounded and sifted the matter of old writers on the subject, by comparison and reference, and where errors or exaggerations have been penned at the dictation of prejudice he has exercised his tried and trained judgment and given us the facts. These compilations and comments are the work of a lifetime. With Mr. Chappell it has been a labour of love, and we ought to be thankful we have men who, in following the bent of their tastes, can do such real public service. It is now nearly twenty years since Mr. Chappell published a collection of "National English Airs," and about fourteen since the edition was exhausted. It was the first work of its kind, and the seed from which grew the volumes under notice. In the long interval, the author has been searching, finding, and commenting. He has found such numerous notices of music and ballads in old English books, that nearly every volume has supplied some fresh illustration of the subject. He has gone to many sources for his information. If "Sternhold and Hopkins" was at hand, the title-page told that the psalms were penned for the "laying apart of all ungodly songs and ballads," and the translation furnished a list of musical instruments in use at the time it was made; or if he took up Myles Coverdale's "Ghostly Psalms" he found allusion to the ballads of our courtiers, to the whistling of our carters and ploughmen, with a recommendation given to young women at the distaff and spinning wheel to forsake their "hey, nonny, nonny—hey, trolly, lolly, and such like fantasies," thus showing what were the usual burdens of their songs. The author justly says:—

"If something was to be gleaned from works of this order, how much more from the comedies and other pictures of English life in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries! I resolved, therefore, to defer the republication for a few years, and then found the increase of materials so great that it became easier to re-write than to make additions. Hence the change of title to the work."

Since the former publication, the author has also been favoured with access to ballads collected by Pepys, the well-known diarist, and the nearly equally celebrated Roxburghe Collection (formed by Robert, Earl of Oxford, and increased by subsequent possessors), which has been added to the library of the British Museum. These and other advantages, such as the permission to examine and make extracts from the registers of the Stationers' Company, have induced him to attempt a chronological arrangement of the airs. As it is altogether impossible to make such an arrangement that should be beyond doubt perfect, the reader has before him, in every case, the evidence upon which the classification has been founded. In fact, throughout, the author quotes authority for the course taken. Mr. Chappell does not only give us the history of ballad literature, but he gives us an account of every ballad printed; a history of each ballad, and a history of the whole collection. The two volumes contain nearly a thousand pages of matter, including about four hundred ballads. The work is characteristic of the author's knowledge and perseverance, and the complete way in which it is turned out is equally characteristic of the publishers.

The whole of the airs are harmonized by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and we know of no one better qualified for such a task. An excellent musician, he has a thorough knowledge of the subject, and a tender appreciation of old English melodies. By delicate treatment he has drawn out the utmost of their sweet music, without introducing modern notions or crotchets of his own. The accompaniments are musical perfections; they overflow with harmony, and retain the true temperament of the old music. Mr. Macfarren has done his part honestly and well; it is not possible, we think, that it could have been done better.—*School Board Chronicle*.

**STOCKHOLM.**—Herr R. Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer* has been brought out, and well received at the Theatre Royal.

**MAGDEBURG.**—Mad. Mallinger, the celebrated Berlin *prima donna*, appeared at a concert lately, and, to express it mildly, did not throw the audience into ecstasies. The audience expected something better, considering the fame of the lady, and the terms she obtains. It is only fair to state that she was thoroughly hoarse; but then she ought not to have sung at all.

### Jupiter Gilbert across "Thespis."

*Thespis*; or, *The Gods grown Old*, is more in the style of a *burlesque* than of an operetta. *Opéra bouffe*, however, is its official designation; and, apart from a superiority in the libretto and music, it bears a typical resemblance to the works which, under the name of *opéra bouffe*, are so often presented at the Gaiety, and form the one regular and characteristic entertainment in the (in other respects) ever-varying programmes of that theatre. *Opéra bouffe* means, in France, comic or burlesque opera, as distinguished from *opéra comique*, in which it is not essential that the subject be serious, and from *grand opéra*, in which it is necessary that the dialogue be in recitative, and that the work include a ballet. A ballet forms no part of *opéra bouffe* in France. But *opéra bouffe* in London is adorned with many of the features belonging, in France, to grand opera—such as dancing, scenery, and costumes. The costumes of the dancers are too short, but the dances always too long, having the effect of weakening the dramatic interest, and, what is worse, destroying the character of the work. In almost all conjunctions of music and words there is a sacrifice of one to the other; but in *Thespis*, Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mr. Arthur Sullivan have worked harmoniously together. Sufficient opportunities have been given for music; and the music serves only to adorn the piece. The same may not be said of the ballet with pantomimic episodes, which interrupts the action and fatigues the spectator, who cannot be expected to attend to more than two things at once—the play and the music. Grand operas of the French pattern are often so tedious that the *corps de ballet*, under whatever pretext brought on, is welcomed as a relief. But in a light piece like *Thespis*, the dancing has rather a bewildering effect; and as the work is good in its essentials, and yet as a whole too long, the incidental *divertissement* ought to be omitted.

But for the introduction of mere spectacular matter which serves to interrupt the development of an ingenious idea, the story of *Thespis* would be as intelligible as it is simple. The drama springs out of a meeting on the slopes of Olympus between Jupiter and a few attendant deities, and *Thespis* with his company of players. Jupiter, accepting the position Heine would have assigned to him as *impresario* of the universe, sees in *Thespis* a member of the same profession—the former being manager of the world, the latter, god of a theatrical microcosm. As Jupiter has grown old and lost confidence in himself, while *Thespis* is in full vigour, and familiar with the nature of the gods from having represented them in burlesque, a compact is made, by which for the term of one year, the two shall change places.

The devil, grown old, became a hermit; but Jupiter, in the same predicament, goes into exile, partly in the hope that, by contact with the earth, he may regain his strength, diminished by long residence in a too ethereal atmosphere; principally, however, too see how *Thespis* will govern in his absence, and to profit by the example set by the enterprising manager. *Thespis*, who thinks that because he can manage a company he can govern a world, makes grotesque mistakes; so that when, at the end of a twelvemonth, the complaints of the inhabitants of earth are received by the new deities, the system of the universe seems to have been revolutionized. The gods, after their holiday, resume power, and the divine government of the world is carried on under the old conditions. Meanwhile, we see little of the mode in which *Thespis* exercises his rule. But we have in the first act a feeble Jupiter, an antiquated Mars, a bloated Bacchus, and a used-up Apollo; and in the second, the newly arrived deities from earth show that they have behaved more incapably than the celestials whom they have replaced. Mercury alone has preserved youth, agility, and a thoroughly mercurial temperament. Miss E. Farrer plays the part characteristically, moving about the stage like animated quicksilver. Two of the best solos fall justly to her lot, and she delivers both to perfection. Mr. Arthur Sullivan, besides symphonies, can write comic songs, and though his true vein is that of sentiment, he happily combines facetiousness with grace. The grotesque ballad given to *Thespis* is sung by Mr. Toole in the drollest style, and—as well as Miss Farrer's song, a charming air sung with much expression by Miss E. Clary, and a brilliant waltz by Miss Loseby, which Strauss would not have disavowed—is applauded and encored. The music is full of elegance, and in one piece at least—Mr. Toole's legend of the railway official—the orchestration is novel, including a railway bell, a railway whistle and some new instrument imitating the sounds of a train in motion.

Jupiter Gilbert.

**BARCELONA.**—M. Gounod's *Gallia* was announced for the 14th inst., at the Grand Theatre.

**MANNHEIM.**—A new two-act opera, *Lisa, oder die Sprache des Herzens*, words and music by Herr Mertke, has been successfully produced.

**GENEVA.**—Herr August Langert has left Coburg, where he occupied the post of Ducal *Capellmeister*, and has permanently settled here, having been appointed Professor of Harmony and Composition at the Conservatory of Music.

## ALEXANDER DUMAS.

(Continued from page 86.)

The chief honours of the poetical revolution are assigned by Dumas to Lamartine and Hugo, but the dramatic revolution, he insists, began with the first representation of *Henri Trois*. Hugo, an anxious spectator, was one of the first to offer his congratulations. "It is now my turn," were his words to Dumas, "and I invite you to be present at the first reading." The day following he chose his subject; and *Marion Delorme*, begun on the 1st June, 1829, was finished on the 27th. Dumas was true to his engagement, and at the end of the reading he exclaimed to the Director—"We are all done brown (*flambés*) if Victor has not this very day produced the best piece he ever will produce—only I believe he has." "Why so?" Because there are in *Marion Delorme*, all the qualities of the mature author, and none of the faults of the young one. Progress is impossible for any one who begins by a complete or nearly complete work."

*Marion Delorme*, was stopped by the Censorship, and did not appear till after *Antony*. The striking similarity between the two heroes of the two pieces respectively, raised and justified a cry that one was copied from the other, and suspicion fell upon Hugo, who came last before the public; when Dumas gallantly stepped forward and declared that, if there was any plagiarism in the matter, he was the guilty person, since, before writing *Antony*, he had attended the reading of *Marion Delorme*.

An amusing instance of the manner in which Hugo was piqued into abandoning the *Theatre Français* for the *Porte St. Martin*, is related by Dumas. At the rehearsal of *Hernani*, the author, as usual, being seated in the pit, Mademoiselle Mars, who played Doña Sol, came forward to the foot-lights, and shading her eyes with her hand and affecting not to see Hugo, asked if he was there. He rose and announced his presence:—

"Ah, good. Tell me, M. Hugo, I have to speak this verse—

'Vous êtes mon lion! Superbe et généreux.'

"Yes, Madame, *Hernani* says—

'Hélas! j'aime pourtant d'un amour bien profond!  
Ne pleure pas . . . mourras plutôt. Que n'ai-je un monde,  
Je te le donnerais! . . . Je suis bien malheureux.'

"And you reply—

'Vous êtes mon lion! Superbe et généreux.'

"And you like that, M. Hugo? To say the truth, it seems so droll for me to call M. Firmin *mon lion*."

"Ah because in playing the part of Doña Sol, you wish to continue Mademoiselle Mars. If you were truly the ward of Ruy Gomez de Silva, a noble Castilian of the sixteenth century, you would not see M. Firmin in *Hernani*; you would see one of those terrible leaders of bands that made Charles V. tremble in his capital. You would feel that such a woman may call such a man her *lion*, and you would not think it droll."

"Very well; since you stick to your lion, I am here to speak what is set down for me. There is *mon lion* in the manuscript, so here goes, M. Firmin—

'Vous êtes mon lion! Superb et généreux.'

At the actual representation she broke faith, and substituted *Monsieur pour mon lion*, which (at all events from the author's point of view) was substituting prose for poetry. Nothing can be more injudicious or vain than the attempt to tone down a writer of originality or force; for the electric chain of imagination or thought may be broken by the change or omission of a word. The romantic school which delighted in hazardous effects,—in effects often resting on the thin line which separates the sublime from the ridiculous,—could least of all endure this description of criticism. Dumas suffered like his friend; and their concerted secession to the *Porte St Martin* was prudent as well as inevitable step.

At this theatre Dumas was like the air, a chartered libertine; and here he brought out a succession of pieces, which, thanks to his prodigality of resource and unrivalled knowledge of stage effect, secured and permanently retained an applauding public, although many of them seemed written to try to what extent the recognised rules of art might be set aside. To take *La Tour de Neale*, for example, we agree with Lord Dalling, that judging by the ordinary rules of criticism, it is a melodramatic monstrosity; but if you think that to seize, to excite, to suspend, to transport the feelings of an audience, to keep them with an eye eager, an attention undimmed, from the first scene to the last—if you think that to do this is to be a dramatist, that to have done this is to have written a drama—bow down to M. Dumas or M. Gaillard, to the author of *Tour de Neale*, whoever he be; that man is a dramatist, the piece he has written is a drama,—

"Go and see it! There is great art, great nature, great improbability, all massed and mingled together in the rapid rush of terrible things, which pour upon you, press upon you, keep you fixed to your seat, breathless, motionless. And then a pause comes—the piece is over—you shake your

head, you stretch your limbs, you still feel shocked, bewildered, and walk home as if awakened from a terrible nightmare. Such is the effect of the *Tour de Neale*."

Such was the effect when Mademoiselle Georges played Marguerite, and Frederic Le Maître, Buridan; and (independently of the acting) the rapid succession of surprises make it a masterpiece in its way. No one can doubt that these are the creation of Dumas, along with everything else that constitutes the distinctive merits or demerits of the piece. We should also say, Go and see Mademoiselle de Belle-Ile; you will follow the action with wrapt and constantly growing interest; and you will listen to sparkling dialogue, exquisitely adapted to the characters.

It was as a dramatist that Dumas became famous, although his world-wide renown is owing to his romances, which he composed at head-long speed, contemporaneously with his dramas, without much adding to his reputation until 1844-45, when he published *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, *Vingt ans Après*, and *Monte Christo*, the most popular of his works. There is hardly an inhabited district in either hemisphere, in which Dumas, pointing to a volume of one of them, might not exclaim like Johnson pointing to a copy of the duodecimo edition of his Dictionary in a country-house:—

"Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"

They have remained the most popular, and remained, moreover exclusively associated with his name, although the authorship has been confidently assigned by critics of repute to others, and the most persistent ridicule has been levelled at their conception, their composition, their materials, and their plan. Amongst the most mischievous assailants was Thackeray, in a letter addressed to M. le Marquis Davy de la Pailleterie, printed in the *Revue Britannique* for January 1847. We give a specimen:—

"As for me, I am a decided partisan of the new system of which you are the inventor in France. I like your romances in one-and-twenty volumes, whilst regretting all the time that there are so many blank pages between your chapters, and so small an amount of printed matter in your pages. I, moreover, like your continuations. I have not skipped a word of *Monte Christo*, and it made me quite happy when, after having read eight volumes of the *Trois Mousquetaires*, I saw M. Rolandi, the excellent circulating-library man, who supplies me with books, bring me ten more under the title of *Vingt ans Après*. May you make Athos, Porthos, and Aramis live a hundred years, to treat us to twelve volumes more of their adventures! May the physician (*Médecin*) whose '*Mémoires*' you have taken in hand, beginning them at the commencement of the reign of Louis XV., make the fortunes of the apothecaries of the Revolution of July by his prescriptions!"

Innumerable readers would reciprocate in earnest the wishes thus ironically expressed, and Thackeray might have remembered that length is more a merit than objection, so long as interest is kept up. It is strange, too, that he should have hailed Dumas as the inventor of the voluminous novel, particularly after calling attention to the blank pages between his chapters and the small amount of printed matter in his pages. There is an English translation of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* in one royal octavo volume, and of *Monte Christo* in three volumes octavo. The seven volumes of *Clarissa Harlow*, contain more printed matter than the longest of Dumas' romances. Mademoiselle Scudery beats him hollow in length, and might be apostrophised like her brother—

"Bienheureux Scudery, dont la fertile plume,  
Peut tous les mois sans peine enfanter un volume."

So does Restif de la Bretonne, one of the most popular novelists of the eighteenth century, whose *Les Contemporains* is in forty-two volumes.

So much for length. In point of plot, they are on a par with *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas*: in point of incident, situation, character, animated narrative, and dialogue, they will rarely lose by comparison with the author of *Waverley*. Compare, for example, the scene in *Les Trois Mousquetaires* between Buckingham and Anne of Austria with the strikingly analogous scene between Leicester and Elizabeth in *Kenilworth*.

If Dumas occasionally spun out his romances till they grew wearisome, it was not because he was incapable of compressing them. His *Chevalier d'Harmenthal*, which we ourselves are inclined to consider one of his best novels, is contained in three volumes. His *Impressions de Voyage* abound in short novels and stories, which are quite incomparable in their way, like pictures by Meissonnier and Gerome. Take for dramatic effect the story told by the monk of *La Chartreuse*; or, for genuine humour that of Pierrot, the donkey, who had such a terror of both fire and water that they were obliged to blind him before passing a forge or a bridge. The explanation is, that two young Parisians had hired him for a journey; and having recently suffered from cold, they hit upon an expedient which they carried into execution without delay. They began by putting a layer of wet turf upon his back, then a layer of snow, then another layer of turf, and

lastly a bundle of firewood, which they lighted, and thus improvised a moveable fire to warm them on their walk. All went well till the turf was dried and the fire reached poor Pierrot's back, when he set off braying, kicking, and rolling, till he rolled into an icy stream, where he lay for some hours; so as to be half frozen after being half roasted. Hence the combination of hydrophobia and pyrophobia which afflicted him.

(To be continued.)

### BRUSSELS.

M. Faure has concluded his engagement at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. It has proved so successful that he will, in all probability, appear again a limited number of times before the end of the winter. M. Faure has become a tremendous favourite with every one. Besides appointing him inspector of singing at the Conservatory, the King has created him a member of the order of Leopold. He himself presented the fortunate artist with the insignia of his new dignity. According to report, M. Faure, on his side, is so well pleased with his reception, that he intends taking up his permanent residence here.—The business at the Théâtre de la Monnaie has been wretched ever since the departure of the French baritone. Even on a Sunday, the great day in continental cities, the house is only half-filled, while, during the week, it is a perfect solitude. In fact, things have got to such a pitch, that the *ouvreuses de loges*, if the *Guide Musical* is to be implicitly trusted, are so alarmed, that they have asked the manager to allow their husbands to accompany them in their peregrinations through the lonely lobbies and corridors. But it is a long lane which has no turning, and at least one turning will soon be reached in the affairs of the Théâtre de la Monnaie. M. Vachot will retire from the managerial throne, and be succeeded by a gentleman of the name of Avrillon. Who M. Avrillon is, no one seems to know; all that has transpired among the public at large, about him, to account for his having been chosen by the Corporation, is the fact of his not possessing the slightest experience as a manager, and of his being, therefore, eminently fitted to shew his predecessors, who have failed to make the Monnaie pay, how things ought to be done. He will, at any rate, enter on his new sphere of action under eminently auspicious circumstances. The King will allow him a subsidy of one hundred and four thousand francs a year; the Comte de Flandre, twenty thousand francs; and the Corporation, one hundred thousand; grand total, two hundred and twenty-four thousand francs per annum. It is said the King desires very strongly the appointment of a "Superintendent of the Opera," whose duty it would be to conduct the artistic department, leaving only the business part of the enterprise to M. Avrillon. This does not look as though that gentleman had inspired his Majesty with too much confidence. Should the royal wish be carried out, M. Gevaert would be the Superintendent appointed. *Après* of M. Vachot, the retiring manager, he is reported to have said: "It was through me that Ambroise Thomas came here. He was created an officer of the Order of Leopold. It was through me, too, that Faure came; he was made a Knight of the Order; while I, I who have paid for every thing, I get only the order—to be off."

### LINES FOR MUSIC.

Le Temps a laissé son manteau  
De vent, de froidure, et de pluie,  
Et s'est vêtu de broderie  
De soleil luisant, clair, et beau.  
Il n'y a ni lute ni oiseau,  
Qu'en son jargon ne chante ou orle,  
Le Temps a laissé son manteau  
De vent, de froidure, et de pluie.

To ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Esq.

MILAN.—Signor Verdi's *Aida* was produced, on the 5th inst., at the Scala, with the following cast: the King, Signor Povoleri; Radamès, Captain of the Guard, Signor Fancelli; Ramfis, Chief of the Priests, Signor Maini; Amonasro, King of Ethiopia and father of *Aida*, Signor Pandolfini; a Messenger, Signor Vistarini; Amneris, Daughter of the King, Signora Waldmann; *Aida*, an Ethiopian Slave, Signora Stolz. It was successful; calls for the composer, artists, scene-painter, and machinist.

### M. CHARLES GOUNOD'S NEW *TE DEUM*.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—So often has the *Te Deum* been set to music in "every age and clime," that wonder might be expressed, by those not accustomed to patient thought, at the process being repeated, as it is to this day, and as it probably will be *ad infinitum*. No great effort of the mind is needed to perceive that ideas such as are embodied in the words of this glorious hymn, "We praise thee, O God!" are eternal. No one can get away from them. All that is left to us frail mortals is to express them as best we can. It is ever the privilege as well as the pleasure of the artist to place his offering on the divinest shrine. So he esteems it. We cannot alter the ideas; we may vary our expression of them. Moods and temperaments, causes innumerable, may influence or sway the human mind. Now we are exalted; now depressed. How full of solid satisfaction is the reflection, that *something* has "no shadow that turns" (tropical shadow). Let us have as many *Te Deums* as kind heaven may please to send us, from as many gifted minds that are moved to compose them. We need not fear the number. Those that are ephemeral will soon run through their little day; those that have vitality in them will live. It will matter but little who wrote them; or, what was said about them; by their own sterling value, in the hearts of the people, will they be righteously appraised. To anticipate the judgment of the multitude, or of posterity, is a hard task; still harder to pre-judge what the prejudiced may assert; yet such is unquestionably accomplished by all those poets who utter eternal truths in eternal tongues. The artist and the critic may shake hands—their vocation is one. Not in an apologetic strain are these remarks indulged in, Mr. Editor, but because I wish to direct attention to a new *Te Deum* recently composed, the announcement states, as a "Thanksgiving for the recovery of the the Prince of Wales," by M. Charles Gounod. The cause is a national one. How comes it that our first burst of national acknowledgment has the savour of an exotic? Are our English composers asleep? No. Some of them will shortly be "on hand," we are told, with *Te Deums* by the score. Slow and sure. All will be welcome. Apart from its more immediate intent, this last emanation from the pen of one of our most ethereal writers, leads me to wish to call the attention of some of our young students, who are giving their attention specially to music, to the marked peculiarities characterizing the creations of this truly extraordinary man. Too much time has been wasted with general and loose descriptions of great musical epics; too assured have our critics been in their style and tone. Not to express *like* nor to *dislike*, but to enquire and compare conclusions, whether they be reasonable or no, true or false, would I venture upon a brief enquiry as to the peculiarities of the features of M. Gounod's *Te Deum*. Like every other great work by the same hand, it is remarkably novel. It is in C, with changes of key to F and B flat; is in dual (two) time throughout; contains some two hundred and fifty bars; *alla capella* style and time slightly varied at places; seasoned judiciously with *fortes* and *pianos*; also (a valuable item for choralists) breath-marks. To the vocal score a rich organ part, with appropriate pedal-line, is added. A great deal has been said about the *two* styles, sacred and secular; also, vocal and instrumental in music. Not to enter upon this theme further than to interject, "all music worth the name is in a sense sacred:"—"all instrumental music of the highest class strives to emulate the voice, and, *vice versa*, good singers the executive volubility of the instrumentalist."—I cannot help remarking the purely vocal character of all M. Gounod touches (at least, such of his works as I have had an opportunity of seeing); there is a certain dignified majestic religious sort of style that haunts his pen like a shadow. Even when, for a moment, he would shake it off, and write a dance, its progressions involuntarily gravitate towards the serious, and his basses positively refuse to do duty in the "vamp" mode. No; M. Gounod is always terribly earnest. Were he less melodious, and less careful, he might occupy the van of the music-of-the-future school. As it is, he must be looked at alone. Newer than the newest of the men of this school (whom, by the way, I would, by no means, in the slightest degree disparage or undervalue), M. Gounod has the most profound reverence, in an artistic sense, for the best masters of the olden time. It is this

ripe scholarship, this genial deference to the scholiasts, that plumbs and balances so completely his imaginative flights, welds them into entity, satisfying at once both learned and unlearned, old and young, grave and gay. Not to wander, take as an instance the *Te Deum*, just wet from the press, and put into the hands of the newly-formed choir of sixteen hundred voices. It opens with a *point d'orgue* on the scale in the bass. Its ground: the scale descending, twice over, then a cadence. The effect is such as needs no prophet to foretell. Resultant inevitable of the means employed. The counterpoint would belong to the "future" school but for two potent reasons:—First, the melodious unity and grace of the ground; second, the evident design and agreement of the harmonies. To the superficial glance so diverse, nay, antagonistic; yet, as the wand of the magician waves over the chords, they "lovingly melt into one" at his bidding. Just as an instance, let me observe the theory of this prelude is not new. Corelli takes it, see solos No. 9, *Gigue*; a movement, even though it be a little antique, very hard to surpass, or even to match for unadorned loveliness. Bach uses it as the foundation of his Prelude of preludes; a scrap wonderfully suggestive of supernatural power; a very index, glossary, and compendium of this comprehensive writer's astounding resources. Handel appropriates it as the ground of his colossal planned "Envy" chorus in *Saul*; it is found in Tolhurst's "All the city was moved" (*Ruth*), and lastly it appears as the Intrada of this new *Te Deum* by M. Gounod. No surprise need be experienced that different men have used the same materials. The first problem of elemental geometry; the ten numerals of arithmetic; the alphabets of languages are free as the air to all. It is not the selection of the "ground," the material, that constitutes the building (though such judgment is all-important), it is likewise necessary that the elemental forms be "fitly framed together." In the cases quoted, what I am about to state will perhaps be new to many; if it be so, let them not hurriedly dismiss the thought; but first test it. Additional light upon the subject, if any should wish to throw, would be more welcome to nobody than to the writer. It is this: every note of the ground bears latent or superficially the common chord in its first position; is, in fact, the root bass of the chord piled upon it. With such a plan in view, no wonder that the foundation will carry any amount of ornament. The elephantine steps bear tessellated hives of busy life towering above their gigantic shoulders. Those familiar with musical theory as it is taught in the schools will start at this. How about the consecutive fifths and so forth! That is precisely the point to be noted. So critical and vital a part of the case is by no means to be avoided. Consecutive fifths and octaves would, undoubtedly, appear in their most objectionable forms were it not that the whole question has been illustrated in all these instances with the most consummate tact and skill. I do not intend to pass this, the very pith and gist of the matter, by; neither do I engage to make the whole case as clear to others as it appears to my apprehension. We cannot see with one another's eyes, nor hear with one another's ears. No two pairs of the one or the other are physically identical. There is no set pattern to which dame Nature inviolably adheres in this matter—a consideration worth treating of more at length. I will say no more about it now; but as to the progressions—Corelli's exquisite phrases, with accentuated *fifths*, have been freely commented upon, as most readers will remember. In this passage (the last sixteen bars of the movement, quoting from memory) the accentuated chords are in the *first* position; the unaccentuated chords appear different; but here let the student well mark the missing link (omitted, but apparently) can be easily discovered; mark the sly G, in the second chord of the passage, for example, insinuating itself most naturally, and causing the result I have but slightly and imperfectly indicated. The power of the passage lies in the melody being fundamental; the root bass as well as the actual bass. Pray let the student bear with this statement, so utterly subversive of the rules as it must appear to him, until some time and patience has been expended in pursuing the thought to its just conclusion, or until a series of musical examples can be placed before his eye in demonstration of what I am now advancing. Of course these great masters knew the rules, and honoured them, and the beautifully delicate modes of procedure adopted by each in

reference to the course elected to be pursued, only illustrates the very high estimation in which the laws of their art were held by them all. No words, I hold it, are sufficient to measure the depth of the indebtedness we, in these later times, owe such composers; their grasp and insight is entirely beyond ordinary means of estimation. Let that class of musicians who have been accustomed to gaily say that the rules are of no account, and give instances of great men disregarding them, dismiss at once from their minds the idle conclusion to which such sophisms would lead them, namely, that anyone may compose, either by rule or not, just as it pleases him. Let any such be urged to think more and say less; read more attentively such examples as these: Gounod on Bach's *Ave Maria* and Prelude, about the most wonderful exposition in the language of notes to which they can be referred; or let them make an especial study of these twelve bars at the opening of the *Te Deum*, carrying with them the idea about Corelli's progressions. The vocal phrases at the commencement are massive and bold, easy to sing, with the exception of the soprano part being somewhat high in the scale. The use of a solo soprano echoing the repeated word "holy" is a most agreeable device. Phrases that follow are unisonal with organ accompaniment, until they break into harmony on the "Holy Church," &c. Every line is new and fresh. The verse, "When thou took'st upon thee," as indeed the whole, is worthy the most careful notice. The hymn runs on with but very little repetition of the words, which will help to make it popular in many quarters. Fugal devices, as such, do not present themselves. There is, however, just at the close, "Let me never be confounded,"—some eight bars of imitations after the manner of our most respected cathedral writers. The accompaniments throughout are totally different from anything of the kind I ever remember to have seen before. Notably, eight bars of double pedale on the words, "world without end," followed by some ascending chromatic progressions in the bass. Also, in the organ part, to the verse beginning, "Vouchsafe, O Lord," where the style adopted is that of four lines of a metrical chorale. These are just the passing impressions from but a glance, and I only offer them in the hope that some more competent critic than I can pretend to be will submit, when it comes on for hearing, under the direction of its able composer, at the Albert Hall, where it is to be performed by the new Choral Society, a more extended analysis than it would be appropriate to be attempted in your valuable journal by, yours very truly,

IDEALIZER.

Feb. 8th, 1872.

## BLAGROVE TESTIMONIAL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Many of your readers are doubtless aware of the loss which the musical public has recently sustained by Mr. Henry Blagrove's enforced withdrawal from public life, and its cause (a protracted illness) is one which deepens the regret so generally felt by all lovers of the art he has now for nearly half a century so charmingly and so ably illustrated; and I am anxious to call public attention to the circumstance, that a number of his friends have deemed the present a fitting opportunity to give practical expression, in the form of a testimonial, to the genuine sympathy they feel for him and his family, and to their unqualified admiration of his personal worth and professional eminence. More than a thousand pounds have already been subscribed through the efforts of Mr. Thurnam, of Reigate, to whom belongs the honour of having originated the proposal, and who has hitherto been the principal agent in carrying it out. Though the fund has now reached an amount which could not be otherwise than gratifying to Mr. Blagrove to receive, it is at the same time considered that he has numerous friends and admirers who would willingly participate in the movement, but who at present are unaware even of its existence; and I am confident that publicity, through your kind agency, is alone necessary to ensure their substantial co-operation. I would venture to suggest that an appropriate means of augmenting the fund would be found in a concert to be given (say) in St. James's Hall, by those members of the profession who have been more or less associated with him during his long public career; and if I might be allowed to submit the name of a gentleman, whose graceful office it might be to undertake the necessary arrangements, I would, without hesitation, mention that of Mr. Henry Leslie, whose distinguished position would ensure perfect success to any such undertaking for so generous a cause. Subscriptions will continue to be gladly received by Mr. Thurnam, who has all along filled the position of treasurer.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant, T. P. DRAKE, Taunton House, 404, Clapham Road, Vicar of St. John's, Clapham. Feb. 9, 1872.

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 17, 1872.

LAST APPEARANCE OF MADAME NORMAN-NERUDA,  
AND  
ONLY APPEARANCE OF DR. FERDINAND HILLER.

QUARTET, in F major, Op. 18, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello.—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*  
 SONG, "Rose, softly blooming."—Miss REBECCA JEWELL ... *Spohr.*  
 SONATA, for pianoforte and violoncello, Op. 42.—Dr. FERDINAND HILLER (his only appearance this season), and Signor PIATTI ... *Hiller.*  
 ROMANCE, in F major, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment.—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA ... *Beethoven.*  
 SONG, "The Lotus Flower."—Miss REBECCA JEWELL ... *Schumann.*  
 TRIO, in G major, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello.—Dr. FERDINAND HILLER, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI ... *Haydn.*  
 Conductor ... Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,  
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 19th, 1872.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF HERR JOSEPH JOACHIM.

## Programme.

## PART I.

QUARTET, in C major Op. 59, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello.—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*  
 SONG, "Der Lindenbaum."—Miss ENRIQUEZ ... *Schubert.*  
 CAPRICCIO, in A minor, Op. 33, No. 1, for pianoforte alone—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN ... *Mendelssohn.*

## PART II.

TRIO, in C minor, Op. 9, No. 3, for violin, viola, and violoncello.—Herr JOACHIM, Herr STRAUS, and Signor PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*  
 SONG, "Cangio d'aspetto."—Miss ENRIQUEZ ... *Handel.*  
 SONATA, in A minor, Op. 23, for pianoforte and violin—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN and Herr JOACHIM ... *Beethoven.*  
 Conductor ... Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

SEVENTEENTH SATURDAY CONCERT, FEBRUARY 17th.  
PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE, "The Siege of Corinth" ... *Rossini.*  
 ARIA, "Cujus Animus" (*Stabat Mater*)—Mr. EDWARD LLOYD ... *Rossini.*  
 SYMPHONY IN D MINOR (No. 2)—(first time at these Concerts) ... *Spohr.*  
 RECIT., "Confounded be all they, and ARIA, "They shall be turned back" (*Namam*)—Mlle. CAROLA ... *Costa.*  
 PIANOFORTE CONCERTO IN G (No. 4)—Mme. SCHUMANN ... *Beethoven.*  
 SONG, "Gods Night, Beloved"—Mr. EDWARD LLOYD ... *Baile.*  
 LIEDER {a. "Frühlingstraube" } Mlle. CAROLA ... *Schubert.*  
 {b. "Waldklinge" } ... *Volkelt d.*  
 PIANOFORTE SOLO {a. Nouvelle in F } Mme. SCHUMANN ... *Schumann.*  
 {b. Gavotte by Glick } ... *Brahms.*  
 DON QUIXOTE, "Humoresque for Orchestra (first time in England)" ... *Rubinstein.*  
 CONDUCTOR ... Mr. MANN.

## BIRTH.

On Feb. 10, at The Laurels, Gipsy Hill, the wife of Dr. BENNETT GILBERT, of a daughter.

## DEATHS.

On Feb. 10, Mr. WILLIAM WATSON, many years in the establishment of Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., of New Burlington Street, aged 63.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FIDDLESTICK.—The instrument referred to by our correspondent was purchased by one of the most rabid of connoisseurs, Dr. CRUST, who took it with him to Australia. "Fiddlestick" is wrong about the late regretted Ernst. The steadfast amateur friend of that great artist was Mr. Fountain.

HIGH NAIL.—We have inserted one of Mr. Nail's letters, the other is, for more reasons than one, inadmissible. Is Mr. Nail aware that an action for libel becomes a serious matter? Moreover he is wrong in all his data.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1872.

## ENGLISH ARTISTS.

A SHORT time ago we felt called upon to notice the movement, headed by Mr. Robertson Gladstone, in the councils of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, against the subordination of native to foreign talent. It was not possible for us wholly to side with the malcontents, because their position seemed untenable, as regards a preference of native to foreign music. But, neither could we withhold our sympathy, in so far as they sought justice for English ability without injury to art. In returning to the subject, it may be necessary, at the outset, to guard against mistake; and, therefore we disavow all belief in the doctrine broadly laid down as "England for the English." But, between this, and the doctrine of "Protection for native interests," we draw distinction enough to warrant a belief in the latter, while rejecting the former. "England for the English" rigidly carried out, means national suicide; and, in respect of music, assuredly, its working would be disastrous. We want, and would throw open every port in the kingdom to, foreign talent, no matter what its kind or degree. Let it come—the more the better; and let it be welcome according to its desert.

Herein the broadest application of free-trade theories is the best for ourselves, because every consignment of genius or of skill from abroad enriches us, by adding to the artistic wealth and stimulating the artistic growth of our country. Having made such a profession of faith, we run no risk of being charged with that narrowness of view which is the essence of selfishness; and we may safely proceed a step further.

We do believe in "Protection for native interests," and so, in theory, with the same limitations, does everybody else. A common-sense as well as a patriotic argument is this:—"Prefer that which is foreign only when it is superior." Can anything be fairer? We ask no favour for inferiority because it is English, and, therefore, require no sacrifice of artistic interests. But when there is equality, it is surely not too much to demand that whatever is of our own household should be considered before that which comes from outside. The most enthusiastic admirer of foreign talent cannot deny the soundness, nay, the obligatory character, of this position. To hold any other would be unpatriotic; to abandon it would be traitorous. But, while everybody agrees with us, of necessity, in theory, how stands the matter as regards practice? Here we come face to face with a notorious weakness of the English character. It was once said of the world in general—"A prophet hath honour, save in his own country;" but the assertion applies with special force to our own land. There are reasons for this, the discussion of which would take us too far back, and occupy space which cannot be spared. Enough—more than enough—that the fact is as we have stated, and that a forcible illustration of it may be found in connection with English music. Else, why the flood of incompetence, more or less marked, which sets steadily towards our shores with each recurring season? Why the instinct which makes every budding, or overblown, Continental artist turn towards England, as towards a Golconda, where diamonds can be had for the trouble of picking them up? We have no fear of the answer—it could only proceed from Hanwell, or Colney Hatch—that foreign incompetence

becomes excellence in England by force of contrast. Man for man, and woman for woman, with here and there an exception, we can match the vaunted artists of the Continent, just as we can match its orchestral and choral skill. Yet no one, guided only by our concert-programmes, would suspect such a state of things. In the vast majority of those programmes, we find evidence which, of itself, would go to prove that none of our people can either sing or play. Madame this, Monsieur that, and Signor the other, multiplied indefinitely, swarm over the land, and well-nigh monopolize the public ear; while, no sooner does a new comer land on our shores, than, without much reference to ability, he is lifted over the heads of native-born artists who have the abstract right of precedence. That these things are so, is a fact impossible of denial—a fact more real than the sun at noonday, because the sun would seem to exist at least a few seconds after its destruction. Frankly, as a musical people, we ought to be ashamed of ourselves, and try to mend our ways. Till we succeed in doing this, English art can never rise to its highest development. Let, then, every symptom of common sense and true feeling, like that shown at Liverpool, be encouraged and supported. "*Les Anglais pour rire*," of course—that, like "*les Français pour pleurer*," is, seemingly, a providential dispensation of nature; but why should we make our Continental friends laugh at us for cutting our own throats?

DR. FERDINAND HILLER leaves London this evening for the continent. The stay among us of the illustrious German musician has been provokingly short. He has played, with splendid success, at Manchester, at Liverpool, and at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham (of which more in our next). He plays, to-day, with Signor Piatti, a magnificent sonata for pianoforte and violoncello (Op. 22), which he composed at Milan, as far back as 1838. And this is all we shall hear, in the year 1872, of Ferdinand Hiller! *Tant pis!* We should have liked him to remain with us during the whole season, so that occasion might have been afforded us to pay him the honours which are so justly his due.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—Bach's Sacred Oratorio, (*The Passion*), according to St. Matthew, is announced for performance at the Sixth Subscription Concert on Tuesday next. This sublime work was re-introduced at the Oratorio Concerts the season before last, and will now be heard under Mr. Barnby's direction for the third time. Its introduction in the service at Westminster Abbey on Maunday Thursday, last year, has considerably added to the interest which had previously attached to the performances of this work. The principal artists are to be Madame Cora de Wilhorst, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Thurlay Beale, and Herr Stockhausen, and a special feature will be the presence of Dr. Stainer, the new organist of St. Paul's, who is to preside at the pianoforte used for accompanying the recitatives.

WE understand that the day fixed for the distribution of prizes, in connection with the National Music Meetings, is Saturday, July the 6th. Since our last notice of the undertaking, which seems to be increasing in importance every day, the Council of Musicians has been joined by the following composers and professors, whose names are now added to the list of those already mentioned:—Dr. Wylda, Mr. Henry Smart, Mr. J. L. Hatton, Mr. George Manwell, Mr. J. E. Mallandine, Mr. O. E. Stephens, Signor Randegger, Mr. Brinley Richards, Dr. Rimbault, Mr. Joseph Robinson, Mr. Silas, Mr. Stimpson, Mr. George Osborne, Mr. Turle, Mr. Frederick Clay, Mr. C. E. Horsley, Mr. W. T. Best, Mr. John Goss, Mr. E. J. Hopkins, Dr. Wesley, Signor Arditì, Mr. E. G. Tamplin, and others.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

M<sup>D</sup>ME. ROSSINI has commenced an action against a gentleman from whom she claims 50,000*f.* damages, on the ground of his having sung, or caused to be sung, at private parties, unpublished compositions by her late husband. M. Michotte, defendant, had been entrusted by M<sup>d</sup>me. Rossini with a number of pieces formally bequeathed to her. It was necessary to fit the vocal pieces with words; and this task was, at M. Michotte's request, undertaken by M. Wilder. During the sieges of Paris, M. Michotte was in Belgium; and at Louvain, and elsewhere, committed the offences charged against him. M. Michotte pleads that, so far from depreciating the pieces confined to him, by introducing them to connoisseurs at musical parties, he increased their saleable value. Of late years, he argues, what little Rossini produced was not thought worthy of him; whereas the last compositions are in his best style—a fact with which it was desirable that the world should be made acquainted. The case was to have been tried at Brussels last week, but the hearing has been postponed, and it is hoped the affair may yet be settled.

It would seem that the style of entertainment known as *opera bouffe* has had its day in France. Critics point out that every *opera bouffe* brought out in Paris since the re-opening of the theatres has been a failure. The list includes *La Boite de Pandore*, *Boule de Neige*, and *La Tour du Chien Vert*; and it remains to be seen whether the run of ill-luck will be interrupted by M. Sardou's *Roi Carotte*, which, if it fails as a musical and dramatic piece, may yet succeed as a spectacle. As to the three burlesques named above, the subject of the first is indicated by the title. *Boule de Neige* is a new version of *Barkouf*, by Scribe and Offenbach, which failed many years ago at the Opéra Comique. In *Barkouf*, the hero was a dog, which caused the piece to be described at the time as a *Chenierie* in three acts; in *Boule de Neige* he becomes a bear. *The Tower of the Green Dog* is a zoological melodrama, set to music by M. Duprato, and said to be one of the saddest things ever witnessed on the stage.

Under the heading of "Frustrated Intentions, or the damage Nilsson caused," the *Louisville Daily Commercial*, of Jan. 25th, publishes the following:—

"The above is the epitome of an occurrence last week, in which two young gentlemen displayed haste and temper, and suffered annoyance and disappointment therefor. These gentlemen paid court to the same lady, and had the same ambition stirring their gallant souls, viz., to take the lady to the Opera. When Nilsson's coming was announced the rivalry became warm, and victory fluctuated from one side to the other with disgusting irregularity. Last Wednesday, No. 1 examined his finances, and saddened at the thought of how disagreeably low they were. Mentally quoting 'faint heart never won fair lady,' he dropped a polite invitation to the lady to attend the Opera with him during the entire season, and went to bed half-dressed, with the intention of getting up at daylight, to be at Fauld's early in the morning. The morning came, wet and alusby, but No. 1 was at Fauld's with an undaunted soul in his bosom and 24 dollars in his hand. To his disgust, No. 2 came a few minutes later, with a spirit proud and daring, and the money in his vest pockets. The season tickets were purchased. The rivals glared, and finally explained the object of their visit. The same lady was the object. Both had sent invitations, and neither would yield. The wretched young men muttered and glowered, and intimations were made of a resort to the code. Faulds interceded, but the Montague and the Capulet could not be reconciled. No. 1 said the lady could not go with No. 2. No. 2 said No. 1 could go to the unmentionable place before he could prevent her. An indiscreet friend tendered the loan of a pair of hair triggers, and the controversy was rapidly verging on to that point when blood or refreshments must be considered necessary. In the prolonged discussion, a friend of both stepped in and borrowed money of No. 2 to buy season opera-tickets, and the party adjourned. The young lady, hearing of the difficulty that had taken place, wrote a note to the rivals, in which she expressed her displeasure on learning that she had been made the cause of a dispute between two gentlemen, and declined to see either of them again until they had become reconciled. This left no alternative. The rivals met, and after a bottle of wine, and a dozen on the shell at the Knickerbocker, shook hands, became friends, and parted with the mutual understanding, 'may the best man win.' Their consternation may be imagined when they learned that yesterday No. 3, who had borrowed the money of No. 2, had secured the young lady for the opera season. The former rivals are unhappy. Sitting in the balcony last night, with the divine notes of Nilsson filling the house from pit to dome, the wretched young men glared down upon their fortunate friend, and wished him all manner of accidents and misfortunes. They will sell the remaining three nights cheap, and answer no questions."

THE following description of the effect produced by one of the pianoforte concertos of Liszt, at a recent Crystal Palace Concert, appeared in the *Sunday Times* :—

"The so-called concerto in E flat, of Liszt, turned out to be a show piece, wherein show is expected not only to make up for want of beauty but to atone for eccentric ugliness. The orchestra groaned and howled, burst out in all sorts of unexpected places, rang bells, clashed cymbals, and generally comported itself crazily, while the pianoforte headed the rout as first contortionist. Really, we must decline to treat such 'goings-on' as music, and, further than these few observations, will neither waste time nor space upon them."

### THE THANKSGIVING AT ST. PAULS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I find it necessary to state that I am not prepared to receive any applications to sing in the choir at the approaching festival, and that it is quite out of my power to reply to the enormous number that have been sent to me. The choir will consist exclusively of professional musicians, and the trebles will be only boys. It will be strictly limited in numbers, and will be selected principally from Cathedral and other official choirs.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

St. Paul's, Feb. 9.

W. C. F. WEBBER,  
(Successor of St. Paul's Cathedral.)

### WORCESTER CATHEDRAL RESTORATION.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Will you permit me to correct a slight mistake in the *Standard's* report on this subject.

Mr. Joyce, of Whitechurch, supplied the clock from the designs of Mr. E. B. Denison, Q.C., but the bells are from the foundry of Messrs. John Taylor & Co., of Loughboro', who have been eminently successful in their efforts. May I add that Messrs. Gillett and Bland, of Croydon, are manufacturing a chiming machine to play 28 tunes, the entire cost of which will be defrayed by Mr. J. Wheeley Lea, who has also been a generous contributor to our Restoration Funds?—

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD CATLEY,

Feb. 6.

Minor Canon of Worcester.

### FRENCH PLAYS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Will you kindly do me the favour of inserting in your valuable journal the following extract from the *Moniteur Universel* of the 12th inst., and at the same time accept my grateful thanks for the aid which you have obligingly rendered to the women of France in their noble efforts to raise a subscription to pay off the war indemnity, and which has enabled us to transmit to the fund such a substantial sum? The total receipts amounted to £281.—With thanks, your obedient servant,

St. James's Theatre, Feb. 14.

RAFAEL FELIX.

(Extract from the *Moniteur Universel*, Feb. 12.)

#### "SUBSCRIPTIONS ABROAD."

"The representation given in London by M. Raphael Felix, at the James's Theatre, was of the most brilliant character. We have just received the following telegram :—

"Immense success. The total receipts exceed 7000 francs, in one of the smallest theatres in London, capable of holding only about 500 persons."

"We cannot too highly praise the result of this most successful performance; but while according our thanks to our French artists, and the talented gentlemen by whom they are directed, we must not forget that a large assembly of Englishmen lent their assistance to this laudable manifestation of patriotic feeling, and thereby acquired a right to the expression of our gratitude."

### Mind and Fingers.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—According to a new doctrine that has sprung up, every pianist who can't play a scale correctly, or a difficult passage without the great pedal continually at work, is "intellectual;" while every player who can play a scale correctly, or a difficult passage without the great pedal continually at work, is a mere machine; and yet "finger-work" has as much to do with playing as the production of the voice (ask Sims Reeves) has to do with singing. If the fingers won't obey the mind, why then, the mind is in the position of the man who had a donkey "what wouldn't go." If the mind has nothing to say to the fingers, so much the worse for the fingers. *Erra Ratio*. The late (very late), Musonius and Antipater (to say nothing of Horatius Mahewius, in the quick) held, if Tyraquellus and Stopeus may be credited, certain finings off admitted, a more or less similar opinion. Nevertheless, Sir, but for your appeal, we should not have troubled you in this matter. We are, at the same time, your servants to command,

Fish and Volume, Feb. 12.

### CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT was given in the Beethoven Rooms to Mr. John Gill, on Wednesday, the 14th inst., at which the following artists gave their valuable aid: Madame Florence Lancia, Mr. Trelawney Cobham, Signor Ciabatta, Mr. Wadmore, Mr. Henry Guy, and Herr Ganz. The choir boys, who lately seceded from St. James's, Westmorland Street, also assisted. Between the parts, a presentation to Mr. Gill, of a very handsome silver tea service, was made by Captain and Mrs. Coster, on the part of the congregation of that church. The tea-pot bore the following inscription :—"Presented to John Birch Gill, Esq., by members of the congregation of St. James's, Westmorland Street, on his retirement from the choir, as a mark of their esteem and regard." Mr. Gill returned thanks in an appropriate speech. The proceedings altogether appeared to give great satisfaction to a distinguished audience.

MR. FRANK ELMORE'S Saturday matinee (on the 10th inst.), was well attended; he was assisted by Miss Mary Travers, Miss Matilda Scott, Mdle. Alie Lindberg, and Mr. Oberthür. Miss Mary Travers was very successful in Niedermeyer's song, "Le Lac," and a Scotch song, by Mr. Elmore. Miss Scott's fine voice was much admired in an "Aria," by Pissuti, and the cavatina, "Roberto oh tu che adore," which was brilliantly accompanied by Mr. Oberthür on the harp. Mr. Elmore sang a charming song by Madame Leupold, "Ethel," in his best style, and was warmly applauded in C. Oberthür's "The rose and the ring." Mdle. Alie Lindberg, a young Russian pianist, played an *étude*, by Chopin, and Bach's "Gavotte and Rondo," as also Schumann's "Toccata," with such taste and brilliant execution as to prove herself an artist of the first order, and a worthy pupil of her great master, the late lamented Herr Tausig. Mr. Oberthür played Parish Alvar's "Imitazione del Mandolino," and "Danse des Fées," with great success, and was obliged to add another harp solo, in which he was equally effective.

A CONCERT took place, a correspondent informs us, in aid of the choir fund of St. James's Church, Notting Hill, at the proprietary school hall there. The following artists kindly assisted :—Mad. Florence Lancia, Miss Banks, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Tietkens, Signor Nappi, Mr. Oberthür, Mr. Otto Booth, and Herr Sprenger. We understand the concert was chiefly due to the exertions of the last-named gentleman, who, in conjunction with Mr. Scarsbrook, conducted the concert, and proved himself an excellent pianist. He played the 1st and 2nd movement from the "Kreutzer" sonata with Mr. Otto Booth, the piano part in C. Oberthür's duet on "Oberon," and solos by Chopin and Heller, in which he was loudly encored. Madame Lancia's execution was much admired in Chopin's mazurkas, which she sang to perfection, as also Oberthür's "Serenade," with harp accompaniment. Miss Banks was encored in Herr Sprenger's "Fairy Song." Miss Alice Fairman was recalled after her songs. Signor Nappi had to repeat Balfo's "Il Postiglione;" and Mr. Wilbye Cooper was very successful in Miss Gabriel's song, "The long waves come and go." Mr. Otto Booth's violin playing was greatly admired, and he was much applauded after his solo (*Arioso*). Mr. Oberthür played Parish Alvar's "Imitazione del Mandolino" in his best style, and was loudly recalled. The rooms were as full as could be, and the object in view has been realised, even beyond anticipation.

THE first of Mdle. Clara Gottschalk's pianoforte recitals took place on Saturday afternoon, in St. George's Hall, and was chiefly devoted to the exposition of the works of her clever and lamented brother, L. M. Gottschalk. Amongst these are to be found some of the most attractive *morceaux* for the pianoforte, written in the modern romantic school, and rich in the qualities of originality and individuality. Many are new to English audiences, and are, in fact, posthumous compositions in the sense in which the term is applied to works published after an author's decease, although it was upon their merits that a great part of M. Gottschalk's reputation and popularity across the Atlantic was founded. If the task which Miss Clara Gottschalk has set herself in making known these compositions be onerous, it has not been undertaken unadvisedly, or without the power to realise all that could be desired. Whilst sisterly affection prompted the scheme, artistic excellence alone has enabled her to accomplish it. Out of the numerous solos presented on Saturday afternoon the "Slumber song," deserves especial consideration. It was played with a finish and expressiveness which enabled the audience fully to appreciate its merits, and proclaimed Mdle. Clara Gottschalk a mistress of her art. A new composition of her own was also presented, which was as charming as the mode in which it was executed. A duet for two pianofortes, in which Mr. W. Carter took the second pianoforte, was also introduced, brilliantly played, and much applauded. The delightful singing of Miss K. Poyntz was interposed between the pianoforte solos, and Mr. Maybrick contributed two songs. Miss Clara Gottschalk's next evening concert is fixed for Feb. 28.

## ITALIAN OPERA IN NEW YORK.

(From the "New York Herald," Jan. 29th.)

The question has been frequently asked, both here and in Europe, "Can New York support Italian Opera?" and although our best citizens have ever shown a readiness and desire to give this, the highest branch of the lyric drama, their hearty and liberal patronage, yet we have always had a large minority of doubting Thomases; and, as for our cousins across the Atlantic, nothing would make them believe that an *impresario* could give a season of opera, with first class artists, and at London prices, without finding himself after the first week in the Bankruptcy Court. New York has just given a magnificent response to the above question. The management of the Nilsson company received for forty performances at the Academy of Music (*matinées* included), the unprecedented sum of 160,000, dols. or an average of 4,000 dols. for each representation. Surely even the most rapacious of the managerial tribe cannot refuse to acknowledge the magnificence of the public in this particular.

When it is remembered that all this money was paid on account of a single individual attraction, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, the liberality of our public will become more apparent. That she constituted the entire strength of the company was evident from the beginning of the season. On the second subscription night a sudden indisposition compelled her to postpone the performance of *Faust*, and Mdlle. Duval took her place as Rosina, in *Il Barbiere*. The excitement and heated discussion at the box office that evening caused by subscribers demanding their money back or tickets exchanged for a Nilsson performance, gave the management an unexpected but significant hint. A still more emphatic one was administered in Brooklyn, where *La Favorita* was attempted with Miss Cary and Signor Brignoli. Again came the representation of *La Sonnambula*, in which Mdlle. Nilsson did not appear, and which proved a disastrous failure. The worst of all was *Don Giovanni* which was given as a sort of compromise. The role of Zerlina, though it was, would be a relief to Nilsson, as less trying and exacting than her other characters. But the other persons in the opera were so incompetent that it became an inexcusable *fiasco*. Therefore it may be readily seen that the company without Nilsson was like Hamlet without the Danish Prince.

If we also look back at the operas produced, we will see that they, with the exception of the single novelty, *Mignon*, were not calculated to call forth much enthusiasm or excite interest. The only operas brought out during the forty performances were ten in number, *Lucia*, *Traviata*, *Faust*, *Martha*, *Trovatore*, *Mignon*, *Don Giovanni*, *Sonnambula*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Il Barbiere*. It is hardly worth while mentioning the last four, as they were not repeated. The five first on the list cannot certainly be regarded in the light of novelties or revivals, as we have had them every season from time immemorial. The scenery and appointments were exactly the same as the *habitués* of the Academy have been always accustomed to. No more flattering tribute, then, could be paid to an artist than a crowded and fashionable audience every night of the season, even when the operas in which she appeared were hackneyed in the extreme. To her brilliant genius is due the fact that these old operas assumed a new and interesting aspect, and that the heroines of the works of Donizetti, Verdi, and Gounod, appeared in a light such as was never known before. The secret of Nilsson's success is her complete originality in opera. Her impersonations of rôles are unlike those of her predecessors or contemporaries. Of the members of the company we can only speak of M. Victor Capoul in terms of high commendation. Trained in the best French schools, he evinced an earnestness of purpose and artistic spirit in every role he undertook, and grew into favour with the public at each performance. Hence the success of *Martha*, *Trovatore*, &c. Let no one now accuse the New York public of an inability or unwillingness to support Italian opera, no matter how great the expenses may be.

MR. HAMILTON CLARK has resigned his office of organist to the new Parish Church of Kensington, on being appointed to St. Peter's, Onslow Gardens, to succeed Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who retires.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The next performance of this society will take place on Friday, the 23rd inst., at Exeter Hall. Haydn's Third Service (the Imperial), Mendelssohn's "Praise Jehovah," (*Lauda Sion*), and Spohr's oratorio, *Last Judgment*, are the works to be performed under Sir Michael Costa's direction. The principal vocalists will be Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Pearson, and Mr. Whitney.

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Sunday Times* is at issue with the intelligent and enthusiastic "G," annotator of the Crystal Palace programmes, *à propos* of the precise signification of Mozart's G minor symphony, to the splendid performance of which, however, under the direction of Mr. Manna, our contemporary bears willing testimony—

"The beautiful 'G minor'—most delicate, fairest, and tenderest of its order—formed the great attraction of the concert. In his notes on this symphony, 'G' made what we take leave to consider as unphilosophical observations. He fails to see in it the grief and passion others discern, because of the staidness of its utterances, and the wide differences between them, and the passion of Beethoven or Schumann. Judgment on such a matter should rather be based upon impressions received than upon a question of form. A man may rave in 'the Ercles vein' with less effect than that produced by the agony of a few quiet words, and to us the 'G minor' embodies all that is saddest and most painful in human experience. As played on the occasion under notice its power was felt in a manner wholly unique, because never before, perhaps, had so splendid a performance been given. The orchestra seemed as though under the influence of Mozart's spirit, and brought out all the beauty of the symphony, along with all its melancholy and pained expression."

## ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

In your last impression it is stated by "An Occasional Contributor" that the mere fact of the association being an entirely new one would be insufficient of itself to account for the most part practised singers assembling at the first choir rehearsal of the Albert Hall Choral Society.

Would you be surprised to learn that the number present on that occasion was considerably less than half that number.\*

Feb. 14, 1872.

EXETER HALL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I perceive in the *Musical World* of Saturday last that "An Occasional Contributor" sent you an account of the first rehearsal of the Albert Hall Choral Society, at Exeter Hall, on the 5th inst., and observes, after some prefatory remarks, that the number assembled slightly exceeded the expectation.—Sixteen hundred! What a mendacious assertion; at the utmost there were only six hundred. So, numerically, one thousand more than the fact is rather too great a discrepancy, the more so as they were, for the most part, practised singers. Bah! I trust, on the next occasion, he will be more veracious. As an occasional correspondent, what does he mean by, "we may have something more to say on a future occasion."†—I am, Sir, respectfully,  
ONE OF THE N. C. SOCIETY.

## GAIETY THEATRE.

Never was the theatre so full on a Saturday afternoon, or the audience so thoroughly well pleased as at a performance of the *Princess de Trebizonde*. In no Offenbachian extravaganza has the Gaiety company been more thoroughly at home. The music is not alone the attraction. To see Mr. Toole as the travelling showman, encased in all the pompous dignity of a millionaire; to watch the antics of Miss Farren as Regina, the spoiled child of the caravan; to hear Miss Loseby and Miss Tremaine, who work with a heartiness and spirit beyond praise; these things make up a treat which is sincerely appreciated. The opera never went better. The whole company was in the highest spirits, and they appeared to enjoy the fun as much as the audience. The comic ballad of "Rustifum," merrily given by Miss Tremaine; the love duet, sung by Miss Loseby and Miss Tremaine; the tooth-ache song, given in capital style by Miss Loseby; the temptation duet ("Ah! ne me tente pas!"), capably acted as well as sung by Miss Farren and Mr. Taylor; the inspiring choruses of the huntmen and the pages were all vigorously encored, and more than once all the company was summoned before the curtain. It is only fair to add that conspicuous assistance was given by Mrs. Leigh (a most useful and intelligent actress) as the strong woman; and by Mr. Taylor and Mr. Soutar as Sparrowtrap and Casimir.

DARMSTADT.—Herr Friedrich Marburg, conductor here, has just completed a romantico-historical three-act opera, entitled: *Agnes von Hohenstaufen*. The book is by Herr E. Pasqué.

MUNICH.—During the year 1871, twenty-four evenings at the Theatre Royal were devoted to the productions of Herr Richard Wagner.

\* What number?—ED.

† "We" should like to know.—ED.

## MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

Mr. Henry Leslie gave his first concert of the present series, on Friday evening week, in St. James's Hall, and afforded the music-loving public another opportunity of hearing his admirably trained choir and listening to a pleasing selection of madrigals and part-songs, intermixed with some well-known ballads and favourite melodies. It is especially in the school of vocal part-writing that English composers have won high honours, and since the practice of singing madrigals in homely circles has gone out of fashion, if it were not for our vocal associations and choral societies the works of the Elizabethan writers and their successors might by this time be regarded in the light of ancient manuscripts, to be looked at, wondered at, and carefully put by again, too curious to be destroyed, but useless to be preserved, except as mementoes of a bygone time. Thanks to Mr. Henry Leslie's successful efforts in choir training, together with Mr. Lands' glee practices, the compositions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have had new life infused into them, and we doubt if their authors ever heard them sung as the public hear them in the present day. The performance of Friday evening was in no way inferior to the usual achievements of Mr. Leslie's choir, and although the solo singing was admirable, the main features of the entertainment was the execution of Welby's madrigal, "Sweet Honey-sucking Bees," and Morley's "Fire, Fire!" together with several compositions in the modern style, which have sprung out of the old formula—such as Mr. Leslie's own madrigal, "My love is fair," Mr. Calcott's "Love wakes and weeps," Mendelssohn's "The hunter's farewell," Sir Julius Benedict's "Rise, sleep no more," and Sir Sterndale Bennett's "Sweet stream." These are all gems in their way, and were so delightfully sung that, had they been void of interest from a strictly musical point of view, they would still have charmed every listener. The only novelty was the sacred *cantata* by Mr. Henry Holmes, entitled "Praise ye the Lord," which earned such good opinion at one of the Festivals of the Three Choirs, and which gave no less satisfaction to its London hearers. Mr. Maas, a tenor, with a very agreeable voice, was cordially greeted, and very deservedly applauded, in several pieces. Madame Patey contributed two songs, viz., Mr. Leslie's charming ballad, "A mother watched her only child," and Mr. Hullah's "Storm." Her voice, which has lost none of its freshness by her Transatlantic trip, exercised its usual sway upon the audience, who applauded her enthusiastically. The other solo singer was the accomplished Miss Edith Wynne, whom we are glad, indeed, to see once more among us. Mr. Leslie conducted the choir in his usual admirable manner, and Messrs. Calcott and Ward were the accompanists.

## LE ROI CAROTTE

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—M. Sardon, in modestly announcing that the fundamental idea of *Le Roi Carotte* was borrowed from one of Hoffmann's tales, seems to have done an injustice both to himself and to Hoffmann. Such plot as the piece possesses is common to nearly all pieces of the same kind that were ever represented in France. A good prince and a bad prince, protected by a good fairy and a bad fairy, meet with a number of adventures and travels through all sorts of strange and impossible countries in and beyond the world. They in particular, visit the kingdom of insects and the kingdom of monkeys—each of these realms giving to the scene-painter and costumier opportunities for display, of which the fullest advantage has been taken. The personage of *Le Roi Carotte* appears to have been suggested by a character in one of Hoffmann's tales, whom Hoffmann compares (by a simile as to the true authorship of which there has been much contention) to a "forked radish," and the "forked radish" converted into a carrot is said, moreover, to present certain resemblances to an ex-potentate. This delicate satire does not seem to have been very effective, nor was much appreciation shown of a variety of political allusions introduced in the scene of the monkeys. The music is better spoken of than the "poem;" and a burlesque opera, written by Sardon, composed by Offenbach, and put on the stage with all the magnificence that a well-appointed theatre like the Gaité could command, was sure to obtain some degree of success. But, on the other hand, a work partly musical, partly political, partly of the nature of a spectacle, partly of the nature of a ballet, could not be expected to possess merit as a whole; and, apart from Offenbach's original and doubtless lively music, *Le Roi Carotte* seems to be very like an English pantomime-opening of unwarrantable length. It consists of four acts and twenty-two tableaux, and the first night occupied six and a half hours in representation—from seven until half-past one. "All Paris," which had been looking forward to this work for the last two months, must have had enough of it when it *did* arrive!—Your obedient servant,

HUGH NAIL.

## ITALY.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Minister of Public Instruction having undertaken to reform the rules of the Conservatoires of music in Italy, especially as regards singing, directed Mr. Goldberg, the esteemed London professor, to make a detailed report of the most celebrated Conservatoires in Europe, and also to give him his own views on this subject. Mr. Goldberg, during his stay in Rome, had frequent interviews with the Minister, and assisted him in carrying out the programme of the new regulations to be adopted henceforth at all the Conservatoires of Music in Italy. The Minister, Correnti, at first intended to appoint Mr. Goldberg director of the Conservatoire, Milan, but it appears that, having encountered great difficulties, he was obliged to yield to public opinion, which will allow none but an Italian to fill the vacant place. The Minister wished Mr. Goldberg to accept a professorship at the Conservatoire at Naples, but Mr. Goldberg, who went to Naples to obtain from Signor Laura Rossi, the director of the Conservatoire, full particulars, finding that the conditions were not such as he expected, has declined the offer.—The King of Italy has already named Mr. Goldberg a knight of the Crown of Italy, in consideration of the services rendered by him.—At the Teatro Apollo, Halévy's *Ebreà* having had no success, Verdi's *I Vespri Siciliani* was produced, but with a like result. The fact is that the singers are not able to do justice either to Halévy or Verdi. Madame Lotti, the *prima donna*, has some merit, but not sufficient dramatic power for those operas.—At Naples, Mlle. Strauss is a decided favourite; she sang in *Norma* and the *Ebreà* splendidly, and was rapturously applauded.—Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt is now in Florence. Signor Peruzzi, the Sindaco of that town, is endeavouring to obtain her services at a concert for the benefit of the poor, who have suffered so much by the late fire in Florence.

## COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

We learn that Covent Garden Theatre will next autumn be turned to a new and original purpose. The direction of the winter season, extending over nearly eight months, has been accepted by Mr. Boucicault, and the opening piece—a new fairy spectacle, to occupy the entire evening in performance—is already in the hands of the scenic artists, while the costumiers in Paris are said to be busy in their department. The entertainment combining the various elements of pantomime, ballet, and burlesque, attending upon a love story, is to resemble the *Peter Wilkins* and *Cherry and Fair Star* of our own robust stage more than the modern *féeries* of French invention. Such a drama from the fertile and ingenious brain of Mr. Boucicault, with new music by Offenbach, gives pleasant promise. No piece of a similar description has been produced in London for the last forty years, and the vast area of Covent Garden Theatre admits of a splendour in spectacular entertainments, unequalled, perhaps, by any other building in the world. There is to be considerable alteration in the distribution of the seats in the theatre. The pit will be enlarged, and the price of admission reduced to two shillings, the number of private boxes greatly diminished, and two thousand seats provided at prices of one shilling, eighteenpence, and two shillings. Box and orchestra stalls will be charged three, four, five, and six shillings. No fees or gratuities are to be allowed, nor will any restrictions be imposed as to ladies wearing their bonnets. Morning performances are to be given throughout the season every Wednesday. A novel feature is to be introduced. Box stalls will be enclosed and set apart for the exclusive occupation of ladies and children, to which section of the house admission will be obtained by a separate and private entrance in Hart Street, thus avoiding the crush and confusion of the public approaches. Female boxkeepers, as in Paris, and pages are to attend on this part of the theatre, and the strictest surveillance is to be maintained so as to ensure its respectability. This novel arrangement will be provided under the impression that many ladies would gladly avail themselves of an afternoon's or evening's entertainment if they could go unaccompanied by gentlemen. Such, we are informed, are some of the features of the new enterprise, which is expected to attract a great deal of attention during the next London season.

ORONSTADT.—The theatre was burnt down on the 25th January, the loss is estimated at 85,000 roubles.

ITALIAN OPERA IN ITALY.—According to the *Trovatore*, there were in 1870, 86 Italian operatic companies performing in Italy, and 84, in 1871, while, this year, there are 91.

## DUSSEK AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT.

(From the "Observer.")

Among the *minors aïdars* that adorned the musical horizon of the last *decennium* of the eighteenth century and the beginning of this, there was a remarkable constellation of pianists; Clementi, in most respects the father of modern pianoforte playing; Woelfl, the lank giant with abnormally long fingers, the hero of thirds, sixths, and octaves; Steibelt, author of the *Battle of Prague*, and numberless other charlataneries; John Field, Clementi's pupil, the dreamy singer of soft *nocturnes*, the possessor of the most delicate and original poetic genius among English musicians, old or new; J. B. Cramer, the fertile and fanciful maker of *études*; and Jean Louis Dussek, a man whose best works, that is to say certain of his sonatas, known in England as *L'Invocation*, *Le Retour à Paris*, *Plus Ultra*, *Élégie sur la Mort du Prince Ferdinand*, and the sonata in E flat, Op. 44, dedicated to Clementi, are, even now, that the course of musical development has run into a very different channel, of far more than antiquarian interest. And it is because of the interest which these works of Dussek's must necessarily inspire in all who have "historical ears," and because Dussek represents a very important stage in the progress of pianoforte writing and playing, that we hail the performance of one of his less widely-known sonatas by M<sup>me</sup>. Arabella Goddard, last Monday week, as a deed worthy of emphatic commendation. The sonata in C minor, Op. 35, to which we refer, is a novelty to the public, though it is familiar enough to every professed pianist, being one of those standard pieces used, like Fétis's *Télmaque*, for teaching purposes at every school of music all over the world. A sonata better suited to display Madame Goddard's brilliant touch and fluent execution than this and its younger but more elaborate brother, *L'Invocation*, which she has repeatedly presented to the Monday Popular audience, could not be named, unless it be the leading part of Hummel's Septet, which formed the concluding portion of last Monday's concert. The compositions of Dussek, though Clementi outlived him by twenty years, sound much more modern than Clementi's. Clementi, at his best, is vigorous, rigid, and formal; at his worst, bald, stiff, and dry. Dussek is best in his elegiac moods, in the *Élégie* on the death of the prince quoted above, in the slow movement of his sonata, *L'Invocation*, in many a second theme of the opening movements of his sonatas, in short, wherever the emotional side of his nature found vent. He produced much, and with great ease, and by far the greater part of his pianoforte music is weak, and contains long strings of facile common-places. The emotional element in his earlier sonatas and in all his concertos consists, though it is not absolutely without originality, of sentimental triviality, and has little or nothing to offer worthy of a modern musician's attention. Considering these qualities of the bulk of his productions, and knowing him to have been a *bon vivant* and a man of the world, of inveterately careless disposition, not given to regular and steady application, it is the more astonishing that he has been capable of such sustained concentration of all his faculties as enabled him to produce the masterworks we have named above. Madame Arabella Goddard's execution of Dussek, Hummel, Woelfl, &c., has always been absolutely perfect, and it was to all present on Monday last a genuine pleasure to hear this new addition to her *répertoire* of compositions so congenial to her own artistic nature.

[Kotzwara, not Steibelt, wrote the *Battle of Prague*. *Le Retour à Paris* and *Plus Ultra* are one and the same work; so that the intelligent critic of the *Observer* has credited Dussek with one more "masterpiece" than he is entitled to.—A. S. S.]

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of the Students' concert on Thursday evening, to the performance of which we shall refer in detail next week:—

"Anthem, 'Joy cometh in the morning' solo (Mr. Gay)—John Hullah; Passacaille, pianoforte (Miss McLaughlin)—Handel; Aria, 'Pace non trovo' (Miss Lyon)—T. M. Mudie; Prelude and fugue, in C sharp major, pianoforte (Miss Chapman)—J. S. Bach; Duet, 'Oh! it is sweet' (Miss Tibbe, and Mr. Howells, Potter Exhibitioner)—G. A. Macfarren; Duet, two pianofortes, *Preceus*, (Miss Conolly and Miss Troup)—Mendelssohn and Moscheles; Arietta, 'La messaggiera' (Miss Goode)—Gounod; Rondo, in C (No. 1, Op. 51), pianoforte, (Miss Turner)—Beethoven; Cavatina, 'Ah! non lasciarmi no' (Mr. Howells, Potter Exhibitioner)—G. A. Macfarren; Sonata, in E flat, pianoforte and violin, (Miss Waite and Mr. Parker)—Mozart; Three-part songs, for female voices 'The first gift of spring' (Misses Jones, Francis, Goode, Bagnall, George, Richardson, Butterworth, Goodwin)—H. Smart; Prelude Arpeggio and Air with variations, pianoforte, (Miss Baglehole)—Handel; Terzettino, 'I Naviganti' (Miss Goode, Mr. Gye, and Mr. Wadmore)—Randegger; Two studies, 'Graziosa', 'L'Appassionata' (Mr. Parker)—Schulhoff, Thalberg; Part-song, 'Autumn'—Eaton Fanning. Accompanist, Mr. Walter Fitton."

The next students' concert will take place on Thursday evening, February 29th, 1872.

## PAULINE LUCCA AT ST. PETERSBURG.

(Extract from a letter to Berlin, dated "Jan. 30.")

"The presence of His Royal Highness Prince Friedrich Karl and Count Moltke plunged the public of St. Petersburg into a state of great excitement, but was not sufficient to divert attention from the celebrated Berlin *prima donna*. It is an absolute fact that, previously to her first appearance, one heard people talking of nothing else all over town, but of the Saturday for which *Don Juan* was announced, with Mad. Lucca as Zerline. Every one attempted, by fair means or by foul, to obtain a ticket for the occasion. I do not exaggerate when I inform you that the fabulous sum of a hundred roubles was, in some instances, paid for a single seat.

"At length the Saturday in question arrived. The theatre was filled, even in its very highest regions, by the *élite* of St. Petersburg society, every one awaiting—in complete indifference as to what might be done on the stage till then—the moment for Zerline to appear. Were I to describe the storm that burst forth at the moment in question, and all the ovations, reminding one of the hot blood of the South, my description would certainly strike the critically-cool Berliners as exaggerated, however highly they may appreciate their *prima donna*. It is, however, a literal fact that for quite ten minutes the house re-echoed with the storm of welcome, and that, during this period, all attempts of the orchestra to proceed were fruitless; *noles volens*, they were compelled to let the jubilation wear itself out. With regard to the impersonation of Zerline, it is superfluous to treat your readers to a lecture on the subject; I will, therefore, simply state, as a leading fact, that the lady's voice was as lovely as anyone could desire, and that the audience called *da capo* upon the soul-stirring singer for her very smallest number. This, however, was not sufficient; the management prevailed upon Madame Lucca to stop in the theatre till the conclusion of the performance, for they foresaw clearly enough that the public would desire to have her back, repeatedly, before the lamps. And such was the case. Scarcely had the curtain fallen for the last time, ere the unanimous cry of "Lucca!" pealed through the house. Again and again had the lady, deeply moved, to re-appear; not even the extinguishing of the chandelier could pacify the public. It was not till she had come forward some twenty times, and, by all sorts of mimetic appeals, begged to be spared, that the excited crowd became calm."

—o—  
WAIFS.

Mr. Charles Matthews is at Nice.

M. Gounod's *Gallia* was performed at the Padeloup concert of last Sunday.

Herr Joseph Joachim is to play at the Monday Popular Concert of the 19th inst.

Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* has been successfully brought out at Stockholm.

Ricci's new opera, *Le Docteur Ross*, was produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens on the 10th inst.

M. Halanzier has engaged M<sup>lle</sup>. Arnal, who will first appear as Valentine, in *Les Huguenots*.

The arrival is announced in Paris, from Cuba, of a black *prima donna*. *La Patti noire* will excite some curiosity.

A boy being asked the meaning of the word amateur, said it was a man what slipped and wasn't jawed for it.

Mr. Santley was to make his first appearance on the operatic stage of New York in an English version of *Zampa*.

The death is announced, at Paris, of M. Jules Nélaton, painter, aged 67, brother of the celebrated medical practitioner.

The old Vienna operahouse has been sold for 250,000 florins, and will be pulled down to make way for a new Bourse.

The performance of *La Favorita*, at the Grand Opéra, in aid of the French national subscription, brought 10,638 francs.

The decoration of M. Faure, by King Leopold, seems to have umbraged certain Belgian professors with virgin button-holes.

About thirty Welsh harpers headed the procession, chanting the 100th psalm, at the funeral of the late Mr. Crawshaw Bailey.

Miss A. S. Taylor, who has recently been singing at concerts in New Zealand, is spoken of very highly by the press of that colony.

The performances given at the Paris theatres, in aid of the liberation of French territory, have, up to the present, brought in 62,276 francs.

The French Orphéonistes are to hold a grand festival in connection with the forthcoming Lyons exhibition. Felicien David will preside.

Herr Kessler, the pianist and composer, author of some of the best "Studies" ever composed for the pianoforte, has just died at Vienna, aged 72.

The Belgian government is in treaty for the library of the late M. Fétis. How valuable an addition it will be to the national treasure, we need hardly say.

The benefit for the Mark Lemon Fund at the Haymarket theatre realized £86 odd, which Mr. Buckstone handed over to the treasurer without any deductions.

St. Paul's Cathedral being closed for preparations for the thanksgiving festival, all the cathedral services have been held at Christ Church, Newgate-street.

The prize for the best performance on the piano, at the Eisteddfod held at Llandudno, was carried off by Master Howard, a pupil of Mr. H. J. Tillyard, of Harrow.

It is said that the next Spanish budget will include a sum of money to be offered as a prize for the best national lyric drama. Mr. Robert Lowe is requested to take note thereof.

The Dramatic Author's Commission of Paris, represented by M. Dumas, have petitioned M. Leon Say in favour of the scheme to build four or five new theatres on the Place du Chateau D'Eau.

Mr. R. Phillips, for many years connected with the Adelphi Theatre, died suddenly on Thursday week. Mr. Phillips, had been until within a few hours of his attack in seemingly good health. His age was fifty-one.

"We understand"—says the *Observer*, Feb 4—"that Mdlle. Christine Nilsson has made arrangements to sail from New York to England on the 20th of April next, in order to fulfil her engagement in London."

Mr. James Robertson Anderson, tragedian, and late manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, has accepted the appointment of treasurer to the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund (rendered vacant by the decease of Mr. W. S. Emden).

The last interference of the Licensor of Stage Plays has been the refusal to M. Raphael Felix of permission to play *La Baronne*, now being given at the Oddon. As a consequence of this prohibition, Mdlle. Adèle Pige will not appear.

*La Plume* bitterly attacks M. Gevaert's recent appointments at the Brussels Conservatoire, and reminds the director that the Tarpeian rock is very near the capital. M. Gevaert has, it seems, nominated several foreigners to posts in the institution under his charge.

We are requested to state that, owing to the increased accommodation to be provided on the day of Thanksgiving, and the additional work made necessary, the Sunday as well as week-day services at St. Paul's Cathedral will be discontinued till further notice.

Vieuxtemps has been playing at Verviers, in Belgium. After a grand concert, attended by the most distinguished society in the town, the great violinist gave the next day a morning entertainment to the working men of the town at low prices, and the hall was crowded to excess.

The Society of Arts will exhibit at the International Exhibition the various forks, showing the musical pitch in use in Continental countries. These forks were collected during the labours of the Committee of the Society which was appointed for the purpose of establishing, if possible, a uniform musical pitch.

The announcement in the *Musical World* that Mr. Santley has joined the English and Italian Opera troupes of Madame Parepa-Rosa, in America, will be heard with regret here, as the return of our first baritone-bass, which was looked for this spring, is now postponed for an indefinite period.—*Morning Advertiser*.

Among the advantages attending the residence of the Italian King and Court in Rome, a correspondent from that city mentions that—"More theatres are open, and managers are no longer forced to re-name their plays and operas, and sometimes to spoil them by ridiculous alterations before their performance is allowed."

The death is announced of Mr. Nelson Lee, for many years lessee and manager of the city of London Theatre, who, until a recent period, had the management of the theatrical, pantomimic, and other holiday amusements at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Lee was well known in the theatrical world as a writer of pantomimes.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold recently accompanied Prince Charles Bonaparte and suite through the low lodging-houses, the penny gaffs and music-halls, refuges, thieves and sailors' dancing saloons of Whitechapel, Shoreditch, and Ratcliff-highway, the tour ending at the casual ward of St. George's-in-the-East in the small hours.

We are informed that Mr. Carl Rosa will inaugurate a season of Italian opera at the Academy of Music, New York, on Easter Monday. The artists include Madame Parepa-Rosa, Madame Vanzini, Madame Gazzaniga, Herr Wachtel, Mr. Santley, &c., &c.—a combination of talent not presented to the American public for many years.

The address nuisance on the recovery of the Prince of Wales will probably be succeeded by the weakest poetical and musical compositions in honour of the occasion. We have a foretaste of what we may expect by the advertisements in the daily papers. See for example:—

"The Prince of Wales' Recovery Polka.—Dedicated to the royal nurses and physicians. By Blanche Belgravia."

Speaking of the excellent violinist, Herr Ludwig Straus, the *Observer* remarks that—"It is a matter sincerely to be regretted that the audience of the Monday Popular Concerts has not more frequent opportunities of hearing this artist, than whom a more thoroughly competent player, both as regards the spiritual and the technical rendering of classical music, cannot easily be met with."

The dates of the National music meetings at the Crystal Palace are fixed for June 27th and 29th, July 2nd, 4th, and 6th. Great interest has been evinced in the new undertaking by all classes of vocalists and instrumentalists throughout the kingdom. The applications from intending competitors are numerous, and it is expected that the lists will be filled before the month of April, when they are to be closed.

Messrs. Bertram and Roberts are about to retire from the conduct of the refreshment department of the Crystal Palace where they have catered for the public during eight years. The rental paid by the refreshment contractors of recent years has averaged nearly £20,000 per annum. An invitation to add 30 per cent. to the rental has been declined by Messrs. Bertram and Roberts. Mr. Sawyer, late of "The London," has, we understand, obtained the refreshment contract for seven years.

The annual private subscription ball, in aid of the Free Scholarship Fund of the London Academy of Music, took place on Wednesday evening week, in St. George's Hall, and was honoured with the presence of many distinguished guests, well known in fashionable and artistic circles. Nearly all the lady patronesses and stewards were present, and, with their friends, formed an assembly of between 400 and 500 persons. Dancing was kept up with much spirit to the strains of Coote and Tinney's admirable orchestral band.

The story of the birth, life, and death of Thomas Hood was feelingly told in a lecture by his son, Tom Hood, on Thursday evening week at the London Institution, Finsbury-Square. A Londoner by birth, Thomas Hood, like many another true poet, was a subject of the realm of Cockayne, a fellow townsman of Chaucer, Milton, Pope, Byron, Rogers, and Charles Lamb. The story of his life is most touching, and loses none of its truth or pathos in the hands of the son. The lecture was embellished by readings, serious, and comic.

Lady Walmsley of Hume Towers, Bournemouth, according to the wishes of the late Sir Joshua Walmsley, has decided upon presenting to the nation the gallery belonging to Sir Joshua, which comprises portraits taken from life, of the following statesmen, and considered to be the finest extant:—Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, Disraeli, and Hume. Also the portrait of George Stevenson, for which Sir Joshua was offered several thousand pounds; portraits of Cromwell, Nelson, and Garibaldi, painted by Lucy; and a portrait of the late Sir Joshua himself.

One of the trains on the Pacific Railway was recently detained among the Rocky Mountains more than a week by snowstorms. Every possible plan was adopted by the passengers to keep themselves in good humour. Among other expedients was the organization of an orchestra out of all the instruments they could command, which were a guitar, a mouth harmonicon, and a fine tooth comb. Shade of Beethoven! What delicious harmony must have rung through those canyons! Among the passengers were an English Consul, a Russian Count, and three Japanese Princes. Their first impressions of American Art must have been overwhelming.

The rules for the International Exhibition of 1872 provide as follows with regard to the musical arrangements:—Her Majesty's Commissioners will appoint a committee to select for performance in the Royal Albert Hall new compositions of merit which may have been published before the 1st March, 1872. They are, therefore, desirous of receiving from the musical academies and schools of this and foreign countries the names of musical compositions of all kinds, which are considered by them of sufficient merit to be worthy of performance in the Royal Albert Hall during the International Exhibition of 1872. The works should be the productions of living composers, published before the 1st March, 1872, and may be of a vocal or instrumental character such as oratorios, cantatas, sonatas, overtures, glees, songs, dance music, &c. It is requested that the information may be supplied on or before the 31st March, 1872.

News of the Wagnerian Theatre of the Future continues to arrive. The municipality of Baden has made a representation to the effect that that delightful watering-place possessed many advantages, as a centre of attraction for musical amateurs, over Bayreuth. But Bavaria, if not precisely the native land of the Wagnerian drama, is at least the country in which it grew up and gained strength; and Bavarian Bayreuth is its chosen home. The commission entrusted with the duty of selecting a site for the great musical and dramatic edifice has already accomplished its task. Some difficulty, it appears, had arisen, as to the means of accommodating the visitors to the theatre, who will, it is expected, during the theatrical season, swell the population to an almost inconvenient extent. Lodging-houses, however, are being erected for them in the Brandenburg quarter, where from two to three thousand rooms or suites of apartments will be made ready for the opening of the theatre, which is not expected to take place before the year after next.

"The American tour of the concert party organised by Mr. George Dolby having been completed, the critics are beginning to tell their readers that they have shown an indifference to real artistic merit in the comparative coldness with which they have received the talented vocalist, who, by the exceptional quality of their voices, no less than by their finished training, were entitled to a far heartier greeting. The members of the *troupe* were Miss Edith Wynne, M<sup>me</sup>. Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Santley, Mr. Patey, and Mr. Lindsey Sloper, and it would thus be difficult to have furnished a worthier representation of the present state of musical execution in England, or to have sent forth to the New World musicians better qualified to hold their own against the cosmopolitan performers at present gathered together in the States. It was, however, not owing to any want of ability in the performers, but to the nature of their repertoire, that the New York public listened to them without enthusiasm; and the very purity of the music they chose for their programmes, and the unaffected simplicity of their English songs and glees seems to have militated against their success. It is, therefore, not a little creditable to the critics that they should, in this case, have told their countrymen the truth."—*Choir*.

One of the special attractions at the Monday Popular Concerts is of course, the pianoforte playing; and two of the most striking features in the first programme were the pianoforte solo of the first part and the duet for violin and pianoforte of the second. Beethoven's astonishing "Thirty-two variations on an original air in C minor"—astonishing, above all, for their variety and originality, no two being alike, no one being like a variation by any other composer—were played in masterly style by M<sup>me</sup>. Arabella Goddard. The piece is not one of the most "popular" in the Monday Popular repertoire; and nothing but the most perfect execution, such as on this occasion it received, could render it interesting to the general public. To familiarize, however, the said general public with works of this character is precisely the object, with which, artistically speaking, the Monday Popular Concerts were established. In Dusek's "Sonata in B flat major for pianoforte and violin," the music speaks for itself, and nothing but absolutely bad performance could destroy its beauty. How thoroughly beautiful, then, must it have been in the hands of two such artists as M<sup>me</sup>. Arabella Goddard and M<sup>me</sup>. Norman-Néruda, who both played *con amore*, and both enlisted in the completest manner the sympathy and admiration of their audience! The concert terminated with Mendelssohn's superb trio in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (M<sup>me</sup>. Arabella Goddard, M<sup>me</sup>. Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti); an old favourite at these concerts, where it has been given no less than nineteen times. —*Fall Mall Gazette*.

"There is nothing"—says the *Standard*, Feb 6, in a notice of M<sup>me</sup>. Schumann's return to the Monday Popular Concerts—"in which English audiences differ so much from those of the Continent as in the consistent respect they show a great name, even occasionally after the brilliancy of the talents which created it has faded or passed away. Numerous are the instances on record of foreign *artistes* appealing successfully to English audiences who would not venture to trust to the recollections of former achievements in their own country. This conservatism of early opinions has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. Amongst the former may be cited the security which foreign *artistes* feel that time strengthens their claim on an English public, and that they are not subject to the fitful moods of volatile and capricious audiences. The disadvantages we need not enumerate, nor allude to the fact that we sometimes sacrifice our critical acumen on the altars of consistency and "auld lang syne." Madame Schumann has been long enough in this country to feel that dependence may be placed on her numerous friends and admirers, and if any doubts may have risen in her mind during her temporary retirement from the scene of some of her honours they must have been dispelled by the cordial reception she met with last evening."

*Christiane*, the new comedy by Mr. Edmond Gondinet, recently produced at the Théâtre Française, and now being performed at our own St. James's, turns upon that collision between a legal and an actual father, which has been shown before on the French stage as one of the possible consequences of an infraction of the seventh commandment. Robert de Noja, at the age of twenty-two, contracted a *liaison* with the wife of M. Maubray, a banker. Not to compromise the lady's reputation he reluctantly left France, and, shortly after his departure, M<sup>me</sup>. Maubray died, giving birth to a daughter, of whom her husband is perfectly aware that he was not the parent. After an absence of seventeen years Robert, who has represented the French Government at Peru, returns to Paris with an immense fortune to indulge in melancholy reminiscences of his former attachment. Of the death of M<sup>me</sup>. Maubray he has been informed: but the existence of her daughter, Christiane, is revealed to him by accident. The poor girl is treated with marked coolness by her legal father, who is on the point of forcing her into a marriage in which her heart can have no share. Robert has hitherto been content to admire her at a distance; but when he discovers that her affections are bestowed on a worthy object, he wishes to interpose and do his best to prevent the sacrifice of her happiness. He accordingly remonstrates with M. Maubray, who feigns not to understand his position, till Robert, in an agony of grief cries out: "*Vous savez qu'elle est ma fille; je la veux, je l'aurai.*" Maubray, on the entrance of Christiane, quietly requests Robert to make the delicate communication himself, and says "*Embrasse-moi*" to the young girl, who, touched by this unwonted display of paternal love, rushes into his arms. Robert, feeling that he is on untenable ground, makes his bow, and resolves to quit France, with his secret unrevealed, his only consolation being that he has secured a happy marriage for Christiane. This piece is looked upon as extremely moral.

In a new periodical, entitled *Woman*, Mr. Ernest A. Bendall writes as follows:—

"An utter absence of even a technical knowledge, which the present poor system of provincial training provides, is painfully apparent, and the height of the young actress's ambition seems to be attained when she has changed her dress more often, has worn more rings, has had more opera-glasses levelled at her from the stalls, and has driven off in a natter brougham than any of her colleagues. Since she has no idea of dancing in time, of singing in tune, or of acting in any way whatever, it is difficult to imagine why she has gone on the stage at all, for her salary is obviously insufficient to cover even her incidental expenses. Her disappointed hearers can only surmise that her *début* has some ulterior object in view, and can only pray that she may attain this object as speedily as possible, and so make way for successors who love their art for its own sake and its legitimate results. But where, we ask, can this art-training be obtained? The theatre is a great influence for good or for evil wherever it is popular; and popular in London and our other large cities it certainly is. It does much to mould and guide the taste and thought of the many who can only be reached through their amusements; and it might do more under the fostering aid of a wise government. Shall we, then, continue to be satisfied if those who wield this mighty power—the power of living fiction—obtain all the art-knowledge which they possess, by the bits and scraps thrown at them by the successive managers under whom they serve? What we want for actors is a real Dramatic College—a college which shall teach the young professional as well as lodge the old; and we want it still more for actresses, because such primary education, as they are at present likely to have received in their girlhood is defective in almost all the requirements of their future art."

LEIPZIG.—The report which lately went the round of all the musical papers, to the effect that Herr Ferdinand David intends resigning his post at the Gewandhaus Concerts and also at the Theatre, has one slight drawback: there is not a particle of truth in it.—The fourteenth Gewandhaus Concert commenced with a new composition, an overture, entitled: "*Normannenfahrt*," by Herr A. Dietrich. This was followed by a second novelty: "*Morgenhymne*," for male chorus and orchestra, from the same pen. Both were well received. Herr Oscar Beringer, from London, played Reinecke's Concerto in F sharp minor, and Carl Tausig's *Ungarische Zigeunerweisen*. M<sup>lle</sup>. Klauwell sang with telling effect the air, "*Frag' ich mein beklommen Herz*," better known as "*Una voce poco fa*," from *Il Barbiere*. The concert wound up with Beethoven's Fourth Symphony.—A new three act opera: *Der Erbe von Morley*, words and music by Herr Franz von Holstein, already favourably known as the composer of *Der Haidesechschel*, has just been produced at the Stadttheater. It went off exceedingly well, the author-composer being vociferously summoned to appear before the footlights on the first night. A great many competent judges, however, are not quite so ecstatic about the new opera as are Herr von Holstein's friends.

NAPLES.—Two new operas will shortly be produced at the Teatro Rossini: *Zorilla*, a semi-serious production, by Signor Nani, and *Il povero Diavolo*, by Signor E. Sebastiani.

## MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

W. MORLEY.—"The Victory Schottische," by J. W. Lord.  
 W. KNOTT.—"Mass in D," with "O Salutaris," by Edmund Rogers.  
 CRAMER, WOOD & Co.—"Merrily on we bound," song, by Horace Bernhard.  
 WEEKS & Co.—"The sea song," by Horton C. Allison.  
 DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.—"A cloud with a silver lining," cantata for female voices by Francesca Jesse Ferrari.

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"Signor Foli was unanimously encored in Herr Diehl's new and already very popular song, 'The Mariner,' which he gave with remarkable vigour and expression."—*The Times*.

"We must not omit to mention a song entitled 'The Mariner,' which is an excellent composition, by Louis Diehl. It was well executed by Signor Foli, and was encored as much for the beauty of the composition, as the excellence of the singing."—*The Observer*.

"Signor Foli obtained an encore for a capital song, 'The Mariner,' by Herr Louis Diehl."—*The Graphic*.

"Signor Foli sang Herr Diehl's new song, 'The Mariner,' (at the Philharmonic Concert, Liverpool). It is an excellent and spirited piece of music, and was encored."—*Liverpool Courier*.

"Signor Foli has proved himself worthy of the title of best of bass singers known in this country. In every place he sang he was at once the man of superb natural gift and admirable power of interpretation; but it was in the very genuine song of 'The Mariner'—a class of music and sentiment peculiarly well suited to his powers—that his rich, deep, strong basso and hearty delivery told with most success. It was very heartily applauded and encored."—*Cork Examiner*.

"The manner in which Signor Foli sang Diehl's new song, 'The Mariner,' elicited immense applause; and though the Signor appeared twice on the platform to bow his acknowledgments, the audience would not be content, and he eventually responded to their demands."—*The Nottingham Journal*, Saturday, January 20th, 1872.

"In 'The Mariner,' a new song by Diehl, Signor Foli so gratified his audience that he was recalled three times, and eventually yielded to the encore."—*Nottingham Daily Guardian*, Saturday, January 20th, 1872.

"The new song by Diehl, which Signor Foli introduced at a later hour, possesses every element of wide popularity, including, of course, conventionality; and as it was really well sung, its re-demand, which was not complied with, was only natural."—*Birmingham Daily Post*, Thursday, January 18, 1872.

"In Diehl's song of 'The Mariner,' Signor Foli fairly brought down the house."—*Belfast Evening Telegraph*, January 13th, 1872.

"Signor Foli sang the song, 'The Mariner,' in such a manner that he was obliged to repeat it, the audience forgetting his indisposition in their enthusiasm."—*Belfast Times*, January 13th, 1872.

"A new song, 'The Mariner,' was introduced by Signor Foli, who achieved an unequalled success. The execution and manner were so well adapted to the music and words (both of a high character), that the singer fairly won the hearts of his hearers but the well-merited encore was courteously but firmly declined. We have to thank Signor Foli for introducing this song to our notice; it will form a very pleasing addition to the repertoire of every baritone."—*Derby Mercury*, January 24th.

"A vigorous attempt was made to encore Signor Foli in a capital new song, 'The Mariner,' by Diehl, but without success."—*Bath Chronicle*, February 1.

"In the second part, Signor Foli gave 'The Mariner,' a new song, which is likely to become as favourite a piece as 'The Village Blacksmith.' So far as demonstrative public favour is concerned, Signor Foli carried away the honours of the night, for the encore which followed 'The Mariner' was a thorough storm. The Signor was literally taken by storm, too, for three times bowing of acknowledgment, with a shake of the head, meant to be a decisive negating of the re-demand, would not satisfy the audience, and at last another song was elicited."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*, January 27th.

"The place which secured Signor Foli most applause was Diehl's 'Mariner.' This called forth such loud and prolonged applause that he was compelled to repeat it—two re-appearances on the stage, in response to the recall, being insufficient to satisfy the audience."—*Cardiff Times*, February 3rd.

"The new song, 'The Mariner,' was very cleverly re-demanded. Signor Foli declined the honour of a recall, but after twice bowing his acknowledgments, the clamour in which some part of the audience chose to indulge, forced from him another song."—*Bradford Observer*, January 29th.

"Signor Foli's powerful and rich voice was heard to great advantage in 'The Mariner,' which elicited an encore."—*Leeds Mercury*, January 25th.

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Sang with distinguished success by SIGNOR FOLI at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool and at the Crystal Palace SATURDAY CONCERTS.

Composed by LOUIS DIEHL.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Where may be obtained "A Message from the Deep," sung by Signor Foli.

"Signor Foli was unanimously encored in Herr Diehl's new and already very popular song, 'The Mariner,' which he gave with remarkable vigour and expression."—*The Times*.

"We must not omit to mention a song entitled 'The Mariner,' which is an excellent composition, by Louis Diehl. It was well executed by Signor Foli, and was encored as much for the beauty of the composition, as the excellence of the singing."—*The Observer*.

"Signor Foli obtained an encore for a capital song, 'The Mariner,' by Herr Louis Diehl."—*The Graphic*.

"Signor Foli sang Herr Diehl's new song, 'The Mariner,' (at the Philharmonic Concert, Liverpool). It is an excellent and spirited piece of music, and was encored."—*Liverpool Courier*.

"Signor Foli has proved himself worthy of the title of best of bass singers known in this country. In every piece he sang he was at once the man of superb natural gift and admirable power of interpretation; but it was in the very genuine song of 'The Mariner'—a class of music and sentiment peculiarly well suited to his powers—that his rich, deep, strong basso and hearty delivery told with most success it was very heartily applauded and encored."—*Cork Examiner*.

"The manner in which Signor Foli sang Diehl's new song, 'The Mariner,' elicited immense applause; and though the Signor appeared twice on the platform to bow his acknowledgments, the audience would not be content, and he eventually responded to their demands."—*The Nottingham Journal*, Saturday, January 20th, 1872.

"In 'The Mariner,' a new song by Diehl, Signor Foli so gratified his audience that he was recalled three times, and eventually yielded to the encore."—*Nottingham Daily Guardian*, Saturday, January 20th, 1872.

"The new song by Diehl, which Signor Foli introduced at a later hour, possesses every element of wide popularity, including, of course, conventionality; and as it was really well sung, its re-demand, which was not complied with, was only natural."—*Birmingham Daily Post*, Thursday, January 18, 1872.

"In Diehl's song of 'The Mariner,' Signor Foli fairly brought down the house."—*Belfast Evening Telegraph*, January 18th, 1872.

"Signor Foli sang the song, 'The Mariner,' in such a manner that he was obliged to repeat it, the audience forgetting his indisposition in their enthusiasm."—*Daily Times*, January 13th, 1872.

"A new song, 'The Mariner,' was introduced by Signor Foli, who achieved an unequalled success. The execution and manner were so well adapted to the music and words (both of a high character), that the singer fairly won the hearts of his hearers but the well-merited encore was courteously but firmly declined. We have to thank Signor Foli for introducing this song to our notice; it will form a very pleasing addition to the repertoire of every baritone."—*Derby Mercury*, January 24th.

"A vigorous attempt was made to encore Signor Foli in a capital new song, 'The Mariner,' by Diehl, but without success."—*Bath Chronicle*, February 1.

"In the second part, Signor Foli gave 'The Mariner,' a new song, which is likely to become as favourite a piece as 'The Village Blacksmith.' So far as demonstrative public favour is concerned, Signor Foli carried away the honours of the night, for the encore which followed 'The Mariner' was a thorough storm. The Signor was literally taken by storm, too, for three times bowing of acknowledgment, with a shake of the head, meant to be a decisive negating of the re-demand, would not satisfy the audience, and at last another song was elicited."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*, January 27th.

"The piece which secured Signor Foli most applause was Diehl's 'Mariner.' This called forth such loud and prolonged applause that he was compelled to repeat it—two re-appearances on the stage, in response to the recall, being insufficient to satisfy the audience."—*Cardiff Times*, February 3rd.

"The new song, 'The Mariner,' was vociferously re-demanded. Signor Foli declined the honour of a recall, but after twice bowing his acknowledgments, the clamour in which some part of the audience chose to indulge, freed from him another song."—*Bradford Observer*, January 29th.

"Signor Foli's powerful and rich voice was heard to great advantage in 'The Mariner,' which elicited an encore."—*Leeds Mercury*, January 26th.

## THE THANKSGIVING MUSIC.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The propriety of the course adopted with reference to the music for next Tuesday's high solemnity, will hardly be called in question. Indeed, the authorities could have felt at no loss what to do when once the character of the Thanksgiving Service was determined. Precedent, from the time when Handel wrote coronation and funeral anthems, and set the *Te Deum* in martial or in peaceful mood, down to the funeral of the "Duke," was in favour of music written for the occasion; and precedent did not want for support from propriety. Special mercies demand special acknowledgments. Thus thought the Psalmist, when, with a grateful heart, he exclaimed, "O sing unto the Lord a new song;" and the idea commends itself to every mind as being thoroughly in harmony with the "fitness of things." A matter determined with equal ease was the choice of a composer. True, there is now no Handel amongst us, whose colossal genius dwarfs all rivals, and points him out as a man great enough for any occasion and for any work. But, happily, we have in Mr. John Goss, who is still organist of St. Paul's in act as well as in name, a church composer of unquestioned talent and large experience. It is far too late in the day to insist upon Mr. Goss's ability—that has been tried and proved in every place where "two or three meet together," to celebrate the services of the English Church. His anthems and other sacred compositions are among the Church's most valued musical treasures; while, as regards worthiness for great and special occasions, such as that of Tuesday next, it suffices to remember how much the music prepared by him for the funeral of the Duke of Wellington added to the solemnity of that solemn rite. When, therefore, it was announced that the veteran organist of St. Paul's had been requested to compose a "Thanksgiving Anthem" and *Te Deum*, few doubts could have arisen as to the result. Mr. Goss, however, might have been excused had he hesitated before accepting such a task—the last of his official life in connection with our metropolitan cathedral. Under the circumstances of a great national ceremonial, expectations are raised, and comparisons challenged, from which the boldest might shrink; but we believe that the actual result will justify alike the offer made to Mr. Goss and his consent to take upon himself a grave responsibility.

Owing to the character of the special service the new music is limited to the works we have already named—that is to say, a setting of the *Te Deum* and an anthem bearing directly upon the circumstances from which the solemnity springs. Within these limits, however, there is ample scope for adequate effect, even though Handelian length and elaboration are out of the question. Mr. Goss had a choice of methods in treating the magnificent Ambrosian hymn, which has been more variously set than, perhaps, any poem extant. His decision in favour of the form characteristic of the English Cathedral service may not satisfy those who love innovation for its own sake, but will meet the views of all who would have a national ceremonial present national features. The key chosen for the *Te Deum* is D major, that by the way, of the "Dettingen" and many another song of joy and gladness; the measure, 4—3; and the tempo sign, *moderato*. As though to impress the speciality of the occasion at the outset, the tenors and basses lead off with a unison phrase—unaccompanied—on the words, "We praise Thee, O God;" after which the full chorus enters with a succession of broadly harmonised phrases, aiming chiefly at massive effects. This end is attained by means simple and appropriate, if not strikingly new. On the words, "Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory," a bold transition from G major to E flat major, and thence immediately to the dominant of D, commands approving notice. Thus happily the first section of the hymn ends. Mr. Goss has treated the verses beginning, "The glorious company," &c., in novel fashion; the basses (Bocani) leading off with a passage for imitation; and, finally, the whole volume of "praise" being compressed, so to speak, into a magnificent burst on the words, "The Apostles, the Prophets, the Martyrs, praise Thee." Thence to "Also the Holy Ghost," &c., Mr. Goss freely employs his resources; but the words just quoted usher in a charming passage in five parts—charming alike by force of contrast and of tender expression. The second section ending in G major, the first bar of the third section leads back to the tonic, which prevails throughout a sequence of strikingly harmonised phrases, till again the subdominant takes its place preparatory to a masterly progression on the words, "When Thou hast overcome," &c. The next point is made in "Thou sittest at the right hand," &c., given to unison tenors and basses; and followed by another group of massive harmonies, which ends the section on the tonic key. A *largo* in the relative minor gives solemn utterance to the mingled faith and prayer of the succeeding verses, as far as "Govern them and lift them up for ever;" and is remarkable for a suave and expressive melody. This closing on the dominant of A major, the next section begins and ends in that key, but presents nothing specially noticeable. The final prayer, "Vouchsafe, Oh Lord," commences with a melody for soprano, to which the

other parts respond in brief detached phrases; and thenceforward Mr. Goss limits himself to stately progressions such as we have already characterised—progressions, which by their loftiness of style and sustained dignity, make the *Te Deum* worthy the occasion that has called it into existence. Given out beneath the resonant dome of St. Paul's by 250 picked voices, it will fitly express a nation's thankfulness.

With the whole Bible to select from, there must have been, as regards words for the anthem, an *embarras de richesses*. Choice fell eventually upon a portion of the eloquent ode (Psalm cxviii.), which embodies David's gratitude for deliverance out of the hands of enemies, and his advancement to the throne of Israel. Nothing could more appropriately refer to the different circumstances now calling for thankful praise; and Mr. Goss must have derived no slight help from the suggestive character of his text. The Anthem opens with an *allegro moderato* in G major 3-4 time, the chorus being heralded by a few sustained chords for the organ. In vigorous rhythm, and in unison, the voices burst forth with "The Lord is my strength and my song, and is become my salvation. The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous." Charming, and with well-sustained spirit, are these jubilant words treated; an excellent point being made when a graceful phrase, originally given to the soprano, appears in the bass on a dominant pedal. A solo (bass) voice then proclaims, also on a dominant pedal, "The right hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence;" to which the chorus replies, "The right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass." Again the solo enters—it would have been better, perhaps, had this voice not spoken till now—saying in well-marked phrases, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." Again, also, the chorus responds with a graceful passage, echoing the declaration. A third time the solo is heard, "The Lord hath chastened and corrected me, but He hath not given me over unto death," and a third time the chorus answers—now, however, in an almost fiercely exultant passage, which leads naturally to a *reprise* of the first theme. The "repeat" ending in B minor, the tenors give out a melodious passage for imitation, in the tonic key, and on the words, "Open me the gates of righteousness that I may go into them." This, having "flown" through all the parts, re-appears at the close of a brief *tutti*, and is treated with great skill and effect. A pause on the dominant seventh harmony then ushers in the few sustained chords, which form a *coda* to the *allegro*. The next movement—a *largo*, 4—2, in E minor—opens with the tenors and basses (unison) declaring in stately phrase, "This is the gate of the Lord; the righteous shall enter into it." Twice repeated by the full chorus, the proclamatory episode terminates with a "pause" on the dominant, after which, a brief organ passage, in accelerated time, heralds the final ascription, "I will thank Thee, for Thou hast heard me, and art becoming my salvation; Thou art my God and I will thank Thee; Thou art my God and I will praise Thee. Hallelujah. Amen." This passage is sung, partly in unison, by the full choir to an adaptation of the Prince Consort's well-known tune, "Gotha," which is so used by her Majesty's express permission. Its effect, accompanied by the organ in massive harmony, with a pedal counterpoint of crotchets, is exceedingly fine, and justifies a somewhat bold experiment. An impressive *coda* on the "Hallelujah, Amen," then concludes an anthem which will worthily represent English Church music on an occasion destined to be historical.

The performance of the *Te Deum* and Anthem will be conducted by Mr. Winn, who, we hope, may be trusted to do all that in him lies towards securing adequate rehearsals. Without such preparation, Mr. Goss will have laboured to small purpose.

HAMBURG.—A short time since, a special performance was given to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the first production of *Der Freischütz*, on the 5th February, 1823, at the Stadttheater. Very few of the singers who appeared when it was first produced are now remembered by the public. Herr Gloy, (Kuno), and Mdle. Paasche, (Agathe), are two exceptions. The lady was present at the anniversary performance. Herr Woltersek, the once so popular bass, who sustained the part of Caspar, has passed from among the living. The anniversary performance was remarkable for the fact, among other things, of the smallest parts being sustained by leading members of the company. The opera was preceded by the "Jubel Ouverture," as well as by a prologue written by Herr Ludwig Bernhard Hoffmann, and spoken by Herr Mayer. The house was festively illuminated, and filled by an audience evidently inspired by feelings of pious reverence towards the great composer and his work.

BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Obel Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast-tables with a deliciously flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPE & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers Eppe's Cocoa, a very thin evening beverage.

A LETTER FROM OLGA EISEN, LADY'S-LADY OF M<sup>ME</sup>. PAULINE LUCCA AT ST. PETERSBURGH TO HER COUSIN, HULDA LEIBWEH, IN BERLIN.

(Translated from the *Kladeradatsch*, by her friend Martha Perker.\*)

My dearest, dearest, popsiwopsiest Hulda.  
There I never! Life is a comfort, Schiller says, or something like it, in the Gendarme Square at Berlin, where his statue is, but oh—there is nothing comes up to this blessed country, Russia; I vow I have been so delighted and enjoyed myself so much ever since we crossed the frontier that if you was to ask me I could not say whether I had been a standing on my heels or my head, no, that I couldn't. For art, there is only one Russia, and whoever comes here with any kind of a name, only not a bad one in course, will soon be as rich as Pluto, him you know, my love, who was the god of wealth. Oh, you should see the notices on our first appearance in the papers at the theatre, only they ain't a patch upon the reality. Direkly we got to Königsberg we found a express train with imperial salong carriages a-waiting for us, and what do you think; all the gards and people about the train were Russian Grand-Princes, who had asst leaf to ask in that capacity, so as to be the first to welcome us to their native shore. The ingin drivour was somebody tip-top, I can tell you, though I must not say who, and even the stoker was as good as our Hülsen, the manager of the Royal opera, at Berlin, and nobody paid the slightest attention to him. Do you call that nothink? At the frunter, there was a lot of millitary and custom ouse officers. As a rool, every passenger is serched, male an female, an they ant too partikkeler how they does it, which they mite sometimes krete a blush in the chekes of a respectable young woman. But there was nothink of the sort with us. Oh, dear no. They were as mild as butter-milk and a-showing us every perliteness all covered with orders and crorses on their bres, though, as I said, only customouse ofisers. In the koopti it was lovely. A fitted up like a pallis, an the eet a streamin throu the oles in the flore like mad, so that we were obliged to old up our legs so as to pervent there a-burning. From time to time we tried to cool ourselves by eating some real hastragan caviare out of a large open jar, which it stood, least-wise, the jar, in the carriage, and then we threw ourselves on the two sofers to indulge in a little dolchefarninety, when all of a sudden we heerd from under the pillar of Mad. Lucca's sofer her beautiful hair from the Notsee D. Figaro. You must know the two sofers were large music boxes. Well, it went on like this till we got to St. Petersburg, where all the aristocracy had come to the stashun to have a good look at us. When we arrived at our hotel, we had scarce time to have a good wash before the Emperor Alexander came to see us, all rapped up in a splendid green fur coat. He was very grashus, and said: "My dear Pauline, Russia is at your feat," and then he offered her a sweetly-pretty foot-warmer to put into her bed, which was all dyerments and gold, because the Russian Court is the richest in all the world, and has dyerment minds of its one in the oral mountings, as likewise the Korkersus. When he went out, the Sar looked very ard at some one who shall be nameless, but tho I shoud him down stares, and they were very dark, I mus say he behaved hisself like a perfick gentleman.

After all this, my dearest Hulda, just fancy our first appearance as Mozart's *Zerliner*, when the tickets were sold by orktion for thousands of roobles each, and a chair had to be put at the door for the Grand Prince by the box-keeper who gave him a gold snuff-box set with dyerments, which he says he shall treasure as a mimento of him all his life. When we made our first entrance! Oh, my! What hooting, and shouting, and goings-on! I had often heerd of there doings in Russia, but on this occasion I said to myself: "Well, seeing's beleeving, for you could never describe it, so I will not attempt it, which would be madness. When the performance was over, the kurtin had to be rased about forty times, so that I thought the roller would be wore out before they had done, for the Russians can't be stopt when

they are wonce set going without a touch of the nout. Well, at last my poor dear Missis was that tired that she was obliged to steel away in Kognitow. So I got into the carriage all by myself. They thought I was M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca, so they took out the horses and dragged me in triumph to our hotel. I didn't underseive them. Why should I? I boughed and smiled just like Missis, and they whorayed till they were horse. I said I did not underseive them; I let them take me for the diver herself, for I never was proud, and virtue is its one reward, as some puseen throwd a booki into the carriage winder, in the middle of which was a magnificent bracerlit. I kep it, of course, for I looked on it as one of my requisites. Russia is the real country for artists, and I am very glad I came, for what I have already received as presents in hard cash and banknotes, I can't tell you. Peeple say the Amerikuns beat the Russians. I can't believe it, though I do hope it is true, and I am not above confessing as much to you, for we are engaged next year at New York in Amerriker, which is a republik, and close to the equater. I here its so hot there that people acahully go about without a rag to cover them. That's very shocking, a'nt it, but I must go, for I promised the little missis I would, and the turms offered us beet everything ever known before. I can't help people preferring a state of natchur to the latest fashuns, can I? No! Art before natchur say I. All for art and no false shame. I shall go, and so I am ever yours, most affecahunately, dear,  
OLGA EISEN.

#### LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Wednesday week being a day when secular music is considered out of place, Mr. John Boosey gave his Ballad Concert in St. James's Hall on the Monday previous. The programme attracted a very large audience, though it contained little of novelty. But familiar excellences always exerts more power over the public than anything else; and it was not surprising to find so many persons eager to hear Madame Sherrington, Miss Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. Sims Reeve, and others sing a batch of well-known songs. The great tenor who could hardly have been said to have recovered from his late indisposition, gave "The Message," Sullivan's "Once again," and "Sigh no more ladies," in a style needless to particularize, and each was received with the favour it never fails to command. Stevens' song had to be repeated. M<sup>me</sup>. Sherrington sang Rudall's "Dreams," Grace Sherrington's "Serenade to Helena," and Molloy's "Eily's Reason," after her most distinctive fashion; Miss Edith Wynne's contributions being "Then and now," "The Old Cottage Clock," and two welsh songs—"The Ash Grove" and "Bells of Aberdovey." These were all rendered with the perfection which long ago marked Miss Wynne's delivery of ballad music, and all were much applauded. The noble voice of M<sup>me</sup>. Patey appeared to advantage in "Looking back," "Golden Days," and "John Anderson"—songs which are her own by right of pre-eminent ability; and other selections were given by Miss Alice Fairman, Miss Blanche Cole (who had a deserved encore after Blumenthal's "Why was I looking out?"), Mr. F. Lloyd, and Mr. Maybrick. The pianist was Madame Arabella Goddard, whose admirable rendering of "The Harmonious Blacksmith" (encored) and Thalberg's fantasia, *Masniella*, constituted a most distinctive feature in the entertainment. Messrs. Hatton and Naylor accompanied the vocal music.

#### ARABELLA GODDARD WITH A NEW NUGGET.

(From the "Graphic," Feb. 8.)

The chief feature of Monday's Popular Concert was a hitherto unheard sonata in C minor for pianoforte, by Dusek. Amid all the claims enforced upon his attention by the greatest masters, Mr. Chappell has not been unmindful of one who ranks just below them, and the C minor sonata is the ninth work of Dusek's played in St. James's Hall. Most of the preceding eight were introduced by Madame Goddard—the recognized champion of unrecognised genius—and it was fitting she should undertake to bring forward that we now notice. The work itself is very characteristic of the composer; showing, as it does, his wealth and melody and invention, along with a certain spirituality of treatment wholly his own. Each of the three movements has a well-defined character; and nothing could possibly be better than the way in which Madame Goddard revealed that character to her audience. The faculty of doing this naturally belongs to our English pianist and she did it.

"... As effortless as woodland nooks  
Send violets up and paint them blue."

Naturally, also, the delighted listeners called the artist back to compliment her warmly upon success.

\* As far as possible, Miss Perker's orthography has been strictly respected. The only material difference between the printed copy and the original MS. is that the former is rather more carefully punctuated than the latter, though, for fear of destroying the character of Miss Perker's style, even punctuation has not been carried to its utmost limits.—PRINTED BY D.

## ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

A concert, exclusively consisting of sacred music, was given last week, in this magnificent building under the direction of Mr. John Boosey, to whom the musical public generally owes a certain debt of gratitude for the London Ballad Concerts, which have now become, on legitimate grounds, an institution likely to endure. The most bigoted adversary of public entertainments on certain days of the year could hardly, with reason, object to such an one as that under notice. There was not a single piece in the programme, the direct or indirect source of which was not derived from sacred writ, or from something more or less nearly inspired by it. "To make short tale"—in the language of the early chroniclers—the solo singers were Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mdle. Enriquez, and Miss Blanche Cole; Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Edward Lloyd, Maybrick, and Lewis Thomas; while the choral pieces were entrusted to the justly-renowned choir of Mr. Henry Leslie, who, with his accustomed ability, assisted by Mr. J. C. Ward at the organ, and Messrs. Sidney Naylor and Callcott at the pianoforte, directed the whole concert. There was no orchestra, although many of the pieces comprised in the selection—an admirable selection of its kind—would have been undoubtedly more effective with orchestral accompaniments—whatever may be thought of the acoustic properties of the Albert Hall, with regard to the general effect of orchestral details.

The first piece in the programme, after an organ improvisation, was, as a matter of course, the National Anthem, sung by the members of Mr. Leslie's choir, who subsequently distinguished themselves in two "Hymns of Praise," for men's voices, by Mendelssohn, "Let all the nations praise the Lord," and "Let our theme of praise ascending," accompanied upon the organ by Mr. Ward. Miss Blanche Cole gave "With verdure clad," that purest of soprano airs, from the most simply and naturally conceived of oratorios—Haydn's *Creation*; Mr. Lewis Thomas sang the great bass aria, "Pro peccatis," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, a work which, with all its incontestible beauty, is as sensuous as the other is pure; Misses Blanche Cole and Enriquez, Messrs. E. Lloyd and Maybrick were agreeably employed upon Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's impressive quartet, "The Lord is nigh" (*Prodigal Son*); and Madame Lemmens Sherrington gave "Let the bright Seraphim," from Handel's *Samson*, with Mr. Thomas Harper in the *obbligato* trumpet part. This last universally admired piece was received with the usual favour, and unanimously encored. Mozart's beautiful chorus, "Ave verum," for the choir, made an agreeable break in the hitherto uninterrupted course of solo singing, which was resumed all the more effectively on account of the brief interval of repose, the succeeding solos being M. Gounod's sacred ballad, "There is a green hill," "O that thou hadst hearkened," from Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, and "Thou shalt break them," from the *Messiah*—the first allotted to Mdme. Patey, the second to Miss Edith Wynne, and the last to Mr. Vernon Rigby. Mdme. Patey was encored in M. Gounod's song. Mr. Henry Leslie's part-song, "The Pilgrim," which came next, obtained a similar honour; and was followed by the always welcome duet, "Quis est homo," from Rossini's *Stabat*—assigned to Messdames Lemmens Sherrington and Patey, and greatly applauded. Part I. ended with Mr. Elliott's patriotic effusion, "Long live the Prince of Wales," for tenor solo and chorus, the leading part in which was taken by Mr. Vernon Rigby.

The second part commenced with Mendelssohn's superb setting, for eight-part choir, of the 43rd Psalm ("Judge me, O God"), composed more than a quarter of a century since, among other pieces, for the *Dom-Choir* of Berlin, sung by the members of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir as only the members of that choir, under Mr. Leslie's own direction, have ever in this country been known to sing it. "Love not the world," the contralto air from Mr. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, sung by Madame Patey; "Cast thy burden before the Lord," quartet from *Elijah* (Misses E. Wynne and Enriquez, Messrs. E. Lloyd and L. Thomas); "Cujus animam," the great tenor air from Rossini's *Stabat* (Mr. Vernon Rigby); the "Morning prayer," one of the most charming and original pieces in Sir Michael Costa's first oratorio, *Eli* (Miss Enriquez); and M. Gounod's popular *cantique*, for bass solo, with chorus—"Nazareth" (solo Mr. Maybrick), followed in quick succession. Miss Edith Wynne then gave

J. S. Bach's expressive air, "My heart ever faithful" (*without the violoncello obbligato*!) which found a congenial companion in "O rest in the Lord," from *Elijah* (Madame Patey). The last pieces in the programme were a new sacred part-song, for chorus, without accompaniment ("Watchman, what of the night?") by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who ought to produce many more such things; "In native worth," the tenor air from Haydn's *Creation* (Mr. E. Lloyd); and, as *finale*, the well-worn "preghiera" from Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*.

The entertainment appeared to give general satisfaction, and no wonder, for of its kind a better could scarcely have been provided. There was a fair, though by no means a crowded, attendance.

## THE PAREPA-ROSA ENGLISH OPERA SEASON.

(From the "New York Herald," Feb. 2.)

The magnificent body of artists, of which Mdme. Parepa-Rosa is the reigning attraction, and which comprises such operatic favourites as Mrs. Jenny Van Zandt, Miss Clara Doria, Mrs. Zelda Seguin, Messrs. Santley, Castle, Karl, Whiffen, Campbell, Aynsley Cook, Hall, Seguin, and Ryse, returns to New York next week, after a most successful season in the provinces. It would be impossible to point out a company equal to this in the entire history of English opera. The success of these well-known musical artists in the West and New England has been of the most unequivocal character, artistically and financially. In Boston where they sang last week, the season was a series of thronged houses. The cause of the unvarying success of this company everywhere, may be found in the fact that the director, Mr. Carl Rosa, instead of adopting the pernicious star system, like some of his contemporaries, has laboured faithfully to present a thoroughly efficient *ensemble*. Instead of one star alone he has a constellation of them.

The programme for the coming week is exceedingly rich and varied. The season opens on Monday with Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, with a very complete cast. On Tuesday we are promised the delightful *Gazza Ladra* of Rossini, an entire novelty for the metropolitan public, and on Wednesday *Don Giovanni* will be produced. On Thursday the company appear at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, in *The Marriage of Figaro*, and on Friday at New York, in *Martina*. At the Saturday Matinée, *The Bohemian Girl*, will be given, with Mdme. Parepa-Rosa as Arline, and Mrs. Seguin as the Gipsy Queen; and, on Saturday evening, Cherubin's great work, *Les Deux Journées* (*The Water Carrier*) will be brought out for the first time in New York. Thus it will be seen that *impresario* Rosa undertakes the daring project of presenting seven grand operas during the first week of his season. On the Monday following, Mr. Charles Santley makes his operatic *début* in *Zampa*, which will be followed by *Fra Diavolo*, *Lucresia Borgia*, *Oberon*, &c. The *répertoire* of the troupe is so large that the bill can and will be changed every night, and hackneyed works will be kept in the background. The subscription so far has been larger than ever known at the Academy before a season of English opera, the engagement of Santley having created an excitement not inferior to the Nilsson furor. The musical public are on the tiptoe of expectation to hear this renowned baritone in opera.

## MR. RALPH PERCY'S CONCERT.

The thirteenth ballad concert given by Mr. Ralph Percy took place last Saturday week, in St. George's Hall, and attracted a numerous and appreciative audience. The chief feature of interest was the singing of the *bénéficiaire*, who was very successful in his three songs, and produced so much effect that two of them were re-demanded. For his first appeal Mr. Ralph Percy selected Allen's attractive ballad, "Maid of Athens, ere we part," which showed off to advantage the agreeable quality of his voice, as also his pleasing style of vocalization. His second song was the national melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," which was sung with all the expression and charm which it provokes from a sympathetic *artiste*, and found a ready response amongst the audience. The third song was one composed, we presume, expressly for Mr. Ralph Percy; it is entitled "The Sun is sinking in the west." The composer's name was withheld, for "Regina we take to be a *nom de plume*, and, concluding it to be the effusion of a lady, we will not venture to discuss its merits. Mr. Percy did his best for the authoress, and succeeded in this, as well as in his other songs, in eliciting very great applause from the assembled audience. The singing of Mr. Chaplin Henry was also much admired. Miss Blanche Reives sang a pretty song of her own composition, entitled "'Twas in the golden sunset. Miss Beryl gave Hullah's "Storm" with much effect, Madame Harriette Lee was equally successful in her two songs. Mr. Cantle contributed two songs, the other singers were Miss A. Percival, Miss E. Spiller, and Miss Tennyson Hargrave.

## AIDA AT MILAN.

(From a Stray Correspondent.)

In Milan, Signor Verdi's latest opera, *Aida*, has achieved an unmistakeable triumph. The scene on the night of its first production at the Scala was marked by an amount of frantic enthusiasm that fairly beat any exhibition of the same kind I have ever seen even in Italy. The people really appeared to have gone raving mad.

The pieces which most took the taste of the public were the war-chorus, "Aida's air," the invocation, and the sacred dances, in the first act; the Moorish dances, the duet between Amneris and Aida, the march, the concerted piece, and the chorus of victory, in the second act; Aida's air: "O Patria mia, mai più ti rivedrò," the duet between Amonasro and Aida, the duet between Radamès and Aida, in the third act; the song of the Priests, the judgment scene, and the duet between Aida and Radamès in the vaults, in the fourth act.

The artists gave general satisfaction. Signora Waldmann made an admirable Amneris, full of passion and energy; Signora Stolz was grand as the representative of Aida. Signor Pandolfini was excellent as Amonasro. The same may be said of Signor Maini as Ramfis. Signor Fancelli as Radamès was—Signor Fancelli. His voice was very beautiful, and he was invariably correct; but he exhibited a want of dramatic power which somewhat detracted from the favourable impression produced by his impersonation. Signor Poveri was a satisfactory king. The choruses went splendidly, and the band greatly distinguished themselves, thanks to the manner in which Signor Faccio discharged the difficult duties of conductor.

The scenery by Signor Magnani was deservedly applauded, especially the last scene. This is divided horizontally into two sections. The upper section represents the temple of Osiris, all light and brilliancy, while the one beneath shows the subterranean vaults in which Radamès is buried alive, and in which he meets Aida.

Signor Verdi was called on thirty-two times in all. When he appeared after the second act, Signori Cantoni and A. Poss presented him with a magnificent red velvet case, bearing on the outside the arms of the city of Milan, and the name of "Aida" in gold, stamped on it. Inside was a splendid ivory sceptre, surmounted by a star in brilliants. The base of the star is formed of a Roman capital of the time of the emperors. Round the ivory stem runs a blue enamel band, with the name of "Verdi" on it. Intertwined with the band is an enamel laurel branch ornamented with emeralds and rubies. At the bottom, are the arms of Milan and Busseto, (the latter being, as most persons know, Verdi's native town), and the name of "Aida," in precious stones. The sceptre was designed by Signor Speluzzi, and paid for by a subscription among Signor Verdi's admirers at Milan and elsewhere. Accompanying it was the following address, magnificently engrossed upon vellum:—

## "TO GIUSEPPE VERDI.

"Illustrious Maestro—Some few of those who admire your genius are desirous that you should accept the affectionate memento offered by them as a mark of their homage.

"The people of Milan are exultant at, and proud of, the splendid triumph of *Aida*, a triumph which our imperishable reminiscences rank with the triumphs of your first efforts, consecrated by this same public, which then foresaw in you the great composer, and the vigilant guardian of the glorious traditions of Italy. The symbol we offer in the form of a sceptre belongs to you by right; accept it, not as a demonstration of common adulation, but as an expression of the heartfelt sentiments of us all, moved as we are by the spell of your inspired creations.

"For the Subscribers—the Committee: "E. Cantoni, Pompeo Belgioioso, A. Poss.

"Milan, 8th February, 1872."

The well-known jocular musical periodical, *Il Trovatore*, is so excited by *Aida*, that, discarding its usual vein of satirical banter, it proposes that the Scala shall henceforth be called the Teatro Verdi. I do not think there is much chance of the suggestion being carried out. Italian enthusiasm soon boils up, but then it also soon boils—over. J. M. E.

BRUSSELS. At the Théâtre de la Monnaie, *L'Ambassadrice* has been revived with Mlle. Cabel as the heroine.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A Students' Concert was given at the house of this institution, in Tenderden Street, last Thursday week, and admirably showed what sort of work is being done under the direction of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett. The Academy is now attended by a considerable number of pupils, and a single programme can, therefore, only represent a small part of the success achieved. But if *ex uno disce omnes* applies in this particular case, there is reason to infer a generally healthful and promising state of things. About sixteen students took a conspicuous part, of whom nine were instrumentalists, including seven lady pianists. The pianoforte solos comprised Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C sharp minor, played with rare skill by Miss Chapman; Handel's Prelude Arpeggio and air with variations, in which Miss Baglehole added another to the many promises of future success given by her academical career; and Studies by Schulhoff and Thalberg, somewhat loosely, though dashing, executed by Mr. L. Parker. Misses Conolly and Troup well deserved the applause which followed their very spirited performance of the Fantasia for two pianofortes, by Mendelssohn and Moscheles, on themes from *Preciosa*; while the rendering, by Miss Waite and Mr. Parker, of Mozart's pianoforte and violin Sonata (E flat) showed that, in the case of each executant, uncommon natural gifts had been developed by careful training. Mr. Parker is a very youthful student of his difficult instrument, and the progress he has so soon made does credit both to himself and the excellent professor—M. Sainton—under whom he works. Among those who distinguished themselves as vocalists must be mentioned, with special approval, Miss Goode, Mr. Guy, and Mr. Wadmors. Randegger's graceful trio, *I Naviganti*, was sung by these pupils in very effective style. Only one work from the pen of a student had a place; but Mr. E. Fanning's part-song, "Autumn," represented a fair degree of ability. It is written with ingenuity and skill, as well as with a distinctiveness of style such as young composers seldom show. The concert must have encouraged the friends of the Academy to persevere in claiming for it a higher position than has yet been held. Evidently the instruction given is sound and good—worthy, that is to say, of public confidence and support.

## VIENNA DEMOREST.

(From the "Elmira Gazette," Jan. 23rd.)

The attendance at the concert in the operahouse last evening was very large; one of Elmira's brightest and best audiences was present, filling all the seats in the spacious auditorium. It was the finest audience of the winter, attracted to hear Miss Vienna Demorest, of New York, assisted by well-known and popular artists.

The singing of Miss Demorest produced a very favourable impression as was evinced by the genuine and hearty encores which followed her several songs. After the first piece she succeeded fairly in arousing the sympathy of her audience, which grew enthusiastic and unstinted in its applause as she sang on. Miss Demorest came among us with high indorsements from leading musical critics, as to sweetness and purity of voice, which encomiums were fairly sustained last evening. Possessing a voice of remarkable truthness, of excellent compass, in quality sweet and melodious, Miss Demorest sings with unusual ease and expression, so much so, as to make her *début* in this city a brilliant success. The opening piece, "Ragnava nel silenzio," a difficult operatic selection, was admirably rendered, and evinced a high state of cultivation. One of the most delicious musical treats of the evening was her "Goat Bells"—echo song—in which the sweetness of her voice was well evinced. In response to an encore, Miss Demorest charmingly sang a dainty ballad, which was heartily applauded. The ballad, "There's a path by the river," gave so much pleasure to the audience that another encore was insisted upon, and the beautiful singer gracefully responded with "Coming thro' the Rye." In the duet with Mr. Churchill, Miss Demorest achieved a signal triumph. The enthusiasm of the audience culminated in rounds of applause. Some of our best musical people, those competent to judge, speak unreservedly and warmly of the high qualifications and powers of the young lady, who they say is gifted with a voice of great sweetness, flexibility, and compass, with a wonderful artistic execution.

PESTE.—The Brothers W. and L. Thern lately gave a concert with the following programme: Sonata in D major, for two Pianos, Mozart; Transcription of Auber's "Slumber Song" for two Pianos, Thern; Tarantelle for two Pianos, Raff; Nocturne and Etude de Concert, Liszt; Improvisation, in A flat major, for two Pianos *ad unisono*, Chopin; Hexameron, for two Pianos, Liszt, etc.

COLOGNE.—Seventh Gürzenich Concert.—Symphony in C minor, Haydn; Pianoforte Concerto, No. 1, C major, Beethoven (Herr Laidor Seiss); "Schön Ellen," Bruch; Pastoral Symphony, Beethoven.

## EDINBURGH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The thirty-second Reid Commemoration Concert was held on Tuesday night, in the music hall, which, as is invariably the case at these annual celebrations, was filled from floor to ceiling, the back seats of the orchestra being filled with eager and attentive listeners; the front of the orchestra was decked with plants, and busts of eminent composers were ranged along the front of the platform. Since the appointment of Professor Oakley to the Chair of Music he has striven hard to rescue these concerts from the miserable state to which they had dwindled, and to render them worthy of the event they were designed to celebrate. For these exertions, which have resulted in such complete success, he deserves the thanks of every well-wisher to the cause of musical progress in Edinburgh. In arranging the programmes of the two preceding festival concerts, most notably that of Monday evening, Professor Oakley included compositions which were entirely new to our concert rooms, and these were not less thoroughly enjoyed than those with which all amateurs are acquainted. The selection of last night, although not marked by any special novelties, contains many masterpieces that can never grow old, but in which each successive hearing enables us to discover fresh beauty. Following the practice of former years, Professor Oakley furnished in the libretto an account of the more prominent numbers of the programme. The artists engaged for the Reid Concert were:—Mme. Louise Kapp, Mdle. Sophie Loewe, and Herr Stockhausen, as vocalists; Mme. Norman-Neruda, as solo violinist; Mr. Hallé officiating in the double capacity of solo pianist and conductor. On his entrance he was received with a round of applause, which from its cordiality, showed how highly his exertions had been appreciated. After the introduction pastorale, minuet, and march composed by the munificent founder of the Music Chair, the overture to *Der Freischütz* was given, and a more finished and in every respect satisfactory performance of this most romantic prelude it would be impossible to imagine. The passage for the four horns, which is so seldom played perfectly in tune, went admirably; the tone was excellent and the intonation irreproachable. In the notice of this overture in the libretto, Mr. Oakley says that it was selected "to enable the audience to appreciate the remarkable efficiency of the horn players," and there can be no question that by their playing on this occasion they fully justified this eulogium. In the *tempo di minuetto* in Beethoven's symphony they also appeared to great advantage. Mme. Louise Kapp in the beautiful scena from *Freischütz* was successful. Of the manner in which Beethoven's symphony was played it is only necessary to say that it was in every way worthy of the composition, which is the highest praise that can be awarded to it. Similar commendation will apply to the other performances of the band—more especially in the sparkling "scherzo," by Glinka, and the overture to *Tannhäuser*, both of which were evidently played *con amore*. Mdle. Loewe sang the air from *Roberto* very tastefully, and was honoured with a recall. The chief honours of the evening were, however, heaped on Mme. Norman-Neruda, who has become a special favourite here. Her appearance was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause; and on the conclusion of her performance of Spohr's *Adagio* she was overwhelmed with an avalanche of "Bravas." Another Reid Commemoration has thus come and gone, leaving pleasing memories behind it, and Professor Oakley may justly be congratulated on the complete success which has attended his labours.—*Edinburgh Daily Review*.

## GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

A new "Proverb" entitled *Charity begins at Home*, has been added to the attractions of Mrs. German Reed's programme, and bids fair to have a long run of success. The libretto, by Mr. B. Rowe, a gentleman unknown to fame, embodies a very fresh and pleasant story which is capitally told. It turns upon the necessity of providing scholars for a village school, drinkers at a village pump, and occupants for the village stocks; failing which a certain eccentric endowment becomes forfeit. How the beadle (Mr. Corney Grain), who lives upon the endowment, conspires to have the two last conditions filled by a peripatetic photographer (Mr. Arthur Cecil); how the photographer revenges himself upon the beadle, in the disguise of a school inspector come to spy out the neglect of the first condition; and how the beadle makes his wife and two children personate the requisite three scholars—all these things, with many others, are very humorously set forth, and capitally acted by the gentlemen already named, with Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, and Mr. Alfred Reed. The incidental music by Mr. Alfred Cellier is throughout pretty, sometimes charming; and Mr. J. O'Connor's scene could not easily be improved. On the whole, we must commend the new piece as one of the very best ever produced, at the Gallery of Illustration, where good things are the rule.

## MR. SIMS REEVES IN MANCHESTER.

The Manchester press unanimously and heartily bear witness to the superb singing of Mr. Sims Reeves at a recent performance of *Jephthah*, under Mr. Charles Hallé's direction. The *Examiner* and *Times* says:—

"The pre-eminent interest, as well as the chief attraction, of last night's concert was the singing of Mr. Sims Reeves. We can well understand the intense desire he is said to have had to revive this oratorio in England. As a display of vocal skill and an illustration of what a great artist can do with an exceptionally splendid voice, his singing of the tenor music in *Jephthah* is incomparably fine; but the effect produced last night in the rapt audience could not have been secured by mere singing, however perfect. The poetry and pathos of the thrilling subject were realized with vivid and transcendent power; every phase of the varied sentiments of triumphant joy, horror, and despair were portrayed with rare dramatic skill; and while the musical portion of the audience would say, 'This is singing the like of which we cannot hope often to hear,' the non-musical would be not less moved by the passion of the tragedy. When we hear such declamation as that of the vow, and such recitative as 'If, Lord, sustained by Thy almighty power,' we are apt to forget that the effect, apparently simple in effort, is the result of consummate art, but there can be no doubt that every phrase has been carefully and laboriously studied. It is faint praise to say that no singer now before the public could give so powerful a version of 'Open thy marble jaws, O tomb,' so thrilling a picture of tenderness and heart-broken sorrow as 'Deeper and deeper still,' or so plaintive and devotional a rendering of 'Waft her, angels,' as Mr. Sims Reeves; but it would be unjust not to add that his superb voice has mellowed with years, and that he never proved himself so great a vocal artist as at the present time."

The *Courier* observes:—

"The production of Handel's last oratorio, with Mr. Sims Reeves in the title rôle, and which had been anticipated with so much interest, took place last evening. The audience was one of the largest that we have ever known collected within the walls of the Free Trade Hall, and (so anxious were people to hear Mr. Sims Reeves in what we have no hesitation in saying is his best part) we are informed on good authority that a sufficient number were refused tickets since Tuesday to have filled the hall over again. The performance was a most excellent one, though all the interest centred itself on the great tenor's singing of the two airs 'Open thy marble jaws, O tomb,' and 'Waft her, angels,' with the intermediate recitative 'Deeper and deeper still.' The intense, almost painful, silence in the vast hall while Mr. Sims Reeves was singing was a greater tribute to his great vocal talent than the noisiest demonstrations of applause. It is not the first time by two or three times that Mr. Reeves has sung the *Jephthah* music here, but he certainly exceeded all his previous efforts. Indeed, in speaking of his singing last evening, one hesitates to say much for fear of being accused of fulsome eulogy, but really such would be almost impossible."

**BAYREUTH.**—The 22nd of May, Wednesday in Whitsun week, is definitely fixed on for laying the foundation stone of the Wagner-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre, and Wagnerites from all parts are expected to be present at the ceremony. According to the plan at present adopted for the proceedings, it is the intention of Herr Richard Wagner to gather round him, on the occasion, all the musical celebrities of Germany, and, profiting by their attendance, to make the great feature of the day a magnificent concert in the Operahouse here. If report may be credited, the Munich Academic Vocal Union, also, is to be invited. Herr Wagner himself will conduct the concert, or at least certain pieces. Of course the inhabitants of Bayreuth will do all in their power to entertain their guests, who are expected to be very numerous. Herr Wagner has purchased a plot of ground immediately adjoining the Hofgarten, and on it he means to have a private house for himself erected. This house is to resemble exactly his villa in Switzerland. It will be only one storey high. There will be a colonnade in front, and a verandah running round the sides and back.

**LEIPZIG.**—At the Sixteenth Gewandhaus Concert, Herr Hegar played Lindner's Violoncello Concerto in E minor. Herr Jäger, from the Royal Operahouse, Dresden, sang an air from *Euryanthe*, and "Die Allmacht," by Schubert. Signor Alphonso Rendano played Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, and pieces by Chopin and Mendelssohn. Signor Rendano is a pupil of Thalberg's, but received the finishing touches of his musical education at the Conservatory here. The purely orchestral pieces were Cherubini's overture to *Les Abencerages*, and Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor.

**MUNICH.**—A new operetta, *Der Dorfadvokat*, by Herr Robert von Hornstein, is being rehearsed at the Theatre Royal. The libretto is founded, by Herr Emil Bank, upon an old French story.

**FALERMO.**—A new opera, entitled *Fatima*, has been successfully produced at the Teatro Garibaldi. It is from the pen of Signor Impallomeni.

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 24, 1872.

QUINTET, in B flat, Op. 57, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (by desire).—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIEG, STRAUSS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ...	Mendelssohn.
SONG, "O ma matresse"—Mr. CUMMINGS ...	F. David.
NACHTSTÜCK, INTERMEZZO and SCHERZINO, for pianoforte alone.—Madame SCHUMANN ...	Schumann.
SONATA, in A major, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment.—Her JOACHIM ...	Handel.
SONG, "I dream of thee"—Mr. CUMMINGS ...	Smart.
TRIO, in E flat, Op. 79, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello.—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM, and PIATTI ...	Beethoven.
Conductor ...	Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,  
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 26th, 1872.

## Programme.

PART I.	
QUINTET, in C major, Op. 29, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello (first performance at the Monday Popular Concerts).—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM, STRAUSS, and PIATTI ...	Beethoven.
SONG, "Estelle"—Miss FENNEL ...	Hy. Smart.
ANDANTE and VARIATIONS, in E flat major, Op. 82, for pianoforte alone.—Madame SCHUMANN ...	Mendelssohn.
PART II.	
QUARTET, in A major, Op. 26, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (first performance at the Monday Popular Concerts).—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM, STRAUSS, and PIATTI ...	Brahms.
SONG, "The Violet"—Miss FENNEL ...	Mosart.
QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 76, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and violoncello.—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIEG, STRAUSS, and PIATTI ...	Haydn.
Conductor ...	Mr. ZERBINI.

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

EIGHTEENTH SATURDAY CONCERT, FEBRUARY 24th.  
PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE, "Coriolan" ...	Beethoven.
AIR, "There is a green hill"—Madame PATRY ...	Gounod.
AIR, "Tune thy soft melodious lute" ( <i>Jephtha</i> )—Madame LEMMENS ...	Handel.
SYMPHONY, No. 1, in A (Op. 1) MS. (First time of performance) ...	H. Holm.
ARIA, "Della rosa" ( <i>Bianca e Fallero</i> )—Madame LEMMENS ...	Rossini.
SONG, "Golden days"—Madame PATRY ...	Sullivan.
INVITATION A LA VALSE—For orchestra, by H. BERLIOZ ...	Weber.
DUET, "Giorno d'arore" ( <i>Semiramide</i> )—Madame LEMMENS and Madame PATRY ...	Rossini.
OVERTURE, "Tannhäuser" ...	Wagner.
CONDUCTOR ...	Mr. MANN.

## DEATHS.

On the 5th Feb., Mr. WILLIAM GRICE, late Librarian to the Royal Academy of Music, and the Society of British Musicians, and for more than thirty years a member of the Sacred Harmonic Society—aged 62.

On the 24th Dec., 1871, at Agra, E.I., of dysentery, A. KOENIG, Bandmaster of H.M.'s 65th Regiment.

On February the 19th, at her residence, Bridge Street, Canterbury, in her 83rd year, FRANCES, relict of the late THOMAS GOODBAN, Esq.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR. SHIPPING.—The letter of our correspondent contains much that is true; but truth and libel are too often legally synonymous. Dr. Shipping is wrong about Woelf. The "Storm" concerto was by Steibelt.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1872.

## GIACOMO CARISSIMI.

SO little are the early Italian masters known, that Mr. Henry Leslie's promise to bring forward Carissimi's *Jonah* has probably led to many inquiries about its composer. Some of those inquiries may be answered by the subjoined particulars.

Giacomo Carissimi, chapel-master of the church in the German College at Rome, in the first half of the seventeenth century, is celebrated by all the Italian writers as the best musician of his time. He was alike successful in his compositions for the church, the oratorio and the chamber; and is considered to have been the father of that somewhat effeminate beauty which now characterises Italian vocal music. Alberto delle Valle, speaking of the music which he had heard at Rome, says, that he had been present at the Vespers on Easter Monday, at the church Delle Spirito Santo, where the music was performed by nuns only, with astonishing perfection. He was particularly enchanted with the *Venite exultemus*, which, to use his own expression, "was more exquisite than words can describe. I know not," he goes on, "who was the author of it, but I suppose him to have been the *maestro di capella* of that church." According to Dr. Burney, there was no Italian composer at that time (1647), whose works Valle's description would suit so well as those of Carissimi. It was, in fact, as a church writer that he acquired the great reputation which he enjoyed during a long life—a reputation his productions still enjoy among those who know them.

Among other innovations, Carissimi introduced for Church use a kind of dramatic dialogue, entitled *Jephtha*, consisting of recitatives, airs and chorus. This, for sweetness of melody and skilful musical treatment, is looked upon as one of the greatest efforts made by contemporary genius. Another work of the same kind, besides that announced by Mr. Leslie, is his *Judicium Solomonis*. In the secular style, he also set to music a dialogue between Heraclitus and Democritus, wherein tears and laughter are most happily contrasted. Carissimi had great power in imitating the inflexions of the human voice, and in uniting the charms of music with the powers of oratory. He brought recitative, moreover, to high perfection, and made some innovations in the matter of counterpoint. Yet another step due to him is the use of stringed and wood instruments in the accompaniment of Church music. Kircher, among others, highly eulogises Carissimi's compositions, and asserts that he had the power of exciting in his hearers whatever emotion he pleased. Respecting *Jephtha*, we are told that it contains "many new and admirable effects produced by his scientific knowledge and happy expressions." As to the reputation of his works in England, we may mention that Dr. Aldrich set English words to many of his motets, one of which, "I am well pleased," is sometimes used in our cathedral churches. Beyond this, and a few detached pieces, Carissimi's music is known only to antiquarians. Handel, by the way, who stole from everybody, stole the music of the chorus, "Hear Jacob's God" (*Jephtha*) from this master, and paid him the compliment of making in it very slight alterations.

Such a man as Carissimi deserves the attention which Mr. Leslie now invites; and should the result of the performance of *Jonah* lead to better knowledge of his quality, undoubted good will have been effected.

## A HOME QUERY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Is every public performer—Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim (Mr. Sims Reeves), and one or two others excepted—necessarily a machine or an idiot? It would seem to be so, taking the sense of certain recent articles in the *Daily News*. But I wish to be instructed, having myself some aspirations.—Yours, with timidity,

SIMCOCK HOUSE.

[Mr House should apply, without delay, to Elpinor and Grillus.—A.S.S.]

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

GLOWING accounts reach us from Milan of the triumphant success which Verdi's *Aida* has attained—success shared by all concerned in its production. Signor Verdi received such an ovation as is seldom witnessed even at *La Scala*. He was summoned before the curtain no less than thirty-seven times. The scenic arrangements were admirable, and the execution left nothing to be desired. A graceful testimonial was presented to Signor Verdi, by a number of his admirers, at the end of the already celebrated second act. It consisted of a handsome gold *bâton*, which reposed on a rich white satin cushion fringed with bullion. *La Perséveranza* records, as an extraordinary event, that the crowd pressed round the doors for two hours before they were opened. An assemblage of Parisian or London amateurs would have been content to stand patiently for double that time on such an occasion. Signor Verdi has consented, at the urgent entreaty of his admirers, to prolong his sojourn at Milan for a limited period.

W. L. B.

Our Low Dutch contemporary, *La Plume*, says:—"Les Anglais comprennent les nécessités sociales de l'époque." One of those necessities, by the way, is to retail anecdotes "*plus ou moins piquantes*" wherewith to counteract the depression caused by a dull climate and a "melancholy ocean." *La Plume* sneers at our efforts, and declares, sarcastically, that "there is no limit to English wit." Well, possibly we are a dunderheaded race; but, at all events, we have never been so hard up as to be obliged to seek humour in Flanders. Thence we get rabbits and butter—not jokes. Oh! no.

## ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Your correspondent, who signs himself "Exeter Hall," is as unintelligible to myself as he is to you, and must be to every one reading his communication. I have before this in your columns condescended to correct the English of such gentlemen. I must decline. I also stated that a primal element in the character of a gentleman, was "to put the best possible construction on the words and actions of our fellow mortals." Such a stand-point, from which to descend were to court destruction, needs no poor words of mine in its defence. So, if your correspondent, signing himself "One of the N. C. Society," will read the lines again (for which I am alone responsible), he will perceive that nothing is said or implied adverse to his views. This is presuming that he wants the truth. Even upon any other assumption, my words he will find are absolutely irrefragable. Does he reflect how many people the hall will contain? How many will fill the orchestra? Whether or not four or five hundred more than can be accommodated on the orchestra were not present? Whether sixteen hundred persons have joined the choir? Whether it was possible for the arrangements to be completed to bring them all together at the first meeting? How many were expected to be present?—By whom expected? What was the number I expected?—or the secretary expected? Sir, upon each and all of these counts I turn round upon my assailant and say, he is ignorant. I do not say how many I expected, but that there were more than I expected. To imply that I did would be a deliberate and wilful offence against probity and honour. I never said how many were present. Let him read my lines again and again until he does see their meaning. Now for my very words; they are these:—"The number present exceeded slightly the expectations of many." The number present exceeded the expectations of my assailant. He would evidently have been glad to have seen them nearer the aggregate he names. Therefore, I was true as true could be. The public who read this correspondence shall judge whether such a mode of attack is justifiable. It matters not to me whether or not such Billingsgate as some revel in is at a premium or at a discount; I shall refrain from using it.—Yours very truly,

G. T. (An Occasional Correspondent).

NICE.—M. Seligmann has given a concert in aid of the Patriotic Fund, which realised 4000 francs (£160), placed to the credit of the fund without any deduction—the proprietor of the concert room and the artists combining their gratuitous aid. Mmes. Cinti-Damoreau and Caillot, M. M. Frimont, Diaz de Soria, Jules Daniel, Henri Logé et Malezieux, were the artists who assisted M. Seligmann in his patriotic undertaking.

CONVULS.—Don Juan is about to be performed at the Ducal Theatre with Herr Theodore Epstein's new German libretto. Should the latter prove successful, and be generally adopted throughout Germany, Herr Epstein proposes producing *Die Zauberflöte* also, with a new German text.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN gave the third of her series of five concerts in connection with the Islington Literary Society, with remarkable success, on Thursday, February 8th. The accomplished pianist played Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique, Mendelssohn's Prelude in E minor, Weber's Capriccio in A flat, one of Thalberg's fantasias, and, associated with Mr. Walter Macfarren, his valve, for two performers, "La Rouquetière," and a brilliant duet by Hummel. The vocalists were Miss Jessie Boyd, Miss Harman, Miss Alice Barnett, and Mr. Joseph Langman. Mr. Walter Macfarren officiated as conductor.

THE fifth of Mr. Ridley Prentice's "Monthly Popular Concerts" took place last week at the Angell Town Institution, Brixton, in presence of a numerous gathering of the subscribers. The menu of the evening consisted of Hummel's pianoforte sonata in A flat, Op. 92, for two performers; the Adagio and Rondo of Mozart's celebrated clarinet concerto; Beethoven's sonata in D major for pianoforte (Op. 10, No. 3); and Sonata in E flat (Op. 48), for piano and clarinet (Weber). The clarinet parts were played by Mr. Lazarus, whose masterly execution was greatly admired. His rendering of the tender Adagio of Mozart's work was absolute perfection. Mr. Prentice was as usual the pianist, and delighted the audience by his artistic interpretation of Beethoven's sonata. In the pianoforte duo he was joined by Mr. Fox, who proved himself no unworthy coadjutor. The vocal music Miss Newton and Mr. Stedman supplied, and Mr. G. S. Minson accompanied the songs; the director the clarinet concerto. At the next concert, in March, the subscribers are promised Mozart's famous G minor quartet.

W. H. P.

THE WEST LONDON AMATEUR AND CHORAL SOCIETY gave a concert on Monday evening last in Seymour Hall, Portman Square, and attracted a large and fashionable audience. The programme comprised selections from Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*. The vocal solos were remarkably well given by Miss Matilda Scott, Miss Muir and Mr. H. Phillips; Gounod's "Jewel Song," sung with great taste by Miss Matilda Scott; and Herold's overture to *Zampa*, capably played by the band, which brought the first part to a close. The second part was devoted to selections from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, which was so well executed as to give entire satisfaction. The solos were entrusted to Miss G. Maudsley, Miss Muir, and Mr. Wake. Miss Maudsley's voice and style, in the numbers entrusted to her, were heard to advantage. Miss Muir sang the contralto music as well as could be desired, and the choir evinced careful training and was well supported by the band. Mr. John Beavan was at the pianoforte, and Mr. Ogbourne at the organ. Mr. W. Beavan conducted with his usual ability. Handel's *Sampson* is in rehearsal for the next concert.

MR. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS' *Soirée Musicale d'Invitation* took place at the Beethoven Rooms, on Tuesday, the 12th instant. The room was filled to overflowing by an aristocratic audience. The principal features of the first part of the programme were a cantata by Van Bree, the Dutch composer, entitled, "St. Cecilia's Day," preceded by Sir Julius Benedict's charming composition, "The Lord be a lamp" (*St. Peter*). This, and the choral parts in the cantata, were admirably given by Mrs. Andrews' choir. The recitatives and the two florid airs were entrusted to Miss Edith and Miss Gertrude Andrews, who sang them with an ease and fluency rarely met with in such young artists, especially "Thence will we lie" (Miss Gertrude), and "Come forward with pleasure" (Miss Edith). There was some excellent part singing in the second part of the programme, a violin solo by Mr. Cobbett, a guitar solo, capably played by Madame Sidney Pratten, and a pianoforte solo ("Chanson d'amour"), by Mr. John Francis Barnett. Mrs. Andrews' popular song, "Waiting and watching," was encored. It was nicely sung by Mrs. Neville Lubbock, and a duet by Mercadante, sung by the Misses Andrews, received the same compliment. Mrs. Andrews' arrangement of "The Legend of the Avon," for solo and chorus (from Chappell's "Old English Ditties"), obtained deserved applause, and she may fairly be congratulated on the success of the soirée, as well as the favourable debut of her daughters. We must not omit a word of praise to Miss Webb, the leader of the *altos* of Mrs. Andrews' choir, and to the conductor, the Rev. W. G. Martin, as well as to Mr. H. Lonsdale, who assisted Mrs. Holman Andrews as accompanist at the pianoforte.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The programme of the eighth Museums-Concert, included, among other compositions, the overture to *Der Herrscher der Geister*, Weber; and Eighth Symphony, in F major, Beethoven. The vocalist was a young lady of the name of Wilhelmine Gips, from Dortrecht. She sang the air "Die stille Nacht entweicht," from Spohr's *Faust*; Eckert's "Schweiserlied;" Schubert's "Frühlingsglaube," and Schumann's "Lotosblume." Professor F. Gernsheim, of the Cologne Conservatory, played a Concerto, in C minor of his own composition.

## PROVINCIAL.

SLough.—A correspondent writes us word that—

"Mr. Orlando Christian gave his annual concert in the Literary Institution, on Monday, Feb. 12th, assisted by Miss Banks, Miss Julia Elton, Miss Lazarus, Mr. F. Graham, Mr. Dyson, Mr. Style (solo clarinet), and Mr. S. Smith. The first part of the programme consisted of selections from *Elijah* and the *Creation*; the second part contained ballads and instrumental solos. Miss Lazarus, R.A.M., was loudly encored in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (Mendelssohn), arranged for the pianoforte by Sydney Smith, and a similar compliment was awarded to Miss Banks in 'Sing, sweet bird' (W. Ganz), and to Miss Julia Elton in 'Little fay' (Barnett). Mr. Style was recalled after a fantasia for clarinet, by H. Lazarus—'Ma Normandie.' There was a large and fashionable audience. Mr. Orlando Christian, besides assisting in the concerted pieces, sang Mendelssohn's 'It is enough' (*Elijah*), and 'O spring-time of youth' (Mendelssohn), to the evident satisfaction of his friends. Mr. S. Smith accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte."

BATH.—In the course of a notice of Mr. Bianchi Taylor's recent concert here the *Journal* says:—

"Mr. Lewis Thomas placed his services at the disposal of Mr. Taylor, and his reception on appearing in his place was enthusiastic. The hearty recognition of the high position he has attained in his profession by his old townsmen must have afforded him a grateful pleasure. His splendid singing of the music assigned to the 'monster Polypheme' is something to remember. The applause awarded to his recitative, 'I rage, I melt, I burn,' and 'O, ruddier than the cherry' was unanimous and long continued. He acceded to the request, and repeated the recitative and the first part of the air. His grand voice was in excellent order, and we do not remember to have heard him sing more finely."

MANCHESTER.—A correspondent writes us word that—

"Mr. Horton C. Allison's Pianoforte Recital took place on Tuesday evening, the 6th inst., and was attended by a fashionable audience, the largest Mr. Allison has yet been honoured with in this city. The programme consisted of Beethoven's Sonatas in A flat (No. 12, Op. 26); air from Sir Michael Costa's *Naaman*; Bach's Bourrée in G; Prelude in E minor, by Mendelssohn; Cavatina, 'Ah! quel giorno,' Rossini; Polonaise in E flat, Chopin; new song, 'Lovely Flowers,' Allison; Valse in A, Melody in G, 'The Sea Song,' and Tarantella, Allison; Scherzo and Wedding March (transcribed by Liszt), Mendelssohn; Allegro moderato, Schubert; Romance, Henselt; Scherzo brillante, Wollenhaupt; Selection from 'Melodious Studies,' Allison; and Grand Concert Improvisation on airs from Gounod's *Faust*. The whole of the pianoforte solos were given from memory; and we see no reason to doubt that Mr. Allison will ultimately reach the very highest level in his profession. The vocal music was ably rendered by Miss Jessie Bond, whose singing was duly appreciated."

CHELTENHAM.—A correspondent writes us word that:—

"A new candidate for musical honours, Miss Bertha Griffiths, made her first appearance in public on Monday last, at a concert given by Mr. Risely (organist of the Colston Hall, Bristol) at which place the concert was held. The young lady has on several occasions delighted the audiences of the Philharmonic Concerts at Cheltenham. Nature has endowed her with a most beautiful voice, rich in quality, and remarkable for its purity of tone. The *Clifton Chronicle* and other papers speak very highly of her rendering of Handel's 'Lascia ch'io pianga,' (in which she was encored), and Gluck's 'Che farò.' With such a rare voice combined with such cultivated taste, we expect to see Miss Bertha Griffiths take a high position in the profession she has adopted. By-the-bye, the young lady did not sing under her own name, but as Miss Hastings."

BIRKENHEAD.—The *Liverpool Mercury* informs that:—

"The Birkenhead-Cambrian Choral Society gave *The Creation*, at the Queen's (late Workman's) Hall, Birkenhead. The audience completely filled the hall, and there was no lack of appreciation in connection with any of the numbers. The principal artists were Madame Bellini, Porter, Mr. H. T. Bywater (from Birmingham), and Mr. T. J. Hughes, backed by a band (led by Mr. H. Lawson) and chorus numbering about 90. The soprano airs lost none of their beauty in the hands of Mrs. Porter, who sang 'With verdure clad' and 'On mighty pens,' with a spirit and power that well merited the loud applause which she received. Mr. Bywater rendered very valuable service in the trios. Mr. Hughes interpreted all his music in an efficient manner, and sang with spirit. The choruses were given with precision, although occasionally there was a tendency to hurry the time; and the band, considering their limited number, did their work in an effective manner. Several of the choruses were encored. Mr. W. Parry, as conductor, contributed in a large measure to the success of the performance."

NEWCASTLE.—We read as follows in the *Daily Journal*, of Feb. 6th:—

"A grand evening concert was given last night, in the Town Hall, by Miss Annie Penman, assisted by Miss Jessie Blair, of Glasgow, Mr. Whitehead (Durham Cathedral Choir), Mr. Ferry, of Sunderland, and Mr. W. Bea, as pianist and conductor. The programme was well selected, and contained music of Gounod, Randeegger, Haydn, Brahms, Wallace, Smart, and other celebrated composers. The performance was good throughout, and the concert really enjoyable. The solos for Miss Penman were 'Never More' (Tito Mattei), and the 'Sailor's story' (Smart). Both were sung with good taste and excellent voice, and both were encored. Miss Blair sang extremely well; her solos being 'My mother bids me bind my hair,' and 'Parted' (C. Garret). Miss Blair was also recalled, and obligingly substituted other compositions. Messrs. Whitehead and Ferry were equally well received. The concerted music was very abundant, and extremely good; it included the new national air, 'Long live the Prince of Wales' (W. Elliott), which was sung by Mr. Whitehead and the company, the audience standing."

## REVIEWS.

*The Night Closes o'er her.* Ballad. Written by EMILY BOND; music by ELIZABETH PHILIP. [London: Cramer, Wood & Co.]

THIS story of this ballad is decidedly melancholy, not to say dismal. Miss Philip's music shows the simplicity to which its composer usually restricts herself, and is pervaded by the apt sentiment upon which her success and reputation are based. The key is D major; the compass of melody very limited.

*The Fasco Galop.* By G. RICHARDSON. [London: Cramer, Wood & Co.] THIS galop is a good thing in its way; but, whether we are to look upon the music or the title-page as of greater importance, would be hard to determine. The latter is, at all events, a work of art, and whoever buys the galop will have a very good portrait of Mr. Vining, both as Mr. Vining and as Count Fosco.

*Rose of the Alps.* Waltz. By W. MEYER LUTZ. [London: W. Morley.] IN this waltz there are some graceful themes. It is, moreover, easy to play, and has a gay title-page with an appropriate view of mountain, waterfall, and chalet, with the "Rose" herself in the foreground.

*Under the Cliffs.* Ballad. Words by ALFRED WATSON; music by LOUISA GRAY. [London: Cramer, Wood & Co.]

UNDER the Cliffs is merely the locale of a meeting between a lover and his lass. The story is agreeably told, and wedded to agreeable music, adapted for a tenor or soprano voice. Amateurs will find this song more than commonly useful.

*La Farfalla.* Canzone. Parole Italiane e Francesi di F. RIZELLI; Musica di Ad. Maten. [London: Cramer, Wood & Co.]

THIS is an elaborate vocal show-piece, meritorious as such, but otherwise of little value. Amateurs with an unusually wide range of voice and exceptional vocal culture may give it their attention. To all others it is simply impossible.

*Oft I Wander.* Song. Words by Col. TAYLOR; music by LOUISA GRAY. [London: Cramer, Wood & Co.]

A PRAYER for an absent love, very earnest and expressive. The music is not among its composer's happiest efforts, but its character is appropriate to the subject. Key, D major; compass adapted for a mezzo-soprano.

*The Trooper.* Song. Words by J. P. DOUGLAS. Music by ALFRED PLUMPTON. [London: Cramer, Wood & Co.]

THIS song has a spirited story which tells how a trooper holds a ford against the pursuers of his king till the monarch gets safely away. Mr. Douglas's verses are spirited and rhythmical, such, in fact, as might easily move a composer to write the characteristic music we here find set to them. There is abundance of "go" in the song, and, moreover, it has touches here and there which show the musician's hand. Amateurs with baritone voices might do much worse than add it to their repertory. Key, B flat; highest note, F.

*Joy will come to-morrow.* Ballad. Written by ANNES PARK. Music by J. J. MONK. [London: Cramer, Wood & Co.]

THE words are fairly good, but the music has not enough of distinctive character to warrant us in praising it. It falls on the ear like a tale already told.

*The Fingle Galop.* Composed by FREDERIC REVALLIN. [London: Cramer, Wood & Co.]

A brisk and lively specimen of dance music, bearing on the title-page a capital executed portrait of Mr. Irving as the immortal Alfred Jingle. Than this, nothing could be better.

*I said to my Love.* Words by MATTHIAS BARR; music by G. SOONCIA. A LOVER offers his mistress gold and jewels, a singing bird, and a flower, but with none of these is she content. At last he tenders a song uttered by his heart "long ago," and the lady accepts it gratefully. "Which things are an allegory," conveying an obvious lesson. The melody is pretty and simple, simplicity being also characteristic of the accompaniment. Signor Sooncia has written for a mezzo-soprano or low tenor voice.

*Our Noble Prince, thank Heaven, is spared.* Thanksgiving Song. Written and composed by LOUIS EMANUEL. [London: G. Jeffreys.]

THANKSGIVING as such ought not to be closely criticised; but, when they are put forward as adapted to other people's use, we are justified in examining them. Here is a specimen of Mr. Emanuel's muse:—

"Our noble Prince, thank Heaven, is spared,  
And given to us once more;  
Those heartfelt prayers are heard,  
The prayers of rich and poor.  
Our hearts were sad, our eyes were dim,  
With fear for him who lay,  
So loved by mother, sister, wife,  
Who watched him night and day.

Clearly, the Prince's recovery is responsible for at least one painful attempt at versification. The music is appropriately in keeping with the words, and both would seem to have been written with an anxious desire to give an early and earnest, rather than able, expression of gratitude.

*Die Silber Glocken* (The Silver Bells). Waltzes by CARL GLOSS. [London: Hatchings & Bomer.]

We see no especial merit in these waltzes. They are, however, of average worth, and have a claim to average attention.

*Waverley.* Valse Danzante pour Piano par L. ALBRECHT. [London: Cramer, Wood, & Co.]

SOME of the melodies are more than commonly pretty, and the entire waltz is easy to play.

*Flora.* Valse Brillante pour Piano par S. F. HEILBRON. [London: Cramer, Wood, & Co.]

THE composer of this waltz is the young lady known for some time past as a pianist of talent beyond her years. We do not see much in her music to justify the term "brillante;" but, on the whole, it still may find acceptance as being creditable to one who is still a child. Whether children ought to be encouraged to bring their necessarily crude productions before a weary world is a question we will leave to the reader.

*The Leap for Life.* Galop. By C. H. R. MARRIOTT. [London: Cramer, Wood & Co.]

MR. MARRIOTT's dance music is good as a rule, and here we have no exception. A lurid title-page represents a mounted Indian putting his horse at a chasm to get out of the way of a prairie fire. It is vigorously executed.

*Gently Row, Gondolier.* Barcarolle. Words by J. L. ELLERTON; music by FRANK D'ALQUEN. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THE unbroken rhythm of this otherwise agreeable song becomes somewhat monotonous before the end is reached, but, with good words and a suave melody, Mr. D'Alquen may count upon a favourable reception for his piece at the hands of a large section of amateurs. The music is well adapted for a baritone voice.

*Dolly Varden.* Song. Written and composed by W. G. HUNT. [London: Weippert & Co.]

IT will be enough to say that this is the song introduced by Queen Dollalolla (Amalia) in the Drury Lane pantomime. Thousands have heard it and liked it.

*Joy on the Rhine* (Rhein Lust). Grand Waltz for the pianoforte. By F. M. D'ALQUEN. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THIS waltz is of a brilliant and showy character. It is also effective, and might be used with advantage as a study in delicacy and precision of touch.

*O, tell me, shall my Love be Myne?* Ballad. Written by JOHN ELLISON; composed by C. E. BROE. [London: Evans & Co.]

THE affectation of antiquated spelling in the verses of this song is childish. What advantage has "daintie" over "dainty," or "chant" over "chant?" Mr. Broe's music is easy, pleasing, and appropriate. A change into the tonic major whenever the question recurs has a happy effect and lights up the song most agreeably.

VENICE.—M. Achard, having completely recovered from his indisposition, has re-appeared with great success in *Nigron*.

## ALBANI (MDLLE. EMMA LAJEUNESSE).

(From the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

In the list of Canadian celebrities, whose portraits have from time to time appeared in these pages, no one of an observant nature can have failed to remark the large predominance of men of a practical turn of genius. Politics, divinity, with the legal and medical professions, are all fairly represented, while representatives of the arts and sciences are few and far between. In this respect the sciences are even better off than the arts; for though we have many scientific men whose names, at least, are well known outside Canada, our children of art enjoy a reputation but little better than local. This is the rule, though exceptions have occurred—as in the cases of Adolph Vogt and of Paul Kane, both not long since deceased, whose talents as high-class painters were recognized and appreciated both across the border and beyond the Atlantic. Music has been even less fortunate than its sister art. With the exception of Mdle. Lajeunesse, few Canadians have yet earned a reputation in the world of song.

Mdle. Lajeunesse, better known as L'Albani, has been frequently claimed by the journals on the other side as an American, while even in Europe she is known as the American songstress. She is, however, a thorough-bred *Canadienne*—Canadian by extraction, birth, and education. She was born at Chambly, and at an early age manifested such extraordinary musical talent, that her friends entertained great hopes for her future. Her father was especially sanguine, and frequently expressed a conviction that as *prima donna* his daughter would one day take the musical world by storm. At the age of twelve the young girl was already starring through the province with her younger sister. Later on she exhibited a decided *penchant* for a religious life, and had already, we understand, selected the Convent of the Sacred Heart as her future sphere, when she was induced to pay a visit to Albani. This visit proved the turning point in her career. It was her custom for some time to sing on Sundays and festivals in the R. C. Cathedral, and Sunday after Sunday crowds were attracted by her clear voice and magnificent rendition of the solemn music of the Catholic Church. Two or three years afterwards she visited Europe in company with a wealthy French family, and after some months spent in study finally made her *début* at one of the southern Italian cities. Her success was at once complete, and her father's predictions verified. On her subsequent appearances she was enthusiastically received, and on one occasion last year, at Messina, the audience gave her a perfect ovation. Fifteen times was she called before the curtain that night, and no less than two hundred bouquets and wreaths were cleared off the stage after her final withdrawal.

Mdle. Lajeunesse now occupies a fully recognised position among the *prime donne* of Europe. In Italy—the land of song *par excellence*—she is an especial favourite. Her professional name, Albani, was adopted in gratitude to the place where she achieved her first great success.

## MUSIC IN EDINBURGH.

During the three days Festival of Orchestral Music at Edinburgh, last week, the following works were performed, several of them for the first time, to a Scotch audience:—*Overtures, Abencerrages, Der Freischütz, Fidelio, Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage, Im Hockland* (Gade), *Mirella*, and *Tannhäuser*; Symphonies: Mozart's in C (*Jupiter*), Beethoven's in F, No. 8, Schubert's (unfinished) in B minor; Pianoforte Concertos: Beethoven's (No. 3 and Mendelssohn's No. 1; Kodé's A minor Violin Concerto. Also, *Overture, Scherzo, and Finale*, Schumann; *Prelude to Lohengrin*, and *March, Tannhäuser*, Wagner; *Entr'acte, König Manfred, Reinecke*; *Komarinskaja*, Glinka. Such a feast of orchestral music has seldom, if ever, been heard in the Scottish capital, and the efficiency of Mr. Hallé's Manchester orchestra is unanimously attested by all the Edinburgh papers, the execution of the above works being spoken of as in the highest degree satisfactory.

ST. PETERSBURG.—M. Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta*, with Mdme. Patti and Nicolini in the principal parts, proved a tremendous success. The Imperial Family twice sent round to congratulate the two artists. The prices paid for places were something enormous.—Mdle. Krutikoff, a pupil of Mdme. Nissen Salomon's, has made a most successful *début*, at the Russian Operahouse, as Wanja, in Glinka's *Life for the Czar*.—In a few weeks St. Petersburg will lose one of its most interesting musical institutions. The late Count Scheremeteff, who died last year, kept a body of choristers, for the execution of sacred music. He lodged and boarded them in his palace. His son, not having the same musical tastes as his father, thought he might save the 40,000 roubles a year which the choristers cost, and so he has served them all, including their chapelmaster, with legal notice that he no longer requires their services.

## HERR JOACHIM AT ST. PETERSBURG.\*

\* From the *St. Petersburg Zeitung* of the 31st January (12th February).

Herr Joachim's concert will not be forgotten by us. The feeling of the audience who completely filled the Assembly Hall of the Nobility, the particularly happy composition of the programme, and the extraordinary performance of the great artist himself, imparted to it the appearance of a genuine solemnity. Herr Joachim played two Violin Concertos of the first rank. Virtuosos generally limit themselves to one concerto, following it up by pieces of a less elevated character, or, at any rate, not so long. Herr Joachim gave us Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, and Louis Spohr's *Gesangscene* (the eighth Violin Concerto), in other words, music of profound purport, in which a prominent part takes the lead and endows the picture with significance, as in the case of Mendelssohn; and a composition calculated to exhibit the virtuoso and his sphere of feeling, without any independent purport of its own, as in the case of Spohr. We never heard the inward life, the very soul, of Mendelssohn's Concerto presented more beautifully, more nobly, or more thoughtfully. The performance was truly perfect, being greatly enhanced by the personal (subjective) element of the artist himself, who had evidently merged his own individuality in the poem, reciting the latter with personal and not simply artistic enthusiasm. The rendering of the Adagio was, so to speak, a new creation of that movement, which, as usually interpreted by virtuosos, occupies a lower position than the two other more brilliant movements. We, for our own part, never before heard this Adagio played with such noble simplicity, and heart-moving power of expression. Such a cantilena, such perfection in details, in the endings of the musical phrases, for instance, such melody, in a word, we never knew, save in Rubini, not excepting, in the domain of stringed instruments, Spohr and Bernhard Romberg (the greatest violoncellists of the age). Herr Joachim is a representative of the great school that, despising the glitter of virtuosity, sees only the music and the intention in musical signs. This above all is the distinguishing mark, the knightly escutcheon of our visitor. The exposition of the brilliant rondo-motive, pearly up like champagne, in Mendelssohn's work, was not, as is usually the case, an independent virtuoso-feat, but simply the pyrotechnic-like *début* of the last movement, to which the violin part, equally with the orchestra, has to lend significance. Spohr's Concerto afforded the artist an opportunity for displaying to the best advantage his concertante style, and virtuosity. He was as brilliantly successful in this instance, as in the previous one. We never before heard the passages, the runs with double-stopping, the heroic scales through the entire register of the instrument, overcome with such ease, as if they were mere child's play—we never before heard the musical expression to be obtained from them so triumphant. Tartini's Violin Sonata in G minor (which had never been played here); an original Romance, by Herr Joachim; and Brahms's *Hungarian Dances*—all three numbers with pianoforte accompaniment—completed the cyclüs of the various styles, which the artist had combined in one evening. Tartini's composition, dating from the first half of the eighteenth century, is so full of purport and feeling, so dramatic, and, in the third movement, so humorous, that it might be mistaken for a successful work of the present day. Under the smoothness of Herr Joachim's bowing, and the unshakeable plastic certainty always at his command, the difficulties of execution vanish, though they are such that it is impossible to understand how they could be surmounted more than a century ago, even by Tartini himself. This work must not be confounded with the *Trille du Diable* by the same composer, though it offers more than one analogy with the latter production, namely in the way the shakes were then treated as component parts of the movement, and not, as at the present day, as an ornament, a cadence, and, unfortunately, but too often, a vehicle for displays of mere virtuosity. We trust that, after so cordial a reception, and after his success, which was as great in Moscow as in St. Petersburg, Herr Joachim will, from time to time, pay us a visit; for our views in all musical matters could not be otherwise than extended and elevated thereby. Everything Herr Joachim did, at two Quartet Evenings, and two Concerts, was, in its way, perfect. His noble modesty towards his Art, whom he serves as his sovereign, and his nobleness of sentiment, as it lives and

manifests itself in what he expresses with his instrument, are his great characteristics:—

"Du bist der wahre grosse Mann,  
Der Lobeswort nicht hören kann.  
Er sucht bescheiden an zuweichen,  
Und thut als gäb' es seines Gleichen."—*Faust*, Part II.

Justice requires us to speak in terms of commendation of M<sup>me</sup>. Raab, the talented pupil of M<sup>me</sup>. Nissen Salomon. She sang, in a manner in all respects admirable, Agathe's songs from *Der Freischütz*. The orchestra of the Russian Opera, under Herr Naprawnik's experienced guidance, possesses a complete mastery of accompaniment, as was especially evident in Mendelssohn's Concerto. The magnificent overtures to *Coriolan* and *Euryanthe*, went splendidly. They were, however, taken too quickly. This is always injurious to their significance, however much they may gain in effect on the general public. Herr Naprawnik was greeted with applause on his appearance; his exertions are becoming gradually more and more appreciated.

## W A I F S.

MADemoiselle MARIE ROZE.—It is reported that this favourite singer (from the Paris Opéra Comique) is engaged for the forthcoming Italian opera season at Drury Lane.

Marxehner's opera, *Ivanhoe*, has been produced, by the Fabrik German Opera Company, at the Stadttheater, New York.

Miss Nilsson received a Christmas present by the steamship *Cuba*, the duties upon which amounted to 700 dols.—*Musical Bulletin*.

A crusty old bachelor says that "love is a wretched business, consisting of a little sighing, a little crying, a little 'dying,' and a great deal of lying."

A celebrated publishing firm at the West-End received, the other day, the following order: "Have the kindness to send me a few 'Songs without Words' arranged for a bass voice."

The Theatre Royal, Montreal, Canada, is undergoing extensive alterations. It is Mr. Buckland's intention to convert the old building into a new and elegant theatre.

"Senior Censor," forgot in his letter about Christ Church, Oxford (*Times*, Feb. 19), to mention the bells, which will not long be silent. A tower will be erected for them over the 'hall-staircase; but for the present they are to be placed in a temporary structure in that position.

Signor Caravoglia, baritone of Her Majesty's Opera, has returned from St. Petersburg, where he was received with great favour. He announces his secession from the old establishment, and his intention to accept engagements for Italian opera, oratorios, and concerts, during the ensuing season.

Inside St. Paul's Cathedral the galleries have risen, and, to judge by their ponderous timbers, they are being strongly constructed. That in the North Transept is three-tiered. Negotiations are in progress to enable the Charity Children to take advantage of these galleries, and to hold their festival a few days after the Thanksgiving.

The Santley and Parepa-Rosa combination will open in New York in March, and not in February, as stated last week. *Zampa* will be the opening opera, and will be given with a cast including, in addition to the principal stars, M<sup>me</sup>. Van Zandt, Mrs. Seguin, Mr. Tom Karl and Mrs. Aynsley Cook.—*Demorest's Monthly Magazine*.

Our countryman, Mr. Aynsley Cook, seems to be earning good opinions in the "Empire City." Speaking of his performance in poor Balfe's most admired opera, the *New York Times* says:—

"Mr. Aynsley Cook's baritone is rich and powerful; he, however, sang to more advantage in the part of Count Arnheim (*Bohemian Girl*) than in his first opera. The 'Heart bowed down' was rendered in an artistic manner, and well deserved the encore it received."

With reference to his performance as the Podestà, in the *Gazza Ladra*, the *New York Tribune* remarks:—

"Mr. Aynsley Cook looked and acted the amorous Magistrate almost perfectly, and is certainly one of the finest basses we have recently heard. His voice is not only of excellent quality, but it is managed with consummate skill. He had a difficult part to perform, and he acquitted himself well."

Mr. Ganz announces a series of Six *Soirées* of classical chamber music, at St. George's Hall. The first is to take place this evening. Mr. Ganz will be assisted, in the course of the services, by Herr Ludwig (pupil of Joachim), Mr. Hann, M. Paque. Middle Dracil, Miss Jord Sherrington, and M. Valdec. Mr. Ganz also announces that Beethoven's quartet in F major, Mendelssohn's trio in E minor, and Weber's quartet in E flat, will be included among the "classical" pieces. This spirited enterprise merits all encouragement.

In a notice of the production, at Boston, of Cherubini's *Water Carrier* by the Parepa-Rosa troupe, the *Evening Transcript* thus describes Mr. Aynsley Cook's impersonation of the hero:—

"Primarily, to Mr. Aynsley Cook belongs the praise for his faithful personation and strikingly able fulfilment of the part of the *Water Carrier*. He was in nearly every sense—look, dress, deportment, action, and song, quite the ideal of the character, and made an impressive mark upon the discerning and cultivated audience present."

The *Boston Journal* speaks of the same performance as follows:—

"It is no disparagement to the other artists to say that Mr. Aynsley Cook, as Michele, carried off the chief honours. The part is very much like that of the old jailer Rocco, in *Fidelio*, and is capable of quite as much dramatic illustration. In his portrayal of the character, as well as in his rendering of the music, Mr. Cook brings to bear artistic powers of a high order, and the effort is far in advance of anything he has attempted. He was the recipient of an especial ovation when the principal artists were called out at the conclusion of the second act."

The *Evening Traveller* says that—"Every one engaged in the cast brought golden opinions, and to Mlle. Rosa and Miss Doria, and to Messrs. Cook, Castle, Karl, Seguin, Ryse, and Hall, the greatest credit is due; but Mlle. Rosa and Mr. Cook must be especially singled out for extraordinary efforts, which met with hearty approval from the audience." When shall we hear the *Water Carrier* in England? Our American cousins are beating us hollow, and if, as we hear it reported, Mr. Henry Jarrett, of Her Majesty's Opera, intends remaining among them, they will beat us still hollower.

An "organ recital" was given by Mr. Hallett Sheppard on Tuesday week, at the Church of Notre Dame de France, Leicester Square, on the instrument recently erected by Auguste Gërme, late of Paris. Although the stops of this organ are under thirty, yet, by arrangement and combination, they procure variety and power. The whole of the stops are carried throughout, and voiced with artistic finish. The programme played by Mr. Hallett Sheppard included a fugue by Mendelssohn, J. S. Bach's "St. Anne's," a *Marche Funèbre*, composed by Mr. Sheppard expressly for the service for the dead on All Souls' Day, an arrangement of the "Blue Bells of Scotland," with a short fugue on the first four bars, an air by Beethoven, and an old English melody. The whole were played with finished expression by Mr. Sheppard, who ought to be heard more frequently.

There has been not a little disappointment experienced in musical circles during the past season that no opportunity has been afforded of listening to Miss Kellogg in opera. There have been rumours of combinations in which her name has appeared, but they have all come to naught, and she has not yet been listened to. This is somewhat to be regretted, but has been, to some extent, her own fault. Max Strakosch, it is understood, offered her \$50 dollars a night, for 100 performances, to alternate with Miss Nilsson, with the understanding, however, that she was not to sing in either *Faust*, *Marta*, or *La Traviata*, three operas in which Miss Nilsson had appeared, but which were also ones in which Miss Kellogg had been seen to great advantage, and received much applause. This offer the American prima donna declined, and wisely, perhaps, for prestige has much to do with the permanent success of an artist, and it would certainly have been a lowering of Miss Kellogg's status to have accepted an engagement in which the parts she had achieved her most notable successes were denied her. There is just a possibility, though, that, when Easter brings to us Mme. Parepa and Herr Wachtel, that it will also bring Miss Kellogg, and that she will be warmly welcomed there is no doubt.—*New York Musical Bulletin*.

Mr. Gilmore reached Boston on the evening of the 6th, hale and hearty, and in the best of spirits respecting the great musical festival he has set on foot. His mission abroad, which has to interest foreign governments and musicians in the affair, was crowned with success. He was everywhere received with the utmost cordiality, and the most gratifying assurances were given by the representatives of all the leading nations, that each would be represented in the great demonstration. He visited London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, and other chief cities. The best bands from the leading cities have been promised, and it is probable that there will be several large choral bodies, or at least one from England. Strauss manifested a desire to attend with his famous orchestra, but an engagement in St. Petersburg at about the same time may prevent. He promised, however, to write a composition for the occasion, as did also Bilse, Sir Julius Benedict, Arthur Sullivan, Randegger, Barnby, and other well-known composers. The band of the Grenadier Guards of England, under Godfrey, and the famous Belgian Band of the *Guides* are among those which may be expected. The story which has been going the rounds of the musical press to the effect that Sir Michael Costa was consulted and refused to have anything to do with the affair is untrue. Costa was in Italy while Mr. Gilmore was in England, and Mr. G. had no interview

whatever with him. What remains to be done is to place the financial part of the enterprise upon a firm basis, and an appeal will be made to the public-spirited Bostonians to do this. As before, Mr. Gilmore proposes to relinquish the entire control of the affair into the hands of an executive committee, which will include most of those who served before. Several meetings have already occurred, and Mr. Gilmore's statements aroused great enthusiasm. A considerable sum has already been subscribed as a nucleus for a building-fund, and it is probable that work upon the structure will be begun soon. It is quite probable that the building will be of iron, and that it will be a permanent structure, or, at least, that it will stand for several years. A large fair, to be held next fall, is already talked of. While abroad, Mr. Gilmore selected a great amount of new music to be presented at the Festival.—*New York Musical Bulletin*.

During the thirty odd performances in which Christine Nilsson appeared in New York, she has received, as her share of the profits, some 60,000 dollars. This, for a season of opera, is something almost without parallel in the metropolis, and must be accounted for on the ground that the public were actually hungry for opera, and ready to extend their heartiest assistance to any manager who would present it to them in good style, and with artists who possessed either the merits of being fashionable or good musician. This success is a cheering sign. It shows that we are capable of supporting an opera, and that European artists are beginning to consider New York as much of an art centre as London or Paris. The fact that we are an appreciative people is, daily, being more thoroughly understood in European artistic circles, and, as the knowledge spreads, the greater becomes the desire of artists to visit our shores and test the practical experience of what they have heard so much. Welcome to them all! Comparison, in the matter of voice, we need not fear; but they bring with them, a culture, a training, and an art knowledge that will be of use and benefit to our native singers and musicians, and so, should be received with all courtesy, warmth, and cordiality.—*New York Musical Bulletin*.

Of all the discoveries for which we are indebted to German professors, one just published by Professor Schmidt may claim to rank among the most singular. Hearing Herr Rubinstein play at a concert, he took it into his head to count the notes which that pianist had played by heart, and found them to amount to 62,990, fully justifying, therefore, an assertion previously made by the physiologist, Hering, that a pianist's calling lays about the heaviest tax of any upon the memory. Herr Schmidt was, however, not satisfied with this enumeration. Applying Austrian neukreutzers as a dynamometer, he tested the pressure requisite to strike a key on Herr Rubinstein's piano, and found it to be equivalent to 24 neukreutzers, which is two and one-fifth ounces. The force exerted by the pianist in playing the 62,990-note piece he therefrom calculated to amount to nearly 94 cwt. Herr Schmidt then intruded into Herr von Bulow's room and tried his piano, which has a harder touch, but which no doubt Herr Rubinstein could have played on perfectly well. Here the pressure would have amounted to 118 1-10 cwt. The discovery may be of interest to pianists who are unaware how great an effort of muscle they go through in playing a piece, but surely it requires a German professor to draw such a lesson from a concert.

So many years have elapsed since Mr. John Poole has been heard of as a dramatist that it seems strange to hear that the author of *Paul Pry* died only a few days ago. Mr. John Poole, who had attained his eighty seventh year, distinguished himself at an early age by his burlesque, *Hamlet Travestied*, published in 1818. *Who's Who?* his first farce, was brought out at Drury Lane, in 1815. Among the most popular of his pieces may be mentioned *Deaf as a Post*, *The Two Pages of Frederick the Great*, *Turning the Tables*, *Simpson and Co.*, and *Paul Pry*, produced at the Haymarket Theatre, September 18, 1825. Mr. Poole was also the author of several sketches and novels. *Little Pedlington and the Pedlingtonians*, originally contributed to the *New Monthly Magazine*, and republished in two volumes in 1839, established his reputation as a humorous writer. For a considerable period, Mr. Poole resided in Paris, but he returned to this country a few years ago, and his death took place at his residence, Highgate Road, Kentish Town, on Monday week. Principally owing to the exertions of the late Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Poole was for the concluding years of his life in the receipt of a pension from the Civil List. He had outlived all his contemporaries, and, at Mr. Dickens' death, was entirely deserted. His funeral took place in the Highgate Cemetery without display of any kind.

DARMSTADT.—The works requisite for rendering the old theatre—which had long been closed previously to the destruction by fire of the so called "new" theatre—once more available for public performances, are nearly completed. The first opera represented will be Mozart's *Titus*, which was the last ever performed in the house before it closed in 1819.

## MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

NOVELLO, EWER & Co.—"Thanksgiving To Deum," and "The Lord is my strength," by John Goss.  
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The work was extremely well received.—*Choir*.The airs are melodious and effective, and the choruses are pleasing.—*Derby Mercury*.Mr. Tolhurst has grappled with the greatest of all musical undertakings.—*London Paper*.From what we have seen of the work we rather like it. The music is good.—*Chatham Observer*.The production of *Ruth* on Monday night, was a great achievement.—*Maidstone Telegraph*.It abounds in fresh and melodious airs, and displays otherwise very considerable talent.—*Nonconformist*.*Ruth* has been twice performed in Maidstone, the composer's native town, with signal success.—*Athenaeum*.Some of the choruses are peculiarly attractive, and all are composed with true musical feeling.—*Maidstone Paper*.That *Ruth* is the work of an earnest man no one can doubt, evidence being found on every page.—*Yorkshire Orchestra*.We cannot but congratulate Mr. Tolhurst on his success. \* \* The work was extremely well received.—*Musical Times*.Several of the airs for solo voices are very fine. Many of the choruses evince great originality. The enthusiasm during the entire performance was very great.—*London Paper*.The usual custom of restraining applause at a sacred performance was broken through on this occasion, almost every number being welcomed with hearty demonstrations of approval.—*Musical World*.The composer's musical conceptions in this work are bold, vigorous, and original; there is an endless variation of the most delightful melody, which charms and rivets the attention of all who hear it.—*Sussex Gazette*.*Ruth* is full from first to last of original, striking, and graceful melody. That is precisely the character which makes it totally unlike anything of its kind which has been offered to the notice of the public for some time past.—*Correspondent of the Musical Standard*.In the opinion of competent judges the work evinces great originality of treatment, particularly in the choruses, while many of the airs are singularly beautiful, and the overture is a most vigorous composition. We congratulate Mr. Tolhurst on the result.—*South Eastern Gazette*.The overture is a very effective prelude. Of the Oratorio generally, we cannot do otherwise than speak most favourably. It is written evidently with great earnestness, and is throughout well constructed and melodious. The composer was received with most enthusiastic applause.—*Maidstone Journal*.*Ruth* is a regular Oratorio. When the words themselves indicate their treatment, the composer is often eminently successful; as, for example, the beautiful well-known phrase, "Entreat me not to leave thee." This is the best morceau in the work, being melodious and expressive.—*Illustrated London News*.The work presents abundant evidence of thought, of laborious application, and of a seeking after new and striking effects. The overture is vigorously written. "It hath fully been shown me" is a morsel of surprising merit. This melody is continuous, flowing and eminently satisfactory. There is an unquestionable independence about Mr. Tolhurst's music, and he boldly strikes out a path for himself.—*Era*.The performance of that class of musical composition known as the Oratorio flourishes more in England than in any other country in the world, although the supply of original works has hitherto come almost invariably from foreign sources. The exceptions have been so insignificant as only to prove the rule. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, were all Germans, such a reception as that accorded to *Ruth* has never before attended any English Oratorio by any English composer.There was a good attendance, and it is scarcely possible that any musical work of such a character could have been received with a more appreciative enthusiasm without seriously checking that calm continuity so essential to the onward progress and uninterrupted enjoyment of a great sacred work. Although *Ruth* takes three hours in performance, no impatience was manifested; the latter numbers, especially a trio, "At meal-time come," and a quartet, "Blessed be he of the Lord" being listened to with all that wrapt attention so honouring alike to both composer and executants.—*Musical Standard*.

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### THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Intelligence, or, as it has been called, intellectuality, is an essential element of all Art, practical as well as creative, and of none more so than of Music. Its development should be zealously encouraged in this branch of education, which, however, can be, and often is, conducted without calling into action any of the higher attributes of the mind. The Rudiments of Music are generally learnt by rote; proficiency in singing or playing acquired by that which is equivalent to automatic action of the voice or fingers. This should not be. Students should be taught that all musical sound, whether vocal or instrumental, is intended to convey some definite meaning; they should be made to reflect upon every phrase they have to sing or play, and thoroughly to understand that intelligence is the very essence of our Art. Music can thus become an important means of mental training. It is in this respect that the system of instruction now published for the first time in a complete form will, I hope, be useful. The plan I have set forth seems to necessitate concentration of thought upon the subject of study; it affords assistance to the memory, and tends to cultivate habits of precision, observation, and comparison. These are advantages which speak for themselves. Experience has proved that by writing exercises, pupils make steadier and more rapid progress than by the most frequent oral repetition of rules or notes. The hand and pen assist the eye and ear, and the result is more satisfactory than when the voice or fingers are guided by the eye or ear alone. I do not, for a moment, assume that this method will dispense with the necessity of vocal or instrumental practice; but as such practice becomes less troublesome and laborious if pursued with intelligence, it is evidently desirable, in teaching music, to stimulate the faculty of thought. And that is the object I have had in view while writing the present elementary work.—WALTER MAYNARD."

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3. SPRING'S BRIGST GLAUNCH (*La Eberia san'v'a*). From Bellini's "La Sonnambula."
4. FROM YONDER VALS AND HILL (*D'immenso giubilo*). From Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor."
5. HAVE WE MET (*Qui la s'eta*). From Bellini's "La Sonnambula."
6. ONWARD TO BATTLE (*Squill echappi*). From Verdi's "Trovatore."
7. RATAPIAN (*Rataplan*). From Donizetti's "La Figlia del Reggimento."
8. THE GIPSY'S STAR (*Verdi le fische*). From Verdi's "Il Trovatore."
9. WAR SONG OF THE DRUIDS (*Dell'aura tua profetica*). From Bellini's "Norma."
10. IN MERCY, HEAR US! (*Cielo, clemente*). From Donizetti's "La Figlia del Reggimento."
11. COME TO THE FAIR! (*Accorrete, giovinette*). From Flotow's "Marta."
12. FRIENDSHIP (*Per te d'immenso giubilo*). From Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor."
13. AWAY, THE MORNING FRESHLY BREAKING (*The Chorus of Fishermen*). From Aubert's "Mascantello."
14. PRETTY VILLAGE MAIDEN (*Pasanti's Serenade Chorus*). From Gounod's "Faust."
15. THE SOFT WINDS AROUND US (*The Gipsy Chorus*). From Weber's "Preciosa."
16. SEE HOW LIGHTLY ON THE BLUE SEA (*Senti la danza invitaci*). From Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia."
17. SEE THE MOONLIGHT BEAM (*Non far Molto*). From Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia."
18. ON YONDER ROCK BEGLINKING. From Aubert's "Fra Diavolo."
19. HAPPY AND LIGHT. From Balfe's "Bohemian Girl."
20. COME, COME AWAY (*Adi que de moi*). From Donizetti's "La Favorita."
21. HYMN'S TORCH (*Il destin*). From Meyerbeer's "Huguenots."
22. COME, OLD COMRADE (*The celebrated Chorus of Old Men*). From Gounod's "Faust."
23. GAINST THE POWERS OF EVIL (*The Chorus of the Cross*). From Gounod's "Faust."
24. O BALMY NIGHT (*Com e Gentil*). From Donizetti's "Don Pasquale."

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VOL. 50—No. 9.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1872.

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**CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—THE NINETEENTH SATURDAY CONCERT.** For the first time in England, Recital of Schubert's opera, "THE CONSPIRATORS," or Domestic Warfare ("Die Verschwörer, oder der Hausliche Krieg"), Mdles. Edith Wynne, Katherine Poynts, Dalmaine; Messrs. W. H. Cummings, H. Guy, and J. G. Patey. The Crystal Palace Choir. The programme will also include Symphony No. 4 in B flat (Beethoven). Conductor—Mr. MANN. Admission, Half-a-Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket. Transferable seats stalls, for the remaining eight Concerts, Fifteen Shillings. Single stalls, Half-a-crown.

**SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W.** President, Sir JULIUS BERNARD: Director, Herr SCHUBERT. SIXTH MEETING, &c. The next Concerts of the Society, this Season, will take place on Thursday, April 4th, May 8th, and June 12th. The Concerts of the Schubert Society afford an excellent opportunity for young rising artists to make their appearance in public. Prospectus and full particulars on application to H. G. HERR, Hon. Sec.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—EXETER HALL.** Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY, March 15th. Handel's Oratorio, "SOLOMON" (Subscription Concert). Principal vocalists: Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Vinka, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Patey. Commence at half-past 7 o'clock. Tickets, 2s., 5s., and stalls, 10s. 6d., at No. 6, Exeter Hall.

**CHARLES AND ARTHUR LE JEUNE** will give a GRAND EVENING CONCERT at the HAROVER SQUARE ROOMS, on WEDNESDAY, March 6th. They will play two original fugues on the Organ, subjects, "The British Grenadiers" and "The Soldier's Chorus," from Gounod's "Faust," and also an original composition for Pedalier Grand Piano-forte. Their special ORCHESTRAL COMBINATION and performances on the newly-invented POLYPHONE (which has been patented in all countries by the proprietors, Messrs. Cramer, Wood & Co.) will be included in the programme. Tickets, 3s. (numbered), 2s., and 1s. A limited number of Fanteuil, 5s. To be had at the principal Music Warehouses, and at the Rooms.

## THIS EVENING.

**SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS, St. George's Hall.** Director—Mr. WILHELM GANZ. SECOND CONCERT, this Evening, at Eight. Schubert's Quartet in D minor, for strings; Mendelssohn's Piano-forte Trio in D minor; and Hummel's Piano-forte Quintet in E flat minor. Executants—Madame Camilla Ureo (Violinist), her first appearance; Messrs. Jung, Hann, Pique, Reynolds, and Wilhelm Ganz. Vocalists—Madame Bentham Fernandez and Mr. Bentham. Conductor—Signor Randegger. Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 2s. 6d.; admission, 1s. Tickets at the music-sellers; St. George's Hall; and of the Director, Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, 15, Queen Anne Street.

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**THE LAST EVENING BALLAD CONCERT** (but One) will be given at St. James's Hall, on WEDNESDAY next, when the following artists will appear:—Madame Liebhart and Miss Blanche Cole, Madame Patey and Miss Fennell; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Bentham, Herr Stockhausen and Mr. Maybrick. Piano-forte, Herr Carl Hans. Conductors, Mr. J. L. Hatton and Mr. Sidney Naylor. Stalls, 5s.; family tickets for four, 21s.; balcony, 2s.; arena, 2s.; orchestra and gallery, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Boosey and Co., Holles Street; and the usual music-sellers.

**THE LAST MORNING BALLAD CONCERT** will be given at St. James's Hall, on MONDAY, March 11th, when the following artists will appear:—Madame Liebhart, Miss Edith Wynne, and Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Enriquez, and Madame Patey; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Maybrick. Piano-forte—Madame Arabella Goddard. Conductors—Mr. J. L. Hatton and Mr. Sidney Naylor. Stalls, 5s.; family tickets for four, 21s.; balcony, 2s.; arena, 2s.; orchestra and gallery, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Boosey & Co., Holles Street; and the usual music-sellers.

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### SIGNOR CARAVOGLIA.

**SIGNOR CARAVOGLIA** (Baritone) begs to announce his return from St. Petersburg, and that, having finished his engagement with Mr. Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Opera, he is at liberty to sing at Concerts, Oratorios, &c., in town or country. Letters for Signor Caravoglia to be addressed to his residence, 63, Westbourne Park Road, W.

**MR. ARTHUR BYRON** begs to announce that he is prepared to give Lessons in Singing, and to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. All applications to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

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### MDLLE. THERESE LIEBE.

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**MR. WILBYE COOPER** begs to inform his Friends and the Public that he has returned to Town. Letters respecting Oratorios, Concerts, Pupils, &c., address, 19, Great Portland Street, Oxford Circus, W.

### "THE MESSAGE."

**MR. WILFORD MORGAN** will sing Blumenthal's celebrated Song, "THE MESSAGE," at St. James's Hall, March 22nd.

### "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

**MR. WILFORD MORGAN** will sing his popular ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Mrs. John Macfarren's Fourth Piano-forte and Vocal Concert, at Islington, March 14.

### "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

**MR. WILFORD MORGAN** will sing his popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Islington, March 14th, and at St. James's Hall, March 22nd.

### "TOO LATE"

**MADAME BENTHAM FERNANDEZ** will sing Mr. H. C. Deacon's Sacred Song, "TOO LATE," at Mr. Ganz's Concert, St. George's Hall, THIS EVENING.

### "MAY."

**HENRY SMART'S** Duetto, "MAY," will be sung by Miss AGNES DRUMMOND and Miss ALICE BARNETT, at Mrs. John Macfarren's Fourth Piano-forte and Vocal Concert, at Islington, March 14.

### "SWEET EVENING AIR."

**MR. VERNON RIGBY** will sing Wilford Morgan's new Song, "SWEET EVENING AIR," at St. James's Hall, March 22nd, and during the month at Brixton and Richmond, also at Mr. Ransford's Concert, St. James's Hall, April 11th.

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Mr. VAN PRAAG flatters himself after his many years experience, and the ample satisfaction he has hitherto given to the Musical Profession and the Public in general, that he may again be favoured with their commands, and that no effort will be spared to be punctual. He begs to call the attention of the Ladies and Gentlemen to the adage, "What is worth doing is worth doing well."

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## THE MUSICAL SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S.

It is easy to imagine with what pomp and circumstance our nearest Continental neighbours would have invested the musical part of the Thankgiving ceremony in St. Paul's. Feeling that, as Professor Blackie puts it, "the duty of religion is not to eject, but to cherish and seek fellowship with every beautiful exhibition which delights human life," they would have lavished upon the service all the resources of the most beautiful of arts. Triumphant marches, a *Te Deum* bright with orchestral colour and resonant with clang of trumpets and roll of drums; the picked voices of the opera house, and what not besides, adapted to honour a great occasion—all these things would have been forthcoming, duly prepared to make the greatest possible effect. But we English have our own notions, and one of those notions is that a line should be drawn between music for the concert-room and music for the church. Said Robert Southey of Church song, "There must be no voluntary maggots, no military tattoos, no light and galliarding notes—nothing that may make the fancy trifling, or raise an improper thought. Religious harmony must be moving but noble withal—grave, solemn, and seraphic—fit for a martyr to play and an angel to hear." We know no more truthful description of the Thankgiving music than these few words. Noble, yet moving; "grave, solemn, and seraphic"—it befitted the genius of our national faith, and an occasion which was not so much one of form and ceremony as of heartfelt emotion. Doubtless it would have been possible under certain conditions to have done something more striking. Given time enough, for example, Mr. Goss might have written music to be sung by the picked voices of the nation, with our best soloists at their head. But there was not time enough, and, for ourselves, we are scarcely disposed to regret the fact. Let it suffice that the vast congregation which crowded St. Paul's on this national occasion heard music of an essentially national character. When all England joins as one great family in acknowledging a great mercy, it is fitting that the act should be characterised by homely procedure. The brief space for preparation already referred to, dictated not less who should be the doers than what should be done. It was necessary, in point of fact, to draw upon Cathedral and other church choirs, so as to make up by experience for want of deliberate preparation. Hence, the 250 vocalists engaged consisted mainly of those whose calling it is to be in "places where they sing;"—draughts from the Royal Chapel, the Temple, Lincoln's Inn, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and various provincial cathedrals. Yet the Thankgiving Choir was no unworthy representative of English music. There were in it, for example, the Rev. T. Helmore, of St. James's Chapel Royal, the Rev. Flood Jones, Precentor of Westminster Abbey, Dr. Steggall, Dr. Stainer, Messrs. W. Barrett, Mrs. Bac, Vernon Rigby, Lewis Thomas, J. Baraby, J. Coward, Locket, J. Foster, Wilford Morgan, Lawler, Montem Smith, Wilbye Cooper, Kerr Gedde, H. Gadaby, T. Young, Raynham, Lloyd, Theodore Distin, Chaplin Henry, E. Murray, Baxter, Land, and Coates, all of them intimately and prominently associated with such work as they had to do. A better choir could not have been gathered together under the actual circumstances, because none could have brought greater experience to their aid.

The musical business of the day began at ten o'clock with a rehearsal in the little Church of St. Faith-under-St. Paul's, which 250 men and boys, with a few privileged listeners, among whom was Sir Sterndale Bennett, very nearly filled. Attention was mainly given, as a matter of course, to the new *Te Deum* and "Anthem" composed by Mr. Goss, but the sublime Responses of Tallis were not forgotten, and it afforded a curious example of cathedral perfunctoriness that those were left wholly to the memory of the singers. The rehearsal was conducted by Mr. Winn, under whose direction Mr. Goss's new works were read off with perfect ease, if with superfluous energy, and produced an effect which set all doubts at rest as to their success. From St. Faith's, the choir, having finished the work of preparation, marched in long array to St. Paul's, where their white robes added another conspicuous feature to a *coup d'œil* seldom equalled for grandeur. But it was not for the voices to lead off the musical service. That duty fell to the organ, now being erected by Mr. Willis in its new position on each side of the choir entrance—being erected, we say advisedly, because the instrument remains unfinished, notwithstanding all the builder's exertions to complete his work. To some extent, therefore, the opening voluntary, "God save the Queen," was a failure; and throughout the proceedings Mr. George Cooper was placed at serious disadvantage. Indeed, the pedal organ might as well have been in the builder's factory for all the use it was to the performer. We may not criticise doings upon an unfinished instrument; but we cannot help saying that a triumphal march would have harmonised better with the occasion than the single verse of "God save the Queen," which ended long before her Majesty and the Royal Family reached their seats. This matter of detail, at all events, was open to improvement; but its failure, or some other, was expected. There is always a "little rift within the lute" to interfere

with earthly harmonies. The opening words of St. Ambrose's Hymn, "We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord," sounded strangely at the commencement of the service, but it was fitting that the grand old formula should hold such a place. How, to thoughtful minds, it connected the "Thankgiving" with innumerable kindred acts stretching far back into the dim past! No doubt the *Te Deum* has been prostituted again and again—when, for example, it has celebrated the triumph of unjust wars or the victories of superstition—but its dignified strains have oftener expressed the emotions of grateful hearts; and surely they were never used to better purpose than in Tuesday's high solemnity, nor, let us say once again, could they have been wedded to music more fit than that of Mr. Goss. The performance of the *Te Deum* was nearly all we had ventured to hope, thanks to the zeal animating everybody concerned. A zealous cathedral singer, being subject to hard work and little pay, is a *rara avis in terra*; but once fairly aroused his interest and he can do a great deal. This is why Mr. Goss's music lacked scarcely anything necessary to complete success. Having so recently given an analysis of its character, we need not enter upon technical description now, and shall only indicate the passages which produced the greatest effect. Decidedly the first of these was the contrapuntal episode beginning "The glorious company of the Apostles," &c., in which, as in the charming music to "Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter," Mr. Goss appeared to fullest advantage. So, too, as regards the acute expression of "When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death," the solemnity of "We believe that Thou shalt come," and the Mendelssohnian grace and sweetness of "Vouchsafe, O Lord." In brief, the effect of the *Te Deum* was all that could be desired, and must have moved the heart of the mighty congregation "as the heart of one man" by its religious beauty. The glorious music grafted by Tallis upon the traditional themes of the responses, could hardly have been omitted upon such an occasion; and it was sung fairly well, considering the different usages of the choir. But what an effect was lost through the silence of the congregation, whose duty it was to join in plain-song familiar to ninety-nine out of every hundred present! Unhappily, not a voice was raised, and that part of the service essentially appertaining to the "people" was done by time-honoured, but on no account, honourable proxy. However pleasant it may have been to hear the professional choir, the grandeur of many thousands of voices, though rugged, would have repaid the sacrifice. The Thankgiving Anthem, with its direct reference to circumstances underlying the whole ceremonial excited even greater interest than the *Te Deum*; and we can scarcely imagine that those who indulged the highest expectations of its value were disappointed. Jubilant, without vulgarity; graceful, without excess of sentiment; it seemed exactly the work for the occasion. The text has already appeared in our columns, and there is no need to insist upon the good taste which selected it, nor for a similar reason have we to analyse the music. Enough if we state that the "merry noise" of the opening tutti flooded the Cathedral like sunshine, brightening every face into harmony with the occasion. Truly, "the voice of joy and praise was in the dwellings of the righteous" on that day above all others; and when the reminder came, "The Lord hath chastened and corrected me," it served only to intensify the exclamation, "The right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass." With what effect the stately *Largo*, "This is the gate of the Lord," and its succeeding *Chorale*, "I will thank Thee, for Thou hast heard me," were given out, we must leave the reader to imagine. Enough that the plagal cadence which ended the Anthem ended also a most impressive episode in the Thankgiving ceremony. The passages originally intended for a solo were sung by Messrs. Lewis, Thomas, Wilkinson, Simkins, Hilton, Chaplin Henry, Halliwell, Buckland, and Briggs, assisted, where tenor help appeared necessary by Messrs. Montem Smith, Walker, Carter, Dyce, and Wilford Morgan. Only success could justify this plan, and, no doubt, the success intended was achieved—that is to say, the "solo" was audible all over the church. Probably, each gentleman thought it should have been given to him alone, and did his best to prove that he could sing louder than the others. After the Anthem there remained only the Hymn, in which Dr. Wesley's well known tune "Aurelia" was expected to unite all voices—in which, as a matter of fact, very many voices did take part, after some timid and tentative efforts by a few of the bolder spirits. It was curious, and, possibly, some may have found it amusing, to watch those efforts, and the effect produced on the dumb worshippers around. The ladies, whose bravery under such circumstances is undeniable, led the way; here and there one lifting up her voice "lustily, and with good courage," heedless of the stares and whispered comments provoked. Thus stimulated, the less daring of their sex began to sing; and before the Hymn ended even gallant warriors were observed trying their, perhaps, long disused vocal organs. We wish we could add that the effect was good; but, unfortunately choir and people entertained a variety of opinions as to tempo and so the congregational music lumbered along heavily in the rear

spite of occasional spasmodic efforts to "catch up" by dropping the intervening notes. Nevertheless, it was a wise act to introduce the Hymn—an act quite in harmony with the general character of the proceedings, throughout which the exigencies of worship were studied before those of mere display. When, in after years, men turn to the records of our great Thanksgiving, they will find no better evidence of a serious and earnest purpose than that supplied by the Musical Service.

### MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

It is far from improbable that Mad. Mallinger will shortly cease to be a member of the company at the Royal Opera-House. The matter has furnished a fruitful topic of conversation since I last addressed you. The following are the principal facts connected with it.

Mad. Mallinger's engagement will expire on the 1st May. Whether she really desired to remain, after that period, is a question no one except herself can answer with certainty, but, judging from appearances, I scarcely think she did. My reasons for coming to this opinion are the conditions she laid down for a new engagement. They certainly beat anything ever demanded by, or accorded to, a fair artist in the capital of economical, steady-going Prussia. Here they are, as forwarded to Herr von Hülsen, the Intendant of the Theatres Royal:—"1. A ten-years' engagement, not as a regular member of the company, but as a *Gastin*," that term signifying, as I have frequently stated in the columns of the *Musical World*, a "visitor," a "guest," a "star." The engagement, however, was not to be for the entire ten years. The lady was to be bound by it only for the seven months from September to February and May, she being allowed the intermediate months of March and April to fulfil engagements elsewhere, and, moreover, being free to substitute the month of March for that of May, should she feel inclined, on giving notice of her intention before the 1st January previous. 2. 250 thalers for every appearance, with a guarantee that she should appear eight times a month. This would amount to 14,000 thalers for the seventh months. It was furthermore stipulated that the lady should have two free days between every two great parts, and one such day between every two less considerable parts. 3. An annual pension of 1,200 thalers at the expiration of the ten years, should the contracting parties not have come to some new arrangement. 4. A loan of 10,000 thalers, without interest, to be repaid in certain yearly instalments, should such a loan be desired. 5. In case of the lady's inability to fulfil her professional duties, two-thirds of the guaranteed salary of 14,000 thalers annually, besides the pension, for the duration of the ten years' engagement. 6. Two front box seats. 7. Wardrobe free for engagements elsewhere, and a separate dressing-room in the Royal Opera-House. The Intendant—by the way, I should like to have seen him when he received Mdle. Mallinger's letter—stated, in reply, that such conditions were perfectly inadmissible. At the same time he sent the terms, previously communicated by him to her, and on which alone he was prepared to renew her engagement. Meanwhile, the lady had written to the papers in order, no doubt, to soften down the effect produced by her demands, and to secure the sympathy of the public at large. In this she was not particularly successful, for, whether the public sided with the Intendant-General, Herr von Hülsen, in regarding her demands as preposterous, or whether they had all been asked out to supper, and would not have gone to the theatre whoever had played, it is certain that, when Mad. Mallinger appeared some nights subsequently as Leonora, in *Il Trovatore*, the house displayed "a beggerly account," not only of "empty boxes," but of empty pit and galleries as well. Since then, Mad. Mallinger returned the Management the part of the heroine in Herr Bruch's *Hermione*, which is shortly to be produced here. On the 10th inst., moreover, when Spohr's *Jessonda* was to be performed, fresh bills were issued stating that *Fidelio* was substituted for it, "as Mad. Mallinger had declared she could not sing the part of *Jessonda*." I have also been informed that the lady has written to the Intendant stating that, for the remainder of her engagement, she can appear only in little parts. "A very pretty quarrel as it stands."

If, however, Mad. Mallinger's power of attraction has, at least temporarily, diminished, a fact proved apparently by the scant

attendance at the performance of *Il Trovatore*, the same cannot be asserted of Mad. Lucca, who demonstrates, in an irrefutable manner, the truth of the saying that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Popular as she was before her last visit to St. Petersburg, she is even more popular since she has returned. She has sung in her usual round of characters, adding to them that of *Recha* in *La Juive*, one she had not sustained for a long period—for several years, in fact. The public vied with each other in applauding her, whatever the opera was. So things went on till the performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, on the 27th ult. When Mdme. Lucca came on the stage as Cherubin, she was, as usual, received with hearty applause, but, mingling with it, a few hisses were heard from some parts of the house. To the question put by Susannah (Mdme. Mallinger): "Was giebt's?" (What is it?) or "What is the matter?" Mdme. Lucca hastily replied: "Ungezogenheiten" ("Rudeness" or "Bad behaviour!"), and hastily quitted the stage. Susannah waited some little time, but Cherubin failed to return, and, at last, the curtain was dropped. The audience burst forth into shouts of "Lucca! Lucca!" Presently, the curtain was raised again, and Mdme. Lucca re-appeared amid loud applause, but the hisses were repeated. Mdme. Lucca then stepped forward and said: "I have not, to my knowledge, been guilty of any wrong, and do not know why I should put up with unmerited insults." After this, she began her aria, which was rapturously applauded and encored. The same was true subsequently of her romance. The public were evidently resolved that their favourite should not be gratuitously affronted. They proved this at the time, but they proved it even more triumphantly at the performance of *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, three days afterwards. The house was crammed. The Emperor, the Empress, and the Court were present. When Mad. Lucca came on, a perfect storm of applause burst forth from all sides, and lasted several minutes, while flowers and garlands, among which was a silver laurel wreath, with a magnificent diamond ring, were showered from the front. The storm of applause was repeated at the conclusion of the first act. But the enthusiasm reached an almost frantic pitch after a song in the third act, the last verse being singularly applicable to the fair singer herself. This verse was given by her with great depth of feeling and intensity. It was rapturously applauded and encored, while the audience once more appeared to have been taking lessons of Professor Frikell, or *feu* Robert Houdin, in the flower trick, so great was the flight of bouquets on to the stage. I really should not have been surprised even if a number of gentlemen had started up, and if each of them, producing an inexhaustible bottle, and a dozen wine-glasses from his coat pocket, had begun pouring out, and handing round, an unlimited supply of champagne, sherry, port, noyau or curaçoa, at the taste of the recipients, and in which the latter might drink the sprightly little lady's health.

Such is the "plain, unvarnished tale." As you may imagine, there have been all sorts of rumours circulating, all manner of the most monstrous and gigantic *canards* flying about, as to the reason of the slight attempted to be put upon the fair pet of the Berliners. Names have been bandied pretty freely, but I do not care to repeat them. All I can say is that what was, assertion goes for anything, a premeditated insult, has been the cause of an unparalleled triumph for Madame Lucca, and that her enemy or enemies, if she has any, (and who among us has not?) can hardly fail to think of the proverb "Heaven deliver me from my friends."

I do not know that I have anything more to tell you worth telling about the Royal Opera-House, unless it be that Mdle. von Bretfeld, a young lady from the theatre at Gratz, appeared, with a view to an engagement, as Agathe and Adalgisa. She is good-looking, graceful, and possessed of a fresh, pleasing voice. But in art, she is a perfect novice, and the surprising thing is, not that the Management did not engage her, but that they ever permitted her to make a *début*.

A novelty in the shape of a three-act comic opera, *Morilla*, music by Herr Jul. Hopp, has been produced at the Victoria Theatre, but is far from a great success, though the manager has done all in his power to make it one. Just the reverse is true of a two-act operetta, *Der Marquis von Carionnage*, just produced at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt Theatre. The music, which pleased immensely, is by Herr Louis Robert.

There has been no lack of concerts. It would be a hard, indeed an impossible, task for me to name, much less describe, them all. I will mention a few. First—in order, I mean,—comes the series given by Herr Ullmann with his well-known company, including, as you know, Madame Monbelli, Mdle. Fichtner (pianist), Mdle. Hamakers, Herren Stagemann, Müller, Signor Sivioli, and the celebrated Florentine Quartet. Herr Ullmann's speculation has been pretty severely handled by some of the critics, who are anything but enamoured of what they call his American system of advertising, and not particularly favourable to his artists. I am not about to discuss either Herr Ullmann's mode of conducting his tours, or to discant upon the amount of talent possessed by the ladies and gentlemen whose names appear in his programme, but the concerts certainly pleased the paying public, for every one of them attracted an audience which filled the spacious Singacademie to overflowing.—“The cry is still, They come!” Vocal Associations go on increasing in number as merrily as ever. A new society of this description, Eichberger's Gesang-Verein, lately made its first public appearance at a concert given by the Gustavus Adolphus Foundation, and promises to take a fair position among the older societies of the same kind here. Since I am on the subject of first appearances, I may as well chronicle the *début* of a fresh band of quartettists, the Brothers Schröder, up till now residing at Ballenstedt, where they held the appointment of chamber-quartettists to the Dowager Duchess of Anhalt. Their first concert, given in the Hôtel de Rome, was highly satisfactory, and proved them to be thorough artists. The programme comprised: Quartet in G major, Haydn; Quartet in E minor, Mendelssohn; and Quartet in C sharp minor, Beethoven.—Dr. Hans von Bülow has given a series of three concerts. The programme of the first was devoted entirely to Beethoven; and that of the second entirely to Mendelssohn. At the third, Dr. von Bülow changed his plan, and performed pieces by Bach, Scarlatti, Rheinberger, Beethoven, Schumann, and Chopin. He was loudly and frequently applauded.

A short time since, a number of gentlemen became deeply impressed with the necessity for another Grand Opera-House here, and forthwith resolved to start a joint-stock company, for the purpose of building one. But, somehow or other, though they promised all sorts of advantages to the public, and wonderful dividends to shareholders; though they were going to build a “passage,” on the Parisian model, with splendid shops, etc.; though they included in their scheme a concert-hall for monster concerts and oratorios, as well as kiosks for flowers, fruits, refreshments, seltzer and soda water, newspapers, telegraphic despatches and opera-glasses; though they expatiated eloquently on the large pecuniary gains to be derived from the “restaurants, confectioners, buffets, and cloak-rooms” in the “Garden” (for there was to be a garden attached to the building) “in the tunnel” (also a tunnel, though what for, I do not know) “in the Opera-House, and in the foyer attached to the concert-room,” the project fell to the ground. The public would not listen to the voice of the charmers, though the latter, pursuing a different plan from that adopted by the lady who sang, so frankly:—

“Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed,  
The visitors are hungry, and their—”

cravings for material nourishment must be satisfied, assured them there was everything to be gained, and no risk to be run; the public remained obdurate, and would not take shares. So, for the present, we must be content to jog on as before with the Royal Opera-House alone. And with this heartrending item of news, I conclude for to-day.—VALE.

DUSSELDORF.—M. Anton Rubinstein's *Thurm zu Babel*, as yet executed only in Küssigsberg and Vienna, will be included in the programme of the approaching Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine. M. Rubinstein will himself conduct it.

BRISTOL.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—“By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills.” Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPE & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makes Eppe's Cocoa, a very thin evening beverage.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.

Some of the selections in the programme of the 17th inst. may be dismissed in few words, among them being all the vocal pieces, which had the smallest possible interest as music, and failed to derive much importance from connection with the singers. The *Siege of Corinth* overture, and the two small solos played by Mdme. Schumann, may, in like manner, pass with scant attention; Rossini's bright and animated prelude being well known, while the Novelette in F of Schumann and Gluck's melodious Gavotte in G are of small consequence. There remain Spohr's symphony in D minor, Beethoven's fourth concerto, and Rubinstein's *Humoreske* (so-called). The Symphony, which had on this occasion its first hearing at the “Palace,” may fittingly be taken as representative of Spohr's best manner. By the way, it was written in England during the early part of 1820, and produced at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, so that it belongs, in some sort to this robust English nation. Did some robust English influences work upon Spohr and move him to write, not only with his usual grace of style and richness of orchestral effect but also with a vigorous straightforwardness, breadth, and spontaneity, rarely shown in his music? However this may be, the fact is as stated; and, though connoisseurs who heard the “D minor” at Sydenham could have had no difficulty in recognising Spohr, they must have been struck with his unwonted freedom from the puerilities arising out of over elaboration. The *Larghetto* and *Finale* of this symphony are splendid movements; the latter having all the easy fluency of Haydn combined with its composer's distinctive style. That the work will occupy a fixed place in Mr. Manns' repertory can hardly be doubted. Madame Schumann, who was received with all the honour which is her due, never played better of late years than in the concerto. That her mechanism was absolutely perfect cannot be said, but it was so near perfection as, combined with a reading marked by great artistic power, to gratify the most exacting taste. Madame Schumann achieved a complete success, and her audience applauded with enthusiasm. About the work itself nothing need be said. Its admirers—and who is not among them?—have long ago exhausted the vocabulary of praise in its honour. Herr Rubinstein's *Humoreske* (so-called) purports to describe the setting out of Don Quixote, his adventures, return, and death. It is, therefore, music in burlesque, and honestly pretends to be nothing higher—a rare merit in the school to which it belongs. Well, we have no objection to a little musical fooling now and then, though we stipulate for only a little at long intervals; and we certainly shall not blame Herr Rubinstein if he chooses to wear motley and jingle bells on his cap for our amusement. In this particular case, however, we laugh *at*, rather than *with* Herr Rubinstein. His fooling is a melancholy affair, as fooling; and we are driven to find cause for mirth in the sight of a clever man unconsciously burlesquing burlesque. By the way, why does not Mr. Manns announce a “comic” concert? As things “comic” now go, he has some rare material in the Phantasies, Litanic concertos, and Humoreskes recently added to the Crystal Palace repertory.

## ORATORIO CONCERTS.

The directors of these concerts seem bent upon doing all that lies in their power to make popular Bach's *Passion* according to St. Matthew; and our notion is, that they are going the right way to work. About the value of the music—its lofty dignity, dramatic force, and intensely religious expression—there cannot be two opinions. In such a case it is only needful to go on performing it. Sooner or later the public will recognise the merit of which we speak, and the work will rank with the great sacred masterpieces already dear to English tastes. Of course there must be a loss at the beginning of such a process; but from this the managers of the Oratorio Concerts have not shrunk. Their reward is at hand, if they will persevere a little longer. The *Passion* was repeated in Exeter Hall, on Tuesday week, to a very large and, seemingly, appreciative audience, who had excellent reasons for satisfaction with the manner in which all concerned did their work. We do not remember hearing a more careful, or more judicious performance. The orchestra and chorus were admirable, and it would be hard to excel the refinement with which the numerous unaccompanied chorales were sung. As regards the soloists—Madame de Wilhorst, Miss Elton, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Beale, and Herr Stockhausen—it will suffice to say that they emulated the chorus in care and zeal; Mr. Lloyd doing especially well with the arduous recitatives of the Evangelist. Mr. Docker was at the organ, Dr. Stainer accompanying the recitatives upon the pianoforte, and Mr. Barnby occupying the conductor's seat, a place for which he has very rapidly qualified himself.

HANOVER.—Herr Joseph Schott, bass singer at the Theatre Royal, has died suddenly.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Londoners are not likely to inflict upon Herr Joachim the punishment of Aristides, no matter how often he may be praised. Nevertheless, we shall refrain from the elaborate eulogium with which his annual coming among us has hitherto been celebrated. Not that eulogium is less deserved on the present occasion than on occasions previous; but that it would be "wasteful and ridiculous excess." The simple words, "Joachim has come again," tells everybody that the greatest violinist of the age is among us, and they are enough. Herr Joachim made his first appearance on Monday week and fittingly opened his season's work with a quartet by the master whose wonderful utterances he interprets better than any living man. What was the nature of his reception, and how he "led" Beethoven's "C major" (Op. 59), there is no need to tell. Let it suffice that a familiar success was repeated in this case, as also in the same master's C minor Trio (Op. 9), and Mozart's well-known Sonata in A major for pianoforte (Miss Zimmermann) and violin. At the concert of last Monday, Beethoven again headed the programme, this time with his very popular string Quintet in C minor—a work eagerly heard by connoisseurs; most eagerly when the great German violinist is at hand to reveal its beauty. As a matter of course, the lovely episode which twice arrests the course of the fantastic *presto*, as with the song of an angel, made a profound sensation, and stimulated applause rarely surpassed for emphasis and unanimity. Herr Brahms also contributed a work to the programme—his pianoforte Quartet in A major being played for the first time in St. James's Hall, though heard last autumn at one of Mr. Henry Holmes's "Musical Evenings." The quartet is thoroughly representative of the modern German school, wherein its composer is "a burning and a shining light." We may therefore, be excused for not professing to comprehend, as yet, the meaning Herr Brahms intends to convey. That he has a meaning, spite of odd expression, and a good deal which falls unintelligibly upon the orthodox ear, courtesy must assume. But, while waiting for further light, we may admire Herr Brahms's obvious cleverness, and the many passages in his work which show powers of no common order. The Quartet had every advantage in performance, Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti labouring as zealously for success as though its cause were their own. Madame Schumann's solo, Mendelssohn's Andante and variations in E flat (Op. 82), elicited an irresistible encore, which was satisfied by the same master's pretty Rondo in E minor; and Miss Fennell sang Henry Smart's admirable song "Estelle" with decided success.

To honour the day of Thanksgiving, a special feature was made of the "Canzona di ringraziamento," which forms the slow movement in Beethoven's A minor Quartet (Op. 132). Written as an offering to the Deity in gratitude for a "crowning mercy," its choice was most appropriate, and its performance a fitting tribute paid by highest art to the occasion all England has just celebrated. What a poem it is, that *adagio in modo Lidico*!—a poem expressive of thoughts too deep for words, yet as full of solemn sweetness and tender grace as Milton's *Lycidas*. Played to perfection by MM. Joachim, Riez, Straus, and Piatti, it touched the heart of the audience, and evoked emotion all the keener, perhaps, for the subtle power which called it forth.

## LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

This series of entertainments is now drawing to a close, but if we may judge by the audiences whom the songs and singers still attract, the course might be extended without risk of failure. There was a large gathering of enthusiastic ballad lovers in St. James's Hall on Wednesday week, and a long selection of pieces, old and new, placed in the hands of Mesdames Cole, Sherrington, Patey, and Annie Edmunds; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lloyd and Maybrick gave marked satisfaction. As, however, nearly all the songs were those which had previously been given and commented upon, nothing occurred demanding special notice now. We may mention, however, that Mr. Sims Reeves, fresh from an exceptional triumph at Manchester, sang with great power. His selections were Molloy's "In my dreams," Sullivan's "Once again," and "The last rose of summer." Madame Patey was another great favourite with the audience, her noble voice being heard to special advantage in Henriette's "Always alone," Sullivan's "Golden days," and "She wore a wreath of roses." Madame Arabella Goddard played Benedict's Fantasia on *Der Freischütz*, and Messrs. Hatton and Naylor accompanied the songs as usual.

MUSIC.—Professor Rheinberger has just completed a new three-act opera, *Thürme's Gertrud*.

## ARABELLA GODDARD AND DUSSEK.

The *Standard* of Jan. 30, in its notice of a recent Monday Popular Concert has the following about a recent revival of one of Dussek's three sonatas dedicated to Clementi:—

"The great feature of the concert last evening was the appearance of Madame Arabella Goddard, whose splendid talents were never more gloriously displayed. St. James's Hall was crowded with eager listeners, intent upon enjoying the great charm of her magnificent playing, and hearing, for the first time in public, one of Dussek's grand sonatas, which, in spite of its age, sounded as fresh and genial as do all works, the spontaneous effusion of real genius. The violin quartet, which preceded Madame Arabella Goddard's performance, was heard with impatience, rather than with the usual amount of attention bestowed upon Schumann's compositions at these concerts, and perhaps, had the popular Joachim been the leader instead of the lady violinist—his *locum tenens* for a time—the same anxiety would have been shown to arrive at the second number in the programme, for it brought forward not only the queen of pianists but the greatest representative of executive musical art in Europe. Dussek's sonata in C minor is one of a set dedicated to Clementi, and like the B flat and G major sonatas, consists of only three movements, the fashion of introducing a *scherzo* or *minuet* not being usually followed by the composer, although there are several specimens of his skill in this direction to be met with, to wit, in the *Farewell*, the *Plus ultra*, and *Invocation* sonatas. The first movement is a vigorous *allegro*, full of interesting episodes, and worked with all the ease and ingenuity of a perfect master of form. A passage leading to the return of the first subject is particularly effective, whilst the anticipation of the tonic key shows how possible it is for genius to override rules and yet obtain the suffrages of the most orthodox musicians. The second movement, the *adagio patetico ed espressivo*, is as melodious as one of Mozart's gems, and contains examples of clever modulations, which are a complete study even to moderns. The *finale* in C major is in the rondo form, and, although the subject is simple, the episodes are brilliant to a degree, and interest alike the executant and the listener. The facile fingers of the gifted performer had full scope in this movement, and gave such effect to the concluding *coda* that the audience was no less astonished than delighted, and Madame Goddard was twice enthusiastically called back."

## MADAME SCHUMANN'S RECITALS.

Madame Schumann gave the first of two pianoforte recitals in St. James's Hall, on Thursday week. The programme, which was very interesting, contained Schubert's Sonata in A minor (Op. 42); Beethoven's Variations in C minor; a selection from Schumann's Kreisleriana; and his Romance in C minor (Op. 111); a Gavotte by Gluck, and two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. The performance of so much music, in such differing styles, was a severe task for a pianist who is no longer young. Madame Schumann, however, acquitted herself with sustained energy, and played from first to last after her best manner. How much the recital was enjoyed by the amateurs present may be imagined. Some vocal pieces were contributed by Madlle. Anna Regan, the accompanist being Sir Julius Benedict.

## CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS.

A sixth series of these instructive concerts began in the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday week, under the direction of Mr. Henry Holmes, who also played first violin in the concerted music. The other artists were Mr. Folkes (second violin), Mr. Burnett (viola), Signor Pezzi (violin), Mr. Walter Macfarren (piano), and Miss Marion Severn (vocalist), with Mr. Stephen Kemp as accompanist. An excellent programme was laid before the audience; among its items being Beethoven's Quartet in D major (No. 8); Schumann's Quintet in E flat (Op. 44); Haydn's Quartet in B flat (No. 78); and a pianoforte Sonata in F by Paradise—a composer whose works rarely get the hearing to which some of them, at least, are entitled. Intrusted to such players as we have named, these pieces could hardly fail to receive justice; while their reception showed how much concerts of the kind have done to improve the public taste. Five programmes remain for future presentation, and we are glad to see in them a proportion of new works like Mr. H. Holmes's string Quintet in G major, and Mr. W. H. Holmes's Sonata in G minor, for piano and violin.

A LETTER from Riga states that there have already been no less than seventy rehearsals of Herr Richard Wagner's *Meistersinger*, which is about to be played (probably has been played by this time) at the Opera there.

We direct the attention of our readers to Mr. Van Praag's advertisement in another column. Mr. Van Praag is so well known in connexion with such services as he is anxious to render that nothing need be said here of a commendatory nature. The man who believes that "what is worth doing is worth doing well," has the best possible title to confidence and patronage.

# OPERA FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS IN NEW YORK.

(From the "New York Herald.")

If we go back to the spring of 1852, we find Italian opera in its normal condition, bickering and quarrelling, the company divided, Steffanone, Salvi, Benevanzano and Marini adhering to the management, and Bosto, De Vries, Bettini, Lorini, Badiali and Coletti in open rebellion. The last-named artists formed themselves into a "Protective Union," and hung out their banners at Niblo's Garden. The manager, Maretzek, occupied the Astor Place Opera-House, with the artists who remained loyal to him. The usual result of such blind opposition came to pass in the shape of an empty treasury. In the fall of the same year, Alboni and Sontag appeared in concert, and in the spring of '53, the company at Niblo's Garden consisted of Alboni, Salvi, Marini and Rovere. In the following September, Steffanone, Bertucca, Salvi, Marini and Benevanzano were the stars of the Opera; and a year after, the Academy of Music was opened by Mr. Hackett, with Grisi, Mario, Graziani and Susini. In the spring of 1855, the company of this house consisted of Steffanone, Bertucca, Maretzek, Vestrali, Brignoli, Badiali and Lorini, a committee of the stockholders forming the board of management. Madame La Grange and Madame Castellan, Amodio and Rovere were added to this company in the fall, the season commencing October 1, and lasting forty nights. In the spring of 1856, Maretzek took charge of the Academy and had the above-mentioned artists in his company. The succeeding season, in the early part of 1857, brought out Madame Parodi, Madame D'Ormy, Tiberini and Mario, under Maurice Strakosch's management; and in the subsequent fall, Madame D'Angri made her first appearance in opera, with La Grange, Gassier, Labocetta and Fortini, on November 2, 1857. In the same company, Ullmann being manager, were Frazzolini, Bignardi and Carl Formes. The same company held their own with the metropolitan public until the fall season of 1858, when Ullmann brought out Piccolomini, Poinet, Mdle. Wagner, Laborde, and Tamare. Maurice Strakosch became *impresario* in 1859, and inaugurated the fall season with Gazzaniga, Colson, Brignoli, Bancarda, Amodio, Ferri, Jumea and Becco. During this season, November 24, 1859, Adelina Patti made her *début* in opera. Maretzek had a company at the Winter Garden, consisting of Gassier, Fabbri, Tarani, &c. The outbreak of the civil war bore heavily on the opera, and we find another "Artists' Association" at the Academy, under Musio's direction. On February 27, 1861, Miss Kellogg made her *début* with this company, in the rôle of Gilda, in *Rigoletto*. Two years after, the company at the Academy of Music included among its members Medori, Kellogg and Sulser, *prime donne*; Mazzoleni and Minetti, tenors, Bellini and Biachi, baritones. They were reinforced the next year by Madame Carozzi Zucchi, Bosasio, Irfre, Baragli, &c.; and, in the following spring, Grau brought his company to the Irving Place Opera-House, the principal members of which were Mesdames Gazzaniga, Noel Guidi, Cash-Polini, Boschetti, Anastasi, Musiani and Oriandini. This company played only three weeks, when the Academy was burned to the ground, on the night of May 21, 1866. When the present building was erected and opened, the artists were Madame Parepa-Rosa, Miss Kellogg, Signorina Peralta, Signora Testa, Mdle. Minnie Hanck, Messrs. Pancani, Anastasi, Medini, Antonucci, and Bellini.

In 1869-70 came Madame Briol, Miss Kellogg and M. Lefrane, Carlotta Patti singing in *The Magic Flute*. The next season was the short venture of Albitea, which was followed last fall by the Nilsson season. In this rapid glance of twenty seasons of opera, we design only to mention the leading artists in each troupe to show what surpassing talent has been on the New York boards, and to point out to managers of the present day how careful they should be in their prospectuses. It would be extremely perilous for an *impresario* now to announce "an assemblage of talent such as has never before congregated together on the American stage." We have had the best that Europe or America could afford.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Madame Monbelli, at present in Holland, with Herr Ullmann's concert company, intends singing on the German lyric stage. She will appear first here as Rosina, in *Il Barbiere*. She will be accompanied by Signor Sivori, who will perform between the acts of the opera.

COBURG.—Madame Peschka-Leutner appeared a short time since as Lucia. On the day following her performance, the Duke sent her the Medal for Art and Science, with permission to wear it on the Ribbon; and a diamond bracelet, with the Medal for Merit set in it.

# HERR R. WAGNER, AND HIS "FESTIVAL-STAGE-PLAY-THEATRE."

Professor Stern of Berlin has received the following letter from Herr Richard Wagner:—

"I hereby address you in writing, as I have already done by word of mouth, a friendly request that you will be kind enough to ask, in my name, the best choral singers, of both sexes, belonging to the Honourable Amateur Associations in Berlin, to contribute, by taking part as numerously as possible therein, towards carrying out my project of an exceptionally fine performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. I purpose giving such a performance on the day fixed on for laying the foundation-stone of the provisional Festival-Theatre, namely, on the 22nd next May (Whitsuntide), in the old Opera-House at Bayreuth, and under my direction, provided I am assured of the extraordinary co-operation of a selected chorus of 200 voices, male and female, as well as a body of 100 instrumentalists, to be formed of the most eminent members of our leading orchestras. As the performance will take place before no one but the patrons and other well-wishers of my Festival-Play, now in course of preparation at Bayreuth, and is intended merely to consecrate in a becoming fashion this extraordinary enterprise, I shall look upon all co-operation in it as a free act of sympathy with my project, and of homage paid to the great genius, whose blessed protection I invoke. With regard to travelling expenses I rely upon the readiness of everyone to make a personal sacrifice, but all who take part in the proceedings will be boarded and lodged, free of cost, during the whole of their stay in Bayreuth. It is necessary that I should know before the end of this month whether I shall be able to command the resources required; if I am, immediately the matter is definitively decided, the necessary personal invitation, with the name of his host at Bayreuth, will be forwarded to each of the persons designated as willing to lend his co-operation."

"Lucerne, 12th, Feb. 1872."

"RICHARD WAGNER."

Hereupon, Professor Stern writes as follows:—

"In consequence of my having received the above letter, I call upon the respected amateur singers, male and female, of Berlin (including those who do not belong to my Association) to lend their support to the worthy national undertaking in question; they must possess good, strong voices, and decided facility in reading at sight. At the wish, and in the name of Herr Richard Wagner, I hereby request all those with whose capabilities I am not personally acquainted, to submit to an examination. They will find me at my residence, No. 214, Friedrichstrasse, from 2 to 4 p.m., on Friday, the 23rd; Saturday, the 24th; and Monday the 26th."

"JULIUS STERN."

Really, the great Musician of the Future deserves to succeed, if only for his coolness. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony to inaugurate laying the foundation-stone of the Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre! And then his charming reference to "the readiness of every one to make a personal sacrifice," in re travelling expenses. He should have gone a step farther, and intimated that every one ought not simply to give his services gratuitously, but ought even to pay for the privilege of being connected with Beeth—— pshaw! with the Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre. He would have had plenty of responses to his appeal. It is not too late now. The writer makes him a present of the lint, as his (the writer's) contribution towards the erection of the Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre, already mentioned more than once.

# MR. ERNEST MILVAIN.

On Friday last, the first of two "Readings" was given by this gentleman at the Hanover Square Rooms. The attendance was numerous; and the applause bestowed at the close of each piece was warm and appreciative. Although unknown to the general public, Mr. Milvain, we believe, has achieved considerable popularity in certain of the suburban literary institutions, where his powers as a reader have been so flatteringly tested, as to induce him to seek a more extended field for their exercise. His selection last Friday consisted entirely of pieces familiar to the widely-spread community who find delight in this innocent and instructive class of entertainment, Dickens, Thackeray, and Hood supplying him with the principal materials for his programme. The "Tetterby Family," "Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness," "Bob Sawyer's Tea Party," and the "Dogberry" and "Grave-digging" scenes of Shakespere, afforded capital examples for the display of ability—which lies, we should say, in the exposition of humorous narrative and dialogue rather than in a more sentimental direction, though he threw unquestionable force and pathos into his reading of the "Death of Little Dombay," which also formed part of the selection.

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 2, 1872.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello.—  
 MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUSS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... .. *Mozart.*  
 SONG, "In questa tomba oscura."—Madame PATRY ... .. *Beethoven.*  
 IMPROMPTUS, in C minor, No. 1, Op. 90, and F minor, No. 4, Op.  
 142, for pianoforte alone.—Madame SCHUMANN ... .. *Schubert.*  
 SONATA, "Il trillo del Diavolo," for violin, with pianoforte accom-  
 paniment.—Herr JOACHIM ... .. *Tartini.*  
 SONG, "The booming stars."—Madame PATRY ... .. *Mendelssohn.*  
 TRIO, in D major, Op. 78, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello.—  
 Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM, and PIATTI ... .. *Beethoven.*  
 Conductor ... .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,  
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 4th, 1872.

## Programme.

PART I.  
 QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 12, for two violins, viola, and violoncello.  
 —MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUSS, and PIATTI... .. *Mendelssohn.*  
 SONG, "Par diavolo."—Miss EDITH WYNN ... .. *Lotti.*  
 SONATA APPASSIONATA, in F minor, Op. 57, for pianoforte  
 alone.—Madame SCHUMANN ... .. *Beethoven.*  
 PART II.  
 QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 47, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and  
 violoncello.—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM, STRAUSS, and  
 PIATTI ... .. *Schumann.*  
 SONG, "Orpheus with his lute."—Miss EDITH WYNN ... .. *Sullivan.*  
 QUARTET, in G major, Op. 64, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and  
 violoncello.—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUSS, and PIATTI ... .. *Haydn.*  
 Conductor ... .. M. ZERBINI.

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

NINETEENTH SATURDAY CONCERT, MARCH 2nd., 1872.

## PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE, "Euryanthe" ... .. *Weber.*  
 SCENA and ARIA ("Azor and Zemira")—Miss KATHERINE POTTS ... .. *Spohr.*  
 SONG—Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS ... ..  
 SONG—Miss EDITH WYNN ... ..  
 SYMPHONY, No. 4, in B flat ... .. *Beethoven.*  
 OPERETTA, "The Conspirators," (first time in England)—Miss  
 EDITH WYNN, Miss KATHERINE POTTS, and Miss DALMAINE, Mr.  
 W. H. CUMMINGS, Mr. HENRY GUY, and Mr. PATRY, THE CRYSTAL  
 PALACE CHOIR ... .. *Schubert.*  
 CONDUCTOR ... .. Mr. MANN.

## MARRIAGE.

On February 18, at Finchley, Mr. O. DAVIS, of New Malden, Surrey,  
 to GEORGINA A., widow of Mr. W. H. WEISS, of Gloucester Road,  
 Regent's Park.

On Feb. 29th, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, CECILIA, second daughter  
 of Signor MARIO, (Marquis de Candia), to GODFREY PEARSE, Esq.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. P.—The Editor is under the impression that Dublin is the place;  
 but will make enquiries, and, if successful, answer C. P. next Saturday.

DR. CHIDLEY PIDDING.—Certainly not. It was Haydn's brother,  
 Michael Haydn, whom Mozart knew at Salzburg before he went to  
 Vienna, and, therefore, before he made the acquaintance of Joseph  
 Haydn.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs.  
 DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little  
 Ghyll (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements  
 may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1872.

## A FEW DAYS' MUSIC.

IF these things be done in the green tree, what will be  
 done in the dry?"—the question not inaptly applies to  
 the state of affairs at the beginning of another musical  
 season. Concert-giving has set in violently; coming, like

tropical storms, with a rush and a roar, and bewildering  
 those whose business compels them to be up and doing in  
 the midst of it. And this is only the youth of the season!  
 hence, we may well ask, What will be its prime? Awaiting  
 the answer of events, let us give some details of work done  
 at concerts of very recent occurrence.

The New Philharmonic Society gave a *Soiree Musicale* on  
 Wednesday week, and regaled its friends with a good selec-  
 tion of classical music, including Hummel's pianoforte Trio  
 in E flat (MM. Ganz, Scuderi, and Lutgen) a sonata, for  
 piano and violin, by Dussek, in which the first-named  
 instrument was played by a truly accomplished amateur,  
 Mrs. Henry Wyld; and Mendelssohn's *Fantasia* in F sharp  
 minor, well executed by Miss Emma Barnett. Vocal and  
 instrumental solos, all discreetly chosen, served to exhibit  
 the talents of Miss José Sherrington, Mrs. Henry Wyld,  
 Signor Rocca, and Herr Lutzen, so that nothing was  
 wanting, either to the pleasure or the instruction of the  
 audience.

Yesterday week the Sacred Harmonic Society bade its  
 guests to a feast in three courses: thus departing from the  
 usual plan of offering one substantial joint. That the guests  
 were not much delighted with the change, we shrewdly  
 suspect. At all events, a great number soon had enough,  
 and went away. The fact, however, may tell more against  
 the guests than the feast, which was made up of excellent  
 materials. In Haydn's *Imperial Mass*; Mendelssohn's  
*Lauda Sion*; and Spohr's *Last Judgment* there are surely  
 both good quality and pleasant contrast. The performance  
 was marked by extreme earnestness, if vigour be an evidence  
 of that admirable characteristic, and the solos were given  
 with more or less acceptance by Madame Sherrington, Miss  
 Vinta, Miss Elton, Mr. Pearson, and Mr. Whitney. Sir  
 Michael Costa showed himself equally at home with Haydn,  
 Mendelssohn, and Spohr; and, under his direction, the  
 orchestral portions of the *Last Judgment* were admirably  
 played. The Society will bring forward Handel's *Solomon*  
 at the next concert.

Chamber music is in the ascendant, and bids fair to take  
 notable revenge for the years of neglect which ended when  
 the Monday Popular Concerts were established. With Mr.  
 Henry Holmes's interesting "Musical Evenings" the public  
 are well acquainted; and now another enterprise, with a  
 kindred aim, has been set on foot. Herr Ganz's "Saturday  
 Evening Concerts," which began in St George's Hall this  
 day week, command the sympathy of every well-wisher to  
 art. Judging by the first programme, they are strictly  
 classical, and laudably eclectic; while, if with the instru-  
 mental compositions of the great masters, they combine a  
 considerable proportion of vocal music, the latter, at all  
 events, is well selected and interesting. The first programme  
 included Beethoven's Quartet in F (No. 1.); Mendelssohn's  
 pianoforte Trio in G minor; and Weber's pianoforte Quartet  
 in B flat. These works, about which it is superfluous to say  
 anything, were played by MM. Ganz, Ludwig, Jung, Hann,  
 and Paque, or by some of them, and appeared to give much  
 pleasure to a remarkably attentive audience. Miss Alice  
 Fairman and M. Valdec sang well, and took a fair share of  
 the evening's honours as well as of the evening's work.

The concerts given at the Crystal Palace on Saturday,  
 and in St. James's Hall on Monday, are noticed elsewhere,  
 and may be passed here with simple mention. As regards  
 those which took place in Albert Hall on Thanksgiving Day,  
 there is little to say, their significance not being great. The  
*Messiah* was performed in the afternoon, under Sir Julius  
 Benedict's direction, and a miscellaneous evening's programme

combined the talents of Mdme. Sherrington, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Sims Reeves; with Herr Joachim as solo violinist. The "features" of the second entertainment were Sir J. Benedict's Hymn of Thanksgiving; Herr Joachim's performance of Spohr's Andante from Concerto No. 9; and Mr. Reeves' singing of "God Bless the Prince of Wales." Much other was done of a sort adapted to gratify holiday ears.

Mr. Ransford's concert, which took place in St. James's Hall, on the evening of Thanksgiving Day was, as might have been expected, a failure in point of attendance. The illuminations exercised greater attraction than English ballads; and those who cared not for illuminations, cared much for the crowd who did. So Mr. Ransford's usual patrons stopped away with, for him, unfortunate unanimity. We believe that he will repeat the concert at a more judiciously chosen time.

Mr. Boosey's eighth Ballad Concert took place in St. James's Hall on Wednesday, and it, also, was sadly influenced by the excitement of Thanksgiving. None the less, however, did the director put forward an abundance of good things adapted to keenly delight a ballad-loving audience. The singers were Mdme. Liebhart, who made her first appearance this season; Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Jenny Pratt, Messrs. E. Lloyd, Maybrick, and Sims Reeves. To describe the success of these artists would be to tell a most familiar story. Mdme. Arabella Goddard obtained a unanimous encore for her splendid execution of Benedict's *Erin*, and might have construed the recall following her equally admirable playing of Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer" as a similar compliment.

Mdme. Schumann's second pianoforte recital was given in St. James's Hall on Thursday afternoon, and with this we close our record of, the time of year considered, a very remarkable "few days."

### THE THANKSGIVING HYMN.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Will you be so good as to announce in your issue to-morrow at the separate publication of the Special Hymn, which has taken place in various quarters, has been wholly without the writer's sanction, and that an authorized edition of it, with Dr. Wesley's tune, in his forthcoming important work, to be entitled, *European Psalmody*, will shortly appear.—I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

S. J. BROWN, (Author of the Hymn).

FROM their elaborate and carefully considered analyses, it is evident that the musical critics of the *Daily News* and *Standard* share the favourable criticism (quoted last week in the *Musical World*) of the *Daily Telegraph* about the *Te Deum* and "Anthem" composed by that admirable musician and highly reputed gentleman, Mr. John Goss, for the "National Thanksgiving" on Tuesday. For our part we entirely agree with them, and think that the music was in every way worthy the occasion.

PARIS.—The orchestra of the National Theatre will be duly represented at the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of Herr R. Wagner's Theatre in Bayreuth. A Wagner Association, also, has been started for raising a sufficient fund to enable talented, but poor, Hungarian musicians to be present at the "model-performances of the Festival-Stage-Play" in 1873.

HAMBURG.—Mdme. Hoffrichter, a member of the operatic company at the Stadtheater, and a great favourite, was nearly suffocated on the 11th inst. A sweep, who had swept her chimney, forgot to restore a plug which prevented the mephitic vapour finding its way from the stove into her sitting-room. Some one happened to call upon her, and found her perfectly insensible. Had she remained without assistance a little longer, she would have been past recovery. As it is, she has now resumed her professional duties.

### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

We observe with much pleasure that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has conferred the honour of knighthood upon Professor Stewart, whose last service to the community was rendered in connection with the Thanksgiving ceremony in St. Patrick's. Surely we may now—by anticipation—hail the retiring organist of St. Paul's as Sir John Goss.

We read in a contemporary, that some of the choruses in Bach's *Passion* are "replete with power, though brief in structure." According to Talleyrand, language was given man as a means of concealing his thoughts. Our contemporary illustrates the idea; for who can say what is meant by brevity of structure.

THE *St. Petersburg Gazette* tells us of Mdme. Patti:—"Some years ago *la Patti* commenced her musical career; richly gifted by nature, her singing, like that of a bird, was full of careless vivacity and the exuberance of youth. This sufficed then as now to conquer musical Europe, but it was not enough for *la Patti*. Her natural talent as it developed fed on itself and became more reflective, more conscientious; it sought for new paths, and arrived at perfection. The *Gazette* only expresses the sentiments of the Russian capital where the success of Madame Patti in Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* is marvellous, and equals, if not exceeds, the effect produced by her at Brussels, in the role of Valentine. After a long rhapsody on the various points created by Patti as Juliet, the *Gazette* finishes thus:—"It appears to us that *la Patti* is at the apogee of her talent, for it is difficult to imagine anything more perfect of its kind, yet we fear to make this assertion too positively, for we are accustomed to see the *diva* surpass all provisions and baffle all calculations." H. L. B.

THE Americans in one respect seem more English than the English. All our attempts to maintain English opera fail, whereas the Americans often succeed. Miss Louisa Pyne and the late Mr. Harrison achieved considerable success in the United States as managers and performers, and lost all they had gained in England. Mr. Carl Rosa and Mdme. Parepa-Rosa have abstained, during their visits to this country, from appealing to the taste of the English; but they recruit their company in England, and the chief attraction of the company is at this moment Mr. Santley. In addition to the *Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana* (which are to England what the constantly-recurring, never-replaced *Life for the Czar* is to Russia), the Parepa-Rosa company play translated operas from all sources; and in one week they performed (besides the *Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana*) the *Ballo in Maschera*, *Garza Ladra*, *Don Giovanni* and *Nozze di Figaro*. "The subscription" (says the *New York Herald*) "has so far been larger than ever known at the Academy before for a season of English opera, the engagement of Santley having created an excitement not inferior to the Nilsson *furor*."

At the Vienna *Konservatorium* recently, two pupils of great promise made their *début*. Fräulein von Angermeyer, sang an aria from Mozart's *Titus*, with much taste, and displayed such an amount of dramatic talent as to decide her instructors at once to place her on the stage, where there is little doubt she will soon take a high position. Herr Joseph Standigl, son of the great bass, sang Handel's "Oh, ruddier than the cherry," with a voice and style which reminded his hearers of his late father in a remarkable degree, as did also his personal appearance. Another pupil, Fräulein Tremel, who has but recently left the *Konservatorium*, made a great "hit" in *Lucrezia Borgia*, as "Maffio Orsini." At the commencement of the celebrated drinking song, Fräulein Tremel evinced some nervousness, but the favourable reception she met with encouraged her, and she sang the last verse with such spirit and brilliancy that the applause was tumultuous and continuous. Let us hope that she will follow up her success, for good contraltos are scarce. The musical public are looking forward with great interest to a grand *Requiem* by Franz Lachner, which is to be performed, for the first time, by the Viennese Academy Choir, assisted by a chorus of ladies, at a special afternoon concert. The members of the Royal Opera have tendered their assistance, which has been accepted, so that the performance promises to be worthy the reputation of the work.—H. L. B.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

An interesting and fashionably attended concert was given at the Eyre Arms Concert Room, St. John's Wood, on Thursday evening in last week, for the benefit of the new schools in connection with All Soul's Church, South Hampstead. The programme included the D minor concerto of Mendelssohn, played by Miss Kate Roberts and the orchestra of the West London Amateur Musical Society, a selection from Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, Mendelssohn's *Festgesang*, &c. The solo vocalists were Miss Katherine Poyntz, Miss Muir, Miss Maudsley, Miss Milton, Mr. Nelson Varley, and Mr. D. L. Ryan. Mr. William Beavan was the conductor.

At Mr. Aguilar's last performance of pianoforte music, the programme was as follows:—

"Sonata Pathétique—Beethoven; Aréthusa (Melody)—Aguilar; Prelude and Fugue in C sharp (Miss Grace Aguilar)—Bach; Reverie, Nocturne, Valse favorite—Raff; Sonata in D—Aguilar; Lieder ohne Worte—Mendelssohn; 'Chi mi frena' (Lucia), Transcription (Miss Grace Aguilar)—Aguilar; Sunset Glow (Reverie)—Aguilar; Melody in F—Rubinstein; Mazurka—Aguilar.

The audience, a numerous one, evidently were pleased with the music, as well as with the performances of Mr. and Miss Aguilar.

M<sup>ME</sup>. ARDITI gave the second of her series of *matinées musicales*, at her residence in Albany Street, on Friday evening last week. A full and fashionable audience attended. The following music was performed:—

'Duetto, "I Militari" (Signor Valdec and Signor Monari Rocca)—G. Alary; Melodia, "Il nome di mia madre" (M<sup>lle</sup>. Roselli)—Gordigiani; Solo Pianoforte (Herr Stoeger)—Stoeger; Song (Miss Fennell); Trio, No. 2 Op. 1 (M<sup>lle</sup>. Giulietta Arditi, Herr Straus, and Signor Paque)—Beethoven; Duetto, "Tiritoma" (M<sup>me</sup>. Connean and M<sup>me</sup>. Demerio-Lablache, accompanied by the Composer)—Prince Poniatowski; Prayer (Miss Alice Fairman)—F. Hiller; Romance, "Silvio Pellico" (M. Valdec)—Henrion; Quintetto, "Coal fan tutte" (M<sup>me</sup>. Arditi, M<sup>me</sup>. Connean, M. M. Ziffo, M. Valdec, and Signor Monari Rocca)—Mozart; Song, "Looking back" (Miss Alice Fairman)—A. Sullivan; Pianoforte Solo, Grand Fantaisie de Concert (Chevalier de Kontaki); Aria (M<sup>me</sup>. Connean); Solo, Violin (Herr Straus); Duetto, "Qui tollis" (*Messe Solennelle*) (M<sup>me</sup>. Arditi and M<sup>me</sup>. Semenza)—Rossini; Romance, "La Margherita" (Signor Rizzelli, accompanied by the Composer)—Prince Poniatowski; Romance (*Don Sebastino*) (M<sup>me</sup>. Semenza)—Donizetti; Quartetto, "Un di se ben" (*Rigoletto*) (M<sup>me</sup>. de Wilhorst, M<sup>me</sup>. Demerio-Lablache, Signor Rizzelli, and Signor Monari Rocca.) Signor Visetti accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte."

Mr. HALLETT SHEPPARD gave a morning concert last Saturday, under distinguished patronage, at "The Hollies," Weybridge, by kind permission of Albert G. Sandemann, Esq. He was assisted by Miss Katherine Poyntz, Miss Helen D'Alton, Herr Carl Deichmann (violin), Mr. Walter Pettit (violin), and Mr. Oberthur (harp). The concert opened with Hummel's Trio in E flat, in which Mr. Hallett Sheppard took the piano part, and there, as afterwards in Solos by Chopin and Heller, and a very brilliant "Tarantelle" of his own composition, proved himself an able pianist. Miss Katherine Poyntz obtained great applause in Donizetti's "In questo esempio" and also in a fine song by Mr. Sheppard, "Oh, doubting Heart." Miss Helen D'Alton was successful in "a Midnight Song," and some national melodies. Herr Deichmann had great success in a Fantale caprice, by Vieuxtemps, and Mr. Pettit was much applauded in Platti's Solo on *Linda di Chamouniz*. Mr. Oberthur's performance of Parish Alvar's "Imitazione del Mandolino," gave evident pleasure. The concert concluded with this gentlemen's duet for harp and piano on *Oberon*, which he played with Mr. Sheppard, and which created quite a sensation. The rooms were decorated with great taste, and filled with a numerous company.

THE pianoforte recitals with which Miss Clara Gottschalk has of late favoured the public have been so highly commended, that it was not surprising to find St. George's Hall crowded with a fashionable audience, intent upon enjoying the programme provided for a climatic performance. The pianoforte pieces were judiciously selected, and enabled the audience to appreciate the talents of the *exequante* in the classical school, as well as in that generally described as modern or romantic. Mendelssohn's duo in B flat for pianoforte and violoncello opened the programme. Every movement was rendered in the style which the gifted composer, by his own performances, taught his contemporaries to imitate as well as permanently to establish, and not only satisfied the numerous connoisseurs Miss Clara Gottschalk gathers round her on every occasion when she appeals to the public, but excited an amount of enthusiasm which only real talent, combined with artistic excellence, can command. The presentation of several *morceaux* by her lamented brother, Mr. L. M. Gottschalk, afforded an opportunity of showing her proficiency in another style, and the "Cradle Song," one of Mr. Gottschalk's most pleasing contributions to the *répertoire* of the pianoforte, derived additional grace from the exquisite touch and expressive

manipulation of a kindred interpreter. The "Cradle Song" was not the only acceptable contribution from Mr. Gottschalk's pen, but was associated with his no less pleasing solos entitled a "Caprice" and "Printemps d'amour," which were also received with the greatest amount of favour. The instrumental pieces were interspersed with songs, ballads, and concerted *morceaux* too numerous to enumerate.

## PROVINCIAL.

NEWPORT.—(Isle of Wight).—A correspondent writes as subjoined:—

"On February 22nd, a concert was given in the Volunteer Hall, in aid of the Library Fund. The concert was under the direction of Mrs. John Macfarren, who rendered the pieces allotted to her with a taste which won for her the applause of the audience. The vocal performers were Miss Jessie Royd, Miss Harmon, and Mr. Wilford Morgan. Miss Jessie Royd was recalled after the air, 'Should he up-braid.' She was also called upon to repeat, with Miss Harmon, the duet, 'See, oh! Norma, before thee kneeling,' and the *cavatina* from the *Barber of Seville*. Mrs. Macfarren was encored in the fantasia, 'Bonnie Scotland,' which she played *con amore*. Each piece was well and tastefully executed. The singing of Mr. Wilford Morgan was all that could be desired. He gave his songs with great spirit, and was deservedly applauded. Mr. Brinley Richards' 'God Bless the Prince of Wales' brought to a close a most enjoyable concert."

LYMINGTON.—We extract the following remarks from the *Lymington Chronicle*:—

"A pianoforte and vocal recital, by Mrs. John Macfarren and Miss Harmon, given at the Assembly Rooms, was a rare musical treat. A considerable number of the leading gentry were present. Mrs. John Macfarren is a genuine artist, and it is good for those who, by reason of business avocations are kept imprisoned in the country, to hear one who can make us understand what music really is—who can give us a perfect interpretation of the great masters. To hear one of this gifted lady's recitals is to have its music lingering in the heart for weeks afterwards, and, in Lymington, to regret that her visits are so few and far between. Miss Harmon will always be a welcome visitor."

LIVERPOOL.—A correspondent writes us word that:—

"Mr. Horton C. Allison gave a successful pianoforte recital here on the 24th Feb. He played a varied and interesting selection from the works of Beethoven, Bach, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Henselt, Reinecke, Wollenhaupt and Chopin. Mr. Allison played all the pieces without book; and, as the recitals lasted nearly two hours, his doing so excited admiration. Miss Jessie Bond sang Rossini's 'Ah! quel giorno' and Meyerbeer's 'Nobil Donna,' as well as Mr. Allison's songs, 'Again the woods,' and 'Lovely Flowers,' capitally. Mr. Allison's playing was characterized by brilliancy of execution, and poetic feeling. His compositions for the piano, 'Sea Song,' 'Le Fleur de Lis' (valse), 'Melodious Studies' and his 'Tarantella' in A minor, were admired and applauded."

MARGATE.—Mrs. Francis Talfourd gave her fourth annual concert in aid of the Alexandra Homes, at the Assembly Rooms, on Monday week. As usual, she was successful in obtaining a long list of aristocratic patrons, and also, as usual, in attracting an audience worthy of the occasion, and of her own philanthropic efforts. Mrs. Talfourd took a leading part in the performance, singing Horn's popular duet, "I know a bank," with Miss Lucy Franklein (encored); and taking part in various concerted pieces, so as to prove, once more, the high culture to which, as an amateur, she has subjected her natural gifts. Among those who assisted were Mrs. Tennent, M<sup>me</sup>. Rita (encored in Beethoven's "Perche non vieni") Mr. Cobham, Signor Ciabatta (encored with Mr. Hatton in a Buffo duet, by Cimarosa), Mr. F. Penna, Mr. J. L. Hatton, and Master G. F. Hatton. The concert was in all respects a brilliant success.

OXFORD.—The following is from the *Oxford Chronicle*:—

"TESTIMONIAL TO MR. W. H. ALLCHIN, MUS. BAC.—On the occasion of the marriage of the organist of St. Mary-the-Virgin, in this city, that gentleman has been presented with a testimonial by the congregation and by the choir. On Sunday, Feb. 11th, at the conclusion of morning service, several parishioners and others withdrew into the chancel, when the Vicar, in their names, presented Mr. Allchin with a velvet purse containing twenty-five sovereigns, accompanying the gift with a letter. Rev. J. W. Burgen explained that the amount was not to be regarded as the measure of appreciation entertained of Mr. Allchin's professional ability and service, but as a token of the esteem and goodwill of the contributors. Mr. E. Rynan Hall, in the name of the choir, next presented to Mr. Allchin a handsomely-bound Bible, containing an appropriate inscription. Mr. Hall paid a handsome tribute to the zeal and ability with which Mr. Allchin had, out of rough material, constructed a very efficient parish choir. Mr. and Mrs. Allchin received the congratulations of all present."

MANCHESTER.—The *Examiner and Times* writing about Mr. De Jong's "Popular concert," says of Mdlle. Liebe's performance:—

"Mdlle. Thérèse Liebe is a young violinist who played with great success in London last season. Her appearance at once secured sympathy, and the favourable impression was more than confirmed by remarkably fine playing. Her execution is very good; she plays with great taste, and at the conclusion of her solo (Alard's fantasia sur *Nabuco*), she was very heartily applauded."

CHATHAM.—A correspondent has obliged us with the following:—

"A concert was given at the Theatre Royal of the Brompton Barracks, on the evening of Monday 26th ult., for the benefit of the widow and children of musician Edwin Watts, who died after but a very brief illness, a short time since. The excellent band of the Royal Engineers, to which the deceased belonged, performed the overtures *Figaro* and the *Crown Diamonds*, and two elegant selections from *Oberon* and *Faust* (Gounod), with great spirit, under the able direction of Herr Sawerthal, the band Master. Maximilian Maitret, a youthful violinist, eleven years of age, played two solos in good style, and was received with much favour. Miss Jessie Royd and Mr. Currie (flute) obtained an encore in Bishop's 'Lo, here the gentle lark,' well merited by both artists. A recall followed the same lady's delivery of Mr. Macfarren's ballad, 'Somebody.' Quarter-master-serjeant W. C. Cochrane sang 'Our Prince is with us still' very effectively. The lion's share of the applause of the evening fell to the lot of an exceedingly good local comicus, Mr. W. Cotterill. His selections are somewhat above the usual routine of buffo vocalists, and he certainly is most pains-taking to deserve the commendation he receives. Mr. George Tollhurst accompanied at the piano, and played Thalberg's "Home, sweet home." The concert was a success in every way, and it is pleasing to know that a fair sum of money will be realized for the 'widow and the fatherless,' on this occasion; a circumstance as gratifying to the members of the band, who promoted the affair, and the band-master, Herr Sawerthal, under whose direction all the arrangements were made, as to the patrons of the performance who contributed to so desirable a result."

#### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Sunday Times* speaks as follows of the 400th Monday Popular Concert:—

"Mr. Arthur Chappell gave his 400th popular concert in St. James's Hall, on the 27th ult., and, to confer upon it appropriate distinction, engaged the two greatest English artists—Madame Goddard and Mr. Sims Reeves—as pianist and vocalist respectively. The result was seen in an audience which crowded the hall to excess. Madame Goddard played as her solo, 'by desire,' the famous *Suite de Pièces* of Handel, wherein the yet more famous 'Harmonious Blacksmith' has a place. In the performance of this work Madame Goddard stands alone, none rivalling the perfect union of taste and skill she exhibits. Again the popular air, with its variations, charmed her hearers, more especially the variation No. 5, the scale passages in which were played with marvellous facility and clearness, while, as to delicacy, it seemed as though the lightest of fairy fingers swept the strings. The accomplished artist was applauded with enthusiasm, and had to repeat her effort. She further took part in Mendelssohn's B minor quartet, and accompanied Mr. Sims Reeves in his matchless delivery of 'Adelaide.' The union of such artists upon such a song resulted in absolute perfection."

The *Graffiti* of Feb. 8, referring to the same memorable occasion, has the subjoined:—

"Mr. Arthur S. Chappell gave his 400th concert in St. James's Hall, on Saturday afternoon last; at the same time commencing another series of morning performances. To distinguish an occasion so creditable to music in England, he engaged the two foremost English artists—Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Sims Reeves—the natural result being a crowded room. Mozart's pianoforte quintet in D major, and Mendelssohn's quartet in B minor, were the concerted works, than which, as amateurs will not require telling, few better could have been chosen. The solos were played by Madame Goddard, who selected Handel's *Suite*, in which the 'Harmonious Blacksmith' figures, and by Signor Piatti, who introduced once more the sonata in A major, by Boccherini. Both of these great artists were successful, Madame Goddard's playing of the popular air and variations—playing which we have never heard surpassed—having to be repeated. Mr. Reeves sang Beethoven's 'Adelaide' to Madame Goddard's accompaniment in the most exquisite manner."

Signor Arditi was telegraphed to from Paris to conduct the Italian Opera for the season about to begin, but was compelled to decline, owing to his engagement with Madame Patti for the Vienna Opera.

#### M. CHARLES GOUNOD'S NEW *TE DEUM*.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Lest your readers might think my manner somewhat curt in dealing with M. Gounod's *Te Deum*, I will, with your kind permission, revert to some of the more noticeable passages in the work. Indeed, every bar is noteworthy and full of suggestiveness. Before touching upon the vocal phrases, there would possibly be no harm in my recounting the peculiar progression of the *prelude*. Without transcribing the notation, there are the progressions, the extraordinary effect of which was alluded to briefly in my first letter. Out of twenty-two consecutive chords, over the bars of *seventeen* there (no less than *ten* in succession) can be discerned both the "third" and the "fifth." Of the remaining *five*, two are "two-note" chords, and the remaining *three* are sufficiently "open" to allow of the suggested fifth being easily dropped in by the player, like a "chip in portage." There is no violent transition; no outrage on the most refined taste; no disregard of rules. All is cohesive and agreeable. Sternly exact, yet wantonly imaginative. Combining, at one sweep of the pen, both the "oldest of the old" with the "newest of the new." The melody of the parts accompanying the "bass" is worthy, in each part respectively, of the most careful attention. It will be remarked that the upper outline reaches the top "C" at the instant the bass gets to the "C" two octaves below its starting point. So, all through, the parts are not pitch-forked together in a general heap, like far too much modern organ music; but each has a definite "where" and "whither," in its entry and departure. The addition of "fundamental harmony" to the theme, about which subject a great deal of unintelligible talking has been indulged in, is simply a case of impossibility. The theme is its own "fundamental harmony." Introduce another! *Non possumus*. As Napoleon was "his own ancestry," so the theme of this singular prelude is its own "roof." The vocal portion throughout is marked by very decided rhythmical lines—a point nearly always overlooked by our modern *Te Deumists*. The usual shortening-up at the end of the phrases, after the fashion of the greatest masters, is another "lost or mislaid" feature to which M. Gounod uniformly attends in a style quite his own, with the very happiest results. No other author, except Mozart, has given this most essential quality the same attention—none other has done it so habitually and so well. This "shortening-up" of the sentences, or more euphemistically *inbribrating* the successive melodies, is most refreshing in *all* music; in classic or that of the severe style, either for the church or the stage, absolutely indispensable. And scarcely any device of the composer is so little understood. In *Faust*, as in *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni* and *Fidelio*, it is a leading characteristic. In this instance, the second half of the first verse, though containing nearly double the number of syllables comprised in the first half, is disposed of in a shorter period of time. I cannot do more than just point out the fine appreciative sense of this quality everywhere manifested by this composer. For the ensuing ten bars the first tenor is identical with the soprano. Another Mozartian device; and here it has an admirable effect, the voices being in five parts. Still, we have been accustomed to regard the "four-part" writing as the most effective, as well as the most legitimate mode, on the whole, of writing choruses. One does not here imply any preference of four-part to five-part writing, or to any other number. Yet, since it becomes each of us to say honestly what his own conclusions are upon such a question, I may be excused for saying that I, for one, am for four-parts. Of course, I mean taking into consideration the technical means, both theoretically and practically, at the disposal of the writer. Most composers have tried all possible ways. Handel, in his early works, veers continually from one mode to the other. Now he is in eight parts; now in six; now five, four, or three. Sometimes the *soprani* are in couples; sometimes the *alti*; sometimes the *tenori*; or the *bassi*. I would appear as though he were collecting a "scratch" chorus, and steered his pen accordingly—as a judicious captain in a cricket-field, wishing to please all present, might put fourteen, eighteen, or twenty-two, or any other number he thought fit, into the field, or confine himself to the orthodox "eleven." To change the number after the game is commenced

would seem objectionable; and not much less so does it appear to my mind to see the number of parts changed in a musical composition for voices during its progress. Unevenness in execution, in the relative balance of the respective quantities, is almost sure to ensue. The case I now quote is not amenable to this exception, because the effect is merely that of doubling, in the octave below, the upper or soprano part. If, by the four bars of *sharp sixth* leading up to "do cry" is intended a wailing sentiment, like Handel, M. Gounod has been slightly misled by the homonym. An exultant one is the only expression belonging to the word "cry," in this sense, not a weeping. Grand, as is undoubtedly the effect, in this instance, were the same chord used by a less chivalrous hand than that of the composer of *Faust*, I should take the opportunity of pointing it out as an *ignis fatuus*, dangerous and illusory to the beginner; a rock upon which many a young composer has wrecked many a promising composition. I, for myself, would be very much inclined to give it only a theoretical existence. Played upon a full organ, mixtures and all (a great chance that some one or more of the little squeakers are not out of tune), and held down for a time, it expresses terror and fear. Perhaps I shall love it better when I know it more intimately, but, I must confess, that is the aspect in which it usually presents itself to my mind. This is the chord made use of through the line ending "do cry." The "Holy, holy," is mentioned previously. Next follows a series of five "four-bar" identical unisonal phrases; the soprano and alto, alternating with the alto and bass, in the following transitional keys:—"C," "G," "E minor," "F" (with a magnificently ambiguous accompaniment commencing in "A minor"), and "D minor." To these five lines the organ part has a series of harmonies after the Bach-Gounod style. About this part of the work I dare not express even a fractional part of my sentiments; it is worthy the most careful study. After reading it through many times its impressiveness only increases, and it appears to contain very much more than can be superficially discerned. There is a rest for the singers, after "Majesty," of six bars, filled in a soft-organ symphony leading to an unaccompanied line, "Thine honourable," &c. The cadence in "F," on the "Holy Ghost," has a very soothing effect. "When thou took'st upon thee" (as it is here accentuated), begins with a descending scale by the soprano on "E," and is continued throughout two octaves and two notes to the word "man," on the lower "C," by the three other parts successively. The next line "Thou did'st not abhor," &c., is, perhaps, the most beautiful in all the work. I know of no vocal writing at all like it. After the "sharpness of death," to a very quaint cadence, two four-bar lines are followed by a *fortissimo* from "Thou sittest," to "Father," in which the first tenor again supports the soprano. Here a welcome repose in the shape of a *parlante* on "We believe," &c., comes in, and is succeeded, after a pause, by another scrap of organ imitation (seeming to me expressive of tottering helplessness), introducing in supplicatory tones "We therefore pray." Of word-setting, or tone-painting, most piquant examples crop out in all directions. Those inflections on the words "precious blood," "num-ber-ed" (put into three syllables) and "glory" are amongst the most striking. As the work proceeds there is not the slightest sameness; on the contrary, the interest is continually enhanced by vivid and startling novelties, until, on the words, "world without end," repeated three or four times, there is an accumulation of massiveness, ending with eight bars of the high "G" in the soprano and tenor parts (alto and bass an octave lower) of unparalleled grandeur. Here the composition culminates. The "chorale," in measured paces bears the receding attention gently back towards the final cadence of imitative portions of scale passages downwards, on the words "Let me never be confounded." The chorale deserves especial mention; just what might be expected from the hand that penned *Faust*, a trifle more matured; a shade riper; the same vintage a little older. Reminding one somewhat of the style of Bach; it is different, and not inferior, to the grandest metrical conceptions of that grand writer. I dare not say I think it an improvement on his style, for that would be flat heresy. From this point there is nothing left to remark upon; for, from the end of the fourth line of the "chorale," a slight suspense of the dominant-seventh joins on to five bars of *pedale* on the dominant, and a cadence, in accordance

with the stately progress of the whole work, brings the *Te Deum* to a conclusion, rounded off by an appropriate close on the organ. Such is a very brief, and very imperfectly, wrought out sketch of my first impressions of this new sacred work. Since it has yet to be heard, some may blame me for my presumption in speaking too soon. I acknowledge my temerity; and whatever may be the penalty I incur in so doing, I pray you, Mr. Editor, kindly let me bear the censure alone; let no one be compromised by my boldness; let no one be hurt if my opinions are not in conformity with his own. They are but the expression of the evanescent gossip of a passing traveller, whose little consolation it will be amidst all differences and variances of sentiment and taste, that he has at all events formed his own individual conclusions entirely alone, following no bell-wether in doing so.—Yours very truly,

28, Waterford Terrace, Fulham Road, S. W.

## REVIEWS.

*Royal Edition of Operas.* Edited by ARTHUR SULLIVAN and JOSIAH PITTMAN. Auber's *Masaniello*. [London: Boosey and Co.]

THE preface to this handsome edition of Auber's masterpiece tells us that in some of its features it differs from all preceding editions that have appeared either in Italy or England. Thus, Alfonso's opening recitative, containing the key to the plot, is given for the first time; the recitative introducing the ballet after Elvira's air is restored; as are the Ritornella at the end of the first scene, and the Fenella music of the last scene. In other respects the edition corresponds to the Italian version employed in this country. The English libretto of the late Mr. James Kenney is used with alterations and additions by his son, Mr. C. L. Kenney; and though the work has been, perhaps necessarily, curtailed, the editors deserve praise for the careful manner in which they have discharged their task. The opera, so rich in tuneful music, will surely be welcomed in this convenient, cheap, and elegant form.

*The Love that's never told.* Ballad. Composed by ELIZABETH PHILIP. [London: Boosey and Co.]

HERE we have a lady making confession of her changeless love for a gentleman who lived unconscious of it. A Gy of the "Coming Race" would at once have made proposals to the masculine object of her affections; but such a course, to our lady, was out of the question. Hence this song. Miss Philip's music is in her usual simple but expressive style. Key, E flat; compass very moderate.

*Octavo Edition of Operas.* Edited by NATALIE MACFARREN. Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. [London: Boosey and Co.]

THE publication in England of Wagner's operas is a sign of the times, upon which, however, we do not mean to comment here. Enough that everybody, whether followers of Wagner or his opponents, will welcome the means of obtaining, on easy terms, more accurate knowledge of his works. The present edition of *Tannhäuser* has been "collated with the full score, from which all directions, metronome marks, &c., have been inserted." It possesses, therefore, desirable completeness, and we may add that Mrs. Macfarren has supplied an excellent English translation, while the orchestral indications given with the pianoforte accompaniment are of the greatest use in conveying an idea of Wagner's intended effects. The publishers have earned the gratitude of the musical community by thus placing an important work of this much-talked of composer within easy reach.

*The Creation, Messiah, Israel in Egypt, Judas Maccabæus, Walpurgis Night.* [London: J. W. Martin.]

WHEN works such as those named are offered for a shilling, we can only wonder at their cheapness. Elegant binding and sumptuous material are, of course, out of the question at such a price, all we can look for being correctness and readability. These qualities Mr. Martin's shilling volumes possess, and it is to be hoped that they will find their way into every humble musical home.

*Come, Pretty Swallow.* Ballad. Poetry by EDWARD PHILLIPS; Music by RICHARD LIMPUR. [London: W. Morley.]

THERE is nothing at all original in this song, some phrases of its melody, indeed, having long been common property. Nevertheless, it is a pleasant effusion on a cheerful subject, and could hardly fail of an agreeable effect. The highest note is E natural.

*Sing to me a merry lay.* Song. Words by CHARLES CHURCHILL; Music by GEORGE LINLEY. [London: W. Morley.]

HERE we have another pleasant simple ditty, of no musical pretensions, but able, nevertheless, to delight the average taste without degrading it. The words are lively, and the melody in strict keeping with them.

*The Psalter Pointed for Chanting, with Full Directions.* [London: G. W. Martin.]

WITHOUT pinning our faith to everything we find in this convenient little book, we may say, generally, that the "pointing" is done with care, and in so simple a fashion that no difficulty need arise. Mr. Martin's "directions" very properly forbid the absurd habit of pausing on the syllable immediately preceding the cadence, whether sense or nonsense be the result. With reference, however, to the "strict time" recommended in the cadence itself, we are not so sure that they are right. It is this notion of "strict time" which makes chanting stiff and formal, instead of free and elastic. Let the words of the cadence regulate the time, and not the regular beat of a metronome.

*The Choral Service of the Church.* [London: G. W. Martin.]

THIS book is defective. In the first place, it gives only Tallis's Festival use, and not that for ordinary and Ferial occasions. Next, the plain-song of the former, which should be in the tenor, and correspond precisely with the melody of the latter, is sometimes ignored altogether. For these reasons we do not think Mr. Martin has, in this instance, done well.

*The Journal of Part Music. Sacred and Secular.* [London: G. W. Martin.] SOME recent numbers of this publication contain "The Evening Star," "The Memory of the Past," "Jesus, refuge of my Soul," a chorale in five parts, and "The Children's Prayer," all by Mr. Martin. In each case the music is easy, and well adapted for use by choral societies and classes not equal to the study of anything exacting.

*Loche's "Macbeth" Music with Pianoforte Accompaniment.* [London: G. W. Martin.]

THE music to *Macbeth* for sixpence! What more need be said?

*It is not always May.* Song. Words by LONGFELLOW. Music by FRANK D'ALQUEN. [London: Ashdown and Parry.]

AN easy and agreeable song in G major, adapted for a mezzo-soprano or low tenor voice. The words need no commendation, but we must say that Mr. D'Alquen, to the extent his self-imposed limits would allow, gives them adequate exposition.

*Come Again.* Song. Written by J. L. ELLERTON. Music by FRANK D'ALQUEN. [London: Ashdown and Parry.]

THE rhythm of this melody is not in itself attractive, and Mr. D'Alquen has given us no relief from it. In other respects the song does not come up to the expectations raised by the composer's earlier works.

*Merrily on we Bound.* Song. Words by J. T. FIELDS. Music by HORACE BERNARD. [London: Cramer, Wood and Co.]

A LIVELY and vigorous aleighing song, in G major, six-eight time. It runs with appropriate smoothness, and is written with a free hand. Both melody and accompaniments are easy, and the piece is likely to be well received by gentlemen amateurs.

*Entreat me not to leave Thee.* Ruth's song, from the oratorio of *Ruth*. By GEORGE TOLHURST. [London: Duncan Davison and Co.]

THIS is unquestionably the most attractive air in Mr. Tolhurst's work. There is, moreover, considerable originality in its structure and treatment, a feature of no small attraction at a time when that which is new in music is esteemed without reference to the question whether it is also good.

*Dew, When Night has passed away.* Song. Poetry by W. P. ROSS; music by G. A. MACFARREN. [London: W. Morley.]

WE are prepared to welcome anything from so accomplished a pen as that of Mr. Macfarren, being sure that even if he produce but a trifle it will have value. The ballad we have before us is a trifle, but the elegance of its style, and the impress it bears of power easily exercised, confer upon it great distinction. We wish musicians like Mr. Macfarren would write more ballads, and not leave the supply of a necessary article to a lot of people with no claim to musicianship whatever.

*Aveline.* Ballad. Words by J. LYONS; music by W. F. TAYLOR. [London: W. Morley.]

THIS ballad was written for Christy Minstrel use, and, naturally, presents the features most dear to a Christy Minstrel audience. It is very easy, and suited for a contralto or baritone voice.

In its notice of the last concert given by the *Dolby troupes* in New York, *Watson's Art Journal* said of two excellent English artists:—

"M<sup>rs</sup>. Patey and Miss Wynne shared the honours with Mr. Santley. We have rarely heard them sing with finer effect; they seemed to desire that their last efforts should be a pleasant memory to all who witnessed their farewell. They succeeded fully, for everyone felt a sincere regret that they should not hear these admirable artists in union again. We shall all miss them sadly, for to their talent we owe many hours of pure sensuous gratification and intellectual enjoyment."

## WAIFS.

Mr. George Tolhurst's oratorio, *Ruth*, is to be performed next week by the Brockley Choral Society.

The first part of the oratorio, *Ruth* (G. Tolhurst), has been placed in rehearsal for performance at Kentish Town.

**ORGAN APPOINTMENT.**—Mr. W. W. Meadows, Jun., is appointed organist and choirmaster to Winkfield Church, Windsor.

M<sup>lle</sup>. Carlotti Patti is at Rome, where she will give a series of concerts; from thence she goes to Naples for the same purpose.

Madame Camilla Urso, whom our readers may recollect as an accomplished violinist, is now in London, and plays at Mr. Ganz's concert (to-night) the first violin part in Schubert's Quartet in D minor, in Mendelssohn's Trio in the same key, and in Hummel's Quintet in E flat minor.

At the fourth rehearsal of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, held in Exeter Hall, on Monday, Feb. 26th, M. Gounod conducted. The *Kyrie* by Palestrina, *de la Messe*, "O Regem Cœli," and the motet, "O Jesus, my Lord," double chorus, J. S. Bach, were amongst the most noticeable features, in addition to the "Thanksgiving" *Tu Deum*.

The Choir announces that the *Passion Music* of John Sebastian Bach will again be performed in Westminster Abbey, with full orchestra and chorus, during Holy Week. The arrangements will be similar to those of last year, the responsibility of the service being taken entirely by the Dean. The evening on which it will be held has not yet been definitely fixed.

Signor Mario's daughter (Cecilia) was married on Thursday, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, by the Bishop of Winchester, to Godfrey Pearce, Esq., second son of Charles Pearce, Esq., of Chester Square. In the unavoidable absence of her father, who is detained at Florence through indisposition, the bride was given away by Sir John Harrington, Bart. The bridesmaids were eight, viz., Miss Rita de Candia, Miss Clelia de Candia (sisters to the bride), Miss Leister, Miss Ciabatta, Miss Trollope, Miss M. Pearce, Miss Woodford, and Miss Stephenson. The breakfast was given at the Alexandra Hotel, where were upwards of seventy guests, composed of members of the aristocracy and the immediate friends of the bride.

The *Scotsman*, of the 20th Feb., gives the subjoined favourable opinion of M<sup>lle</sup>. Victoria Bundsen, the young Swedish singer, who now forms one of Mr. Mapleson's dramatic and concert troop at present delighting the amateurs beyond the Tweed:—

"M<sup>lle</sup>. Bundsen, whose appearance was a surprise to the majority of the audience, is a Swedish singer, who has sung in opera at Stockholm. Her voice is a contralto of considerable compass, good quality, and fair power, and her style of singing impressed us favourably. She gave a very unexceptionable rendering of the page's song in the *Huguenots*, and sang in addition two Swedish songs, the second of which must carry with it, to some of our readers, recollections of Jenny Lind."

A Boston correspondent writes:—

"The International Jubilee, protected by Mr. Gilmore, begins to engage the attention of our public; and soon the whole country is likely to be agog over the affair. The preliminary meetings—unlike the preparatory gatherings for the Peace Jubilee of 1869—have been held quietly, and little, if any, publicity has been given to them. To raise a guarantee fund for an enterprise that is to cost well towards half a million of dollars, is no small undertaking; but when Mr. Gilmore makes his public announcement—as he probably will within a few days—the public will be astonished to discover that so much has been accomplished in that direction. Not only the old Executive Committee of 1869—but other of our wealthiest and most public-spirited business men, have interested themselves in the great undertaking, in a way which insures its financial security. At a meeting held on the 18th ult., at which a dozen or more gentlemen were present—all of them leading citizens—it was promptly agreed to subscribe five thousand dollars each to the guarantee fund. The railroad companies have consented to subscribe fifty thousand more. Nearly two hundred thousand dollars have already been pledged, or enough to cover the cost of the building, which, by the way, will probably be constructed upon the Beek Bay, between the Boston and Albany and the Boston and Providence railroads, a short distance from the site of the old Coliseum. It will cover six acres, and will be arranged so as to contain one hundred thousand persons. Since Mr. Gilmore has returned from Europe, he has been constantly in receipt of communications from abroad in regard to the undertaking, and numerous proffers of instrumental bands and bodies of singers have been made. A coloured choral society of one hundred members has been proffered from Norfolk, Va. The organization of both the instrumental and the choral departments will soon be entered upon, the arrangement of the details having been left to competent hands. Dr. Tourjee, as I announced some months ago, has consented to act as Chorus Superintendent—a position he filled three years since with great success. Mr. Gilmore, who is busier than ever, will soon establish an office in the New England Conservatory of Music building."

Mr. Ransford sustained a heavy loss by his concert, which was fixed, unfortunately for him, on the evening of the "Thanksgiving day." In consequence, the artists, we understand, unanimously offered their gratuitous services for a second, which is to take place next month. Mr. Sims Reeves, who was unable to arrive in time (the streets being completely blocked by the crowd) from the Royal Albert Hall, where he had been singing, will also assist the "Veteran" at his next concert.

#### THE PAREPA-ROSA TROUPE IN AMERICA.

We take the following from the *Boston Advertiser* of Jan. 29th:—  
"The Parepa-Rosa troupe concluded its remarkably successful season at the Boston Theatre on Saturday evening. No better selections could have been made than *Don Giovanni* and *Martha*. Both drew immense houses. In all probability there never were before two such audiences in the Boston Theatre on the same day. The *matinée*, at which *Don Giovanni* was given, drew an audience which thronged the lobbies and corridors as well as the auditorium, while hundreds were turned away. All the tickets were exhausted the day before. The opera was magnificently rendered, the cast including M<sup>me</sup>. Parepa-Rosa, Mrs. Van Zandt, Miss Doria, Mr. Karl, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Cook, Mr. Seguin, Mr. Ryse, etc. The house was enthusiastic, and the principal gems were encored. The evening performance was equally good, while the attendance was nearly up to the *matinée*. M<sup>me</sup>. Parepa-Rosa, as Lady Henrietta, Mrs. Seguin, as Nancy, Mr. Castle, as Lionel, and Mr. Campbell, as Plumket make up a glorious quartet, as those who witnessed the early representations well know. All the principal solos and concerted numbers were repeated and encored, and the curtain was raised again after the second act to allow of a second rendering of the 'Good Night' quartet. Taken altogether, no performances have given greater satisfaction. The season has continued three weeks, and twenty one representations have been given. Donizetti, Mozart, Balfe, Verdi, and Flotow may be credited with three representations each, Cherubini and Auber with two, and Rossini and Wallace with one."

#### MR. HENRY BLAGROVE.

The following letter has been addressed to the Editor of the "*Surrey Standard*":—

SIR,—Many of the inhabitants of Reigate will remember with what pleasure they, from time to time, have listened to the performance of Mr. Henry Blagrove, at the Reigate Choral Society's Concerts, who used, in conjunction with our talented and esteemed friend and neighbour, Mr. John Paul, to play the first violin parts on such occasions. It is with regret, I am sure, that such persons will learn that this distinguished violinist has been, by severe illness, for sometime incapacitated from his professional duties. Accordingly our excellent townsman, Mr. Thurnam, with praiseworthy zeal and sympathy, set on foot a testimonial to be offered to Mr. Blagrove in his distress; and everyone must rejoice that he did so, as, although it might be expected that it would be responded to by members of the same profession and other friends, yet he (Mr. Thurnam) little anticipated such a success and sympathetic response from the general public as it has met with.

The sum already collected amounts to between £1100 and £1200, and among the subscribers are to be found many of the first musicians of the day, who readily responded to Mr. Thurnam's appeal. I think that "honour should be given to whom it is due," and that I may safely aver that had it not been for Mr. Thurnam having taken the matter up in the zealous way he has done, and for his individual exertions, it would never have reached such pretensions.

Reigate may well be proud of their townsman, who could initiate and carry out such a noble tribute to a brother artist, and I shall be glad, through your columns, not only to state this, but to add that Mr. Thurnam does not intend to let it remain at its present amount, but to continue his pleading for his distressed friend, and, therefore, will be most happy to receive subscriptions of those who have not subscribed, and who may be desirous of testifying their deep sympathy with Mr. Henry Blagrove.

If you will kindly insert this letter in your valuable journal, you will much oblige. Yours most faithfully, G. CARTER-MORRISON,

One of the Vice-Presidents of the Reigate Choral Society.

Reigate, 21st Feb., 1872.

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These productions, however, are of unequal merit. While some are everything we could desire, considering the nature of the subject,—others (and they, perhaps, the greater portion) are, it must be owned, nothing more than sorry adaptations to popular street tunes, of the stock phrases and illustrations of the Teetotal platform, sounding grotesque and vulgar in the fastidious ear of taste. At all events, no one will deny that the number of really good Temperance songs may be increased with advantage to the cause they are designed to promote; so that the contribution of another score to the common stock, adapted to as many separate tunes, needs no apology. Something also may be said as to the tunes. These should always possess intrinsic merit, and not owe their popularity to some passing whim of the place or hour. Now, to my mind, none seem better to answer this description than the songs of Charles Dibdin, which, as sung by Incedon, our grandsires and grandmothers applauded to the echo. Dibdin himself was the slave of drink, and many of his songs go to encourage the drinking habit in those for whom he wrote, the tars of Great Britain,—men, one would think, who, of all others, ought to keep a steady brain in their heads.

To the present generation, accustomed only to airs of far inferior value, those of Dibdin would come with all the attractions of novelty, nor is it so difficult as might be supposed to effect the transformation of this priest of Bacchus into the apostle of temperance. The tunes I have selected are full of life and expression, bold or pathetic as the subject demands, but never ranting or lackadaisical. In short, our author was a genius, and genius retained on the right side may surely effect as much for temperance, as, on the wrong side, it has ever done for drink and degradation.

As to my own part in this business. I have not attempted to imitate, or rather parody, the words of my author, except in one or two instances. The songs are original, whatever be their quality in other respects; and all the praise I claim for them, is, that they are strictly in character; that is, in keeping with their respective airs. With my author, I have taken especial pains not only to make the air and the general sentiment of the song agree, but that the words should vary with the varying strain. Dibdin's tune was inspired by the words. His adapter had to reverse the process, by making words in harmony with the tune.

O. F. R.

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## THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Intelligence, or, as it has been called, intellectuality, is an essential element of all Art, practical as well as creative, and of none more so than of Music. Its development should be zealously encouraged in this branch of education, which, however, can be, and often is, conducted without calling into action any of the higher attributes of the mind. The Rudiments of Music are generally learnt by rote; proficiency in singing or playing acquired by that which is equivalent to automatic action of the voice or fingers. This should not be. Students should be taught that all musical sound, whether vocal or instrumental, is intended to convey some definite meaning; they should be made to reflect upon every phrase they have to sing or play, and thoroughly to understand that intelligence is the very essence of our Art. Music can thus become an important means of mental training. It is in this respect that the system of instruction now published for the first time in a complete form will, I hope, be useful. The plan I have set forth seems to necessitate concentration of thought upon the subject of study; it affords assistance to the memory, and tends to cultivate habits of precision, observation, and comparison. These are advantages which speak for themselves. Experience has proved that by writing exercises, pupils make steadier and more rapid progress than by the most frequent oral repetition of rules or notes. The hand and pen assist the eye and ear, and the result is more satisfactory than when the voice or fingers are guided by the eye or ear alone. I do not, for a moment, assume that this method will dispense with the necessity of vocal or instrumental practice; but as such practice becomes less troublesome and laborious if pursued with intelligence, it is evidently desirable, in teaching music, to stimulate the faculty of thought. And that is the object I have had in view while writing the present elementary work."—WALTER MAYNARD.

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**SIGNOR CARAVOGLIA** (Baritone) begs to announce his return from St. Petersburg, and that, having finished his engagement with Mr. Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Opera, he is at liberty to sing at Concerts, Oratorios, &c., in town or country. Letters for Signor Caravoglia to be addressed to his residence, 62, Westbourne Park Road, W.

**MR. ARTHUR BYRON** begs to announce that he is prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. All applications to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

**MR. WILBYE COOPER** begs to inform his Friends and the Public that he has returned to Town. Letters respecting Oratorios, Concerts, Pupils, &c., address, 19, Great Portland Street, Oxford Circus, W.

## THE GUITAR.

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## "THE MESSAGE."

**MR. WILFORD MORGAN** will sing Blumenthal's celebrated Song, "THE MESSAGE," at St. James's Hall, March 22nd.

## "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

**MR. WILFORD MORGAN** will sing his popular ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Mrs. John Macfarren's Fourth Pianoforte and Vocal Concert, at Islington, March 14th; and at St. James's Hall, March 22nd.

## "MAY."

**HENRY SMART'S** Duettino, "MAY," will be sung by Miss AGNES DRUMMOND and Miss ALICE BARNETT, at Mrs. John Macfarren's Fourth Pianoforte and Vocal Concert, at Islington, March 14.

## "SIR ROLAND."

**HERR CARL BOHRER** (Baritone of the Royal Dresden Opera) will sing Henry Smart's new song, "SIR ROLAND," at the Grand Evening Concert, March 18, in the Great Hall of the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street.

**MADAME CONNEAU** will sing three MS. Songs, composed expressly for her by Rossini, entitled "REGATTA VENEZIANA," at Mr. Wilhelm Ganz's Saturday Evening Concerts, at St. George's Hall, Tunis Evening.

## "SWEET EVENING AIR."

**MR. VERNON RIGBY** will sing WILFORD MORGAN's new Song, "SWEET EVENING AIR," at St. James's Hall, March 22nd, and during the month at Brixton and Richmond, also at Mr. Knaford's Concert, St. James's Hall, April 11th.

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## MUSIC IN LONDON HALF A CENTURY AGO.

(By a Looker-on, living at the period—1820.)

(Concluded from page 59.)

To the permanent establishments of the other end of the town have just been added a series of six grand subscription concerts, at the Argyll Rooms. Many of our readers have yet perhaps to learn that this splendid suite of apartments has been appended to the other objects of the Regents' (now the Royal) Harmonic Institution, and prepared at a vast expense, for the several uses of concerts, plays, masquerades; and assemblies. They are noble rooms, and consist of four saloons, in one of which the refreshments are given, and in another the public performances. The latter is more spacious, we believe, than any other in London, the Opera Concert Room, perhaps, excepted. The proportions are considered to be very fine. At one end is the platform, employed either as a stage or an orchestra; at the other, four tiers of boxes. The sides are decorated with gigantic appropriate mythological figures, discredibly painted; and the whole appearance is showy, but we think cold, and in parts heavy, as to design and execution. The other apartments are far more rich and tasteful. The approaches, unfortunately, are confined, an error which the Institution will probably see sufficient cause to correct. The rooms were first opened on the 28th of February, with a grand miscellaneous concert, and since that period they have been engaged almost nightly. The Philharmonic also hold their concerts here. The series of performances which has led to this description has been established since the engagement of the rooms by that society, and without entering too deeply into the nature of the engagement, we have some reason to think the Philharmonic may consider their plan as virtually infringed by the attempt to establish, we will not call it a hostile concert, but one which is most likely to interfere with the purposes of the original Institution. We allude to the circumstance solely because we consider that the interests of music are deeply involved in the unity of its professors, and those of such a body of musicians ought to be studiously guarded against even the semblance of partial encroachments. The Argyll concerts are supported by the most eminent professors, upon the principle, as it appears, of mutual concession. The leaders are Messrs. F. Cramer, Loder, Spagnoletti, and Spohr. The conductors, Messrs. Attwood, Cramer, Crotch, Greutorex, and O. Knyvett. The instrumental and vocal bands comprehend almost every distinguished name in the long catalogue of talent. The selections are to consist of equal portions of vocal and instrumental music, and to be chiefly modern, with a suitable commixture of such MS. compositions of decided merit, as is within the power of the conductors to obtain. They began on the 20th of April, and will terminate on the 29th of June, being on the Thursday evening.

There is a regulation to which we entreat earnest notice, for it seems as if the directors of public amusements were beginning to attend seriously to the irksomeness and inconvenience of the enormous length to which such entertainments are commonly protracted. The concerts, it is stated, are to begin at half-past eight, and end about eleven o'clock—thus allying not more than two hours and a-half for their entire duration. The arrangement is very sensible in every point of view, for all our public amusements are much too long. It is the vulgar and coarse appetite alone that glots on quantity. The earlier Philharmonic concerts never exceeded this duration, nor was any one scarcely seen to go away before the end. It is no longer so.

Mr. Pio Ciambellini, whom the world remembers as a youth of promising talent, has returned from the study of dramatic vocal composition at Naples, under Zingarelli, during the last five years, and has presented himself to the public as a composer. On the 17th of April, he gave a sacred vocal concert at the Argyll Rooms, when he produced an English *cantata* for soprano and tenor (principals) and a chorus; the words from Milton. It was an effort worthy an ardent mind, to grapple with the purest, most exalted, most sublime amatory expression in the language; and, though the success was scarcely equal to the hardihood of the adventure, the composer appeared to fail rather from the great expectations excited by the gigantic standard of the poet, than from admeasurement with the men of his own time. The music was unequal—if it rose for a period, it sunk also to commonplace recollections, which marred the uniformity of effect. The air of *Æva* was the most captivating part of the composition. The singing of Mr. Braham and Mrs. Salmon did the work justice. Mr. O. afterwards played a not very interesting concerto of his own in good style. A MS. oratorio of *Paesello* ended, as a MS. overture of Gluck began, the concert, with novelty, and novelty from canonized musicians. The choral part was destroyed by imperfect performance. The solos were well sustained by Signors Angriani, Bianchi, and Miss Corri, and the composition was very fine and imposing.

The oratorios this season have been given on alternate nights at Covent Garden and at Drury Lane; and the Cobourg Theatre has also been opened for this species of musical performances on the Friday evenings during Lent. The first was under the direction of Mr.

Bishop, the second under the conduct of Sir G. Smart. At the Cobourg Theatre, Mr. Ware led, and Mr. Ansell was at the organ. The singers at the two great theatres were nearly the same—Messrs. Braham Pyne, Terrail, Goulden, Swift, Tinney, and Nelson—(these three last at Covent Garden, and for one night Mr. Bartleman, as basses). Signors Angriani and Ambrogetti have also sung occasionally. The females were Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, Miss Goodall, Miss M. Tree, Miss Carew, Miss Povey, and Miss Cubitt. The Cobourg had the two Misses Corri, Signor Ambrogetti, Mr. Pearman, and Mr. Higman. These selections have departed so widely from the pristine intention, that it is quite a mockery to prohibit the theatres from the exhibition of stage plays, to admit the substitution of such concerts as bearing any affinity to religion.\* To the variety in selection which the oratorios exhibit, they add a curious proof of the increasing taste for Italian music, which is now rapidly diffusing itself through even the middle ranks of society. We observed that the comic songs and duets of Signor Ambrogetti (who appears like the Flamen of these new orgies) were most rapturously received, and particularly by the pit.

Covent Garden was less prolific in new music than Drury Lane. 'The Battle of the Angels,' a scene by Bishop, the words from Milton, afforded great scope for Mr. Braham's powerful dramatic expression. An Italian song by Sogner, composed for Mr. Pyne, and Winter's *grand Battle Sinfonia* are the only novelties which strike us.

At Drury Lane, Sir G. Smart produced a *Miserere*, by Winter; Madame Bellocchi gave a grand scena, by Meyer; and Mr. Nelson two MS. songs—one 'The Spirit of the Storm' by Perry of Norwich, and the other a recitative and air, 'O Liberty' by Moss.

Among the new singers, Miss Povey and Miss R. Corri alone appear to stand conspicuously forth. Miss P. is of considerable promise; her voice is rich, pure, and brilliant; her style chaste, and her expression legitimate, neither savouring of force nor affectation. Miss Rosalie Corri has been heard before; she has, however, a good voice, and the first dawnings of the delightful execution of her sister. The dialect of the Northern metropolis somewhat reduces the excellence of her English singing.

Before we quit the oratorios, we must say a few words upon the barbarous taste which displays itself in the national adoption of the congregation of noises, called *Battle Sinfonia*. Our philosophers, it seems, knew little of the matter, who considered, like Adam Smith, "that it would be a strange entertainment which consisted altogether of the imitations of hatred and resentment." Here, however, we have hatred and resentment in their worst forms—battle and murder. Let our readers, who have never been present at one of these noise-makings, imagine a reinforcement of the regular band, of trumpets, trombones, side-drums, and the most stunning instruments. Then come two tremendous bass drums, untunable and untuned, which are placed like beer barrels at a country wake, upon stools in the front of the stage. These are to represent the firing of the great artillery—the cannoners being furnished with huge bludgeons, like the "Salvage men" upon St. Dunstan's clock in the Strand. The small arms are imitated by that dulcet instrument, called in the catalogue of the stage property man, a *crash*, being a combination allied in mechanism and effect to the watchman's rattle, but multiplied so as to augment its operation an hundred fold. To complete all this "confusion worse confounded," the storm apparatus of the theatre is also pressed into the service, together with the cloud-compeller himself, who thunders, hails, and rains at proper intervals. Now, reader, conceive all this in motion; or if you cannot conceive it, can you imagine the bellowing of Billingsgate, in addition to the rumbling and rattling of Thames-street?—the concord of all the sweet sounds that flow from the wharfs and the quays, from carts and carmen, drays and draymen, clerks, porters, wharfingers, fish-wenchies, tide-waiters, and custom-house officers, sailors, lightermen, and servants, all at once agglomerated in rapid, active, and hot conflict? These may picture something like the loud chorus of a *Battle Sinfonia*; if not, all other similitudes will fail you.

The progress and state of composition will have been copiously elucidated, we apprehend, by our various reviews of musical publications. We may, however, remark generally that the higher departments—oratorios, ecclesiastical and dramatic composition—are fading away, while the increasing multitude (*mob* we had almost written) of diversions and such things present little of a permanent character. We have Mozart in ten thousand shapes. Another prevailing fashion appears to be the addition of accompaniments for the flute, which perhaps is attributable to the decline of the study of the violin. Fewer

\* Our remark can scarcely need a more ample justification than is to be found in Covent Garden bill of March 8. The first part consisted of selections from *Il Don Giovanni*, the most licentious of all Italian operas. In the second part, "Non più andrai farfallon' amoroso" from *Figaro*, stood between "Waft her, angels," and "O magnify the Lord." The third commenced with the amatory part of *Acis and Galatea*, and concluded with the *Battle Sinfonia*; and this is called an oratorio during Lent.

gentlemen now practice this instrument, from the difficulty of obtaining even a moderate degree of excellence, while the flute presents an easier progress—though, when attained, we must confess in our judgment, it is so inferior as to bear no comparison. Fashion, too, is a little on its side. But the substitution is injudicious. For, besides the natural imperfection of the flute, its peculiarity of tone and power of prolongation diminishes the effect of the principal instrument.\* Even the demand for English glees, we are told by publishers, is visibly declining, while novelty and Italian music seem to bear away the rewards. Ballads, in the popular form of amatory sentiment, *sell themselves*, in the language of the trade, from whom, in this case, we must borrow our information. The list of composers is prodigiously swelled by foreign names; and though we sometimes hear complaints of patronage unjustly withheld or conferred, we confess we are not sorry to see such competitors rushing hardly for the prize. Talent is or ought to be a citizen of the world, and though we are full, brim full of genuine English predilections, we would yet prefer to see our countrymen lose the distinction they cannot fairly win, rather than suspect that they owe precedence or emolument to national prejudice. He who cannot think as freely as we do upon this subject will never brace his mind to the energy that will alone enable him to contend with honour. We have enough of the *fancy* to relish the just though coarse English adage, “a clear stage and no favour,” in the conviction that he who is to be daunted by name or nation is deficient in the qualities that lead to the true greatness we have pride and pleasure in seeing our countrymen arrive at and enjoy. Let the noble encouragement England affords to the natives of other countries be the subject of emulation, not of envy, to her own offspring. In this, our age, the public is a good, and in the million of instances, an impartial judge.

Much of very fine music, creditably performed, is to be heard at the Catholic Chapels in London, as well as at the choirs of the Chapel Royal, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's. The Chapels of the Portuguese, Spanish, and Bavarian, Embassies are the frequent resorts of those who love fine organ playing, and the masses of foreign composers. Mr. Novello, as an organist, takes very high rank indeed, and at protestant places of worship Mr. Wesley, Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Purkis, Mr. Adams, Mr. Nightingale, and others, exhibit, in their voluntaries, the noblest specimens of the art, both intellectual and executive.

The excellence to which single instruments may be carried enjoys more extensive demonstration from great professors at this period than it has done till late. Upon the pianoforte we have, as concerto players, Messrs. J. B. Cramer, Kalkbrenner, Ries, Neate, Beale, and Cipriani Potter. On the harp, M. Boehm, Miss Sharp, and lately a Miss Fontaine, and Mrs. Spohr. On the flute, Mr. Nicholson. On the violin, Mr. Spohr and Mr. Mori. On the violoncello, the inimitable Mr. Lindley. London never enjoyed such a galaxy of concerto players. This is another powerful proof of the encouragement instrumental performance receives.

Thus through all its branches there appears to be a general love and cultivation of the art gradually diffusing amongst the population of England, and its universal influence even the increasing bands of street musicians, who are now found both to sing and play in concert, especially serve to demonstrate. From what we have observed of these musicians itinerant, we are apt to think a large sum is daily contributed by the middle, and even the poorest classes of the industrious, to their enjoyment of the gratifications of music. The predominating taste is, however, decidedly leaving English for German and Italian compositions. We have been present this season at one benefit concert, in which not a single English piece was performed. Our native composers will, we hope, rouse themselves for the honour of the English minstrelsy; for while their country gives such manifestations of the desire to reward merit, it would indeed be not less dishonourable than lamentable, were the prize borne away by men of foreign lands. To this end, however, genius must address itself to the loftiest objects of the art.

TURIN.—A new opera, *La Calpa del Cuore*, by Signor Cortesi, would have already been brought out at the Teatro Regio, but for the indisposition of the tenor, Signor Vicentelli. It is hoped that its production is not postponed for long. The management announce, also, a new ballet, *Shakespeare*.—The managers of all the theatres here, excepting the Regio and the Carignano, which belong to the Corporation have collectively petitioned Parliament to lighten the taxes and imposts to which theatrical enterprise is subjected, and which, the managers affirm, are both oppressive and unjust.

\* We are tempted to ask why should not the prejudice against ladies playing the violin be overcome? It seems to us to be an instrument peculiarly adapted to their industry, delicacy, and precision; while what we have seen and heard of female violin playing fully bears out the recommendation we feel disposed to give to its adoption.

† At the Chapel in Warwick Street there are two galleries, to one of which a shilling, and to the other sixpence, is regularly demanded for admission.

## ALEXANDER DUMAS.

(Concluded from page 108.)

Where Dumas erred and fell behind was in pushing to excess the sailing with which Byron reproached Scott—

“Let others spin their meagre brains for hire,  
Enough for genius if itself inspire.”

He could not resist the temptation of making hay whilst the sun shone—of using his popularity as if, like the purse of Fortunatus, it had been inexhaustible—of overtasking his powers till, like the over-taxed elephant, they proved unequal to the call. There was a period, near the end of his life, when Theodore Hook, besides editing a newspaper and a magazine, was (to use his own expression) driving three novels or stories abreast—in other words, contemporaneously composing them. Dumas boasts of having engaged for five at once; and the tradesmanlike manner in which he made his bargains was remarkable. “M. Véron (the proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*) came to me and said: ‘We are ruined if we do not publish, within eight days, an amusing, sparkling, interesting romance.’ ‘You require a volume: that is 6000 lines, that is 185 pages of my writing. Here is paper; number and measure,’ *paraphez* 185 pages.”

Surely for non-performance of contract, and pleading his own cause, he magniloquently apostrophised the Court. “The Academicians are forty. Let them contract to supply you with eighty volumes in a year: they will make you bankrupt! Alone I have done what never man did before, nor ever will do again.” We need hardly add that the stipulated work was imperfectly and unequally done—

“Sunt bona, sunt mediocria, sunt mala plura.”

Du Halde is said to have composed his *Description Géographique et Historique de China* without quitting Paris, and Dumas certainly wrote *Quinze Jours au Sinaï* and *De Paris à Astracan*, without once setting foot in Asia. But most of his *Impressions de Voyage*, in France, Italy, Spain, &c., were the results of actual travel; and his expedition to Algeria in a Government steamer, with a literary mission from the Government, gave rise to an animated debate in the Chamber of Deputies (February 10, 1847), in which he was rudely handled, till M. de Salvandy (Minister of Public Instruction) came to the rescue, and, after justifying the mission, added—“The same writer had received similar missions under administrations anterior to mine.” Dumas (we are assured) meditated a challenge to M. Léon de Malleville for injurious words spoken in this debate, and requested M. Viennet, as President of the Society of Men of Letters, to act as his friend. M. Viennet, after desiring the request to be reduced to writing, wrote a formal refusal, alleging that M. Dumas, having in some sort, before the civil tribunal of the Seine, abdicated the title of man of letters to assume that of marquis, had no longer a claim on the official head of the literary republic. Hereupon the meditated challenge was given up. The representation of *Les Mohicans de Paris*, a popular drama brought out by Dumas in 1864, having been prohibited by the Censorship, he addressed and printed a spirited remonstrance to the Emperor:—

“Sire,—There were in 1830, and there are still, three men at the head of French literature. These three men are Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and myself.

“Victor Hugo is proscribed; Lamartine is ruined. People cannot proscribe me like Hugo; there is nothing in my life, in my writings, or in my words, for proscription to fasten on. But they can ruin me like Lamartine; and in fact they are ruining me.

“I know not what ill-will animates the Censorship against me. I have written and published twelve hundred volumes. It is not for me to appreciate them in a literary point of view. Translated into all languages, they have been as far as steam could carry them. Although I am the least worthy of the three, these volumes have made me, in the five parts of the world, the most popular of the three; perhaps because one is a thinker, the other a dreamer, and I am but a vulgariser (*vulgarisateur*).

“Of these twelve hundred volumes, there is not one which may not be given to read to a workman of the Faubourg St. Antoine, the most republican, or to a young girl of the Faubourg St. Germain, the most modest, of all our faubourgs.”

His politics were never incendiary or dangerous in any way. They were always those of a moderate Republican, and he consistently adhered to them. His best romances rarely transgress against propriety, and are entirely free from that hard, cold, sceptical, materialist, illusion-destroying tone, which is so repelling in Balzac and many others of the most popular French novelists. But Dumas must have formed a strange notion of the young ladies of the noble Faubourg to suppose that they could sit out a representation of *Antony* or *Angela* without a blush. After recapitulating the misdeeds of the Imperial Censorship, and the enormous losses he had sustained, he concludes:—

“I appeal, then, for the first time, and probably for the last, to the prince whose hand I had the honour to clasp at Arenenberg, at Ham, and at the

Elysée, and who, having found me in the character of proselyte on the road of exile and on that of the prison, has never found me in the character of petitioner on the road of the Empire."

The Emperor, who never turned a deaf ear on a proselyte or companion on either road, immediately caused the prohibition to be withdrawn. Amongst the many strange episodes of Dumas' adventurous and erratic career was his connection with Garibaldi, who made him Director of the Museum at Naples during the interregnum. The illness which ended with his death, brought on a complete paralysis of all his faculties, and he died towards the close of 1870, happily insensible to the hourly increasing disasters and humiliations of his country.

Occurring at a less anxious and occupied period, his death would have been commemorated as one of the leading events of the year, and it would hardly have been left to a foreign journal to pay the first earnest tribute to his memory. Take him for all in all, he richly merits a niche in the Temple of Fame; and what writer does not who has been unceasingly before the public for nearly half a century without once forfeiting his popularity? whose multifarious productions have been equally and constantly in request in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Calcutta, Sydney, and New York. Think of the amount of amusement and information he has diffused, the weary hours he has helped to while away, the despondency he has lightened, the sick-beds he has relieved, the gay fancies, the humorous associations, the inspiriting thoughts we owe to him. To lie on a sofa and read eternal new novels of Marivaux and Crebillon, was the *beau idéal*, the day dream, of Gray, one of the finest and most fastidious minds of the eighteenth century; and what is there of Marivaux or Crebillon to compete in attractiveness with the wondrous fortunes of a Monte Christo or the chivalrous adventures of a D'Artagnan?

A title to fame, like a chain of proofs, may be cumulative. It may rest on the multiplicity and universality of production and capacity. Voltaire, for example, who symbolizes an age, produced no one work in poetry or prose that approximates to first rate in its kind, if we except *Candide* and *Zadig*; and their kind is not the first. Dumas must be judged by the same standard; as one who was at everything in the ring, whose foot was ever in the stirrup, whose lance was ever in the rest, who infused new life into the acting drama, indefinitely extended the domain of fiction, and (in his *Impressions de Voyage*) invented a new literature of the road. So judged—as he will be, when French criticism shall raise its drooping head and have time to look about it—he will certainly take rank as one of the three or four most popular, influential, and gifted writers that the France of the nineteenth century has produced.

#### ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I am seldom troubled with the *cacoethes scribendi*, but, in courtesy, I am bound to send a few words respecting your correspondent, G. T., whose bump of self-esteem must be largely developed, as he amiably states, having often "condescended to correct the English of such gentlemen." I have heard charity should begin at home; or has he the fatuity to believe, that he, is a classic writer? I think he is more *au fait* with the Billingsgate vocabulary he mentions. As I do not possess one I cannot refer to it. I repeat—his statement implied that sixteen hundred were assembled at Exeter Hall on that occasion. I impugned neither their capabilities nor respectability; only such a number for the most part practised singers at a first rehearsal of a new formed choir, was such a—"thumper" as to disturb my equanimity. My knowledge of the Hall enables me to judge pretty correctly the numbers without counting;—the tergiversation about the number who have joined, or may join, I never alluded to. *Mais, c'est assez, le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*; therefore adieu, adieu. Apologising, Mr. Editor, for troubling you with such a bagatelle,—I am respectfully yours,

ONE OF THE N. C. SOCIETY.

P.S.—Perhaps on some future occasion, we—I beg pardon, I—will endeavour to send something worthy your acceptance.

MILAN.—Far from falling off in its attractive powers, *Aida* appears to be an example of the "*vires acquirit eundo*" principle. The fourth, fifth, and six representations were even greater triumphs than the preceding ones. Many pieces which passed unnoticed the first night or two, afterwards received their full share of applause. The artists, Signore Stolz, Waldmann, Signori Fancelli, Pandolfini, and Maini, gave great satisfaction.—A French operatic company, under the management of MM. Terris and Coste, has opened at the Teatro S. Radegonda with M. Offenbach's *Brigands*. MM. Terris and Coste have engaged Mde. Dejazet, who is announced to appear shortly in some of her most popular parts.

#### CAN NEW YORK SUPPORT OPERA?

(From the "New York Herald.")

An emphatic response has been given to this question during the present season, not only in the case of the Nilsson engagement, but also in relation to the Parpa-Rosa English opera, the Wachtel and Fabbri German opera companies, and Aimée's *opéra bouffe*. Madame Rosa, by bringing the best English opera elements that could be obtained in America or Europe before the metropolitan public, had a three weeks' season of unexampled prosperity at the Academy, while the genius of Wachtel drew crowded houses to the unsavory Stadt Theatre, for thirty nights. Nilsson and Capoul succeeded by their talents alone in placing in the treasury of the Italian opera one hundred and sixty thousand dollars during a season of forty performances, notwithstanding the poor support they received from the company and management. Aimée undertook to revive the faded glories of *opéra bouffe*, at the ill-starred Lina Edwin's Theatre, and has been rewarded for her pluck and energy by the liberal patronage of the public. These facts will tell whether opera can be supported in this city if there is real, first class talent in the company. As for Italian opera, which ranks first in the lyric drama, we presented last week a review of the past season, and of the career of opera in New York and London for the past twenty years. It will be seen from this sketch that the most essential article required for Italian opera is a competent, experienced and trustworthy manager, who can handle its multifarious and delicate details with discretion and firmness. The repeated failures of troupes here and in London cannot be charged upon the public nor the artists, but rather on the incompetency or the unreliability of the managers.

The operatic prospects for the spring are very bright in an artistic point of view. The Academy of Music will be occupied next month by the Parpa-Rosa English opera troupe, now strengthened by the famous baritone, Santley, who will appear in the operas of *Zampa* and *Fra Diavolo*. Mlle. Nilsson will then give a farewell season, during which the long promised opera of *Hamlet* will be brought out for the first time. At Easter, another short season of Italian opera will be given—the principal artists being Mde. Parpa-Rosa, Mrs. Jenny Van Zandt, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Herr Wachtel and Mr. Santley. The musical season of 1871-72 will have a brilliant conclusion in the World's Peace Jubilee of Gilmore in Boston.

#### A LETTER FROM MEYERBEER.

Having, in 1845, been honoured with a commission from one of the largest publishing houses in Germany to write a Biography of my friend the great composer, Meyerbeer, I collected and compiled numerous data for that purpose. But on writing to him to obtain his assent, I received the following reply, which will speak for itself, both as regards his views on the subject of biography, and his great modesty.

"TO DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

"Paris, Jan. 14, 1846.

"MOST HONOURED SIR,—I hope you will not consider the time I have allowed to elapse before answering your flattering letter as a token of any indifference on my part towards your proposal for writing my biography. On the contrary, for that proposal I beg to tender you my most sincere thanks. My stay in Paris was unexpectedly prolonged. It was my intention to return to Berlin some time ago, and on my way home, to pay a visit in person at Cologne, in order to have a long conversation with you. In spite of your endeavours to remove beforehand any scruples I may have in accepting your offer, I feel indeed sorry to tell you, as a dear friend, the truth that I cannot resolve to accede to your wishes. I must candidly confess that it would be much against my inclination to write down the events of my life, or explanatory notes upon my compositions, upon the ground of a firm belief that no one can judge of himself without impartiality or exaggeration, that no one can paint his own character and actions without lapsing into self-conceit. Although the path of truth may not be absolutely left, yet it is inevitable, that that which is beautiful will receive still more brilliant colours, that that which is dark will be still more deepened. So you will see, my dear and honoured friend, that, in spite of your open-hearted motives and powers of persuasion, I must reluctantly decline to further your wishes, at the same time assuring you that I should have considered it a great honour to be judged by a gentleman of your profound artistic knowledge.

Permit me once more to express my heartiest thanks, and to ask pardon for my little caprice. In the hope of seeing you again soon, receive the assurance of my distinguished estimation.—Yours obediently,

MEYERBEER.

DR. FERDINAND RAHLES, Cologne on the Rhine.

## PAULINE LUCCA AT ST. PETERSBURG.

The following very original and sensational letter was addressed, some time since, to the editor of a well-known Berlin paper:—

To the Editor of the "*Staatsbürger Zeitung*."

(Jan. 6th, 1872.)

SIR,—For six years have I been a Russian citizen settled in St. Petersburg, but I never experienced here anything like the mad goings-on during the starring engagement of Mme. Lucca. That an Imperial carriage was sent to meet her; that tip-top aristocrats paid as much as fifty imperials for a single ticket; that the Emperor pressed her hand most graciously behind the scenes, and invited her to supper; that certain high Government officials mounted as far as the gallery, which we Berliners (I am a townsman of yours, you must know) call the amphitheatre, because they could not obtain, even by paying a whole year's salary, a place in keeping with their rank; that a Russian Count gave a thousand roubles for permission to stand behind the scenes; all these are facts which you have most probably learnt from the papers; for the little puss from the Victoria Strasse has quite turned the heads of the newspaper tribe as well as those of everyone else in St. Petersburg. When Adelina Patti was starring it here, I thought that the house by the Neva (which you would call the New Charité, on the banks of the Spree), would have to be increased by the addition of a whole quarter of the town; but Adelina is completely distanced by Pauline. I will merely tell you something about Mme. Lucca's last appearance, when, you must know, she sang the part of Mignon. As for my obtaining a ticket in the regular way, the thing was entirely out of the question. What did I do?—I wrote to Mme. Lucca informing her that I was a Berliner settled here; that I should like to hear her at least once in my life; and that I wished to know whether, in exchange for money and fair words, I could not, through her mediation, procure a ticket. Who drove up to my house two hours afterwards, do you think? Her maid, with an autograph letter from Mme. Lucca herself, and in the letter was a ticket—but for nothing—and she wrote to tell me she was always pleased to meet with a Berliner so far from Berlin. People here have offered me money for the letter, but I would not sell it for—well, I have locked it up for the present, and, if things should ever go wrong with me, I shall exhibit it at so much a head. But now, about what took place in the theatre. Mme. Lucca was called on *forty-eight* times, for I counted them myself—some of the newspaper writers here assert that they actually counted *fifty-three* times—she was obliged to repeat every vocal number three and even four times; bouquets, studded with diamonds, and as large as watch-wheels, flew through the air; hats and handkerchiefs were waved—there, as I have said, it was a regular madhouse; everyone was cracked, myself included; in fact, I think I was rather more crazy than the rest; when she opens her mouth, you feel all-overish, so to say. At the conclusion of the opera, I immediately ran out of the door through which the operatic artists pass when they go home. Mme. Lucca's carriage was already there, but the footman had all the trouble in the world to keep a clear passage from the building to the steps of the vehicle. At last she came! "Hats off" cried some one in French, but he had no need to do so. She nodded right and left, and was about to get into her carriage at once. Not a bit of it. A gentleman in a large fur coat, barred her way, and said: "Madame, before you drive off, allow me to address a few words to you." She replied: "If you will get into the carriage with me, I will listen to you with pleasure, but you cannot wish me to stand here up to my ankles in mud" (there had been a thaw, and, at such times, all the streets of St. Petersburg are just like what your Chesnut Avenue is). The gentleman opened the door of the carriage, assisted Mme. Lucca and her maid to get in, and then continued: "Madame, a genius sits enthroned upon your brow." Mme. Lucca passed her handkerchief archly over her forehead, as if to wipe the genius off. The gentleman in the furs then went on: "You have enchanted us. Make us a promise to come and perform here next year." At this, the little *prima donna* laughed aloud, and replied: "Do you believe honoured advocate, that Herr von Hülsen flings his leaves-of-absence about broadcast, in that fashion? He never gives leave of absence, unless legally bound to do so, and, indeed, would be delighted,

were I never to step over the Berlin frontier." The gentleman cocked his chin in the air, and said: "You are the supreme queen of opera"—He was about to proceed when Mme. Lucca cut him short with these very words: "Aye, that's the bother! I must beg you to let me go, for I should not like returning to Berlin with a cold in the head. Ah—scha! There, you see, it's beginning already. If it last a week or so, the gentlemen of the Berlin press will pull me to pieces in a pretty fashion, and it will be all your fault, my dear sir. Drive on coachman." And off galloped the horses to the Hôtel Demuth. The evening previous to her departure, the officers sent the military bands to serenade her. The national hymns of Russia and Prussia were played alternately, while a crowd of Petersburgers, packed as close as herrings, stood in front of the Hôtel Demuth. I suppose Mme. Lucca is again singing among you, eh?—The above is the narrative of an eye-witness. I send it to you in preference to anyone else, because the *Staatsbürger Zeitung*, which is frequently marked with a black line now by the Censorship, is read in several establishments, and I should be much pleased at seeing my letter printed in it."—[This wish is gratified. We can assert authoritatively that the projected professional visit to the United States of North America will not be carried out for two or three years. Probably Mme. Lucca sees before her mind's eye Catalani, who earned two million of dollars by her shakes and quavers among the Yankees. Meanwhile, it would be satisfactory were Mme. Lucca, as first lady chamber-singer of the German Emperor, to show herself a little more at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, which she treats rather too much like a stepmother.—Ed.—*Staatsbürger Zeitung*.]

## MY OLD RED VIOLIN.

When the grey light fades away,  
When the wood-flames laugh and leap,  
When the kitten stops her play,  
When the babies are asleep—  
Then I lie with happy tread  
To a treasured nook within,  
And from out its silken bed  
Lift my old red violin.

Italy its birthplace fair;  
Quaintly carved this monkish face—  
Wrought with silver tendrils there,  
Here embossed with Flemish lace;  
Brown and black and yellow blend  
Round the classic hooded head;  
And the graceful ovals bend,  
Steeped in sunshine rich and red.

Grand old palaces it knew;  
Thrilled their royal, jewelled throngs;  
Touched by wondrous bards, who threw  
All their sweet souls in its songs.  
Slow and reverently I  
Wake its sleeping pulse to life;  
Make it sob and laugh and sigh  
Only for my winsome wife.

Shall I tell you how I found  
Blissesome Beanie Loverin?  
Simply by the wealth of sound  
Of my old red violin;  
She sang sweet in Bethel choir;  
I played tender "Golden Hill;"  
Rose the mournful strain, yet higher,  
When, lo! every voice was still.

Throbbing to no mortal pain,  
Wailed the weird, reverberate string:  
Waited all the church in vain,  
Bessy wept and could not sing.  
Blessed power that day was mine,  
Pearl of pearls my bliss to win;  
So I hold one gift divine  
Through my old red violin.

—Harper's Weekly.

NAPLES.—Signor Petrella's new opera, *Manfredo*, with Signora Krauss, Signori Aldighieri and Barbacini, in the principal characters, is to be produced at the San Carlo about the middle of this month.

## ELI AT DUNDEE.

The performance of Sir Michael Costa's first oratorio at the Dundee Musical Festival, under its composer's personal direction, has naturally much exercised the local critics. He of the *Courier* says—

"When Sir Michael Costa appeared, the audience warmly testified the pleasure they experienced in meeting one of whom fame had spoken so loudly and so well. As one whom the Queen had delighted to honour, Sir Michael could do no less than to commence with the National Anthem, and accordingly a striking and effective arrangement of his own was sung, after which, the great work of the evening was proceeded with. After a cursory examination of the vocal score and listening to one complete representation, it would be rash for any one to attempt to assign to *Eli* its exact relative position among the masterpieces of sacred music. Even were this possible under the circumstances, it were unnecessary, as Dundee has not yet become so musically eminent as to entitle its dictum to any weight. These considerations, coupled with the mutations which take place in taste as in everything human, do not enable us to predict with absolute certainty whether the work will live 30 years or 300.

"The solos were entrusted to Mdlle. Carola, soprano; Miss Enriquez, contralto; Mr. Vernon Rigby, tenor; Mr. Lewis Thomas, bass. And the event proved that a more judicious selection could not well have been made.

"We believe this is Mdlle. Carola's first visit to Dundee, and we sincerely trust it will not be the last by many. Of Miss Enriquez we retain pleasant recollections, derived from her visit to this town with the great Mario, and we are glad to say that the good impressions then formed have now been deepened.

"Mr. Vernon Rigby comes to us for the first time with a high reputation. Enough was done to justify the esteem in which he is held, and we shall look forward with interest to his future appearances this week. Mr. Lewis Thomas is an established favourite here, and he seems to improve upon every appearance. His representation of the part of *Eli* was all that could be wished for. Dignified and solemn as is the priest of God exercising the functions of his high office, and anon deeply pathetic as the broken-hearted old man, worn out by misfortunes, domestic and national. The agonised anguish and horror of his cry "The ark—the ark—the ark of God" was beyond criticism. The chorus work was gone through without a flaw, and was remarkable for delicacy, force, and variety of expression, a result, no doubt, partly due to the masterly control of Sir Michael Costa. We are sure Sir Michael must be highly pleased with the earnest, painstaking, complete and efficient manner in which Mr. Nagel and his chorus have got up *Eli*, and it speaks volumes in the latter gentleman's favour that a conductor so eminent and so particular in taking over his chorus should find so little to do."

The following we take from the *Advertiser* :—

"Mr. Vernon Rigby was heard for the first time in Dundee. Nothing better could there be than his singing in the duet, 'Wherefore is thy soul cast down?' and in the trio, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.' As there is no tenor air in the oratorio, these were his principal efforts, in which, and in the recitatives, he invariably made the most of his music by avoiding all personal display. Mr. Thomas was, of course, *Eli*; the music of which he did ample justice to. He finished everything he touched with the ease and grace of an experienced vocalist. His last air, 'Although my home be not with God,' was remarkable for feeling. Mr. W. H. Richmond presided at the organ—supporting the weightier choruses. He did the work most satisfactorily. Sir Michael Costa, as a conductor, has long ago earned his fame. No words of ours, therefore, on his management of this performance of his own oratorio are needed. On ascending the platform, Sir Michael received a warm reception from audience and chorus; and, after the conclusion of the first part of the oratorio, the Rev. Dr. Watson made the following remarks :—

"As a member of the Choral Union, I beg to express, in the name of the Committee, and in your name, our sense of the value of Sir Michael Costa's visit to Dundee. I don't speak of the merits of *Eli*, of its conception or its execution. To those of you whose taste in music has been cultivated, the performance this evening is conveying a pleasure all its own. As for those of us, whose only privilege is to resign ourselves to its influence, the performance has helped us to see not only that all true art in music, as in the sister arts of painting and poetry, touches the deepest feelings and passions of our nature, but helps us also to perceive the feelings of human nature everywhere. It is not of the work that I speak, but of its composer; and I think it due to Sir Michael Costa to remind you that we owe his visit at this time to his enthusiasm for his art, and to the kindness and generosity of his nature. Other inducement to visit Dundee he had none, except perhaps, the sight of a kindred disinterestedness and enthusiasm in the conductor of the Choral Union, Mr. Nagel. When he leaves Dundee, the only return he takes with him is a hope, and, I trust, a well-grounded hope, that he has helped us in the love of all that is true and pure and beautiful in that noble science which he has done so much to adorn, and in which he is so prominent a master. I now simply beg to ask you to give expression to your thanks to Sir Michael Costa." The response to this was made in quite a storm of applause from all parts of the hall. Sir Michael bowed in acknowledgment.

## HERR JOACHIM.

The return of Madame Schumann has been followed by that of Herr Joseph Joachim; and Mr. Chappell's concerts are now at their zenith. Herr Joachim is playing his very best—that is to say, as no violinist but himself can play. His tone, broad and grand, his unerring mechanism, his deep and varied expression, his finished and classical style are no less apparent than in former years. By "classical," we mean a style of playing which shows the exclusive aim to be a strict interpretation of the composer's ideas, accompanied by an utter abnegation of self on the part of the player—the only sense which can appropriately be attached to the word. When Herr Joachim is engaged with Haydn or Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, or Mendelssohn, he makes us think, not of Herr Joachim, but of the master whose work he is doing his best to let his hearers understand and appreciate; and herein, despite his astonishing command of the instrument of which he is the unrivalled living master, lies the irresistible, and, to many, indefinable charm of his performances. That this distinguishing peculiarity in Herr Joachim has been insisted upon before now we admit; but it cannot be too often referred to inasmuch as it brings with it a salutary lesson in these times of rampant "virtuosity"—an apt term, by the way, for egotistical exhibition. That the most gifted executant of his day should also be the most modest and self-denying is a remarkable fact, and one encouraging to dwell upon. Herr Joachim stands at the head of a school which just now boasts fewer disciples than might be wished; and his rare example is, therefore to be the more prized. At the same time, it must not be concluded from the foregoing remarks that he is himself no *virtuoso*; on the contrary, he is a *virtuoso* of the first rank, as is made evident when he plays his own concertos, pieces—instance the "F sharp minor Concerto" and the "Hungarian"—of such extraordinary difficulty that very few besides himself can attempt them with any hope of success. But it is to the reverential manner in which he has so long been accustomed to deal with the imperishable works of the composers we have named, as well as others of high if not equal eminence, that Herr Joachim is indebted for the position universally accorded to him, at the summit of his profession.

Since Herr Joachim's arrival, the week before last, we have had Beethoven's "Rasoumofsky" quartet in C major—with the glorious fugued *finale*; second quintet, also in C major—with the famous "storm movement" (so called by almost every one, the composer excepted); Mendelssohn's second quintet, in B flat ("posthumous"), always interesting at St. James's Hall, as the first piece in the programme of the first Monday Popular Concert (February 14, 1859); the fourth and best of Beethoven's trios for stringed instruments—the one in C minor; and a quartet in B flat, by Haydn, equal in its manner to any of the pieces previously cited. All these, thanks to the Monday Popular Concerts, now too well-known to need description, were led by Herr Joachim in magnificent style, and supported as he was by Signor Piatti, the "incomparable violoncellist," as he has been often and truly styled; Herr L. Ries, second violin; and Herr Straus, viola (Mr. Zerbini being second viola in the quintets), created an impression that may be easily imagined. In fact, Herr Joachim has never been more, himself, never more the violinist of his day, never more the faithful, ardent, and best of all, wholly undemonstrative interpreter of the music of the masters of masters. That he was enthusiastically welcomed on the occasion of his first appearance will be as readily believed as that all his subsequent performances have been heard with unequivocal delight.

**FLORENCE.**—A grand concert was given lately in the Philharmonic Rooms, by Mr. T. H. Wright, harpist, from London, who was assisted by Signori Lorenzi, Montanaro, Kellen, and Signora Bora. Mr. Wright was most warmly applauded, and the concert proved, in every respect, a success.

**LEIPZIG.**—The principal feature at the concert for the benefit of the Orchestra-Pension Fund was Herr Lachner's *Sixth Suite*. It consists of four movements: Introduction and Fugue, Andantino, Gavotte, and Finale. It was well received, especially the Gavotte. M. Anton Rubinstein's character picture, *Don Quixote*, was less fortunate. The number of its admirers was not legion. Mdlle. Erika Lie played a Pianoforte Concerto by her countryman, M. E. Grieg, but the public did not like the Pianoforte Concerto any more than they liked the character-picture. However, the young lady was recompensed for the absence of applause at her rendering of this piece by the manifestations of approbation bestowed on her performance of Chopin's Nocturne in D flat minor, and Ballad in G minor. Herr Gura, of the Stadttheater, sang a recitative and aria from *Faust*, and songs by Löwe, Franz, and Hauptmann.

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

## THE LAST THREE CONCERTS OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON THE FOLLOWING DAYS:

SATURDAYS, MARCH 9, 16, AND FRIDAY, MARCH 22.

At the request of numerous Subscribers who wish to be present at the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, which takes place on Saturday, March 23d.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 9, 1872.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 74, for two violins, viola, and violoncello.—  
 MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... .. Beethoven.  
 REGATA VENEZIANA, Tre Canzone—Madame CONNEAU (for  
 whom they were expressly composed) ... .. Rossini.  
 CAPRICCIO, in E major, Op. 33, No. 2, for Pianoforte alone—Mr.  
 CHARLES HALLE ... .. Mendelssohn.  
 SONATA, in A major, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment.—  
 (repeated by desire) Herr JOACHIM ... .. Handel.  
 SONG—Madame CONNEAU ... .. Schubert.  
 TRIO, in G major, Op. 1, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello.  
 —Mr. CHARLES HALLE, MM. JOACHIM, and PIATTI ... .. Beethoven.  
 Conductor ... .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,  
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 11th, 1872.

## Programme.

## PART I.

DOUBLE QUARTET, in E minor, for four violins, two violas, and  
 two violoncellos.—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, POLLITZER, LUDWIG,  
 STRAUS, ZERBINI, DAUBERT, and PIATTI ... .. Spohr.  
 SQUILLIENNE, "Ogni pena più spietata."—Mdlle. ANNA REGAN ... .. Pergolesi.  
 SONATA, in E flat, Op. 29, for pianoforte alone.—Mr. CHAS. HALLE ... .. Beethoven.

## PART II.

CONCERTO, in D minor, for two violins, with Double Quartet  
 Accompaniment.—Herr JOACHIM and Mons. SAINTON (accom-  
 panied by MM. L. RIES, POLLITZER, LUDWIG, ZERBINI, STRAUS,  
 DAUBERT, and PIATTI) ... .. Bach.  
 SONG, "Bussied."—Mdlle. ANNA REGAN ... .. Beethoven.  
 SONATA, in E flat, Op. 12, for pianoforte and violin.—Mr. CHARLES  
 HALLE and Herr JOACHIM ... .. Beethoven.  
 Conductor ... .. Sir JULES BENEDICT.

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

TWENTIETH SATURDAY CONCERT, MARCH 9th, 1872.

## PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE, "The Alchemist"—(First time of performance at these  
 Concerts) ... .. Spohr.  
 RECIT., "Ecco il punto," and ARIA, "Non più di fiori" (*Le*  
*Clemenza di Tito*)—Miss SOPHIE LOWE ... .. Mozart.  
 SONGS, a. "Geheimes," b. "Grelsengsang"—Herr STOCKHAUSEN ... .. Schubert.  
 CONCERTO FOR PIANOFORTE AND ORCHESTRA in D (Op.  
 15) First time in England—Miss BAGLEHOLE (of the Royal  
 Academy of Music), her first appearance ... .. Johannes Brahms.  
 ARIA, "Dall' asilo della pace"—Miss CATHERINA PENNA, her first  
 appearance ... .. Costa.  
 SYMPHONY in D (No. 7) ... .. Haydn.  
 DUET, "Armida"—Miss SOPHIE LOWE and Herr STOCKHAUSEN ... .. Oluck.  
 AIR, "O bid your faithful Ariel fly"—Miss CATHERINA PENNA ... .. Linley.  
 OVERTURE, "Masaniello" ... .. Auber.  
 CONDUCTOR ... .. Mr. MANNS.

## MARRIAGE.

On the 28th ult., at the Registrar's Office first, and afterwards at the  
 Chapel of our Lady, in Grove Road, GRACE EMMA MARIA, daughter of  
 Lieut.-Col. ADDISON, to HUBERT LIEBENS, Sub-Lieutenant, Belgian army.  
 No cards.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. H. R.—Our correspondent has not been misinformed, Mr. W. H.  
 Holmes (one of the early students, by the way, in our Royal Academy  
 of Music) is a pianist of the very highest class. All music, ancient and  
 modern, comes easily within his grasp. He is not merely a master of  
 execution, but also a master of style; and we are not sorry that the  
 inquiring letter of our correspondent should have afforded us an  
 opportunity of stating, without reserve, our sincere opinion. Mr. W.  
 H. Holmes, however, has one terrible drawback;—he was born and  
 educated in England! This is, of course, unpardonable.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs.  
 DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little  
 Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements  
 may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1872.

## MR. MAPLESON'S PROSPECTUS.

THE significance of the operative prospectus cannot be  
 said to have diminished of late years. It has only  
 changed. There was a time when that document revealed,  
 with somewhat of fulness and truth, the purpose of the  
 manager; when it gave the public a prevision of the future,  
 and encouraged expectations on more or less good grounds.  
 Now, the operative prospectus acts the part of Will-o'-the-  
 Wisp; leading those who trust it into the bog of disap-  
 pointment, and serving as an indication of what may not,  
 rather than what may, be looked for. So manifest is this  
 change that even managers perceive it, and show a profound  
 distrust of their own proclamations by saying as little as  
 possible in the least positive form. Mayhap this is the  
 beginning of a movement on the back-track towards the  
 "Eternal Verities." Let us hope so.

Mr. Mapleson's prospectus of the season, announced to  
 begin in Drury Lane Theatre on Saturday, April 6th,  
 is one of the reticent order. It contains little that  
 can fairly be looked upon as puffery, makes no rash  
 promises, and wastes no words. In truth it is just  
 such a plain business-like document as suits a matter-  
 of-fact public. We cannot, therefore, find in it the  
 text for a long expository statement; and a few remarks  
 will exhaust its interest. Our readers, being musical people,  
 necessarily have a desire to know, first, what is to be done,  
 rather than who is to do it. With them the opera can  
 hardly be a pretty *prima donna*, or an *ut de poitrine*, and  
 we shall consult their tastes by giving precedence to the  
 works Mr. Mapleson promises. But in the absolutely first  
 instance, let it be noted that the paragraph which has lately  
 flown through the press, concerning Verdi's Egyptian opera,  
*Aida*, was simply a *canard*. The prospectus says nothing  
 whatever about *Aida*, and indeed, the rumour of its intended  
 presentation was authoritatively denied by the French musical  
 journals of last week. Mr. Mapleson may at one time have  
 desired to give it, but we note a feature in his prospectus  
 which would fully explain subsequent indifference even  
 as regards so great a novelty. Dismissing Verdi's opera,  
 what have we actually set down? Cherubini's *Les Deux*  
*Journées*, in the first place; after which come Auber's  
*Les Diamants de la Couronne* and Thomas's *Mignon*. The  
 rest is made up of our old acquaintances, *La Traviata*,  
*Faust*, *La Figlia*, &c., &c. "A barren scheme," some may  
 exclaim; but, remembering the barrenness of past schemes,  
 others may not rashly condemn. Should Mr. Mapleson  
 produce the comic masterpiece of Cherubini, and Auber's  
 brilliant work, he will distinguish his season above many,  
 and gladden the hearts of all who love good music. Of  
 course, as prospectuses go—and they are prone to go far in  
 promise—two *quasi*-novelties make a poor show. But Mr.  
 Mapleson might safely have ignored novelties entirely, for a  
 reason which appears in the forefront of his announcement.  
 Mdlle. Christine Nilsson is coming back to the scene of her  
 triumphs; and Mdlle. Christine Nilsson will be the Alpha  
 and Omega of the season. There is no mistake at all about  
 it. Mdlle. Marimon may warble her best—and that  
 best is very good indeed; Mdlle. Tietjens may show a vocal  
 and dramatic genius which, as a combination, is matchless;  
 and the less known people may do all that in them lies; but  
 Her Majesty's Opera will be "rounded" with Mdlle.

Nilsson. It is well that so great a favourite is also a great artist—a conjunction by no means inevitable, as students of operatic history know. The result may, therefore, be contemplated with equanimity from the standpoint of art; and with pleasure by all those disposed to rejoice in managerial good luck. After Mdlle. Nilsson come—*longo intervallo*, no doubt—Mdlle. Carlotta Grossi and Mdlle. Marie Roza; who have as male companions in their candidature for English favour, Signor Rota, from St. Petersburg, and Signor Meo, from Moscow. All the other names in the prospectus are familiar. Sir Michael Costa again takes the orchestra and chorus in hand, with M. Sainanton as *chef d'attaque*; so that whatever else may fail, we are sure of an effective *ensemble*.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WE have received, from our correspondent at St. Petersburg, the following telegram, *à propos* of Madame Adelina Patti's benefit and last appearance for the season:—

"*Soirée éblouissante, hier—bénéfice Adelina Patti—bouquets et corbeilles—fleurs de toute beauté—et cadeau des abonnés—un énorme papillon en diamants, valeur 80,000 francs.*"

Our correspondent does not state what opera was selected by Madame Patti for this interesting occasion. We shall, however, have further news in time.

It is a "far cry" from London to Edinbro', and tales which start from the one naturally gain much before they reach the other. M. Gounod, it is well known, has been indisposed of late, but not so as to warrant alarm on the part of his many friends and admirers. This is how the Edinbro' *Courant* puts the case, nevertheless:—

"The famous composer, M. Gounod, is at present in a lunatic asylum. It is not exactly madness which has seized him, but a species of hysteria caused by nervous irritation, from the long tension of his nerves. This is the second or third time he has been afflicted in the same manner."

Will the *Courant* be surprised to learn that its news is—bosh?

WE take the subjoined from *Watson's* (New York) *Art Journal*:—

"We have received an official announcement of a fact, which indicates the immediate future of the Academy of Music. The announcement is to the effect that Mr. Max Maretzek is to be the director of the affairs of the Italian Opera at the Academy of Music for the ensuing season, commencing September, 1872; and that Mr. Henry H. Jarrett, a gentleman of long experience in the affairs of the Italian operahouses in London, now the private agent of Mdlle. Nilsson, is to be the business manager of the concern. It will be a strong team; for both are men of experience and expedient, and Jarrett is accustomed to see operas produced in the highest style of art. The brilliant success of Max Strakosch's recent season has proved one thing, that the public of New York will sustain the manager who takes large risks to bring over artists worthy of their acceptance. Indeed Strakosch's success has rendered everything possible to a future shrewd and liberal management."

Our contemporary is not far wrong in his estimate of Mr. Jarrett, who, nevertheless, can ill be spared in England, remembering, as all must remember, the eminent services he rendered to the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, where, in the course of a few years, more novelty was produced and more masterpieces revived than in a quarter of a century previously.

THE Théâtre Français has once more produced *Turcaret*, generally looked upon as the *chef d'œuvre* of Lesage. This piece has been on the repertory of the Comédie Française 163 years. Written in 1708, when fortune had begun to desert Louis XIV., when Provence was invaded by Prince Eugène and the battle of Oudenarde had lost to France Lille, Ghent, and Flanders, it is a satire on the financial morality of the age. At that time the Treasury was in a pitiful condition. The Controller-General, Chamillard, had resigned his functions, and was succeeded by Desmarest, who called to his aid Samuel Bernard, one of the great financiers. Son of a member of the Academy of Painters, Bernard raised himself to the highest position in wealth and social dignity, and married his daughter to the son of President

Molé. His partisans assert that his integrity was equal to his capacity, and that instead of being the usurer and libertine that Lesage depicts him in *Turcaret*, he devoted his energies to the service of the State, and died almost penniless, having lent ten million francs to various persons, from whom he had never asked a penny in return. The piece was badly received, the Comédie Française being averse to it; but Lesage was backed by the Dauphin, and his comedy was played in 1709, during that terrible winter which decimated the population of France. The characters are all of a repulsive character, and typify, in an exaggerated degree, the demoralization at the close of Louis XIV.'s reign. *Turcaret*, Frontin, Rafle, Furet, and Flamand are thieves with a taste for debauchery, while the female characters are of an immorality that leaves nothing to be imagined. Men and women, alike devoid of honour, rob each other, to be in turn preyed upon by their own lackeys. The morality of the epoch is depicted in the last lines, when Crispin, having stolen forty thousand francs, exclaims, "M. Turcaret's reign is finished; mine commences." The play is now preceded and followed by a prologue and an epilogue never before printed, in which the author defends himself against the charges of confounding the man of business with the *chevalier d'industrie*, and of painting vicious types of character. *Turcaret* has already ranged the Paris press into hostile parties; for while the Radical journals see an exemplification of what morality under a Monarchical form of Government always has been and will be, the Royalist prints term it a calumny, and the *Figaro* adds that "it is a comedy à l'Anglaise with gross and brutal embodiments, an odour as of spilt wine, and a nausea-provoking atmosphere."

#### CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE "Three Chamber Concerts of Modern Music," the first of which was given on Friday evening week, at the Hanover Square Rooms, have evidently been designed with the object of bringing forward specimens of chamber music hitherto comparatively neglected or altogether unknown in this country, whether from accident, some seeming unattractiveness of form, or exceeding novelty. Thus the concert was opened with Schumann's String Quartet (Op. 41, No. 2), and closed by Gade's *suite*, entitled *Novelletten*, for piano, violin, and violoncello; the central figure of the programme being Brahms' quartet in G minor (Op. 25). Of these pieces Schumann's quartet is the most unfamiliar. The *Novelletten* of Gade, compositions of a somewhat lighter order, abound in graceful thoughts, ingeniously treated, which will assuredly attain favour in proportion as they make themselves better known. The compositions of Brahms, public performances of which are gradually multiplying, are being studied with an interest which every one of these performances must increase. His quartet in G minor is a fine work, to the first and last movement of which—on a first hearing—we should give the preference. Other opportunities, however, of revising this judgment will inevitably be afforded. It is impossible to "ignore" a new composer so thoroughly trained. These instrumental pieces were agreeably relieved by two songs from Miss Sophie Ferrari, delivered with her accustomed refinement and beauty of tone. The instrumental exponents were Messrs. Wiener and Amor (violins), Zerlini (viola), and Daubert (violoncello); the pianist was Herr Willem Coenen—all musicians of acknowledged excellence. In the programmes of the two succeeding concerts we note the names of Rubinstein, Reinecke, and (twice again) Brahms, besides those of others with whose music we are more familiar.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The first concert of the sixth season of this society took place on Thursday, Feb. 29th. Schubert's compositions forming the first part of the programme. The concert opened with the *rondo* in B minor for piano and violin, well played by Mdlle. Bondy and Herr Joseph Ludwig. Among the songs were the "Adieu," rendered with feeling and taste by Miss Louise Crofton; the "Serenade," sung by Signor Rocca; "The Appeal," well sung by Miss Standish (pupil of Frank Mori), and "The Wanderer" by Mr. Desmond Ryan. Herr Schuberth played a solo on the violoncello by the same composer, accompanied on the harp by Herr Oberthür. The second part was miscellaneous, opening with Haydn's trio in G minor, played by Mdlle. Bondy, Herr Ludwig, and Herr Schuberth. Miss Standish sang Gounod's "There is a green hill far away;" Mr. D. Ryan, "The yeoman's wedding song;" Miss Crofton "Linden waltz" and Herr Hauke's new song, "The Prince and Princess of Wales." Herr Oberthür's solos on the harp elicited deserved applause, as also Herr Hauke's on the pianoforte, and Herr Schuberth's on the violoncello. Mr. Davies amused the audience with a recitation in the course of the evening. The conductors were Mr. Mori and Herr Schuberth. The concert gave evident satisfaction.

**BRIXTON CHORAL SOCIETY.**—A performance of the *Creation* was given by the members, under the direction of Mr. Lemare, last Monday evening, at the Angell Town Institution. The interpretation of the work was of a very satisfactory character, the soli parts being taken by Miss Katherine Poynts, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Lawler, who honourably acquitted themselves of their respective duties. The Brixton Choral Society is composed of earnest amateurs, who bring to bear an immense amount of musical enthusiasm in the execution of the choral pieces. The organ accompaniments were played with skill and exactness, and the whole performance calls for unqualified approval. A large and fashionable audience attended the concert. W. H. P.

### PROVINCIAL.

**NEW SWINDON.**—The *Advertiser* informs us that:—

"Mrs. John Macfarren, assisted by Annie Sinclair and Signor Bellini, gave a musical entertainment in this town, when the attendance was unusually large. Mrs. Macfarren's solos were greatly applauded. Miss Sinclair proved herself a vocalist of good abilities, and Signor Bellini threw considerable humour and dramatic action into his singing. It is gratifying to find that high class musical entertainments are so well attended and so generally appreciated.

**MANCHESTER.**—A correspondent writes us as follows:—

"On Saturday last, March 2nd, there were several interesting items in the programme of Mr. de Jong's 'Popular Concert.' Those calling for special mention are the concert-giver's own solo, entitled *Rondo Capriccioso*, which was brilliantly played by him, and greatly applauded by the audience; Handel's concerto in B flat, and Mendelssohn's sonata in C minor for the organ (Mr. Frederick Bridge); a 'Descriptive fantasia,' by Lumbye, for orchestra; and the songs sung by Mdme Martorelli Garcia. These last included Rossini's 'Una voce poco fa,' a Spanish song by Yradier, and two English ballads. Mdme. Garcia is endowed with a beautiful voice and a graceful appearance. These qualities, added to artistic cultivation, make her performances delightful."

**SOUTHAMPTON.**—In the *Southampton Times* we read as follows:—

"The usual weekly entertainment in connection with the Polytechnic Institution was given at the Hartley Hall, and consisted of a concert-lecture by Mrs. John Macfarren. There was a crowded attendance, many persons having to stand during the whole of the time, while accommodation was provided for a considerable number in the orchestra. The lecture part of the entertainment consisted of remarks biographical and otherwise, upon the various composers whose works were illustrated. The first was Hummel—a brilliant *rondo*, 'Prestissimo,' being very finely performed by Mrs. Macfarren. The grand *scena* from Wallace's *Lurline* was very expressively sung by Miss Harmon, and encored. A brief sketch of Beethoven formed an apposite introduction to the *Sonata Pathétique*, which was executed in Mrs. Macfarren's very best style. Miss Jessie Royd sang Sir Henry Bishop's 'Lo! here the gentle lark,' which provoked an encore. A brilliant performance of a fantasia by Brissac, 'Bonnie Scotland,' won for Mrs. Macfarren the enthusiastic approval of the audience, while her playing of Weber's 'Minuetto Capriccioso' and Brissac's 'Valse de Bravoure' was equally finished and effective. Miss Jessie Royd was encored in Macfarren's new song 'Somebody,' and Miss Harman barely escaped a similar demand in the *cavatina* from *The Barber of Seville*."

**LIVERPOOL.**—The following is abridged from the *Albion*, of 4th March:—

"The fourth of Messrs. Horsley and Thomas's piano and violin recitals was given at Messrs. Dreaper's Rooms, on Saturday afternoon. The programme comprised Sonata, A minor, Op. 23, Beethoven; Grand duet, two pianofortes, 'Hommage à Handel,' Moscheles—Mr. C. E. Horsley and Mr. A. W. Borst; Adagio and rondo, 11th violin concerto, Spohr; Mr. E. W. Thomas; trio concertante, in B minor, piano, violin, and violoncello—C. E. Horsley. Beethoven's Sonata is one of the more easily appreciated of his compositions, and Mr. Horsley and Mr. Thomas played it *con amore*. Madame Bellini Porter was very successful in her songs. Sullivan's 'Orpheus with his lute,' is an air that requires particularly delicate handling to avoid the slight inclination to undue sentimentality which pervades it. Spohr's expressive song, 'A bird sat on the alder bough,' was so well delivered as to call for an encore, and a new ballad, by Mr. Horsley, received careful execution. This air, which was composed expressly for the lady who sang it, contains much thoughtful and melodious writing. It will no doubt rank with the best of the composer's works of a similar class. The remainder of the programme contained nothing very striking except the *Trio Concertante*, also by Mr. Horsley. This, in many respects, remarkably original composition consists of four movements, of which we liked the *schizzo* best and *andante con moto* least. But it is difficult to judge of an elaborate piece such as the above on first hearing.

**LIVERPOOL.**—A local paper says:—

"The third subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society was given on Tuesday evening, when a large audience assembled to hear Mozart's *Requiem* and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*. The various movements of the *Requiem* were well given by the orchestra, chorus, and leading singers, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Chadwick, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Patey. Miss E. Wynne's voice is as distinguished for clearness and power of expression as for refined style. Miss Chadwick, as far as we could judge from a quartet, has a rich mellow alto voice. Mr. Maas has a tenor organ of considerable sweetness, but somewhat deficient in strength. Mr. Patey sang his part in the quartets well, but, as we did not hear him in a solo, it is scarcely possible to speak of his voice more particularly. The 'Sanctus et Benedictus,' 'Agnus Dei,' and 'Lux Eterna,' were finely given, and the members of the chorus and orchestra showed no want of rehearsal." Sir Julius Benedict was conductor.

**EDINBURGH.**—We read as follows in the *Courant* of March 1st:—

"As a souvenir of the late Festival, nothing could be more appropriate than Professor Oakley's recital yesterday afternoon. The programme was a repetition of that performed on the 8th ult., when it preceded and shadowed forth the beauties of the coming orchestral concert, and its re-production was in every respect a most happy thought. The audience listened with marked delight to what to many present must have now become familiar sounds, and the Professor's masterly performance was greeted with loud applause. Gluck's Gavotte again secured a hearty demand for its repetition, with which Mr. Oakley kindly complied. At the close of the performance, whilst acknowledging the attention and applause of the audience, the Professor called attention to the following notice in the Museum:—'The date of the fifth annual concert of the University Musical Society is fixed for Wednesday, March 20th, on which evening it is hoped that all who take interest in our University will keep themselves disengaged and support the students concert, for which a full orchestra will be engaged.—Leader, Mr. A. C. Mackenzie; conductor, Professor Oakley (president).'"

### MUSIC IN ADELAIDE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Mr. Lyster's English Opera troupe has been the most successful ever known in Adelaide. His new *prima donna*, Miss Alice May, is pronounced by the local press to be all they expected from the criticisms which had preceded her; and Mr. Armes Beaumont's improved voice and style is the theme of the day. Under Mr. G. B. Allen's baton we have had better performances than ever before given here; and the manager has found that, by putting operas liberally on the stage, with a good company, he has met with his reward—a golden return. It is rumoured that he has netted for the six weeks' performances twelve hundred pounds—a most satisfactory result, and one that we hope will induce him to try Adelaide again ere long.

We are authorised to state that there is no truth whatever in the report that M. Gounod is seriously unwell.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Handel's oratorio, *Solomon*, is announced for performance by this society, at Exeter Hall, on Friday next, the 15th inst., under Sir Michael Costa's direction, with Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Patey as principal singers. This work (a selection from which was given at the Handel Festival) contains some of Handel's finest double choruses.

MR. MAPLESON advertises the opening of Her Majesty's Opera this year for April 6th, at Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Gye, it is said, will precede Mr. Mapleson by a week, or more. Sir Michael Costa is still Mr. Mapleson's conductor.

**AUGSBURG.**—Herr von Flotow's opera, *L'Ombra*, has been produced with very great success.

**VIENNA.**—On the 7th inst., it was fifty years since Carl Maria von Weber himself conducted *Der Freischütz* here. In remembrance of the event, the opera in question was to be given on that day, this present year of grace, 1872, at the Imperial Operahouse, and even the smallest characters were to be sustained by leading artists.—M. Offenbach's new work, entitled: *Fantasio, oder der Narr des Herzogs*, has just been produced, under his own direction; in fact, he himself conducted the first performance. It was well received.—The Florentine Quartet, having left Herr Ullmann, have once more set up on their own account. They have just been giving concerts here with as much success as ever.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.

The following programme was that of the concert given on Saturday, the 24th ult. :—

Overture, *Coriolan*—Beethoven; Song, "There is a green hill" (Madame Patey)—Gounod; Air, "Tune the soft melodious lute," *Jephtha* (Madame Lemmens)—Handel; Symphony, No. 1, in A (Op. 82), MS. (first time of performance)—H. Holmes; Aria, "Della Rosa," *Bianca e Faliero* (Madame Lemmens)—Rossini; Song, "Golden days" (Madame Patey)—Sullivan; Invitation à la Valse, for orchestra, by H. Berlioz—Weber; Duet, "Giorno d'orrore," *Semiramide* (Madame Lemmens and Madame Patey)—Rossini; Overture, *Tannhäuser*—Wagner.

The first impression made by this scheme is that it falls short of customary interest. True, the start is a good one, for nothing could be better, in its way, than the prelude composed by Beethoven for Herr von Collin's tragedy. There is power in every bar of this work—power so great that it acts upon the listener with all the peculiarity of intense excitement. At the same time it has passages which, for tenderness and grace, are not often exceeded even by the genius of the most poetic of musicians. The overture, with all due respect to the works following it, was the gem of the concert. Apart from the question of merit, it was pleasant to see Mr. Henry Holmes's symphony in the programme. Mr. Holmes is a well-known native artist, and when one of his order has achieved a serious task, the opportunity should be given us of estimating the result. Of course, it does not follow that concert-managers should thus favour every aspirant for distinction. Some guarantee of merit is necessary in order to avoid waste of time and the undue encouragement of ambitious incompetence. To the honour of the Crystal Palace managers, it must be said that they are ever ready to put forward the works of such native composers as have a right to be heard; and in this lies one of their chief claims to public gratitude. Mr. Holmes's Symphony is written in A major; the first Allegro being preluded by a Maestoso after the old fashion which modern writers have generally agreed to discard. On this occasion we shall not attempt to criticise its merits. Such a work requires more than one hearing in order to avoid the risk of doing its composer an injustice. Enough for the present, that it was received with marked favour; the applause at its close being loud and long continued—especially loud when Mr. Holmes stood up in the gallery and gesticulated his thanks to Mr. Manne and the orchestra. Berlioz's orchestral version of the *Invitation à la Valse* ought never to be heard at a Saturday concert; but the *Tannhäuser* overture had a right to its place if only for the amusement it affords friends and foes—an amusement like that afforded by its composer, who is watched with as much interest by those who abuse as by those who praise him. The vocal selections gave more than usual satisfaction.

## THE BOSTON INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

We read the following in an influential Boston paper :—

"The International Musical Festival begins to assume form and wear a business-like aspect. Nearly all of the necessary committees have been appointed, and as these will probably soon be at work in the arrangement of preliminary details, the public will not long be kept waiting for information concerning the progress making on the Coliseum, the music to be sung, the days and hours of performance, and other matters of general interest. It is definitely determined that the Festival shall begin on the 17th of June, and end on the 4th of July. The committees are composed of gentlemen well fitted for the tasks respectively assigned to them, and as the enterprise now wears a methodical and systematic look, there seems to be no further reason—the guaranty fund being made up previous to the appointment of the committees—for foreign officials withholding their recognition of the festival."

CASSEL.—The latest novelty has been Herr von Flotow's new opera, *L'Ombré*; or, as it is entitled in Germany, and German, *Der Schatten*.

COLOGNE.—Eighth Gürzenich Concert: Overture to *Medea*, Bargini; Pianoforte Concerto, F minor, Chopin (Mdlle. Erika Lie); Concert Aria, Mendelssohn (Mdlle. Mathilde Wekerlin); *Lorelei*, for Chorus, vocal Soloists, and Orchestra, Ferdinand Hiller; Prelude and Fugue, Bach (Mdlle. Mathilde Wekerlin); Symphony, No. 1, D minor, Spohr.

HANNOVER.—The seventh Subscription Concert began with the first orchestral work Robert Schumann ever wrote, his Symphony in B flat major. Dr. Hans von Bülow played the Concerto in E flat major, Beethoven; Prelude and Fugue, J. S. Bach; a composition by Chopin, and one by Liszt. He was warmly applauded. The vocalist was Mdlle. Gutjahr.

CAIRO.—In consequence of some misunderstanding with Mdlle. Sars, Signor Bottesini has sent in his resignation as conductor at the Vice-Royal Operahouse.

PALERMO.—A new theatre, to contain three thousand spectators, is in course of construction. It is so arranged as to be capable of easy transformation into a circus.

## ROMEO ET JULIETTA AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

(Extract from a private letter).

I was going to send a telegraphic despatch about the first performance of Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, but this letter will reach you in time for your next number.

The opera had never been previously given at St. Petersburg. The first performance took place the day before yesterday; and was the greatest success we have had to register this season. Arditì has highly distinguished himself by the way in which he got the work up, and he conducted it in a masterly manner. The interpretation of it left nothing to be desired.

But attention was, of course, principally directed to Mdlle. Patti, and next to Nicolini, the two personages constituting the piece. By her acting, as well as by her singing, Mdlle. Patti surprised and astounded the warmest admirers of her talent and of herself individually, that is to say: the entire public. It was one continuous ovation. The audience encored the waltz with indescribable enthusiasm. Mdlle. Patti was tender and impassioned in the charming duets with Nicolini. The audience applauded with tears in their eyes. In fact, it was something no one could picture, unless he had seen it. By the side of such a Juliette, Nicolini really surpassed himself. He acted and sang his fine part to perfection. The last scene, that of the death of the two lovers, gave the finishing touch to the enthusiasm of the public. After this scene, Mdlle. Patti and Nicolini were called on fourteen times. The Emperor and the Empress, with all the Imperial Family, sent for Mdlle. Patti and Nicolini to their box, to be the first to compliment them. The Empress herself expressed a wish for the opera to be repeated next Wednesday, as she wished to see it again; not that it was not going to be repeated, but because another work had been announced for the day in question, and it was necessary to alter the arrangements.

P.S.—The season will finish on the 10th of March. From the 18th March to the 25th April, Mdlle. Patti is to give a series of twelve performances at the Theater an der Wien, Vienna. She will be assisted by the following artists: Mdlle. Elena Sars; Signori Nicolini, Achille Corsi, Graziani, Moriari, Zucchini, and Galvani. Conductor of the orchestra, Signor Arditì.

Feb. 10, 1872.

## THE GREAT MASTERS OF THE QUARTET.\*

Baillot says in his *Méthode du Violon*: "The quartet is a conversation among friends, communicating to one another their sensations, their sentiments, and their mutual affections."

In our opinion, this definition is eminently just. Yes; the quartet is a conversation for which we require friends accustomed to talk together frequently and intimately, and, though sometimes entertaining different views, always understanding and agreeing with each other, like the various parts of the harmony which they execute. Though continually differing, the parts constitute a whole which is perfectly just, notwithstanding passing dissonances, for these merely serve to re-establish complete consonance, to which they impart increased effect.

Listen to four persons, who do not know one another, performing a quartet. Whatever executive talent they may possess, the work will be inevitably distorted.

Let a famous virtuoso, no stranger to this description of music, make his appearance in the midst of a united little circle, habituated to its quiet cordial conversations; he will fall among its members like one of the *fâcheux* of Molière. From that moment, good-bye to the conversation; good-bye to all mutual understanding. These will be replaced by an animated discussion, of which no one understands anything, because every one is talking at random, vociferating, disputing, and seeing who shall be loudest. How right Baillot is! The Quartet is a conversation among good friends who like and understand each other. In such an intimate circle, all subjects are handled. Sometimes, it is a piece of sweet, pleasing poetry; sometimes, a pathetic drama; sometimes, also, a sublime epopœa, or a simple and touching prayer; and, no matter who is the speaker, to deliver the principal phrase, to comment on it, or to indulge in any remark aside,

\* From "Le Guide Musical."

there will always be perfect unity between all the persons concerned, and complete analogy with the subject.

This is what the Quartet ought to be.

Let us listen to Haydn, who gave us the substance and the form, the model which will for ever remain. What child-like simplicity, and what purity of style! As candid as an honest rustic, he prays, sings, and laughs with his naïveté; but in the fugue, he is like him, a cunning and crafty customer, mocking and deceiving you.

Haydn is the Jean-Jacques Rousseau of music; he, too, loved Nature, and a gentle, peaceful life with her; like the philosopher, it is to her that he appears to owe all his science, so easily is he understood. Baillot entertained, in consequence, a weakness for Haydn, and victoriously rehabilitated him in the minds of many who accused him, great musician as he was, of having gone out of fashion, and of having too much of the periwig style about him.

With Haydn, the Quartet remained within the limits of a family conversation; chit-chat, prayers, and minuet, in the winter by the fireside, and in the summer in the garden, under the blossom-covered arbour. Then came Mozart. He laid aside the primitive character of his predecessor, becoming more mundane, and throwing increased passion into his subject.—If he laughs, it is no longer the frank, hearty joyousness of Haydn; if he weeps, it is not when immersed in prayer, but, as Desdemona weeps, like a poet whose heart is overflowing with sadness and love; and this he does from his first Quartet to his *Requiem*, the most striking of all his dramas. But, though he sang in a more dramatic style than Haydn, and though his writings smack rather of the stage than of the church, he did not enlarge the framework; he left it as it had been created, and it is in this that he approached the master.

After him, the most fertile genius that ever existed, behold Beethoven, who amplified and extended the domain of the Quartet, causing it henceforth to assume the coturnus, which Mozart had made it do only accidentally. By the boldness and sublimity of his thoughts, Beethoven transported the Quartet to a position side-by-side with the heroes of Shakespeare, of Goethe, and of Schiller; he gave each instrument a more important part; and, from the simplest phrases, obtained effects marked by a majesty and force previously unknown. Yet, despite all his gravity, despite his imposing grandeur, which dominates everything, and might easily allow each of his quartets to be transformed into a symphony, he was the first to desert the Minuet for the more animated, more lively, and more sparkling Scherzo; in this he has been imitated by his successors. Perhaps he considered the form of the Minuet too old and too much worn for the new regions to which his sublime genius was about to rise.

In Spohr, though he does not come until after Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, there is not a passage which fails to introduce a modulation, or a new and unexpected chord. His work is like a picture immensely enhanced in value by the extreme care bestowed upon its accessories and details. There is invariably a full flood of rich harmony—this is always the case, even in the quartet-solo, where the accompanying parts, though yielding the pre-eminence to the first violin, introduce such splendid chords that they impart to the passages and melodies of the solo a colour and meaning that cause it to stand out a thousand times more than it otherwise would.

In each of Spohr's Quartets, every part has, more than any other, its own peculiar object, interest, and speciality, from which it never swerves. Though, as a rule, chaste and severe, Spohr particularly affects the forms of the six-eight and its derivatives, and his style exercises a strong seductive power on the musician, when the latter has once succeeded in understanding it. His music is sweet, tender, and rhythmical, vaporous and vague, like the poetry of the Orientals. Placed between Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, Spohr, while inclining towards the first two, knew how to create a manner and effects of his own, how to invent an original style, which will for ever immortalize him like them.

Beethoven felt very clearly that, though the Quartet may, by the grandeur and the majesty of the thoughts, affect the style of the symphony, it must never assume the *brío* of the latter; Onslow felt this as well as Beethoven; despite an impetuosity, a brilliancy

we meet with nowhere else, he never overstepped the limits traced by the Beautiful and the True. Yet how easily he might have been led away, for he was a master whose every work is like an improvisation emanating from a soul of fire in a state of ecstasy!

There are, therefore, we perceive, as many different styles as there are brilliant names, each one shining like a glorious star in the firmament of futurity. Yet all these masters understood each other; all started from the same point: the True! It was that which enabled them to speak the language of genius.

How noble and sacred is the mission of the artist charged with interpreting these masters! How he ought to endeavour, all his life, to fulfil it honourably, studying and commenting them in order to understand them, and render them with scrupulous fidelity, according to healthy tradition, that he may seize their genuine signification. If he has not studied, he will interpret badly, and he, the grand priest of genius, will be to blame, if the masterpiece remains unappreciated by every man who possesses a soul born to feel music vividly, and love it.

At present, what remains for the composer who shall come after all these great names?—How will he write?—In what style?—Everything, whether in melody or harmony, has already been said and done. But no! Genius will never utter its last word; it is inexhaustible, like its principle, which is divine. There will always be great poets, great painters, and great musicians. What would man be without poetry, painting, and music, that noble Trinity of art, which is all love, and by love the world is, was, and ever will be!

#### WAIFS.

Mme. Monbelli has been playing in opera, at the Cologne Thalia.

*Hamlet* has been revived at the Grand Opéra, with Mlle. Sessi in the part of Ophelia. The representations are spoken of as very successful.

*L'Art Musical* pronounces the rumour that Mr. Mapleson has secured the right of performing *Aida* to be "inexacte, du moins jusqu'à présent."

Captain Harvey (late Royal Artillery) has made a most successful *début* at Malta, in the opera of *La Favorita*. His rich tenor voice delighted the Maltese.

Mr. John Gill has been appointed Organist and Choir-master of St. Paul's Church, Great Portland Street. There will be a surpliced choir, and a full choral service.

The new Amateur Musical Society, entitled the Belgrave Minstrels, gave their first concert at the residence of Mrs. Duff, 14, Eaton Square, last Monday. It was numerously attended.

Put a piano into a family where there are children, and you pave the way for them straight to a pleasure which will never wear out so long as life remains, or the functions of the mind retain their office.

The Théâtre Italien was to open on Thursday last with a concert for the liberation of territory fund, after which the regular representations were to commence. M. Verger has secured the services of a capital troupe.

A cold, unappreciative, and unsympathetic audience has much the same effect upon the sensitive nature of an artist who confronts it, as has the ice-tempered air of the polar region upon the violet of May, or the rose of June.

*L'Art Musical* points out a curious fact which may be attributed to the irony of chance. At a Conservatoire concert, given in aid of the fund for paying the German bailiffs out of France, every piece was by a German composer.

A new thanksgiving anthem, by Mr. Edward J. Hopkins, "God, who commanded the light to shine," was sung on Sunday last at the Temple Church, of which the talented composer is organist and director of the choir.

The veteran baritone, Signor Tamburini (now in his 73rd year) has been singing, at Nice, "Vivavviso," and as well, it is affirmed, though hardly to be expected, as he first sang it in 1827, when it was composed for him by Bellini.

Dave Carson Sahib Ka Pucka Tumasha, is the name of a gentleman who will shortly make his appearance in London. He is on his way from India, and is well known by Anglo-Indians, for his illustrations of the comic side of the Hindoo character.

Musicians rarely go into the "happy family" line, and we are not surprised to hear that Mme. Sass and Signor Bottesini have quarrelled at Cairo. The *chef d'orchestre* sent in his resignation which the Khédive refused to accept, but Bottesini was obstinate, and the result is an end to his engagement.

In acknowledgment of the zeal displayed by the city of London on the occasion of the Thanksgiving, a Baronetcy is to be conferred on the Lord Mayor, and Sheriffs Truscott and Bennett will obtain the honour of Knighthood. [And the man who wrote the Thanksgiving *Te Deum* and Anthem?—Ed.]

A Cincinnati correspondent of the *Chillicothe Post* gives his experience at a Nilsson crush at Pike's Operahouse, and utters this libel: "I thought my wife had the sharpest knees in Ohio, but she ain't a circumstance to these Cincinnati girls. One of them pushed her knee against my legs, and it feels as if I'd been vaccinated."

Mr. Ransford, in compliance with the suggestions of his numerous friends, and at the request of a large number of the public, who were unable to come to his concert, at St. James's Hall, on "Thanksgiving night," has announced his intention of repeating it on Thursday evening, April 11th.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Daily Republican*, in a notice of *Fra Diavolo*, as performed by the Nilsson troupe, praises emphatically the "very clever and amusing" Lord Alloash of Mr. C. Lyall. Our American contemporary evidently knows a good thing when he sees it. So does the *Utica Morning Herald*, which pronounces the same "irresistibly laughable." Mr. Lyall's facial expression, says this journal, "was a performance of itself."

A Wagner Society has been formed in London, under the presidency of Lord Lindsay, and the management of Mr. Dannreuther, to facilitate the acquisition of seats for the performances of Wagner's trilogy, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, which are to take place at Bayreuth, in the summer of 1873, under the composer's direction, and at a theatre especially built for the purpose. The society further intends to give a series of orchestral concerts, to consist of selections from Wagner's later operas, and other works rarely or never heard in England.

The Readings on the 23rd of February, at the Islington and Holloway *Athenaeum*, were made remarkable by the re-appearance in public of a lady once renowned in the musical world, though her fame was rather Continental than British. Miss Chipp belongs to a celebrated musical family, but from very sad domestic circumstances, she has been imprisoned in silent privacy for several years. On Friday, she was prevailed on by some of her friends to sing at the *Athenaeum*, and was so successful as to obtain two encores. She sang Handel's "Lascia ch' i pianga," and Bishop's "Home, sweet home." One would not have thought, from the purity of her intonation, that Miss Chipp had left her voice unused so long. We are glad to learn that hereafter the public will have several opportunities of hearing this cultivated vocalist.—*North Londoner*.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* thus speaks of Mdle Nilsson's last performance at Pike's Opera-House:—

"The spell of enchantment remained unbroken to the last. On no other occasion has the tribute of genuine admiration been more generously paid to Christina Nilsson than on that of her farewell appearance in opera last evening. The audience overflowed into the aisles and lobbies, and clung to the railings of the stairway. There was eagerness to hear the last notes of the Northern minstrel, and sorrow as real when the magical voice failed upon the ear—not soon, perhaps never, to be heard again by the hushed multitude—as is expressed in that scene itself. It seemed, when she appeared as lady Lady Henrietta, as Mignon, as Leonora, that her consummate qualities as an actress and singer had not before been fully appreciated. Repeatedly called before the curtain, all that an audience may do to demonstrate its delight and enthusiasm was done. Mdle Nilsson has nothing but pleasant memories to take with her from Cincinnati."

*Watson's New York Art Journal* thus describes Mdme. Parepa-Rosa's performance of Susanna, in the *Nozze di Figaro*, recently produced in New York:—

"It is in such music as that allotted to Susanna, that Mdme. Parepa-Rosa shines to the highest advantage. In it the purity of her style, the exquisite quality and the perfect education of her voice make themselves felt. It would seem impossible to imagine anything more beautiful than her singing of that music; every phrase had been carefully studied, and the result was a rendering so purely classic, so refined, tender, and touching, that nothing was left to wish for. The charm of Mdme. Rosa's voice is simply irresistible; it is the very essence of melody, pure unadulterated tone, that touches the heart with its simple loveliness, and completely satisfies the most refined sense of hearing, by its unbroken chain of golden melody. It is a wonderful gift, and it has not been neglected; for study has moulded it, and the perfection of art has enriched it and doubled its value. It would be useless to individualize the beauties of her Susanna, as her vocal personation was without a blemish. She also acted the part with grace and spirit."

*Watson* has also a kind word for our clever and promising young countrywoman, Miss Clara Doria:—

"Miss Clara Doria proved a most interesting Countess, and sang the music chastely and with sweet expression. She is an unassuming but most meritorious young artist."

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Mr. Planche's *King Christmas*, which has outstripped the season it was intended to enliven, will be withdrawn next week. On Wednesday, a new Entertainment, by F. O. Burnand, the music to which is composed by Mr. James L. Molloy, will be produced under the title of *My Aunt's Secret*. This novelty, coupled with *Home for the Holidays*, and the humorous and sparkling Proverb, *Charity begins at Home*, will make one of the most attractive programmes we have had for some years at this popular place of amusement.

Mr. Lester Wallack has published the following card in relation to the future movements of Mr. Sothorn:—

"I have engaged this celebrated comedian to commence at Wallack's in September next. He will be the prominent and principal feature of my fall and winter season, appearing in a round of those characters which have made his name famous throughout England for the last ten years. Plays in which he has not yet acted in America, as well as others entirely new and specially written for him, will be produced under his own supervision and with the strongest available casts."

A numerous and select assemblage of ladies and gentlemen met at the Academy of St. Cecilia, Sandon Street, the other evening, to hear a lecture by Sir Julius Benedict, on the Life and Works of Weber. The lecturer at the outset said that his object was to speak of the distinctive features of the great composer's genius with regard to the music and works which to-day forms the delight not only of amateurs but of artists. Having touched upon the leading incidents in Weber's chequered and romantic career, Sir Julius observed that the distinctive features in his instrumental music, more especially for the pianoforte, were—romanticism, a strong poetical feeling, and what might be called tone-painting. But if he stepped away from the classical productions of Beethoven and Mozart, he brought his art into the van of civilization, and connecting it with the poetry, the literature, nay, even the state of society of his day, thereby raising his craft a step higher in the social life. Referring to his personal intercourse with him as his pupil, the lecturer remarked, that to say what his manner was as a teacher, as a friend, would be perfectly impossible. He had all the qualities of the true artist. The enthusiasm, the knowledge, the civility which he studied and practised, he recommended to others; while, at the same time, he possessed such a mildness of character, such a kind disposition, that it was impossible not to love and revere him. Sir Julius concluded with a very interesting account of the circumstances connected with the production of *Der Freischutz* in Berlin, at which he was present, amid an enthusiastic reception he had never seen surpassed in any country. At intervals, a musical treat was afforded to the audience by the performance on the piano of some duets by Weber, and the overture to *Der Freischutz*, the executants being Sir Julius and Mrs. Beasley.

## MUSIC IN TASMANIA.

(From our own Correspondent).

Miss Alice May has quite captivated the hearts of the Tasmanians, and the opera company are still continuing their most effective performances in Hobart Town. Two new operas have been added to Miss May's *répertoire*, *La Sonnambula* and *Fra Diavolo*. Of the former the *Mercury* thus speaks:—

"A finer performance than that of last night, in every respect, has never taken place on the Australian stage. Dealing with the smaller matters first, we may say that the stage appointments were excellent, the scenery was good, the audience became thoroughly warmed up as the opera proceeded, and the curtain fell upon a most undeniable success. From the opening chorus, 'Vive Aminta,' to the closing recitative and chorus, there was nothing whatever with which serious fault could be found. Miss May at once proved in the opening recitative, 'Dearest companions,' how peculiarly well she is adapted for a part in which so many of her illustrious sisters of song have won their greatest triumphs. It was in the second act, however, that Miss May proved her greatness as an artist. The sleep-walking scene, which brings her to the Count's bedchamber, in the Golden Fleecy, was admirably performed, and her acting generally maintained the character we have ascribed to it."

Miss May's benefit was a success, as the following from the *Mercury* will show:—

"Miss Alice May, last night, had her first and only benefit since her arrival in Hobart Town. It was under the patronage of Commodore Stirling and the officers of H.M.S. Clio, and we were happy to see a large and fashionable attendance. The Commodore and Mr. Chichester occupied the Governor's box, and a considerable number of the officers were present. Miss May has deservedly won the favour of the public by her spirited and graceful impersonations, her excellent acting, and charming singing."

The company proceed to Launceston on Wednesday, where they perform for a time, and then return to Melbourne.

The story of the English ballet-girls engaged by one Strauss, and deported for service in French theatres, is a black and heartless affair. At the best of times a ballet-girl is subjected to the often undeserved scorn and suspicion of people who affect a purism of respectability, and to the sinister designs of those who consider that any woman on the stage is a fair object for their attentions. In France such dangers are certainly not less than in England. Barring these things in mind, we may readily imagine how wicked was the conduct of Fernand Strauss, who engaged a troop of ballet-girls for performances at Nantes, and after embezzling three weeks' salary committed to him, absconded, leaving them absolutely destitute. The English Consul appears to have behaved well, and ten girls have been able to get back to the country. Strauss is out of reach. In treating with foreign theatrical agents girls should always act through some trustworthy adviser.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

WARRENT & Co.—"Abschied von Tegernsee waltzes," by W. F. Banks.  
 NOVELLO, EWER & Co.—"Magnificent and Nuno Dimittis," by H. S. Oakley.  
 BURNETT & Co.—"Emma," ballad, by Benedict Vaughan.  
 HORWOOD & CREW.—"Two loves," duet, by A. W. Nicholson.  
 BOOSEY & Co.—"Cantata, written on the recovery of the Prince of Wales," by C. Mandel.  
 CRAMER WOOD & Co.—"Alice in Wonderland," waltzes, by E. C. Llewellyn.  
 HENRY STREAR & Co.—"Chant du Soir," by Edmond Wiehler, "Coquette," polka de Salon, by Alfred Noyer.

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These productions, however, are of unequal merit. While some are everything we could desire, considering the nature of the subject,—others (and they, perhaps, the greater portion) are, it must be owned, nothing more than sorry adaptations to popular street tunes of the stock phrases and illustrations of the Teetotal platform, sounding grotesque and vulgar in the fastidious ear of taste. At all events, no one will deny that the number of really good Temperance songs may be increased with advantage to the cause they are designed to promote; so that the contribution of another score to the common stock, adapted to as many separate tunes, needs no apology. Something also may be said as to the tunes. These should always possess intrinsic merit, and not owe their popularity to some passing whim of the place or hour. Now, to my mind, none seem better to answer this description than the songs of Charles Dibdin, which, as sung by Incledon, our grandsires and grandmothers applauded to the echo. Dibdin himself was the slave of drink, and many of his songs go to encourage the drinking habit in those for whom he wrote, the tars of Great Britain,—men, one would think, who, of all others, ought to keep a steady brain in their heads.

To the present generation, accustomed only to airs of far inferior value, those of Dibdin would come with all the attractions of novelty, nor is it so difficult as might be supposed to effect the transformation of this priest of Bacchus into the apostle of temperance. The tunes I have selected are full of life and expression, bold or pathetic as the subject demands, but never ranting or lackadaisical. In short, our author was a genius, and genius retained on the right side may surely effect as much for temperance, as, on the wrong side, it has ever done for drink and degradation.

As to my own part in this business. I have not attempted to imitate, or, rather parody, the words of my author, except in one or two instances. The songs are original, whatever be their quality in other respects; and all the praise I claim for them is, that they are strictly in character; that is, in keeping with their respective airs. With my author, I have taken especial pains not only to make the air and the general sentiment of the song agree, but that the words should vary with the varying strain. Dibdin's tune was inspired by the words. His adapter had to reverse the process, by making words in harmony with the tune,

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## THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Intelligence, or, as it has been called, intellectuality, is an essential element of all Art, practical as well as creative, and of none more so than of Music. Its development should be zealously encouraged in this branch of education, which, however, can be, and often is, conducted without calling into action any of the higher attributes of the mind. The Rudiments of Music are generally learnt by rote; proficiency in singing or playing acquired by that which is equivalent to automatic action of the voice or fingers. This should not be. Students should be taught that all musical sound, whether vocal or instrumental, is intended to convey some definite meaning; they should be made to reflect upon every phrase they have to sing, or play, and thoroughly to understand that intelligence is the very essence of our Art. Music can thus become an important means of mental training. It is in this respect that the system of instruction now published for the first time in a complete form will, I hope, be useful. The plan I have set forth seems to necessitate concentration of thought upon the subject of study; it affords assistance to the memory, and tends to cultivate habits of precision, observation, and comparison. These are advantages which speak for themselves. Experience has proved that by writing exercises, pupils make steadier and more rapid progress than by the most frequent oral repetition of rules or notes. The hand and pen assist the eye and ear, and the result is more satisfactory than when the voice or fingers are guided by the eye or ear alone. I do not, for a moment, assume that this method will dispense with the necessity of vocal or instrumental practice; but as such practice becomes less troublesome and laborious if pursued with intelligence, it is evidently desirable in teaching music, to stimulate the faculty of thought. And that is the object I have had in view while writing the present elementary work."—WALTER MAYNARD.

Parts I. and II. contain Rudiments of Music.

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VOL. 50—No. 11.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1872.

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**CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—THE**  
TWENTY-FIRST SATURDAY CONCERT.—Miss Anna Regan. Mr. Edward Lloyd. Solo violin, Herr Josephin. The programme will include *Suite* for orchestra in D, Overture, Air, Gavotte, Bourée, Gigue (J. S. Bach), first time at these concerts; Hungarian Concerto for violin and orchestra (Josephin), first time at these concerts; Overtures, "Figaro" (Mozart), "William Tell" Rossini. Conductor—Mr. MAHER. Admission, half-a-crown; single stalls, half-a-crown; reserved seats, one shilling.

THIS EVENING.

**SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS, at St. GEORGE'S**  
HALL.—Director, Mr. WILHELM GANZ.—FOURTH CONCERT, THIS EVENING (Saturday) at Eight, Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat, Op. 12, for strings; Beethoven's Grand Trio in B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; Mozart's Pianoforte Quartet in E flat. Executants—Mme. Camilla Urso (the distinguished violinist), Messrs. Jung, Hann, Paque, and Wilhelm Ganz. Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Nordblom. Conductor—Signor BANDERAS. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 2s. 6d.; Admission 1s. At Chappell's; at St. George's Hall; and of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, 15, Queen Anne Street, W.

THIS EVENING.

**MADAME CAMILLA URSO** (the celebrated violinist), will lead Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat, Op. 12, for strings, and play with Mr. Ganz, Mr. Jung, Mr. Hann, and M. Paque, Mozart's quartet for piano, violin, and violoncello, and with Mr. Ganz and M. Paque Beethoven's grand trio in B flat, Op. 97, for piano, violin, and violoncello, at the Saturday Evening Concert, St. George's Hall, THIS EVENING.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.—**

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President—The Right Hon. The Earl of DUBLIN.  
Principal—Sir STERNDAL BENNETT, M.S. D., D.C.L.

STERNDAL BENNETT'S SCHOLARSHIP.

A Scholarship, called "The Sterndal Bennett Scholarship," has been founded by subscription, as a Testimonial to Sir Sterndal Bennett (Principal of the Royal Academy of Music), and will be CONTENDED FOR on SATURDAY, the 20th of April.

It is open to competition in any branch of Music for male students only. The successful candidate will be entitled to two years free education in the Royal Academy of Music.

Further particulars may be obtained at the Institution.

By order,

JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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4, Tottenham Street, Hanover Square.

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STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the Institution, on THURSDAY Evening, the 21st inst., commencing at 8 o'clock.

The next PUBLIC REHEARSAL, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates will take place at the Institution, on THURSDAY Morning, the 26th inst., commencing at Two o'clock.

By order,

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**WELSH CHORAL UNION, HANOVER SQUARE**

Rooms. Conductor—Mr. JOHN THOMAS. FIRST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT, MONDAY EVENING, March 25th, when Sir W. Sterndal Bennett's Cantata, "THE MAY QUEEN," will be performed, assisted by the Students of the Royal Academy of Music (by permission). The Choir will sing several WELSH MELODIES, accompanied by a BAND of HARPS. Vocalists—Misses Edith Wynne, Annie Edmonds, Megan Watts, Rebecca Jewell; Messrs. W. H. Cummings, and Lewis Thomas. Harp—Mr. John Thomas. Pianoforte—Mr. W. G. Cusins. Accompanists—Messrs. Henry Davies and Mr. W. E. Thomas. Reserved and numbered stalls, 5s.; subscription stall (to series of Four Concerts), 21s.; unreserved seats, 3s.; subscription to series, 10s. 6d.; admission, 1s. To be obtained of Messrs. Lamborn Cook & Co., 63, New Bond Street; at the Hanover Square Rooms; of all Music-sellers, and of J. Watcyn Jones, Esq., Hon. Sec., 85, St. John's Street Road, E.C., to whom all those desirous of joining the Choir should apply.

**ORGANIST WANTED**, in May, for St. Mary's Catholic Church, Edinburgh.—Apply to Rev. GEORGE RICE, St. Mary's, Edinburgh.

MDLLE. CARLOTTA PATTI.

**MDLLE. CARLOTTA PATTI** will shortly arrive in London, and would accept Engagements for a limited number of Public and Private Concerts. Applications to be made to Mr. Maurice Strakosch, 105, Boulevard Haussmann, Paris.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor—Mr. W.**

G. CUSHING.—FIRST CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY EVENING, March 20th, at Eight o'clock. Symphonies, Potter, No. 2, in D. Mendelssohn's Scotch. Spohr's Duo Concertant; violins—Herr Josephin and Herr Bargheer (his first appearance in England); Overtures, "Leonora," No. 1, Beethoven, and "Der Freischütz," Weber. Vocalists—Mme. Paschka-Leutner (her first appearance in England) and Mme. Patey. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; tickets, 7s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. L. Cook and Co., 63, New Bond Street; Austin's, St. James's Hall; Chappell's; B. Olivier's; Keith Prowse's; and Hays.

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**SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley**

Street, W.—President, Sir JULIUS BENEDICT; Director, Herr SCHWABER. SIXTH SEASON, 1872. The next Concerts of the Society, this Season, will take place on Thursday, April 4th, May 9th, and June 13th. The Concerts of the Schubert Society afford an excellent opportunity for young rising artists to make their appearance in public. Prospectus and full particulars on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec.

**MR. WALTER BACHE'S EIGHTH ANNUAL**

CONCERT, QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, THURSDAY EVENING, March 21st, half-past Eight. Liszt's "FESTKLANG," for the first time in England. LES PRELUDES will be repeated. Full orchestra of 65 performers. Vocalist—Miss Abbie Whinery. Principal Violin—Mr. Strauss. Accompanist—Mr. Zertini. Solo Pianoforte—Mr. Walter Bache. Conductors—Mr. Massie and Mr. Walter Bache. Tickets, 5s. each, at the principal Music Warehouses.

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A course of preliminary studies will be commenced almost immediately.

Candidates for election may obtain the forms of application from A. S. Cole, Hon. Sec. of the Amateur Instrumental Society, Gore Lodge, Kensington Gore, W., to whom due notice will be sent of the time and place appointed for the testing of applicants.

NOTICE.—Members of the Society will, when they may require them, be provided for the practice and concert nights, with free passes on the Metropolitan Railway.

The cost of the carriage of large Instruments will be defrayed by the committee of the Amateur Instrumental Society.

Candidates who are members of existing Musical Societies are recommended to produce certificates of their membership.

**SONGS OF SCOTLAND.—Mr. KENNEDY AND FAMILY**

called on Wednesday, March 14th, 1872, for a lengthened tour through Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, California, United States, Canada, &c. Commenting on Mr. Kennedy's Farewell Concert in Edinburgh, on the 6th of March, the *Scotsman* says:—"The hall was crowded in every part, and even the platform had to be turned to account for the accommodation of a portion of the audience. . . . Mr. Kennedy's songs were given in excellent style, and it seemed as if he were endeavouring to out-do himself in this his farewell appearance. . . . The concert was concluded with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the members of Mr. Kennedy's family, the audience joining in the chorus, and the last verse being sung standing. Three cheers were then given for Mr. Kennedy, and three more for 'Robbie Burns.' " "God speed the ship!"

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and the Public that he has returned to Town. Letters respecting Oratorios, Concerts, Pupils, &c., address, 19, Great Portland Street, Oxford Circus, W.

**MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD** will play *Strauss's Second Concerto in E flat, No. 2*, at the Crystal Palace (conducted by Mr. Adams), Saturday, March 23rd, and at the Gentlemen's Club, Manchester (conducted by Mr. Charles Hallé), Monday, March 26th.  
London: LAMSON COCK & Co, New Bond Street.

**"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."**  
**MR. WILFORD MORGAN** will sing his popular ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at St. James's Hall, March 22nd.

**"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."**  
**MR. WILFORD MORGAN** will sing his popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Mr. Ransford's Concert, St. James's Hall, April 11th.

**"THE MESSAGE."**  
**MR. WILFORD MORGAN** will sing Blumenthal's celebrated Song, "THE MESSAGE," at St. James's Hall, March 22nd.

**"SIR ROLAND."**  
**HERR CARL BOHRER** (Baritone of the Royal Dresden Opera) will sing Henry Smart's new song, "SIR ROLAND," at the Grand Evening Concert, March 18, in the Great Hall of the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street.

**"SWEET EVENING AIR."**  
**MR. VERNON RIGBY** will sing **WILFORD MORGAN's** new Song, "SWEET EVENING AIR," at St. James's Hall, March 22nd, and during the month at Brixton and Richmond, also at Mr. Ransford's Concert, St. James's Hall, April 11th.

**REMOVAL.**  
**MR. and MADAME PATEY** beg to announce their Removal from Burgley Road to No. 12, Primrose Hill Road, N.W.

**MR. ARTHUR BYRON** begs to announce that he is prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. All applications to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

**THE GUITAR.**  
**MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN** begs to inform her friends and pupils, that she is in town for the Season, and at liberty to accept Engagements for Private Parties, and Lessons. 38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

**MISS FENNELL** begs to announce that she is in London for the Season, and prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, Solos, &c. All communications to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

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**GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES** (the second National Song) by BRIMLEY RICHARDS, was sung on the day of Thanksgiving by Mr. Sims Reeves at the Albert Hall. The song, 4s.; as a piano-forte solo, 4s.; piano duet, 4s. each; free by post at half-price. The four-part song, a new Edition, to which is added an arrangement for the Organ for use in Churches, price 4d. "No parallel can be found to the wonderful popularity of this simple hymn; and Mr. Richards has, unquestionably, made his mark not only upon musical, but upon our national history."—*Vide The Graphic*. London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and Co. May be had everywhere.

**"JONAH."** A Sacred Cantata, by CARISSIMI (A.D. 1580-1670), performed, for the first time in England, at Mr. Henry Leslie's Concert, March 15th. The Vocal Score (from engraved plates) just published, in 8vo, 2s. nett. Chorus parts, folio size, Soprano, 2s.; Alto, 2s.; Tenor, 2s.; Bass, 2s. 3d. Cramer, Wood & Co., and Lamborn Cock & Co.

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Words and Music composed by Madame WEISS.  
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**SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S NEW SONG,**  
**"DO NOT WOUND THE HEART THAT LOVES THEE."**  
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**MR. VAN PRAAG;**  
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Mr. VAN PRAAG, after a lapse of upwards of twenty years, during which he has had the honour of serving the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Musical Profession, begs leave to forward his annual circular to his patrons, and to remind them that he still continues to undertake the management of Concerts, Matinees, Soirees, and also superintends Balls, engages Bands, Choruses, &c., &c.

Mr. VAN PRAAG flatters himself after his many years' experience, and the ample satisfaction he has hitherto given to the Musical Profession and the Public in general, that he may again be favoured with their commands, and that no effort will be spared to be punctual. He begs to call the attention of the Ladies and Gentlemen to the adage, "What is worth doing is worth doing well."

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### "PLEIN DE DOUTE,"

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Adagio maestoso, Allegro con brio, Romanza, Intermezzo, Scherzo and Trio,  
Rondo brillante. Composed and Dedicated by permission to  
**MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD,**  
By **BERNARD FAREBROTHER.**  
London: LAMSON COCK & Co., 62, New Bond Street, W.

## THE "NEW YORK HERALD" ON MISS KELLOGG.

(From "Watson's Art Journal.")

We re-publish the following article from the *New York Herald*, of 2nd July, '70, in compliment to our young and talented countrywoman, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg. Our readers who will be delighted to peruse this unqualified editorial recognition of the superlative talents and unassailable position of their favourite operatic and concert artist, will remember that we long since awarded her equal praise and persistently claimed for her a position of equality with the first living artists. Slowly, but surely, the principal leading journals have come round to our opinion, and henceforth it will cease to be the fashion to treat with supercilious coldness the genius of our own children of song, in favour of European singers, whose merits, in nine cases out of ten, will be found to consist in a loud tremulous voice, and a foreign name. As soon as we have the courage to do honour to our own artists, we shall find springing up about us talent in every department of the musical art, which will render us independent of foreign importations, and will enable us to dispute with Europe the Italian operatic battle ground, while we shall build up a native opera, which the English, with all their advancements, have not yet accomplished.

In this great work—great because the intellectual and art-honour of our country is involved in it—in this great work, the success of Miss Kellogg will unquestionably play a prominent part. The suggestion thrown out in the *Herald* article, namely, that Miss Kellogg "owes it to the American public to sing opera in their own language," is one of great significance, and should strongly arrest the attention of that young lady. She is in the very flush of her youth: her powers still maturing; she is idolized by the young people of America, and the admired of the mature; as a singer, and as an actress, she has no equal in the country. Who then so fit to establish an American opera, as she who can best adorn and the most perfectly interpret it? She would have the whole continent at her feet; for the whole American people love to hear their own language spoken and sung. She would rally around her all who are interested in the progress of American musical art, and would give an impulse to native talent, which would make itself felt in this generation.

The suggestion presents a legitimate and natural enterprise worthy the attention of our wealthy and cultivated merchants. Under responsible auspices a stock company could readily be formed for the establishment of a National American Opera, of which Miss Kellogg should be the recognized manager. Her name would give the prestige which accompanies genius and success, and a fair morning would dawn upon American musical art, which has been night-ridden by fashion and foreign influence too long. We quote at length the *Herald's* article of yesterday, which we most cordially endorse:—

## "MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

"From every enterprise, whether resulting in success or failure, some noticeable fact is always evolved, important to the individual, to the many, or to both; so, after the thunder of the canons, the crash of the anvils, and the surge of the grand tonal wave from thousands of voices and instruments assisting at the late grand musical jubilee, this fact stands forward prominently, that Miss Clara Louise Kellogg was the unchallenged success and the crowning glory of the festival week. This young songstress, born in our midst, and educated at home, with no foreign influence to win her from a loving allegiance to her native country, has steadily worked her way to the highest position of the operatic art—a position which she has maintained here against all opposition, and in London against Nilsson, and other great artists who flock to that city during the fashionable season.

"The musical quidnuncs, who settle facts in art with wonderful precision long since decided beyond dispute, that only grand dramatic voices could fill buildings of the magnitude of the Music Hall and Coliseum of Boston, and the Rink of this city. It was clear, then, that Miss Kellogg could not be heard in that large building in Third Avenue, put up for various purposes. Those who had cut their wisdom teeth said so, and so it must be. But American pluck was equal at least to the trial; and Miss Kellogg stood before thousands of people, and sent her voice forth without an effort, just as it was formed in her wonderful throat, to search out the farthest ends of the building. Bright, clear and pure, now flowing and throbbing, now brilliant and sobbing, taking its finections from the changeful sentiments of the music, it rose dominant, and prevailing over chorus and orchestra, just as the song of the skylark in mid air seems to burst from every quarter of the heavens, flooding space with boundless wealth of the divinest melody. A result so utterly unexpected, while it so confounded the knowing ones, proved that, in the purity of production, and not in immense volume, rests the secret of the carrying power of the voice.

"The brilliant reception given to Miss Kellogg, and the elegant audiences which marked the days of her performance, point her out as the dominant attraction and as the one great and legitimate success of the great musical jubilee. Miss Kellogg is the acknowledged American representative of Italian Opera, asking no consideration for her birth, but competing on a level with the

best foreign artists. For several years she has been the salvation of that mismanaged and bankrupt institution, and her good work has always been done at a pecuniary sacrifice. She has now assumed the leadership of the concert-room, and will, in the fall, take her stand in the highest class of classical music, which has now no single interpreter in America. Miss Kellogg will have then but one more duty to pay to the American people—namely, to sing in opera in their own language. She will then be truly the representative American singer, and fame and wealth will flow in upon her whom the people will delight to honour."

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Mr. Arthur Chappell is the most fortunate of concert-managers, not only as regards the eminent artists who have so long identified themselves with his enterprise but also as regards the exhaustless store of music lying ready to his hands. From the repertory of the "Monday Populars"—a repertory which, considered as the work of a few years, is marvellous—he can take gems of art sufficient to make the closing concerts of a long season as notable for interest and variety as the first. This fact was exemplified by last Monday's scheme which contained a group of pieces remarkable for diverse attraction. Spohr's double quartet in E minor; Bach's concerto in D minor, for two violins, with accompaniment of small orchestra; Beethoven's pianoforte sonata in E-flat (Op. 29); and the same master's sonata, in the same key, for pianoforte and violin;—if there could be a programme offering, in equal space, more varied forms of interest than this, we should like to see.

Naturally the audience was a large one, and the reception of the different works as enthusiastic as the performers themselves could wish. Spohr's double quartet had its seventh hearing on this occasion, again exhibiting constructive power, charm of melody, and, above all, the clearness of treatment with which, when so minded, the master could distinguish his music. Success thus marked, as regards a form of composition due to Spohr himself, invites notice for his other works of the same kind. That none of these—they are five in number—would be without interest, it is easy to assume. The E minor was played by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti, first quartet; MM. Pollitzer, Ludwig, Zerbini, and Daubert, second quartet; all of whom, in the person of their chief, Herr Joachim, were "recalled." It is unnecessary to say a word about Bach's concerto, after the frequent criticisms evoked since its production in 1869. There could be no better example of the old Cantor's genius, and no greater proof of the good these concerts are doing to art, than the fact that an audience has been created able to hear it with delighted appreciation. As when Mr. Chappell first introduced the work, Herr Joachim and M. Sainton played the solo violins, with a double quartet of "strings" to represent the small orchestra for which Bach wrote. As on that occasion, also, the wonderfully spirited *finale* excited great enthusiasm, and obtained an encore. The eminent players already named were assisted by MM. Ries, Pollitzer, Ludwig, Zerbini, Straus, Zerbini, jun., Daubert, and Piatti; a perfect *ensemble* being thus secured. Here we must make an observation which could not but suggest itself, in some form or other, to every one present. M. Sainton, who has been not inaptly styled "the modern Baillot," should be oftener heard at concerts of chamber music. His ability as an orchestral "leader," and as an executant of the fantasias he knows so well how to write, is acknowledged on all hands; but there exists some danger of the fact being overlooked that this distinguished violinist is also a master of his craft in its severest forms. How Mr. Charles Hallé played the sonata in E-flat we need not tell, since he has made every amateur familiar with his reading of Beethoven; and the closing work, in which Mr. Hallé was associated with Herr Joachim, may be dismissed with equal brevity. The vocalist was Miss Anna Regan, who made a deserved success in Beethoven's "Busied."

On Monday next the penultimate concert will be given for Madame Archella: Goddard's benefit. Our English pianist has determined, following her usual plan, to bring forward a novelty, and her choice has fallen upon Dussak's splendid Sonata in E-flat (Op. 75). She could have selected nothing better.

DUNKELDORF.—Seventh Concert of the General Musical Association: Overture to *Lodoiska*, Oberlini; "Opferlied," Beethoven; Concerto in E-flat major, Liszt (Herr Ratsenberger); "Frühlings-Botschaft," Gade; Pianoforte Solos, Bach, Lassen, and Liszt; and *Sinfonia Eroica*, Beethoven.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Eleventh Museums-Concert: Overture to *Pietro Albano*, Spohr; Air from *Hans Heiling*, Marschner; Pianoforte Concerto in F minor, Chopin (Mlle. Erika-Lée); Ballad, Löwe; Solo Pieces, Beethoven and Rubinstein (Mlle. Erika-Lée); and A minor Symphony, Mendelssohn.

## MUSIC AT NICE.

(From a Correspondent).

The rage of concert-giving and of "concert-going" was very great lately in this favourite winter residence. Take for instance Madame Carlotta Patti, who, instead of keeping to her first announcement "that she will give one concert at the Italian Operahouse," gave immediately a second, and not satisfied with these two enormous receipts and heaps of flowers, gave a third one, all these in one week's time. It is but just to say that, judging from the enthusiastic reception and the crowded houses at each concert, the fair artist might have gone on at least for another week, that is, three concerts more would have had a good chance; but the amiable Monsieur Strakosch, who accompanied all the solos of the celebrated artist, (I need not say how) was impatient to reach the Eternal City, and off they went to Rome, where the indefatigable sub-manager, Signor Belloni, preceded them, to arrange matters in advance. "Come, kiss me quick and go," I suppose, is the favourite version of M. Strakosch. Well, after all, he is perhaps right. I shall not enumerate all the other concerts, but simply give you the names of the favourite artists who made themselves applauded. Madame Cinti-Damoreau, who miraculously escaped death at the late railway accident near Antibes; Mr. Seligmann, the fine violoncellist; the pianist, Henri Logé—the ladies' favourite; Mr. Franceschi, Mr. Saul Malezieux, the incomparable *chanteur comique*; Mr. Alexandre Reichardt, whose "Love's request," and "Thou art so near and yet so far," are as popular here as they are in England; and last, but not least, Mr. Gustave Nadaud, the celebrated composer and author, who is not only beloved by his enterprising editor, M. Heugel, but is so by everyone who has the good fortune to come in closer connection with so gifted and amiable a gentleman. So much for the artists; and now, a word for amateurs. Be not afraid, I have only two names to mention, and I need not assure you that one at least, speaks high for itself—Madame La Vicomtesse Vigier (Sophie Cravelli), who, after a severe illness, gave, a few days ago, a concert at Cannes for the benefit of aged people. You will ask why not at Nice? Well, the lady wished to give her annual concert for the poor of this place, and had already fixed the date at the "Casino," but some *ungallant* folk preferred to have this very date for a ball. So the Vicomtesse withdrew her intended musical *fête*, and promised never to sing a note in this place any more, at least, not in public. *Voilà l'histoire*, as I have heard it! At all events, the poor of Cannes have all reason not to regret this little incident, for they have had a magnificent benefit, it is said *five hundred pounds*.

The Vicomtesse, who was enthusiastically received, sang amongst others, two songs of her own composition—a religious one entitled "Christ," and a valse, which was rapturously encored. Mr. Diaz de Soria is the second amateur whom I wish to mention. Should I not do so, I might rightly be accused of partiality; for this gentleman possesses a most sympathetic tenor-baritone voice, which he uses with extraordinary skill. As for his method of singing, it is, with the exception of a little too much sugar now and then, the nearest to perfection I have heard for a long time.

## LUCCA VERSUS MALLINGER.

(From the Berlin "Echo.")

Mdme. Lucca re-appeared last week as Mozart's Zerlina, Selika, and Frau Fluth, every place being taken on each occasion, though the increased tariff (parquet: 2 thalers, 5 silver groschens) was introduced on the evening of *L'Africaine*. In consequence of these prices, Mdme. Lucca—since her name in the bills suffices to command an overflowing house—has become some hundred thalers more valuable in every character to the administration of the Theatres Royal. Can such an artist be engaged on less favourable terms than those now demanded by Mdme. Mallinger? We grant that Mdme. Mallinger is a first-class singer but she never drew, and never will draw; when she sings with Herr Niemann in operas now the fashion (Wagner's), the places are all taken; but she is no attraction alone. The treasurer's returns for *Il Trovatore*, *Der Freischütz*, *Romeo and Juliet*, etc., have, probably, never caused the face of the administrator of the Theatres Royal to beam with satisfaction.

## LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr. John Boosey gave his last morning ballad concert on Monday; and brought the evening series to a close on Wednesday. Now, therefore, is the time, seeing that each branch of his enterprise has produced good fruit, to congratulate him upon success, and to felicitate the public upon sustaining a scheme designed to nourish our thoroughly national taste for a "good song, well sung." These concerts will, no doubt, continue a feature of the London winter season.

So much having been done both on Monday and Wednesday of a familiar sort, we need not dwell at length upon the closing performance. Mr. Sims Reeves took part on each occasion, and sung at the first, Molloy's "In my dreams," Sullivan's "Once again" (encored), and Balfe's "When other lips;" at the second his songs being Blumenthal's "Regrets," "Once Again" (once again encored), and "Tom Bowling." How he was applauded after every effort, even a dull imagination can suppose. We must, however, protest against the unreasonableness which would insist upon the artist doing double the work for which he is paid. Why, for example, should Mr. Reeves give "Tom Bowling" twice? Wednesday's audience refused to discuss the matter with themselves, and delayed the concert many minutes by "inarticulate howlings" for an encore. But Mr. Reeves knows when to "put his foot down," and he did it on this occasion so firmly that the clamour spent itself vainly. Successes were also made at each concert by Mdme. Liebhart, Mdme. Patey, Miss Enriquez, Miss Blanche Cole, and other artists associated with Mr. Boosey's enterprise.

The pianist on Monday was Mdme. Arabella Goddard, who played in her own brilliant fashion, Thalberg's *Don Giovanni*, and "Home, sweet home," the latter being unanimously re-demanded. Miss Zimmermann appeared on Wednesday, and gave Taubert's *La Campanello*, and Chopin's *Valse* in A flat.

## ORATORIO CONCERTS.

*Israel in Egypt* was performed, under Mr. Barnby's direction, in Exeter Hall, on Tuesday week, the result not being quite so satisfactory as that of previous concerts. The reason for the falling off involves little discredit upon those engaged. In point of fact, the audience must have anticipated partial failure consequent upon the colossal nature of the oratorio, and the inadequate resources brought to bear upon it. We would advise the directors to leave *Israel in Egypt* to the Handel Festivals and the Sacred Harmonic Society. In this work, as in war, fortune favours the biggest battalions, and Mr. Barnby's moderate orchestra of 500 cannot hope to compete with its weighty rivals when noise is an essential. Moreover, the choruses were not given with the steadiness and precision we expected. It seemed, indeed, as though the performers despaired of their task, and lost that pride in themselves which on so many occasions has helped to secure unqualified success. Their best efforts were made in the "Hailstone" and "But as for His people," the pastorate episode of the latter giving the choir an excellent opportunity of showing their high training. Madame Sherrington, Miss Emily Spiller, Miss D'Alton, Mr. Kerr Gedge, Mr. Whitney, and Herr Stockhausen were the soloists, and decided effects resulted from the efforts of the first-named lady in "Thou didst blow," and of Messrs. Whitney and Stockhausen in "The Lord is a man of war." Mr. Barnby conducted with a face rigidly set against encores—a face we hope he will always preserve.

## A SUGGESTION FROM SHERIFF BENNETT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir—Instead of this morning's notice on the gates of St. Paul's, that "the Cathedral is closed," would it not be, for many sound reasons, desirable to let the admiring multitude feel that they are heartily welcome to their Metropolitan St. Peter's?

Let the Press at once make known that the public, in their thousands, can obtain their cards of admission at Exeter Hall, to "assist," as the French say, at a series of oratorios, and the result would be no end of funds for the restoration of St. Paul's, and what is even more valuable, a restoration of good feeling to the Church from the million who rarely find their way there. The Sacred Harmonic Society have an ample organization ready, with organist, instrumental performers, and fifteen hundred choristers, in fine order, and anxious to undertake a series of half-a-dozen of the greatest oratorios. The motto on the portico would be echoed by thousands willing to contribute and say, "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go up into the house of the Lord."—

Yours faithfully,

JOHN BENNETT.

65, Cheapside, February 29.

## SANTLEY ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.

Mr. Santley made his American *début* as an operatic artist on the 12th ult., the work chosen for the occasion being *Hérold's Zampa*, the place, the New York Academy of Music. The press and public were unanimous in his praise, and it will suffice if we allow the *Evening Express* to act as spokesman. Our contemporary says:—

"It is a very long time since so noble and symmetrical a performance has been seen and heard by a local audience. Mr. Santley's talents in the concert-room have long been recognized, but it remained for the operatic stage to bring them into full play, and show the American public how great an artist he is. His is as near the perfection of art as has been attained by any singer within the memory of the present generation, and it would be difficult indeed to imagine anything more entirely beautiful and satisfactory than his singing of the *scena* and *aria* in the second act of *Zampa* last evening. The audience fairly 'rose at him,' as the pit rose at Edmund Kean in days gone by, and the song was re-demanded amid thunders of applause. Not alone, though, was Mr. Santley's success great as a vocalist, for he possesses powers as an actor for which the public, who have heard him only in the concert-room would hardly be expected to give him credit. He has evidently studied in a good school; and what is more, studied carefully; his every action being marked by grace and intelligence, and, where the situation requires, rising to an intensity which, while it lacks the exaggeration of the Italian school, is marked by naturalness and power. In all the music, the thoroughness, the finish, and the symmetry of Mr. Santley's art were apparent. Assuredly no such baritone singing has ever been heard upon the American stage, and for the matter of that, very seldom indeed has such pure, intelligent art been witnessed in a singer of whatever voice. Mr. Santley had already made a great success in the concert-room, but last night he achieved a triumph on the operatic stage."

## THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

"There is life in the old dog yet" would be a very good motto wherewith to head the just-issued prospectus of this venerable society. Not long ago, people of doleful views were shaking their heads about the "Philharmonic" with that air of concern which barely hides a natural enjoyment of other people's misfortunes. They croaked too soon, or, by croaking, woke up the directors, who had certainly gone to sleep. Well, the capital was once preserved by geese, and, as history is apt to repeat itself, there was no reason why the Philharmonic should not be saved by ravens. Saved it is, at all events, and fairly keeping pace with the times, as though the days of its "hot youth" had returned—days when every eminent living composer from Beethoven downwards, had satisfactory reason to know of its existence.

The sixtieth Philharmonic season begins in St. James's Hall on Wednesday, the 20th inst., and will comprise the usual eight concerts. So far precedent is followed; but we must go a long way back to find a precedent for the array of novelties which the directors now show. Thirteen works are scheduled, five of the thirteen being English, and to the latter we give first attention. They consist of an overture, *Ajax*, by Sir Sterndale Bennett, to be performed for the first time; the late Cipriani Potter's Symphony in D (No 2); Sir Sterndale Bennett's Symphony in G minor; a concerto for pianoforte by Mr. W. G. Cousins; and a concerto for violin by Mr. G. A. Macfarren. Thus admirably is native art represented and thus does the Philharmonic Society deserve the consideration of all to whom the honour of native art is dear. In addition to the foregoing we are promised Handel's *Hautboy Concerto*; Brahms's first orchestral work—a *Serenade* in D; Sir J. Benedict's *Tempest* overture; Bach's *Concerto* for strings; and Schumann's Symphony in C. There is no need to make any comment upon this list. It speaks for itself of enterprise, research, and that catholic spirit which ignores no form of art because it is antiquated, novel, or unpopular. Mr. Cousins will again conduct the society's concerts in his efficient manner, and Mr. Stanley Lucas retains the post of secretary, in which he has done so much good service.

MUNICH.—Madame Blanca Blume came from Italy a short time ago, and played a round of characters at the Royal Operahouse, with a view to an engagement. Not being as successful as was expected, she has returned to Italy, whence she will, in the autumn, proceed to Spain. —The King has ordered Mozart's *Don Juan* to be put on the stage with new and splendid scenery, and dresses. The old German libretto will be discarded, and replaced by Theodor Epstein's new one, already adopted at the Ducal Theatre, Gotha. —According to some of the papers, the third part of the *Nibelungen Trilogy* was ready for representation, but Herr R. Wagner prevailed on the King to prohibit its production. Thus it will be first brought out at Herr R. Wagner's Bayreuth-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre.

## LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The last but one of these entertainments took place in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, and attracted a large and well-pleased audience. Mr. Sims Reeves, whose engagement with Mr. Boosey has been singularly fortunate as regards his ability to fulfil it, sang twice, selecting "My pretty Jane" and Sullivan's "Once again." It would be absurd to discuss his rendering of music now thoroughly associated with his name. Enough that the audience re-demanded both, and would probably have insisted but for Mr. Hatton's interposition with a plea for mercy on the ground of the singer being unwell. Herr Stockhausen brought forward the Scotch air, "O sweet were the hours"—one of those arranged by Beethoven for Mr. Thomson, of Edinburgh, and the two old English ditties, "I long to sing the siege of Troy" (H. Lawes) and "As I walked forth" (R. Johnson). His success was not marked, owing, perhaps, to a heaviness of manner for which ballad-lovers would be the last to make allowance. Mdlle. Liebhart gave "The oak and the ash," Hatton's "Kirtlered" (encored), and "Within a mile," for which, also, an encore might have been accepted. This artist has lost none of her popularity, and her accession to Mr. Boosey's ranks appears highly acceptable to his patrons. Madame Patey had to repeat Wallace's "Sweet and low," Sullivan's "Golden Days," and Henriette's "Always alone," so that with her three songs really means six. Nothing can exceed the good nature of Madame Patey's compliance with such unreasonable demands, but the wisdom of yielding to them at all is questionable. The other singers were Miss Blanche Cole, who was encord in Trell's "Proposal;" Miss Fennell, Mr. Bentham, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Maybrick. Messrs. Hatton and Naylor accompanied the songs, the pianoforte soloist being Herr Carl Hausa.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

That the programme of Monday week contained nothing but excellence of a familiar kind, a glance at it will show:—

PART I.—Quartet, in E flat, Op. 12, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti), Mendelssohn. Song, "Par di cesti" (Miss Edith Wynne), A. Lotti. Sonata appassionata, in F minor, Op. 57, for pianoforte alone (Madame Schumann), Beethoven. PART II.—Quartet in E flat, Op. 47, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Mdlle. Schumann, MM. Joachim, Straus, and Piatti), Schumann. Song, "Orpheus with his lute" (Miss Edith Wynne), Sullivan. Quartet, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti), Haydn.

This was the fourteenth performance of Mendelssohn's quartet, the delicious *canzonnet* in which received, we may take for granted, its fourteenth encore. The whole work is characterized by abounding life—life full of vigour, but tempered by gracefulness and the polish resulting from consummate art. Its composer's individuality appears in every movement, and to hear this quartet is to see, with the mind's eye, the *spirituel*, animated, and poetic gentleman of Mendelssohn's inimitable letters. The performance, that of the *canzonnet* especially, was as near perfection as it could be. We need not dwell upon Mdlle. Schumann's striking execution of the sonata in F minor, inasmuch as it must be familiar to our readers. The German artist played her very best—which is saying not a little—and obtained two unanimous recalls at the close of her task. Schumann's Quartet is a work not yet thoroughly accepted for reasons which may lie within itself, or with the prejudice and false taste of the public. On this matter, different people would express different views, and, at present, we have no desire to join the fray. In time, perhaps, when we quite clearly see what the music means, and recognize the purpose of a good deal that now seems purposeless, we may entertain a definite notion. Haydn's Quartet—about which there is no laziness, and in which there are no points to be excused by the elastic plea of progress—ended the concert delightfully, and sent away in good humour even those whom Schumann had fretted the most. Of Miss Edith Wynne's songs it is unnecessary to say more than that both were given to perfection.

STUTTGART.—The new opera, *Dornröschen*, has proved very successful at the Theatre Royal. It is the first operatic essay of Dr. Linder, a native of this capital.

DANTZIG.—A very successful concert was given, some little time since, by Herren Franz Ries and Ignaz Brüll. They played together M. Anton Rubinstein's A minor Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin. Herr Ries gave, also, Variations, Corelli; Barcarole; Spohr; G major Romance, Beethoven; and three pieces, "Humoreske," "Notturmo," and "Saltarello" (Op. 19), by himself.

POSEN.—Herr Wieniawski has been playing very successfully here. Among the pieces in which he gave especial satisfaction were Raff's Pianoforte arrangement of Bach's Chaconne for Violin; Weber's "Perpetuum Mobile" Rondo; and an original piece, "Pensée fugitive."

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

In the course of its remarks on Mr. Mapleson's prospectus, the *Daily Telegraph* said:—

"The document affords a striking example of that change for the better which has lately come over such things. Not long since an operatic prospectus was for the most part a boldly drawn and highly coloured picture suggested by a lively imagination. It represented nothing save its author's notion of what would please the public eye, and men commonly looked upon it as an entertaining product of the fancy. In this character there was little to be urged against it. Visions of Utopia are agreeable, and why may not a manager show his plan of an ideal opera season? But, after all, prospectuses are required to tell what will come to pass; and, if they have lately made some sacrifice of romance to reality, the change implies a perception of this elementary fact. Mr. Mapleson's prospectus is a model of improved form. It says little in matter-of-fact style, and is so chary of promises as to convey a notion that the promises actually made will be kept. A few more such business-like documents, and the operatic prospectus will be believed."

Mr. Mapleson enters upon his new season with a band of artists numerically weaker than heretofore. But, in operatic strife, it is not necessarily the "biggest battalions" which win the day. Success depends upon quality rather than quantity, and of quality Mr. Mapleson seems to have enough.

The director promises Mlle. Carlotta Grossi, from Berlin; Mlle. Marie Reze, from the Opéra Comique of Paris; and last, but assuredly not least, Mlle. Christine Nilsson, fresh from surprising triumphs in the United States. It is hardly possible to overrate the significance of this last acquisition. In point of fact, there is a danger that, assured of Mlle. Nilsson's coming, everything else will be treated with indifference by a gratified public. Mlle. Grossi and Mlle. Marie Reze excite but little curiosity in presence of the artist who suddenly burst upon the operatic world a few years ago, and has since heaped success upon success without pause. That Mlle. Nilsson will have the warmest of welcomes back to the boards of Drury-lane, and that she will make the season there one of brilliant attraction, nobody can doubt.

Of what the baritone Signor Rota, who comes from St. Petersburg, and the baritone Signor Mee, who comes from Moscow, are capable, time will show. *En passant*, we may add that speculation upon their merits can scarcely be dissociated from regret that the best of all baritones—Mr. Santley—is still off the stage upon which his countrymen would delight to see him. With Sir Michael Costa as musical director, an excellent orchestra and chorus are assured; and it is superfluous to state either that the one will have a capital "leader" in M. Saintenon, or the other an efficient master in Mr. Smythson.

Auber's *Les Diamants de la Couronne* (*La Caterina*) is promised for the first time on an Anglo-Italian stage. Hardly could Mr. Mapleson have made choice of anything more sure to be widely acceptable. Both the connoisseur and the musically unlearned can hear Auber's music with delight, the one for its easy mastery over, and graceful use of, scientific resources, the other for its unflinching tune. Why, this being the case, the brilliant Frenchman's works are not more largely used is as great a puzzle as the fact itself is an injustice. We accept the revival of the *Crown Diamonds* as an instalment of honour due to Auber's genius; and no-doubt Mr. Mapleson will find that the path of duty leads, in this case, to profit. Cherubini's *Les Deux Journées* is also among the promised works, having been adapted for the Italian stage by M. Barbier; and the dialogue set to accompanied recitative by Sir Michael Costa. At last, then, we may expect to hear the comic masterpiece of the grim Florentine, who gave so many masterpieces to his art. The temptation to enlarge upon its merits is great; but enough for the present that *I Due Giorni* lights up the prospectus, and gives it an interest for those who care nothing about the opera as a fashionable pastime. All the greater will be the disappointment, should circumstances prevent Cherubini's music from being heard—a contingency which, however, is not probable. This, then, is the sun of Mr. Mapleson's promises; and, the things promised being what they are, the public are not likely to forget them."

**LEIPZIG.**—After having remained unheard for a very long time, Handel's *Messiah* has just been performed by Riedel's Association. It proved a great success.

**MILAN.**—A new tenor, named Hervey, lately made his first appearance here in *La Favorita*. Having been accused by the papers of coldness, he warmed up so much, at the second performance, that, in the "*Scena della Spada*," he wounded the baritone under the eye, and himself in the leg. The papers, observes the *Trovatore*, should at once recommend him to be calm, otherwise there will be a regular massacre.

**HAMBURG.**—Concert of the Singacademie: *Das Mädchen von Colo*, Elegy for chorus and orchestra, Rheinthal; "Normannenzug," for union male chorus and orchestra, Bruch; Songs (Mlle. Garthe): "Kalanus," Gade.—Eighth Philharmonic Concert: *Faust Overture*, Wagner; *Queen Mab*, Hector Berlioz; "Mazepa," Liszt; Seventh Symphony, A major, Beethoven.

## PROVINCIAL.

**WYMOUTH.**—A correspondent writes:—

"Mr. T. Avant organised a concert at the Royal Assembly Rooms, at which we were made acquainted with the talented violinist, M<sup>me</sup>. Norman-Néruda, who played a *Réverie*, by Vieuxtemps, an Adagio by Viotti, and, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Hallé, two 'Pensées Fugitives,' by Heller and Ernst, as well as the grand Sonata in F (Op. 24) for piano and violin, by Beethoven, all of which were magnificently performed. Mr. Hallé also gave us some pieces by Bach and Scarlatti, and Chopin's *Nocturno* in G minor."

**BROOKLEY.**—A correspondent informs us that:—

"A performance of the oratorio, *Ruth*, by George Tolhurst, took place on Wednesday evening. The band and chorus numbered about eighty performers—conductor, Mr. E. A. Myles; leader, Mr. Pawle. The principal vocalists were Miss Howell, Miss Florence Ashton, Mr. Cook, and Mr. Martin. Of the solos, 'Entreat me not to leave thee,' and 'Go, return,' appeared to give the greatest satisfaction to the audience. The choruses, 'All the city was moved,' and 'Blessed be the name of the Lord,' were much applauded, although the conductor had suggested that there should be no demonstrations of approval. Mr. Wood presided at the pianoforte."

**TORQUAY.**—We abridge the following from the *Torquay Directory* of March 2nd:—

"On Saturday, two very interesting concerts took place at the Bath Saloon, and were well attended. The programme was varied and excellent, consisting of works purely classical, without a single sacrifice to supposed incapacity or unwillingness on the part of the audience to listen to music not frequently heard in our concert rooms; and we cannot sufficiently praise the promoters of these concerts for endeavouring to raise the standard and cultivate the taste of music in the west of England. The concert commenced with Mozart's magnificent quintet for clarinet and strings, carefully and cleverly performed; and this was but the prelude to a succession of triumphs. The Hon. Sydney Skeffington is fast winning his way to the post of first violin, a position which amateurs in general but rarely attain. The Hon. R. Skeffington, as violoncello, is equally skilful; and it is not too much to predict that, with time and experience, these two youthful enthusiasts will become very excellent and accomplished musicians. Mr. Enthoven proved himself a careful and efficient leader, and his violin solo was a gem. But the lion of the party was Herr Stoeger, whose pianoforte playing electrified his audience. To rapidity of execution, he adds taste and delicacy; and the beauty of the pieces he selected shone out in all its excellence. The vocalist, Miss Austin, in her well chosen song, found an admirable vehicle for the display of her really fine voice. The event altogether will long be remembered by all lovers of classical music in Torquay."

**CHELTENHAM.**—The *Express* informs us that:—

"The national Festival of St. David's Day was duly celebrated by a performance of Welsh music at the Assembly Rooms. As in previous years the attendance was very large and fashionable, and the proceedings were characterized by the greatest enthusiasm. We have only space to mention that among the artists engaged were Mr. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. J. Thomas, Miss Megan Watts, Miss Annie Edmonds, and Ehedydd Cymru. In the first part, Mr. Lewis Thomas was highly successful in the ballad, 'The Harp of Wales,' and Miss Edmonds was loudly applauded for 'The Plaint of the Ring Dove,' and, in conjunction with Mr. Cummings, in the duet, 'The Summer storm is on the mountain.' In the second part, Mr. Lewis Thomas obtained a loud encore for 'The Men of Harlech,' and in response, sang 'Worth of true friendship,' and the lady, Ehedydd Cymru, was loudly applauded for each part assigned to her. The national song, 'St. David's Day,' and 'God Save the Queen' concluded the concert."

We read in the *Express* that:—

"Among the devices exhibited in the Promenade, that of Mr. Woodward, music seller, deserves special mention. The idea was novel, and consisted of an immense musical device, extending over the whole width of his spacious saloon; it was constructed of perforated sheet iron, and the perforations being covered with a thin coloured substance, the light from nearly a hundred gas jets behind threw out a variety of colours, with much brilliancy and effect, the monogram, 'A. E. A.' and stars, underneath which were the words and music of the following verse—the notation being perfect:—

'God save our Gracious Queen—  
Long may Victoria reign,  
God Save the Queen.  
Hear Thou the nation's voice,  
Guard Albert and his choice,  
God bless them all!'

DUBLIN.—The *Irish Times* says:—

"The first of the three classical chamber concerts, announced in connection with Messrs. Cramer, Wood & Co.'s establishment, took place before a select audience. The programme was divided into two parts, each containing instrumental and vocal pieces. Herr Stoeger presided at the piano, and delighted the audience by the brilliancy of his touch. Mr. Enthoven evidenced skill as a violinist, while Miss Bessie Herbert, Messrs. Morris, Rice, and Hon. R. Skeffington, performed the parts allotted to them with ability. The concert was successful."

BRIGHTON.—The *Guardian* says:—

"Signor Badia gave his concert in the banquetting room of the Royal Pavilion. The audience was large and fashionable. The chief interest of the occasion centred in the appearance of the two daughters of Signor Badia, Mdles. Carlottina and Antonietta. It is some years since one of the young girls, when scarce emerged from infancy, was heard singing at a *matinée* in Brunswick Square. The talent she then displayed was taken by the reporter of this journal to be not mere precocity, and he spoke favourably of her little performance, opining that, under the careful tuition and guidance of her parents, she would be heard of in the musical world at a comparatively early age. The anticipation has been fulfilled. The Sisters Badia are already accomplished young artists. Their duet singing is remarkably finished and is distinguished by a taste and expression not learned by rote. On Friday they had to sustain themselves against a goodly assemblage of experienced talent and they did so with real success. Blangini's 'Per valti' was sung with rare delicacy of manner and purity of intonation. In the selection from Donizetti's *Maria Padilla*, the Sisters had more scope for dramatic expression, and the loud applause which their efforts received was but a due tribute for the pleasure given and the talent shown. Among the instrumentalists were Mdle. Liebe whose performances on the violin were greatly admired; Miss José Sherrington, Miss Alice Fairman, and Signor Rocca were the vocalists. The arrangements of the room were well carried out by Messrs. R. Potts and Co."

LIVERPOOL.—The *Daily Post* of Monday, March 11th, thus noticed a concert given by the *Societa Harmonica*:—

"The programme was judiciously selected, and comprised the overture to *De Sargino* (Paer); Kyrie and Gloria, *Mass* in E flat, No. 2 (Hummel); symphony in C, manuscript (Henry Gadsby); chorus 'Susceptible Hearts,' from *Ruins of Athens* (Beethoven); *adagio*, symphony in E flat (F. Nohr); and march and chorus, 'Twine ye the garlands,' also from *Ruins of Athens*. The instrumental part of the performance was highly successful—a prominent feature being Mr. Gadsby's symphony, which was performed for the first time in Liverpool. It is a charmingly melodious composition, abounding with varied and attractive movements. The *adagio* is deliciously sweet and subdued, and this, as were the other portions of the work, was received with much enthusiasm. The chorus, though limited, was effective, the singers being heard to better advantage by being placed above the orchestra instead of below, as has usually been the case. The vocal soloist was Madame Billie Porter (a daughter of the talented conductor, Mr. Armstrong). She sang in a finished style the recitative and aria from *Elis*, 'I will exalt thee,' and the sweet *morceau*, written expressly for her by Mr. C. E. Horsley, 'Alone with Thee.' Mr. Lawson was an effective leader; and much of the success of the concert must be attributed to Mr. Armstrong, the conductor."

EDINBURGH.—Some recent performances by Mr. Mapleson's troupe are thus referred to in *The Scotsman* of March 7th and 9th:—

"Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo* was last night performed for the first time in Edinburgh, and the name of the opera was sufficient to fill the house. With an orchestra of five-and-twenty performers—many of them unfamiliar with the music—it is impossible to give more than a faint idea of the colouring of Meyerbeer's instrumentation. Making allowance for these things, however, we cannot say that last night's representation was a great success. The five acts were compressed into four, and large excisions, were made in all, the result being that the sense of the story (none of the clearest at any time), was utterly destroyed. The part of the hero was filled by Signor Bonachich—a tenor who is now, we believe, making his first appearance on English boards. He has a voice of good quality and fair compass, but with little power, and several times sang somewhat out of tune by overstraining it. His acting is constrained, and lacks the fire and impetuosity which should belong to Roberto, and without which he could scarcely have earned his title of 'Il Diavolo.' Mdle. Tietjens sang the part of Alice—the good angel of the unfortunate hero. The Norman peasant girl is scarcely so suited to her style as some of the grander characters in which we are accustomed to see her. She does well, however, whatever part she undertakes, and her singing was very good throughout. Her acting during the whole of the exciting cavern scene was very

fine. The part of the Princess was sung by Mdle. Colombo, who was in better voice than on Monday night. No better representative of Bertram could be desired than Signor Foli. His voice, manner, and appearance are all well suited to the part. Signor Rinaldini made a good Rambaldo; he did not over-exert his voice, which is of a pleasant and even quality. Signor Casaboni took the small part of Alberto; M. Agnesi sang the few notes assigned to the Priest (rendered fewer still by clipping); and the dicing chevaliers were represented by Signors Zoboli and Fallar. Mdle. Blanche Riccio was the *premiere danseuse*, and was twice called before the curtain. Signor Li Calci did his onerous duties very ably, picking up the missing voices or instruments with great skill. *Der Freischütz* was performed yesterday evening, in its Italianised form. Not being able to hear *Der Freischütz* in German, we are glad to take it in Italian. The cast last night was almost the same as last year. Mdle. Tietjens was Agathe (we give the German names); Mdle. Bauermeister (instead of Mdle. Colombo); Aennechen; Signor Vizzani was Max; Signor Foli, Caspar; and Signors Rinaldini, Zoboli, Casaboni, and Fallar, Ottokar, Kuno, Kulan, and the Hermit, respectively. Taken altogether—and considering the limited resources at the disposal of the theatre for some parts of the opera—the representation was very satisfactory."

### CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The Masters Charles and Arthur Le Jeune, assisted by their father, Mr. G. W. Le Jeune, gave a concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday week. An exceedingly varied programme was put forward, in which a newly-invented instrument, the polyphone, was to have taken a large share of the work. Unfortunately, some accident had disabled the polyphone, and the entertainment lost one of its chief attractions. But there was a good deal left to admire, as, for example the excellent performance of the Le Jeune family in their "Orchestral Combinations," and the extraordinary playing of the lads in some original fugues on popular themes, and in other pieces both for organ and pedal pianoforte. Their success was immense, but not beyond desert. Some vocal pieces relieved the instrumental works, the singer being Madame Talbot-Cherier.

THE SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—The third concert, under the direction of Mr. W. Ganz, took place last Saturday, at St. George's Hall, before a distinguished and full audience. Madame Camilla Urso made her second appearance, and led the "Rasoumowski" quartet in F, with breadth of style and correctness of reading. When we add that her intonation is excellent, and her mechanism and bowing undeniably good, it will be perceived that London now possesses one fine lady violinist the more. The pianoforte works played, were Schumann's Quartet in E flat, and Hummel's Trio in E, both of which went capitally. Mdme. Conneau and Miss Alice Fairman undertook the vocal music, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Ganz. Both ladies sang their best, and each won an encore. At the fourth concert this evening, Madame Urso and Mr. Ganz are to re-appear. The vocalists are to be Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Nordblom; the violinist, M. Paque.

BRIGHTON.—On Monday evening the Brixton Choral Society gave a performance of Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and Mr. J. F. Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*. The principal vocalists were Miss Ellen Horne, Madame Poole, Mr. Theodore Distin, and Mr. W. H. Hillier. The performance does not call for any special remark; everything went smoothly, and the amateur chorus showed evidence of M. Lemare's careful training. The music of *The Ancient Mariner* stood in lively contrast with the devotional strains of Mendelssohn. Madame Poole and Mr. Distin narrowly escaped encores in one or two of the more striking numbers of the cantata. Miss Ellen Horne sang with her usual refinement. Mr. W. H. Hillier is not unlike Mr. Vernon Rigby in voice and style, and there is also some personal resemblance between the two gentlemen. As to the inception of these choral meetings, all praise must be given. If the purely professional performances of another society, having its headquarters in the same building, are felt to be a boon to the district, the Brixton Choral Society can plead the recommendation that its members form its own choir, and themselves are rapidly paving the way for a home school of song. The habit of singing in public is likely to impart more confidence to exhibitions in private, and an accomplishment which adds refinement and pleasure to the drawing-room is rendered more certain by rehearsal on the platform. M. Lemare wielded the *bâton*, and Mr. John Harrison presided at the organ and pianoforte.—On the previous Tuesday, the fourth of Mr. Ridley Prentice's chamber concerts took place, when the subscribers were presented with a decided novelty in Mr. Star's quintet in D (Op. 68), for piano, strings, and concertina. The director played as solo, Beethoven's E flat sonata (Op. 81). The programme also included a quintet of Schumann's. Mr. Prentice's conductors upon the occasion were Messrs. Weist Hill, Richard Blagrove, Barnett, and Pettit. The concert was very fully attended, and all went off well.

W. H. P.

**SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.****THE LAST TWO CONCERTS OF THE SEASON**

(Not included in the Subscription)

WILL TAKE PLACE ON THE FOLLOWING DATES:

**SATURDAY, MARCH 16, AND FRIDAY, MARCH 22,**

At the request of numerous Subscribers who wish to be present at the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, which takes place on Saturday, March 23d.

**SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 16, 1872.**

**ANDANTE**, with **VARIATIONS**, and **MINUET** (from the celebrated *Ottet*, and hitherto unpublished), for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Double Bass, Clarinet, French Horn, and Bassoon.—**MM. STRAUSS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, EYNOLDS, LAZARUS, PAQUIS, HUTCHINS, and PIATTI** . . . . . *Schubert.*  
**RECIT. and AIR** "Deeper, and deeper still" (By desire)—*Handel.*  
*Mr. SIMS REEVES*  
**SCHERZO**, in B flat minor, for Pianoforte alone.—*Mdme. SCHUMANN* . . . . . *Chopin.*  
**SONATA**, in D major, Op. 58, for Pianoforte and Violoncello.—*Mdme. SCHUMANN and Signor PIATTI* . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*  
**SONG**, "Once again"—*Mr. SIMS REEVES* . . . . . *Arthur Sullivan.*  
**QUINTET**, in A major, for Clarinet, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello.—**MM. STRAUSS, LAZARUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI** . . . . . *Mozart.*  
 Conductor . . . . . **Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.**

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.**

BENEFIT OF

**MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.**

ON

**MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 18th, 1872.**

(Not included in the Subscription.)

**Programme.****PART I.**

**QUARTET**, in G major, Op. 19, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello.—**MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUSS, and PIATTI** . . . . . *Mozart.*  
**PRAYER**, "Lord, whom my inmost soul adores"—*Mdme. DRASDEL* . . . . . *Hiller.*  
**SONATA**, in E flat, Op. 75, for Pianoforte alone (First time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—*Mdame ARABELLA GODDARD* . . . . . *Dussek.*

**PART II.**

**TEMA CON VARIAZIONI**, for Pianoforte and Violoncello.—*Mdame ARABELLA GODDARD and Signor PIATTI* . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*  
**AIR**, "O Fatima"—*Mdme. DRASDEL* . . . . . *Weber.*  
**SONATA**, in A, Op. 47, for Pianoforte and Violin (dedicated to Kreutzer) (Last time this season)—*Mdame ARABELLA GODDARD and Herr JOACHIM* . . . . . *Beethoven.*  
 Conductor . . . . . **Mr. ZERBINI.**

**CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.****TWENTY-FIRST SATURDAY CONCERT, MARCH 16, 1872****PROGRAMME.**

**SUITE FOR ORCHESTRA** in D—*a. Overture; b. Air; c. Gavotte; d. Bourée; e. Gigue.* (First time at these Concerts) . . . . . *J. S. Bach.*  
**RECIT. and AIR**, "With overflowing hearts," "The soft Southern Breeze" (*Rebekah*)—*Mr. EDWARD LLOYD* . . . . . *Barnby.*  
**RECIT. and ARIA**, "Non mi dir" (*Don Giovanni*)—*Mdme. ANNA REGAN* . . . . . *Mozart.*  
**CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRA**, "in the Hungarian Style." (First time of performance at these Concerts.)—*Herr JOACHIM* . . . . . *Joachim.*  
**ARIA**, "Und ob die Wolke" (*Der Freischütz*)—*Mdme. ANNA REGAN* . . . . . *Weber.*  
**OVERTURE**, "Le Nozze di Figaro" . . . . . *Mozart.*  
**SONG**, "Once again"—*Mr. EDWARD LLOYD* . . . . . *Sullivan.*  
**SOLO FOR VIOLIN**—*Herr JOACHIM.*  
**SONGS**, *Mdme. ANNA REGAN*, accompanied by *Mr. OSCAR BERINGER* . . . . . *Schubert.*  
**OVERTURE**, "Guglielmo Tell" . . . . . *Roosini.*  
 Conductor . . . . . **Mr. MANN.**

**DEATHS.**

On Wednesday, March 13th, at 14, George Street, Hanover Square, **JOHN C. CHAPPELL, Esq., M.R.C.S., L.S.A.,** aged 58.

On the 11th inst., at the residence of her son, 148, York-road, Lambeth, **SOPHIA, wife of JOSEPH MCMURDIE, Mus. B.**

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

**DR. THEODORE HOE.**—No; Sir Sterndale Bennett's last concerto was the one in A minor (No. 5), played once, and once only, by the composer, at a Philharmonic concert in the summer of 1848. This, like the No. 4 (in F minor), has never been published. So much the worse for the Art in general, and pianists in particular. Dr. Hoe is wrong about Boieldieu. The opera of *L'Irato* was by Méhul.

**NOTICE.**

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

**The Musical World.**

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1872.

**THE KNIGHTHOOD OF MR. GOSS.**

**O**UR hopes and expectations with regard to the veteran Organist of St. Paul's, and Composer to Her Majesty's Chapels Royal, are fulfilled. On Saturday last Mr. Goss received a letter from the Prime Minister offering him, in Her Majesty's name, the honour of knighthood as a recognition of service done to Art and to the State. The offer was accepted, and by the time these lines are read, we may have another musical knight in the person of Sir John Goss. Our congratulations, and those of all admirers of professional excellence in union with the highest personal merit, are due to him whom the Queen has just delighted to honour, and we but express a general feeling when we say—may Sir John Goss live long to enjoy the distinction he has well earned.

Having thus given expression to the feelings which most strongly suggest themselves in connection with an event so honourable to all concerned, it may be interesting to recall the steps which seem to have brought it about. The *premier pas*—it belied the proverb and cost nothing—was, undoubtedly, the liberal recognition of musical claims, shown in the Knighthood of Sir Michael Costa, Sir Sterndale Bennett, and Sir Julius Benedict. For this Mr. Gladstone—the actual, if not the nominal "fountain of honour"—deserves warm thanks; especially as, while rewarding merit, he made easy the bestowal of reward upon other masters of the art. The precedent, in point of fact, could not be ignored; and, when Mr. Goss signalled his retirement by service to the State, it was felt, as though instinctively, that his position and ability must meet with the honour now about to be bestowed. Where first this feeling made its way into print is hard to tell. Like Topsy, it seems to have "grewed" till, without more foundation than their own hopes, musical people were heard speaking of "Sir John Goss" as of a fact only waiting actual accomplishment. Not, however, till the *Daily Telegraph*, of Saturday last, took up the matter did cautious outsiders share such a sanguine view. The appearance of the following, in leader type, was significant for reasons unnecessary to state:—

"Among the honours bestowed in connection with the late Thanksgiving, that conferred upon Professor Stewart, Mus. Doc., deserves particular notice. As organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, it became Dr. Stewart's duty to officiate at the service attended by the Lord-Lieutenant in State, and advantage was taken of the occasion to recognize Dr. Stewart's position and ability by a mark of Royal favour. Nothing could have been done more promptly or more gracefully. But, as a reward for national service, that act cannot well stand alone. The organist of St. Paul's is certainly not less eminent than the organist of St. Patrick's and the former was much more closely associated with the memorable event just passed. Upon Mr. Goss fell the labour and anxiety of a responsible task undertaken at a short notice, and to him belongs the credit of having given worthy expression, through his art, to the feelings which underlay the thanksgiving ceremonial. We contend, therefore, that he has 'done the State some service,' and that he should have some reward. Nor is this all. For thirty-four years Mr. Goss has been organist of St. Paul's, occupying that distinguished position with honour, and using its influence for the good of church music everywhere. Nor has he held the equally distinguished position of composer to her Majesty's Chapels Royal less worthily. Mr. Goss is now about to retire from actual service; and, in all probability,

Thanksgiving Day witnessed his last official appearance. Under these circumstances we cannot but share the general hope that the merits of an excellent musician and an estimable public man may be amply recognised."

That the *Telegraph* would make such a request without some assurance of a favourable reply, was hard to conceive. So thought our small friend, the *Echo*; which, being always "authorised to state" something, came out that very evening with an "authorised" assertion of Royal honours to Mr. Goss. For once the *Echo's* "pot-shot" hit the mark; and on Saturday, Mr. Gladstone offered to the esteemed organist of St. Paul's the title, we again express a hope, that he may live long to enjoy.

How much could be said in vindication of Mr. Goss's claims, few need to be told. For many more years than a single generation, he has held a prominent place in the musical world, sustaining it with ability, and living, in the sight of all men, a blameless life. His compositions—and this is a fact of which all conversant with Church music must be aware—are among the art treasures of the English Church, and are used wherever English Protestants meet together. We could give multiplied examples, but they would mean nothing to those outside the temple; and others do not need them. Enough if we point to the compositions for "the great Duke's" funeral, and for the recent Thanksgiving, as representative of their author's dignified style, chaste imagination, and purity of treatment. Further there is no need to go, and Mr. Goss's contemporaries, knowing his State music, know also that he has received State honours only after having fairly and honestly earned them.

#### MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.\*

##### II.

We had yesterday a Beethoven Evening, for which we are indebted to Dr. Hans von Bülow. Bülow is one of the generals who divided among themselves the inheritance of Liszt-Alexander—not one of them is an Alexander, but for all that they have managed to drop into very respectable kingdoms of their own. (Should any one consider that this comparison of a great modern pianist with the greatest hero in the history of the world is somewhat too pretentious, we can, on the strength of information derived from the most authentic sources, tell him that the fair Athenians displayed less enthusiasm for Alexander the Great than the ladies of Berlin once exhibited for Liszt. The most eminent historians bear testimony that there was not one among the former who drank the tea the King had left in his cup.)

Herr von Bülow's audience, though not too numerous, were thoroughly select in a musical sense; and, for several hours, Herr von Bülow kept them in a state of such breathless astonishment, that the feeling at length became almost painful. His playful subjugation of all technical difficulties; his really military strength and power of endurance; his nearly infallible certainty; and his memory, in which all the pieces he played, and who knows how many more which he did not play, appear to be stored as safely as a collection of classics in an oak book-case, caused the audience to forget entirely that they had come to a Beethoven Evening. That Herr von Bülow treated us to so much beautiful, and some magnificent, music, was a fact of which most decidedly very few of his hearers thought—it was most emphatically his talent, and his capabilities which absorbed everything else. But this absorption was not of the kind produced by a demoniacally-genial power, when, after falling into a state of passive enthusiasm, we no longer ask *what* it really is that has

plunged us in such intellectual intoxication;—no, Herr von Bülow, at any instant, knows what he wants to do, and the hearer has invariably a very clear perception of what he can do. The performances are the performances of talent, not of genius, though it is, perhaps, for this very reason that they deserve an especial degree of respect. How much exertion, even with extraordinary natural gifts, is needed to attain such mechanical mastery, laughing at any corporeal considerations, how much vigilant attention, and how great a triumph over mental weariness—can be, perhaps, understood only by him who knows what ambition is capable of effecting.

From the whole nature of Herr von Bülow's talent, it is evident that his mode of executing Beethoven's music is due to deep thought, to ripe deliberation, rather than distinguished by warmth, or suggestive of spontaneous inspiration. As, however, Herr von Bülow has devoted himself with such extraordinary conscientiousness to the study of the great master, we feel astonished at seeing with how little clearness, notwithstanding certain admirable details, the general character of a piece comes out under his fingers. This, however, is perhaps to be traced to these very details. Herr von Bülow appears to experience a difficulty in renouncing for long his mechanical peculiarities. He is fond of the rumbling of the thunder, or ethereal *una corda* murmurings. But our great masters, radiant with vigour, move only exceptionally in extremes. Nor are *fortissimo* and *pianissimo* anything so absolutely and permanently settled that they must everywhere be given in the same way; to what extent each should be carried depends materially, we should say, on the general character of the composition. When, therefore, in a thoughtfully-cheerful and humoristically-touching picture, for instance, as the first movement of the Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3, we meet with instances of *sforzandissimo*, the impression created is similar to that which would be produced by an individual of polished manners addressing anyone in the following terms:—"The most agreeable reminiscences are awakened in my breast by the fact of meeting you again. *Where the devil have you been all this time?*"

With regard to instances of license, on the one side, and almost pedantic observance of the *tempo*, on the other, as exemplified in the playing of Herr von Bülow, there is a great deal to which exception may be taken. But this would lead me, too far, and, besides, depends too much upon individual views. A protest, however, must undoubtedly be raised against the manner in which Herr von Bülow commenced the fugue in the A flat major Sonata, Op. 110. That the theme of such a piece should be presented with characteristic clearness is a fact known to everyone. But it is too much of a good thing, when the theme is paraded up and down, in a conceited manner, and all the subordinate parts, like distant tones, float along, in scarcely intelligible guise, by the side of it. It is precisely the beautiful freedom with which all the parts move that constitutes the peculiar charm of such a composition. To bring itself alone prominently forward, at the expense of other equally important parts, was something not permissible for the theme of a fugue even in former centuries—how then could anything of the kind be allowed in our democratic age!

Herr von Bülow, like most of the pianists of the Liszt school, delights in believing not only himself but his instrument likewise capable of enormous things. Liszt, it is true, set the example of this. When Heine, writing of him, said the keys bled under his fingers, and the Viennese were enraptured at seeing him strew the floor of the orchestra with corpses of pianos, such a system, though not always beautiful and agreeable, had something humorous about it, which agreed very well with the exu-

\* From the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

berant spirits in which Liszt found vent for his geniality. With his successors we do not experience the same impression so deeply; it seems as though they wanted to puff the instruments they use, and to cry to the public:—"There, see what a grand-piano like this can stand!"—Bechstein's grand, on which Herr von Bülow played yesterday, went through the ordeal in a really most astounding manner—proving itself a perfect-horned Siegfried among pianofortes, the little unprotected place in which not even the grim Hagen von Tronje of pianists could succeed in wounding.

Whether Herr von Bülow finds it an irresistible necessity to accompany his playing with an exceedingly lively and almost dramatic swaying and bending of his head, and the upper part of his body, is something we cannot decide. But that it aids the effect of his playing no one will assert. It is particularly advisable to concentrate the attention of the hearer upon the essential element in a performance when that element is, not simply of itself, but likewise comparatively, the best.

Cologne, 3rd March.

DR. FERDINAND HILLER

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE danger of disappointing a public, without taking precautions to mollify possible wrath, was lately illustrated at St. Petersburg. Madame Adelina Patti was expected to play in *Don Giovanni*; but, without notice, Mdme. Sinico was put forward in *Un Ballo*. The audience hooted the latter off the stage; which was all the return she had for willingness to stop a gap.

ACCORDING to M. Reyer of the *Débats*, the following is the balance sheet of the Cairo opera for the season just past:—Receipts, 277,000 francs; expenses, 1,000,000 francs; deficit, to be made good by the Khedive, 723,000 francs. If this be correct, the Khedive is likely soon to give up playing *impresario*.

#### WAIFS

A symphony by Mr. Wingham, one of the most gifted pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, is to be performed at the Crystal Palace on Saturday next. On the same day, Mdme Arabella Goddard is to play Sir Sterndale Bennett's now too rarely heard pianoforte concerto in E flat (No. 2).

Parepa hams are vended by a musical porkpacker in Cincinnati.

M. Verger opened the Théâtre Italien last week, with *La Traviata*.

Weber's early opera, *Sylvana* (1810), is in rehearsal at the Athénée.

M. Carvalho has been appointed director of the Paris Vaudeville.

The members of the Comédie Française will again visit London next May.

Mr. Chatterton's benefit at Drury Lane is announced for Saturday, the 23rd inst.

Herr Theodore Kauffmann, inventor of the Orchestrion, died lately at Dresden.

The late M. Fetis's library has been purchased by the Belgian nation for 150,000 francs.

The Viceroy of Egypt has conferred the Order of the Osmanli upon Signor Verdi, *à propos* of *Aida*.

According to the *Gazette Musicale*, Mdle. Sessi and M. Faure will leave Paris for London on Tuesday next.

At the Crystal palace concert of to day, Herr Joachim is to perform his "Hungarian Concerto."

Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* is drawing a nightly crowd to the Paris Opéra Comique. Good, for the Parisians.

The costume worn at St. Petersburg by Mdle. Schneider in *La Belle Héloène*, is said to have cost 3,500 francs (£140).

A pension of one hundred pounds a year has been granted to Mrs. Mark Lemon in recognition of her late husband's literary services.

Mr. Dion Boucicault will produce Sardou and Offenbach's *Rio Carotte*, done into English by Mr. Boucicault, at Covent Garden, in September.

Mr. Kennedy sailed from Glasgow on Wednesday, on board the good ship "Ben Ledi," to carry his "Songs of Scotland" to the Antipodes, where no doubt he will meet with a hearty welcome from his "Brother Scots."

M. Halanzier threatens to close the Grand Opéra at the end of this month, and steps are being taken to procure for him a larger subvention.

Mdme. Duprez, wife of the famous tenor, has just died, at the age of 66. She was once known by the name of Mdle. Duperron, as an efficient *comprimaria*.

Miss M. Rossetti, who was singing last autumn at the Crystal Palace, in English opera, has been engaged for the spring season at the Théâtre des Italiens, Paris.

A clavécin, said to have been the property of the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe, was sold in Paris the other day for 2,620 francs. It is covered with paintings on China ware.

The organ in the Royal Italian Operahouse, Covent Garden, is now undergoing renovation and alterations by Bryceson Brothers & Co., ready for the ensuing season.

Signor Caravoglia, the baritone, who was a favourite at Her Majesty's Opera, and whose secession will be regretted, is engaged for the ensuing season at St. Petersburg, in conjunction with Madame Adelina Patti.

It is said that M. Martinet intends to revive Schubert's *Crosses des Dames* (*Conspirators*) at the Fantaisies-Parisiennes. Perhaps he would not carry out the idea did he know that a London literary journal has pronounced the music "stupid."

Signor Campobello, who has been singing in Italy during the last two years, has returned to London. Signor Campobello may be remembered when singing at Her Majesty's Opera, about two years ago under the name of Signor Campi.

At the Eighth Oratorio concert, on Tuesday next, the *Messiah* is to be repeated, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Whitney, as principals. Mr. Barnby will conduct as usual.

We are authorised to state that, on Tuesday in Holy-week (March 26th), a special service will be held in Westminster Abbey, in which Bach's *Passion* (St. Matthew) will be included. The music will be sung by 250 choristers, and accompanied by a full orchestra, with organ. A sermon will be preached by the Dean.—*Musical Times*.

The directors of the Royal Polytechnic have purchased Messrs. Bryceson's electric organ, which has now been for some time past on hire in their theatre. Duplicate key-boards are to be placed in the grand hall, with a cable connecting the organ in its original position, and in no way interfering with the key-boards in front of the stage in the theatre.

Handel's *Solomon* was given last night by the Sacred Harmonic Society, with the additional accompaniments of Sir Michael Costa. Among the orchestral pieces named in the programme is J. S. Bach's *Suite* in D major, first introduced in this country by Sir Sterndale Bennett at the Philharmonic, when, as Mr. Bennett, he was conductor.

Mr. Sheriff Bennett writes to the *Globe* a suggestion that a series of oratorio performances should be given under the magnificent dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, before the fittings accommodating so many thousands of listeners are removed. Whatever is to be done in this way will have to be done without loss of time. G. T.

[We should advise that nothing of the kind be attempted. Certain failure would be the result.]

At the concert of Mr. Leslie's Choir, last night, Carissimi's oratorio *Jonah* was performed for the first time in this country. This work has been translated from the original Latin text, and prepared for performance by Mr. Leslie. The Thanksgiving by Mr. Gos ("The Lord is my strength"), and Bach's Motett for double choir ("The spirit also helpeth"), were also included in the programme. Herr Joachim and Mr. Sims Reeves were both announced to appear.

The *Johannes-Passion*, of Bach, will, we understand, be heard for the first time in this country, on Friday, March 22nd, at a morning concert, to be given at the Hanover Square Rooms, for the purpose of raising a fund for the restoration of the Church of St. Anne, Soho. The principal artists will be Miss Banks, Miss Julia Elton, and Herr Stockhausen. The important tenor music will be undertaken by Mr. Arthur Wade. The work will be produced under the direction of Mr. Barnby. Organist, Mr. W. S. Hoyte.

The insane German who fell in love with Mdle. Nilsson in New York has a rival in the musical critic of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. He confesses that he finds it hard to write "calmly and soberly" of the fair warbler, while "the fervor of her manner is still quivering in his heightened senses." Calmly and soberly he certainly does not write of the lady's last concert in Louisville, for he sobs and wails as follows: "To most, the farewell of last night was a farewell that shall not know another greeting. Indeed, there is an alloy of pleasure we have had in knowing her—this, of resolving the daily sight of her into what must always be a saddened memory. It is what the parent or the friend must feel when death divided friend from friend."

Giovannina Avigliana is the name, in Italy, under which Miss Jeanie Armstrong of Wiscasset, Maine, is now singing, and of her *début* at Saluzzo, Italy, the *Milan Gazzetta dei Teatri* says:—

"About this new singer, who gives promise already of making a most splendid career, we hear from Saluzzo:—*La Contessa d'Amalfi*, (one of Petrella's operas) had in general a satisfactory reception by the public, and while the baritone, Gallocci, and the basso, Bagni, merit warm praise, the *prima donna*, Giovannina Avigliana (Jeanie Armstrong), is worthy of especial encomium; with a voice of rare freshness and power, and an inspired art in singing, she has happily inaugurated her career, and receives up to the present well-merited applause. The sympathy which this young *artiste* has known how to inspire in our public, is a sure pledge of a brilliant and glorious future."

The progress of Glasgow, within the last forty years, in architecture and in every co-ordinate branch of art has been marvellous, and among the contemplated improvements of the current year is the erection of a music-hall and assembly-rooms upon a large scale, commensurate with the requirements of a rapidly increasing and wealthy population. At committee of gentlemen have issued a prospectus of their scheme, combining the principles of a tontine and assurance company, so that no subscriber to any number of shares, can be a loser, but may be a gainer at the end of 25 years when the tontine closes. The committee, have exercised discretion in taking as a model for their music-hall the Liverpool Philharmonic, unrivalled for its acoustic properties. They have secured the services of Mr. J. Cunningham, architect of the Liverpool Philharmonic Hall, Sailors' Home, and Union Bank, who no doubt will be as successful with the acoustics of the new and larger hall as with the Philharmonic, pronounced by Grief, Mario, Jenny Lind, and Nilson as the most perfect *salle de concert* in Europe.

The *New York Herald* speaks of the production of the *Marriage of Figaro*, at the Academy, by the Parepa-Rosa company, as follows:—

"Mozart's beautiful work, ever fresh and ever welcome in any shape on any boards, formed the attraction of the second subscription night of the Parepa-Rosa season. The cast comprised Madame Parepa-Rosa as Susanna, Mrs. Zeld Seguin as Cherubino, Miss Clara Doris as the Countess, Mr. S. C. Campbell as Figaro, Mr. Aynsley Cook as the Count, Mr. Seguin as Antonio, Mr. Hall as Bartolo, and Mr. Whiffin as Basilio. Mme. Rosa seems to be so completely *en rapport* with the music of Mozart that a stranger hearing her for the first time in this opera would suppose that she had devoted herself especially to this school of music, and had all her lifetime eschewed the florid and dramatic composers of Italy and the ballad operas of England. In singing and acting her Susanna is an operatic gem. Mr. Carl Rosa conducted his thoroughly efficient orchestra with a skill that brought out all the beauties of the instrumentation in strong relief."

The same paper thus alludes to the representation of Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* by the same troop:—

"The Academy of Music was crowded last evening from parquet to dome with the admirers (and their name is legion) of the renowned *prima donna*, Mme. Parepa-Rosa, and her magnificent *troupe* of English opera artists. "Standing room only" was the rule, both in the parquet and the lobbies, and a high degree of enthusiasm was evinced by the audience. Aside from the interest created by the return of such an assemblage of favourites, there was the additional attraction of the representation, for the first time in English here, of Verdi's opera, *Un Ballo in Maschera*. The cast was exceedingly strong, as may be seen from the following:—Amelia, Mme. Parepa-Rosa; Oscar, the page, Mme. Jenny Van Zandt; Ulrica, Mrs. Seguin; Earl Richard, Castle; Renato, Cook; Samuel, Hall; Tom, Ryse, and Silvan, Kinross. Mme. Parepa-Rosa achieved such a success in the rôle of Amelia as can scarcely be said to have been eclipsed by any of her former triumphs. The grand *aria* of the third act was delivered with a dramatic majesty and intense feeling that brought down a torrent of applause. Carl Rosa conducted admirably, and the entire efficiency of the chorus and orchestra testified to his talents as a director of opera. The performance, considered in general, was worthy of very high praise."

Our newspapers are full of complaints from tourists of the high charges in country hotels, but the most extortionate of Scotch landlords could hardly match such a bill as the following, which, says a French paper, was the charge made to a visitor at Trouville for a warm bath:—

	Fr. C.
Two pails of spring water ... ..	0 50
Bringing the water into the room ... ..	1 0
Coals for warming the water ... ..	0 50
Matches for lighting the fire ... ..	0 25
Bellows ... ..	0 25
Large china bath ... ..	10 0
Two towels... ..	4 0
Two napkins to mop up the water spilt on the floor	2 0
For cleaning the stairs on which water was also spilt	1 50
Washing of towels and napkins ... ..	1 0

21 00

A correspondent of *The Commonwealth* is indignant because New York femininity does not go into hysterics over Victor Capoul. Listen to her:—

"Here is an artist, *par exemple*, over whom duchesses have sighed in ecstasy, whose perfect voice has brought the fair marquises and comtesses of Paris to his feet. Why, when Capoul sang, the Opéra Comique blazed with diamonds from hundreds of snowy throats and dazzling arms, and from every aristocratic *loge* leaned a radiant beauty, breathless with delight, drinking in the tones of a voice whose every note to her was ecstasy! Do our cold *Americaines*, who sit unmoved through all the melting pathos of his "Addio, Mignon!" where the perfect culture of the artist breathes with an exquisite subtlety through its tender simplicity, like the 'breath of lillies at sunrise'—a marvel of pure phrasing and purer colouring—do they know that that song is the one which held the lovely young Duchesse de Blank spell-bound until the last mournful cadence died away among the frescoes of the Opéra Comique, when she startled the vast audience by a cry of anguish, and fell senseless across the front of her *loge*? Such was the power Capoul held over the hearts of some of the fairest and proudest of the dames of Paris, while feminine New York sits calm and unmoved, and breathes not even a gentle sigh of regret, when the curtain falls upon his *Guglielmo*!"

A German critic, giving his opinion of the talent and execution of the late Moscheles, says:—

"His command over the keyboard of the piano was truly extraordinary, whether considered in relation to force, delicacy, or rapidity of execution. His wrist, hand, and finger-joints exhibited a variety of position and a pliability truly wonderful; yet so nicely did he control his touch that when, from the elevation of his hand, the spectator might have expected its descent in thunder, as it were, the ear was never shocked with the slightest harshness. There was a spring and an elasticity in his fingers, when applied to quick *arpeggio* passages, which brought out the most brilliant tones; whilst in those touching movements that constitute generally what is termed expression, his manner was no less effective. But the most extraordinary part of Moscheles' playing was perhaps the velocity and certainty with which he passed from one distant interval to another. His thumbs—they were very large and thick—seemed to act as intermediate points, from which his fingers were directed almost to the remote parts of the instrument over which they flew with a rapidity wholly inconceivable; yet the uniformity of his touch and tone was so strictly observed, that an imperfect tone was never, and an unfinished note seldom, heard. Every great player has his *forte*; but in this species of execution Moscheles was unsurpassed."

At a recent Church Congress in Manchester, Sir F. Ouseley Bart., professor of music, Oxon, on Diocesan festivals, said:—

"Nothing can be more cheering than our venerable cathedrals opening wide their gates to receive great bodies of country choirs, who flock to the mother church of the diocese to join in singing God's praise with united voices, and, I hope, united hearts. Surely, by such gatherings, not only is church music benefitted throughout the country, but the cathedral is popularized and utilized; and, what is more important still, unity of song leads to unity of religious feeling, and the Church of God is strengthened and edified through the agency of multitudinous song. Moreover, the great object to be aimed at in ordinary churches is congregational singing, and for this purpose church services and anthems are decidedly unsuitable. The people can be brought to sing the Psalms and Canticles to an easy and melodious chant, but that is the full extent to which they can be trained in most places, and it is both foolish and wrong in ordinary churches to attempt anything beyond this. But there is one particular kind of music exactly suited to this case; a sort of music at once sublime, melodious, easy, and adapted to masses of voices; and this species should be used in all parochial churches to replace the anthem. I allude, of course, to the singing of hymns. A great improvement has taken place of late years through the length and breadth of the land in this particular."

Notwithstanding the opposition preferred against holding the Festival of the Three Choirs in the Cathedral, and the munificent proposal of Lord Dudley regarding the restoration fund, it has been finally decided that the Festival of the Three Choirs for 1872 shall be held in Worcester Cathedral on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, days of September. This decision has been chiefly due to the handsome manner in which the city and county of Worcester met Lord Dudley's proposal by subscribing the amount guaranteed by the noble earl, and it is anticipated, from the spirit and energy with which the subject is now being taken up, that a Festival will be held this year which will in all respects prove a grand success. The arrangements have been intrusted to the hands of 84 stewards, including the Bishop of Worcester, Lord Coventry, Lord Beauchamp, Lord Somers, Lord Sandys, Sir J. Pakington, M.P., Sir W. Throckmorton, Sir O. Wakeman, Mr. Amphet, M.P., Mr. Lea, M.P., Mr. Laslett, M.P., Mr. Sheriff, M.P., and Colonel Bourne, M.P. The services of Mesdames Tietjens, Lemmens-Sherrington, and Patti, of Mr. Santley, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, have been engaged, and other engagements are in course of negotiation. The band and chorus will be arranged on a scale as extensive as upon the occasion of the last Festival, and will

include some of the first London artists. With regard to the music, the public will be gratified to learn that the programme will include Bach's grand *Passion Music* in addition to the *Messiah* and *Elijah*. Thursday has been decided upon as the "Selection" day. The Local Choral Society has commenced rehearsal under the direction of Mr. Done, organist at the Cathedral, and by the time their services are required they will no doubt, have reached the required standard of efficiency. The secretaryship has been transferred to the Rev. T. Wheeler, Dr. Williams, who formerly held that position (and who we regret to learn, died on the 10th inst.) having resigned through ill health.

Says Professor Sreydeck, of Berlin:—"The Directors of the Imperial Russian railways sent a private saloon carriage for Mme. Lucca as far as the frontier, on the occasion of her expected arrival in St. Petersburg. The *prima donna* proceeded like a princess to the capital of the ruler of all the Russias, and like a princess was she received. The most distinguished representatives of intellect, of birth, and of money, flocked to the Hotel Demuth, to catch a word from the fair artist. And when she appeared? The spacious theatre did not seem filled by natives of the cold North; not a bit of it; the audience greeted the lady from the bottom of their hearts with cheers and applause, as if St. Petersburg was inhabited only by beings of the purest Italian blood. For ten long minutes was the conductor obliged to lay down his stick, in order to give the audience time to manifest their appreciation of their visitor. And what kind of audience were they who thus welcomed her with fanatical applause? Is it enough for me to inform you that the dealers in tickets sold their seats for 100 (say, one hundred) roubles each? Mme. Lucca first appeared as Mozart's Zerlina. In this part, she surpassed, in Berlin, as in London, every rival. The Prussians, like the English, asked, for every number, "*da capo*"; but the Russians were the more ardent and energetic; they called on this queen of song more than twenty times. Thus has Madame Lucca borne German art from the Spree to the Thames, and from the Thames to the Neva, leading it from triumph to triumph, from victory to victory.—It is said that the great little lady thinks of visiting America; if she does, the successes achieved in Europe will be increased in an infinite progression, and then Pauline Lucca will be the *prima donna* of both hemispheres.

During the progress of the rehearsal, on Monday evening, of the Royal Albert Choral Society, rather an unusual interruption occurred through the misbehaviour of one of the members. Just before commencing the *Kyrie*, by Palestrina, the conductor, having made a few appropriate remarks thereon, a loud and deliberate "Ha, ha!" from a voice towards the back end of the room, shouted *fortissimo*, occasioned a momentary shock to the nerves of all present. "Turn him out," exclaimed the gentleman. "Come forward and apologize," said his confrères. M. Gounod, who was cool and collected, observed that such conduct could not be permitted, and awaited the result. Though urged to apologize to the choir and to the conductor, the offender refused to do so. He had evidently come to create a disturbance; but, if he thought that any other individual present had the slightest sympathy with such an unworthy purpose, he was for once mistaken. It is believed that the authorities were enabled to "take his number," and the rehearsal proceeded. Who does not remember the smothered titling when Meyerbeer was at rehearsal with his best operas?—the anecdote of Mendelssohn with a new symphony by Schubert—obliged to gather up the parts after distributing them to the band, in consequence of the suppressed merriment of the orchestra?—the ill-concealed chagrin of Beethoven at the burst of laughter from the *connoisseurs* which greeted the first few bars of his *Fidelio*? Surely said the wise man, "There is a time to laugh;" and, as though calling to his remembrance the showers of scorn and scoffing that had been poured upon the head of the seer and prophet in all ages, and foreseeing that in the last days there should likewise come scoffers, he significantly added, "There is a time to weep." How very far from consistency such conduct must be as that "gentleman's" was who took it upon himself to display such a woeful self-forgetfulness, need not be pointed out. Let him come forward and apologize like a man; a little confusion of face for the moment will be but as a "drop in the bucket," compared with the full satisfaction he will afterwards realize on feeling assured that a mistake has not been made in terming him a "gentleman."

**TURIN.**—Signor Cortese's new opera, *La Colpa del Cuore*, did not prove fortunate at the Teatro Regio. The only thing that pleased the public was the overture. The new ballet of *Shakespeare* was, on the contrary, very successful.

Stewart, Sir Robert Prescott, Mus. D., who has been knighted by Her Majesty's representative in Ireland, Earl Spencer, and is of Scottish descent, was born in 1825 in Dublin, where his father was Librarian to the Hon. Society of King's Inns. At a very early age he was placed in the choir of Christ Church Cathedral, whose Dean, the Bishop of Kildare, Right Hon. Charles Lindsay, a member of the noble Scottish House of Balcarres, took great interest in this cathedral, and particularly in its choir. There were then six Choir-children, and it was not long before young Stewart attracted the notice of the Bishop by composing a complete Service in B flat for the Cathedral before he had attained his twelfth year, besides a number of Catches and little pianoforte pieces in all of which, amid a child's errors, were manifested very decided gifts of both melody and harmony. A talent for drawing would seem to have appeared at the same time, the boy having executed a coloured map of the Holy Land so well as to excite anew the Bishop's regard for his protégé. About this time the Ancient Concert Society of Dublin offered a prize of ten guineas for an Anthem, which was awarded to Dr. Thos. A. Walmisley, Professor of Music at Cambridge University; the second in order of merit was by the late Dr. Smith, of Dublin, and the third was by young Stewart, who was then under fourteen years of age. Like most boys of adventurous disposition, he had a love for a seafaring life; however, some friends, fortunately for him, dissuaded him from embracing so severe and barren a profession. At the usual time his voice changed, and soon after, Mr. Robinson, the Organist of Trinity College and both the Dublin Cathedrals, dying, Stewart was appointed in his place at the early age of eighteen. He next became Conductor of the University Choral Society, where the members were so pleased at the zeal and talent he displayed, that they not only defrayed all expenses of the public performance of his music for the degrees of Mus. B. and D., which took place with great *déclat* in April, 1861, but presented him with a handsome set of robes, and a gilded baton set with precious stones. Upon this occasion, the address publicly presented to him was read by the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He now visited London, where his masterly and original organ-playing excited much attention at the Great Exhibition, then open at Hyde Park. His next work consisted of an *Ode to Industry* for the Exhibition held in Cork, 1862; this, of which he directed the performance in person, brought him a complimentary address and gold medal from the city of Cork, on which occasion he was also publicly introduced to the viceroy, the popular Earl of Eglinton, and became thenceforward an honoured guest at all the festivities of the Irish Court. It was at Cork that it occurred to Mr. Dargan to hold the Great Dublin Exhibition of 1863, and Dr. Stewart (who was actively engaged in the Musical arrangements of that great and patriotic undertaking) contributed a March for combined military and stringed bands, which, being played under his direction while the Queen and Prince Consort were proceeding through the building, led to the composer being presented to Her Majesty as well as to Prince Albert, who accepted the dedication of the music to himself. Becoming University Professor of Music in 1861, Dr. Stewart's Public Lectures have been most successful, some of these having been thrice repeated for the crowds who sought admission. The whole profits of one series, called *Sketches of Irish Musicians of the 18th Century*, amounting to £60, Dr. Stewart devoted to the commemoration of Sir John Stevenson's talents, by the erection of a handsome painted glass window to the memory of the deceased Knight in the south aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral. When the Church Congress held its Session in Dublin, in 1868, Professor Stewart's discourse on Church Music, by which the proceedings were concluded, was admitted at both sides of the Channel to be one of the best Lectures of the kind ever delivered. Although Sir Robert Stewart has published very little, his works in manuscript are numerous, comprising Church Services for both Cathedrals; Odes (for solo, chorus, and full band) for Cork (1862); Installation of Lord Rosse (1863); Royal Dublin Society (1864); grand cantata, *A Winter Night's Wake*; grand cantata, *The Eve of St. John*; Pianoforte and Organ Pieces, Songs, Glees, Marches, &c., too numerous to mention. Prizes were won by him in competition, as follows:—At Dublin, (a prize presented by the Earl of St. Germans) 1848; London (Jan. 1851); London (Feb. 1851); Ardwick (1855); Ashton-under-Lyne (1856); London (1865); Dublin (1869). His *Ode to Shakespeare* was produced with much success at the last Birmingham Festival, under his own direction; and he has been unanimously chosen as the representative of Irish music at the "Great Peace Festival of all Nations," to be held at Boston in June, 1872.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

- DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.—"Do not wound the heart that loves thee," song, by Sir Julius Benedict.  
 AUGENER & Co.—"The night is calm and cloudless," by A. Dawson.  
 C. LONSDALE.—"I would bear as much from you," by T. H. Bayley; "The fairies' call," by C. M. von Weber; "How silent falls the evening," by Fanny S. Wyll; "Wert thou like me," by F. S.; "Though far away," by A. M. Carroll; "Old England's Creed and Crown," by F. S.  
 WEEKES & Co.—"The Sea song," by Horton C. Allson.  
 CASSELL, PETER & GALPIN.—"An Elementary Manual of Music," by Henry Leslie

VIENNA.—Prince Oscar of Sweden has conferred on Herr Labatt, of the Imperial Operahouse, the art-medal: "In sui Memoriam." The Prince is President of the Swedish Academy of Music, at which institution Herr Labatt was once a student.—Herr Franz Lachner is here, for the purpose of personally superintending the performance of his grand *Requiem*.—The first "Extraordinary Concert" given by the Society of the Friends of Music attracted an enormous audience. Among the pieces set down in the programme were Glinka's overture and interludes to *First Orlowsky*. They did not make any marked impression. Then came the fragment of the first movement of a Concerto, never before performed, for violin and orchestra, by Beethoven. This fragment—the property of the Society—has been completed by Herr Hellmesberger, the solo instrumentalist on the occasion. It dates from a very early period, and bears unmistakably the Mozartian stamp. It is more a curiosity than aught else. Mdlle. Ehnung sang two songs from R. Schumann's opera *Genoveva*, but they created little or no sensation. M. Anton Rubinstein played Beethoven's G major Concerto, while the orchestra wound up the concert with Mozart's Jupiter Symphony.—Herren von Dingelstedt and J. Herbeck, the directors of the two Imperial Theatres, have received the Brazilian Order of the Rose.—It is stated in theatrical circles that Mdlle. Benza is about to espouse a Marquis and retire from the stage.

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"MUSIC married to verse" of moral tendency, even though that verse fall infinitely short of Milton's excellence, is a power for good among the people which no moral reformer can afford to despise. Hence the Teetotalers have judged well to supplement their treatises in print, and their addresses in the lecture-hall by "melodies" in praise of water, and in reprobation of strong drink.

These productions, however, are of unequal merit. While some are everything we could desire, considering the nature of the subject,—others (and they, perhaps, the greater portion) are, it must be owned, nothing more than sorry adaptations to popular street tunes of the stock phrases and illustrations of the Teetotal platform, sounding grotesque and vulgar in the fastidious ear of taste. At all events, no one will deny that the number of really good Temperance songs may be increased with advantage to the cause they are designed to promote; so that the contribution of another score to the common stock, adapted to as many separate tunes, needs no apology. Something also may be said as to the tunes. These should always possess intrinsic merit, and not owe their popularity to some passing whim of the place or hour. Now, to my mind, none seem better to answer this description than the songs of Charles Dibdin, which, as sung by Incedon, our grandsires and grandmothers applauded to the echo. Dibdin himself was the slave of drink, and many of his songs go to encourage the drinking habit in those for whom he wrote, the tars of Great Britain,—men, one would think, who, of all others, ought to keep a steady brain in their heads.

To the present generation, accustomed only to airs of far inferior value, those of Dibdin would come with all the attractions of novelty, nor is it so difficult as might be supposed to effect the transformation of this priest of Bacchus into the apostle of temperance. The tunes I have selected are full of life and expression, bold or pathetic as the subject demands, but never ranting or lackadaisical. In short, our author was a genius, and genius retained on the right side may surely effect as much for temperance, as, on the wrong side, it has ever done for drink and degradation.

As to my own part in this business. I have not attempted to imitate, or, rather parody, the words of my author, except in one or two instances. The songs are original, whatever be their quality in other respects; and all the praise I claim for them is, that they are strictly in character; that is, in keeping with their respective airs. With my author, I have taken especial pains not only to make the air and the general sentiment of the song agree, but that the words should vary with the varying strain. Dibdin's tune was inspired by the words. His adapter had to reverse the process, by making words in harmony with the tune.

O. F. B

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### THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Intelligence, or, as it has been called, intellectuality, is an essential element of all Art, practical as well as creative, and of none more so than of Music. Its development should be zealously encouraged in this branch of education, which, however, can be, and often is, conducted without calling into action any of the higher attributes of the mind. The Rudiments of Music are generally learnt by rote; proficiency in singing or playing acquired by that which is equivalent to automatic action of the voice or fingers. This should not be. Students should be taught that all musical sound, whether vocal or instrumental, is intended to convey some definite meaning; they should be made to reflect upon every phrase they have to sing or play, and thoroughly to understand that intelligence is the very essence of our Art. Music can thus become an important means of mental training. It is in this respect that the system of instruction now published for the first time in a complete form will, I hope, be useful. The plan I have set forth seems to necessitate concentration of thought upon the subject of study; it affords assistance to the memory, and tends to cultivate habits of precision, observation, and comparison. These are advantages which speak for themselves. Experience has proved that by writing exercises, pupils make steadier and more rapid progress than by the most frequent oral repetition of rules or notes. The hand and pen assist the eye and ear, and the result is more satisfactory than when the voice or fingers are guided by the eye or ear alone. I do not, for a moment, assume that this method will dispense with the necessity of vocal or instrumental practice; but as such practice becomes less troublesome and laborious if pursued with intelligence, it is evidently desirable in teaching music, to stimulate the faculty of thought. And that is the object I have had in view while writing the present elementary work.—WALTER MAYNARD."

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5. HEAR WE REST (*Qui la selva*). From Bellini's "La Sonnambula."
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# HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

## SEASON 1872.

### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

**MR MAPLESON** has the honour to announce to the Subscribers and Patrons of Her Majesty's Opera that the Season will commence  
On SATURDAY, 6th April, 1872.

The performances will be given in the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, which has, in past Seasons, been found so eminently fitted for Operatic representations. Several important alterations in the auditorium have been made, so as to render the accommodation even more perfect than before. In calling attention to the accompanying Prospectus, the Director desires briefly to point out that, whilst he has been successful in retaining the acknowledged favourites of former years, he has also been able to secure the services of some of the most rising Artists, whose talents have not yet been submitted to the judgment of this country. The Director has selected these Artists with all possible care. The estimate of their respective merits he confidently leaves to the unerring taste and judgment of his patrons. The Director would further shortly allude to one or two of the more important engagements.

#### MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

The Director, whilst reminding the musical public that he has the satisfaction of having introduced to this country Mdlle. CHRISTINE NILSSON, has unqualified pleasure in announcing that she will again appear before those audiences who were the first to acknowledge her as one of the greatest Artists of the day. It is unnecessary here to allude to the remarkable series of triumphs Mdlle. NILSSON has just achieved in America. There is nothing in the whole history of the lyric drama to excel it. Mdlle. NILSSON, during the season, will appear in those parts with which her name has been so thoroughly identified.

#### MDLLE. MARIE MARIMON.

The brilliant appearances so recently made by this gifted Artist do not at present require to be particularized, nor need reference be made to her first appearance in Drury Lane, when, in her opening scene, she literally took her hearers, and through them the town, by storm. There are few such debuts chronicled in operatic annals. By her rare talents, by her perfect intonation, and by her wonderful vocalization, Mdlle. MARIMON at once commanded the success to which she was so justly entitled. The Director is glad to be able to add that, during a trying provincial tour, her voice has remained in perfect order.

#### MDME. TREBELLI-BETTINI.

As Madame TREBELLI-BETTINI is universally allowed to be the leading contralto of the day, the Director feels confident that the announcement of her name will give unmingled satisfaction to her numerous admirers.

#### MDLLE. TIETJENS.

The inimitable services rendered the lyric drama by Mdlle. TIETJENS are universally acknowledged. In her own special walk she has still no compeer. *Habituee* of Her Majesty's Opera will recollect, amongst her numerous unrivalled impersonations, the profound impression Mdlle. TIETJENS created as the heroine in Cherubini's *Médée*. The enormous success which attended that creation has induced her to assume the principal part in another of the same composer's chef d'œuvre, viz., "Costanza," in his celebrated *Les Deux Journées*.

#### CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

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#### ENGAGEMENTS.

Mdlle. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

Mdlle. CARLOTTA GROSSI, (of the Imperial Opera, Berlin—her First Appearance).

Mdlle. BAUERMEISTER. Mdlle. MARIE MARIMON.

Mdlle. MARIE ROZE, (of the Opera Comique, Paris—her First Appearance).

Mdme. TREBELLI-BETTINI. Mdlle. TIETJENS.

Signor FANCELLI. Signor VIZZANI.

Signor RINALDINI. Signor SINGAGLIA. M. CAPOUL.

Signor MENDIOROZ.

Signor ROTA, (Principal Baritone of the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg, &c.—his First Appearance.)

Signor AGNESI. Signor BORELLA.

Signor MEO (of the Imperial Opera, Moscow—his First Appearance.)

Signor ZOBOLI. Signor CASABONI. Signor FOLI.

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#### THE ORCHESTRA.

#### THE CHORUS.

Maestro al Piano	Signor LI CALSI.
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The Opera will commence at half-past Eight o'clock each Evening, and the Doors be opened half-an-hour previous.

#### The following Novelties will be produced during the Season:—

**I Due Giornati** (first time in England).—The Comic *chef d'œuvre* of Cherubini. Adapted for the Italian Stage by M. Barbier. The Italian Version by Signor Zaffra. The Dialogue set to accompanied Recitative by Sir Michael Costa. Armando, Signor Vizzani; Michele, Signor Agnesi; Daniele, Signor Foli; Antonio, Signor Rinaldini; Marcellina, Mdlle. Marie Roze; Angelina, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Costanza, Mdlle. Tietjens.

**La Caterina**.—(First time on the Italian Stage in England.) ("Les Diamants de la Couronne.") Music by Anber.—Don Enrico di Sandoval, M. Capoul; Rebolledo, Signor Foli; Diana, Mdlle. Marie Roze; and La Caterina, Mdlle. Marie Marimon. The celebrated opera of "MIGNON," founded upon an episode in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." This Opera, which immediately followed "Un Songe d'un Nuit d'Été," and immediately preceded "Hamlet," has been pronounced by connoisseurs the masterpiece of Ambrose Thomas.

**Mignon**.—Guglielmo, M. Capoul; Lotario, Signor Mendioroz; Laerte, Signor Agnesi; Glorno, Signor MEO; Frederico, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini; Filina, Mdlle. Marie Marimon (who has kindly undertaken the part); and Mignon, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

**Dinorah** (Meyerbeer).—Corentino, Signor Vizzani; Hoel, Signor Mendioroz; Un Cacciador, Signor Agnesi; Un Caprajo, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini; Una Capraja, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Dinorah, Mdlle. Marie Marimon (Her first appearance, in that character).

**Faust** (Gounod).—Faust, M. Capoul; Mephistopheles, Signor Foli; Valentine, Signor Mendioroz; Wagner, Signor MEO; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite, Mdlle. Marie Roze (her first appearance in that character); also by Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

**Figlia del Reggimento** (Donizetti).—Tonio, Signor Fancelli; Sulpizio, Signor Agnesi; and Maria, Mdlle. Marie Marimon.

**Fidelio** (Beethoven).—Florestano, Signor Vizzani; Jacquinio, Signor Rinaldini; Pizarro, Signor Agnesi; Il Ministro, Signor Mendioroz; Rocco, Signor Foli; Marcellina, Mdlle. Marie Roze; and Leonora, Mdlle. Tietjens.

**Der Freischütz** (Weber).—Max, Signor Vizzani; Caspar, Signor Foli; Kuno, Signor MEO; Killano, Signor Borella; Ottakar, Signor Rinaldini; Annetta, Mdlle. Marie Roze; Bridesmaid, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Agata, Mdlle. Tietjens.

**Martha** (Flotow).—Lionello, M. Capoul, also by Signor Vizzani; Lord Tristram, Signor Borella; Plumkett, Signor Agnesi; Nancy, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and Martha, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

**Lucia di Lammermoor** (Donizetti).—Edgardo, Signor Fancelli; Astor, Signor Rota; Raimondo, Signor Foli; and Luca, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, &c.

**Un Ballo in Maschera** (Verdi).—Riccardo, M. Capoul; Renato, Signor Rota; Samuel, Signor Agnesi; Tommaso, Signor Foli; Ulrica, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Oscar, Mdlle. Carlotta Grossi; and Amalia, Mdlle. Tietjens, &c.

**Don Pasquale** (Donizetti).—Don Pasquale, Signor Borella; Ernesto, Signor Vizzani; Dr. Malatesta, Signor Mendioroz; and Norina, Mdlle. Marie Marimon.

**Lucrezia Borgia** (Donizetti).—Gennaro, Signor Fancelli; Duca Alfonso, Signor Agnesi; Maffio Orsini, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mdlle. Tietjens.

**La Sonnambula** (Bellini).—Elvino, M. Capoul; Il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Foli; and Aminta, Mdlle. Marie Marimon, &c.

**Les Huguenots** (Meyerbeer).—Raoul de Nangis, Signor Fancelli; Nevers, Signor Mendioroz; St. Bris, Signor Agnesi; Marcel, Signor Foli; Urtan, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini; Margarita di Valois, Mdlle. Carlotta Grossi; and Valentine, Mdlle. Tietjens, &c.

**La Traviata** (Verdi).—Alfredo, M. Capoul; Germont, Signor Mendioroz; Violetta, Madame Christine Nilsson, &c.

**Semiramide** (Rossini).—Idreno, Signor Vizzani; Assur, Signor Agnesi; Oroce, Signor Foli; Arsace, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini; and Semiramide, Mdle. Tietjens.

**Anna Bolena** (Donizetti).—Lord Richard Percy, Signor Vizzani; Henry VIII., Signor Agnesi; Smeaton, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini; Jane Seymour, Mdle. Marie Roze; and Anne Boleyn, Mdle. Tietjens.

**Il Barbiere di Siviglia** (Rossini).—Il Conte Almaviva, M. Capoul; Il Dottore Bartolo, Signor Borella; Figaro, Signor Mendioroz; Don Basilio, Signor Agnesi; Marcellina, Mdle. Bauermeister; and Rosina, Mdle. Marie Marimon.

**Il Flauto Magico** (Mozart).—Tamino, Signor Vizzani; Papageno, Signor Mendioroz; Sarastro, Signor Foli; Astrildammante, Mdle. Carlotta Grossi, also by Mdle. Marie Marimon; Papagena, Mdle. Marie Roze; I tre Geni, Mdle. Bauermeister, Mdle. Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini; and Pamina, Mdle. Tietjens.

**Otella** (Rossini).—Desdemona, by Mdle. Christine Nilsson.

#### SEASON, 1872.

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## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

MR. GYE has the honour to announce that the OPERA SEASON of 1872 will commence on  
TUESDAY NEXT, MARCH 26th.

The following is an outline of the arrangements for the Season, which will be adhered to as strictly as circumstances will permit. It will be seen that the services of nearly all the great artists who appeared last year have been retained, and that several new candidates for the favour of the subscribers have been engaged:—

**Madame ADELINA PATTI**.—On whose extraordinary artistic career it would now be quite superfluous to dilate, will pass her 12th season at the Royal Italian Opera. Madame Patti will give her most celebrated impersonations with which the greater part of a London audience is so familiar, and will resume the character of Juliet in Gounod's opera, *Romeo and Juliet*, which she has, during the past winter, been performing with the greatest success at St. Petersburg. Madame Patti will also, for the first time perform the character of Caterina in Auber's popular opera *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, and will undertake the chief character in an entirely new opera, composed by the Prince Poniatowski expressly for the Royal Italian Opera.

**Madame PAULINE LUCCA**.—This popular artist will arrive early in the season and make her debut during the first week in April. Madame Lucca will repeat her favourite impersonations of Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Angela in *Le Domino Noir*, Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*, Leonora in *La Favorita*, Valentine in *Les Huguenots*, and will perform the part of Cecilia in the new opera, entitled *Il Guarany*, composed by Signor Carlos Gomez, and lately performed at all the chief theatres in Italy.

**Mademoiselle MATHILDE SESSI**.—This charming young artist, who, during last season made such great progress in public favour, will appear the first week of the season. Mdlle. Sessi will again sing the part of Ophelia in the opera of

*Hamlet*, which she has lately been performing with the greatest applause at the Académie de Musique, in Paris. She will also sing the part of Gilda in *Rigoletto*, The Queen of the Night in *Il Flauto Magico*, Susanne in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, Susanne in *Le Astuzie Femminili* (received with so much favour last year), and for the first time, Annetta in *Der Freischütz*, &c.

**Madame MIOLAN-CARVALHO**.—Arrangements have been made with the Director of the Opera in Paris (with whom Madame Carvalho has an annual engagement) to permit that lady to pass a few weeks in London during the ensuing season. The engagement of this most finished and admired artist will doubtless afford great satisfaction to the subscribers to the Opera.

**Mademoiselle SCALCHI**.—Mdlle. Scalchi who, not only by the charm of her beautiful voice, but by her unvarying, conscientious and careful performances has become so great a favourite with all visitors to the Opera, has been re-engaged.

**Madame MONBELLI**.—Madame Monbelli, who made her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera last year, has, during the past recess, visited nearly all of the principal cities in Germany, and has everywhere been honoured with the most flattering reception. Madame Monbelli will arrive the last week in April.

The following Artists will appear for the first time in England:—

MDLLE. ALBANI (from the Pergola Theatre, at Florence)

MDLLE. MARIANNE BRANDT (from the Imperial Opera, Berlin)

MDLLE. SAAR (from La Scala, at Milan)

MDLLE. ALVINE OHM (from the Cologne Theatre)

MDLLE. EMMY ZIMMERMANN (from the Royal Opera, Dresden),

AND

MDLLE. CAROLINE SMEROSCHI (from the Teatro della Fenice, Venice).

ALSO,

HERR VERENRATH (from Copenhagen)

SIGNOR CÆSARI (from La Scala, at Milan)

SIGNOR DODONI (from the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg), and

HERR KOHLER, (the celebrated Bass, from Dresden).

It will be seen that those great Artists—

SIGNOR GRAZIANA | SIGNOR BAGAGIOLO | SIGNOR NICOLINI, and

SIGNOR NAUDIN | SIGNOR COTOGNI | MONSIEUR FAURE

Have also been engaged.

## FLORAL HALL CONCERTS.

These Concerts having given the greatest satisfaction last year—every one, without exception, having attracted a crowded audience—they will naturally be continued during the present Season. The Concerts will be under the direction of . . . . . SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

### ENGAGEMENTS—

Mme. ADELINA PATTI    Mme. PAULINE LUCCA  
Mdlle. CAROLINE SMEROSCHI    Mdlle. MATHILDE SESSI  
Mme. MONBELLI    Mme. SINICO    Mdlle. CORSI  
Mme. DELL'ANESE    Mme. DEMERIC LABLACHE  
Mdlle. SCALCHI, and Mdlle. MIOLAN-CARVALHO.

Mdlle. ALBANI (her first appearance in England)  
Mdlle. MARIANNE BRANDT (her first appearance in England)  
Mdlle. ALVINE OHM (her first appearance in England)  
Mme. SAAR, from La Scala, at Milan, (her first appearance in England)  
Mdlle. EMMY ZIMMERMANN (her first appearance in England).

Signor NAUDIN    Signor BETTINI    Signor MARINO  
Signor MANFREDI    Signor ROSSI

Signor CÆSARI (his first appearance in England)  
Herr VERENRATH (from the Royal Opera, Copenhagen (his first appearance in England)    Signor DODINI (his first appearance in England)  
Signor URIO, and Signor NICOLINI.

Signor GRAZIANI    Signor COTOGNI    Signor BAGAGIOLO  
Herr KOHLER (his first appearance in England)    Signor CIAMPI  
Signor CAPONI    Signor BUCCOLINI    Signor TAGLIAFICO  
Signor FALLAR    Signor RAGUER, and Monsieur FAURE.

Conductors, Composers, and Directors of the Music—

Signor VIANESI

Signor BEVIGNANI

### Principal Dancers—

Mdlle. LURASCHI    Mdlle. LIMEDO

(Their first appearances in England), and

Mdlle. GIROD, from La Scala, at Milan (her first appearance in England).

Principal Violin Solo	Mr. CARRODUS
Leader of the Military Band	Mr. D. GODFREY
Leader of the Ballet	Mr. BETJEMANN
Organist	Mr. PITTMAN
Suggestori	Signor LAGO and
	Signor FORTUNATI
Maitre de Ballet	Mons. DESPLACES
Appointments by	Mr. LABHART
Machinist	Mr. GARNSEY

### THE ORCHESTRA OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA

Is acknowledged to be unrivalled, and will continue to maintain its high position. The CHORUS will be under the direction of Signor CARLO CORSI, from the Opera della Scala, at Milan, and embrace upwards of fifty of the best Italian chorus-singers in Italy.

STAGE MANAGER—Mr. A. HARRIS.

### Artist's Costumiers—

Mme. VALLET    Mrs. JAMES  
M. HENNIER, (of Paris)    Mme. DUBREUIL

### Scenic Artists—

Mr. DAVES, Mr. CANEY, and Assistants.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN—*continued.*

It is intended, as far as possible, to give all the favourite Operas of the Répertoire during the coming season, and also in addition three new works, which have never been heard in England:—

**LOHENGRIN.**

The introduction, on the Italian stage, in England of the operas, by Richard Wagner, has naturally frequently been a subject of consideration with the Director of the Royal Italian Opera. The admirers of Wagner have predicted for his works unprecedented successes in England, while his detractors have warned the Director that the "Music of the Future," as Wagner's compositions have been ironically styled, would drive all opera subscribers from the theatre. "Wagner may suit Germany," said the latter, "but no other public will accept him, least of all will his operas succeed on the Italian stage." The production of a new work is a matter of no trifling moment, and amidst these conflicting opinions the Director has naturally hesitated to run so great a risk as to produce operas the success of which appeared so problematical.

An event, however, has lately occurred which has entirely falsified the sombre predictions of the Anti-Wagnerites.

Lohengrin, probably Wagner's grandest work, has lately been produced at Bologna, and also at Florence, and has been received by the purely Italian audiences there assembled with the utmost enthusiasm, the applause increasing on each occasion of the performance of the opera.

The Director, therefore, considers that the presentation of one of Herr Wagner's productions to his subscribers should no longer be delayed; and as three of the most celebrated interpreters of those productions in Germany are now engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, the coming season offers a very favourable opportunity. Under these circumstances the Director has determined to produce Herr Wagner's Lohengrin as soon as it is possible to complete the rehearsals. The principal characters will be undertaken by

Mdlle. **MARIANNE BRANDT** | Herr **KOEHLER** | Mdlle. **ENMY ZIMMERMANN.**

**IL GUARANY.**

The year before last, a young and comparatively unknown musician, Carlos Comes, by birth a Brazilian, produced an opera, entitled *Il Guarany*. The melody, the great freshness and novelty of the style of the opera, procured for it a great success, and the young composer received a complete ovation from the critical audience of the Scala at Milan, where his work was first given. *Il Guarany* has since been performed at the chief theatres in Italy, and everywhere with unvarying success. It will be produced at the Royal Italian Opera early in May.

**GELMINA.**

This entirely new work, composed by the Prince Giuseppe Poniatowski, the libretto by Signor F. Rizzelli, will be given as soon as possible after the arrival of Madame Adelina Patti.

The principal character by M<sup>me</sup> Adelina Patti.

**LES DIAMANS DE LA COUROYNE.**

Of all the productions of Mons. Auber's prolific pen, *Les Diamans de la Couronne* is certainly one of his most charming inspirations. Although originally written for the Opera Comique, and partly in dialogue, the construction of the plot, and the clearness of its various incidents, render it particularly adapted for the Italian stage; while, as the representative of the part of Catarina, it is certain that no such suitable living artist could be found as Madame Adelina Patti.

*Les Diamans de la Couronne* will be given soon after M<sup>me</sup> Patti's arrival.

The part of Catarina by M<sup>me</sup> Adelina Patti.

**LE ASTORIE FEMMINILI.**—This comic opera, by the celebrated composer, Cimarosa, received with much favour last year, will be given during the season. *Il Dottore Romualdo*, Signor Cotogni; *Filandro*, Signor Bettini; *Gimnapolo*, Signor Ciampi; *Leonora*, Mdlle. Scalchi; *Erilia*, M<sup>me</sup> Sinico; *Susanna*, Mdlle. Sessi.

**LA NOZZE DI FIGARO.**—*Il Conte*, Signor Graziani; *La Contessa*, M<sup>me</sup> Miolan-Carvalho and M<sup>me</sup> Monbelli; *Cherubino*, M<sup>me</sup> Pauline Lucca; *Figaro*, Mons. Faure and Signor Cotogni; *Susanne*, Mdlle. Sessi.

**LE PROPHETE.**—*Fides*, Mdlle. Marianne Brandt (her first appearance in that character).

**HAMLET.**—*Ophelia*, Mdlle. Sessi; *Hamlet*, Mons. Faure (his original character).

**DON GIOVANNI.**—*Zerlina*, Mdlle. Adelina Patti; *Donna Elvira*, Mdlle. Marianne Brandt; *Donna Anna*, Mdlle. Zimmermann; *Don Giovanni*, Mons. Faure; *Leporello*, Signor Ciampi; *Don Ottavio*, Signor Nicolini.

**L'AFRICAIN.**—*Selika*, M<sup>me</sup> Pauline Lucca; *Nelusko*, Signor Graziani and Mons. Faure; *Don Pedro*, Signor Bagagiolo; *Vasco di Gama*, Signor Naudin.

**DER FREISCHUTZ.**—*Agata*, Mdlle. Zimmermann; *Annetta*, Mdlle. Sessi (her first appearance in that character); *Hermil*, Signor Bagagiolo; *Kilian*, Signor Tagliafico; *Rodolfo*, Signor Nicolini; *Caspar*, Mons. Faure (his first appearance in that character).

**IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.**—*Rosina*, M<sup>me</sup> Adelina Patti; *Figaro*, Signor Cotogni; *Bartolo*, Signor Ciampi; *Basilio*, Signor Tagliafico; *Almaviva*, Signor Nicolini and Signor Bettini.

**IL FLAUTO MAGICO.**—*Tamino*, Signor Bettini; *Papageno*, Signor Cotogni; *Sarasro*, Signor Bagagiolo; *Regina della Notte*, Mdlle. Sessi; *Papagena*, M<sup>me</sup> Monbelli and M<sup>me</sup> Sinico; *Pamina*, M<sup>me</sup> Pauline Lucca.

**DINORAH.**—*Dinorah*, Madame Adelina Patti and Madame Miolan-Carvalho; *Corentino*, Signor Bettini; *Hoel*, Mons. Faure and Signor Graziani.

**GUGLIELMO TELL.**—*Arnoldo*, Signor Nicolini; *Gessler*, Signor Tagliafico; *Walter*, Signor Bagagiolo; *Edmude*, Mdlle. Scalchi; *Mathilde*, Madame Miolan-Carvalho; *Guglielmo Tell*, Mons. Faure.

The Répertoire is now by far the most extensive of any Theatre in Europe, and consists of Forty-two Operas.

**THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL CONSIST OF FORTY NIGHTS,**

But as there will (after the first week) be regularly **FOUR NIGHTS** in each week—viz., **MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY**—Subscribers will, by making known their wishes at the commencement of the Season, have the choice of selecting either Two or more of those Four Nights.

\* \* \* The attention of Subscribers is particularly requested to this privilege.

**TERMS FOR THE FORTY NIGHTS—**

Boxes on the Second Tier (for Four Persons), 100 guineas; Ditto on the First Tier (ditto), 200 guineas; Ditto on the Grand Tier (ditto), 240 guineas; Ditto on the Pit Tier (ditto), 220 guineas; Orchestra Stalls (each), 35 guineas; Amphitheatre Stalls, first and second row (each) 18 guineas.

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

Subscribers of last Season are also respectfully requested, if they wish to retain their Boxes or Stalls, to notify the same at once to Mr. EDWARD HALL, at the Box Office, under the Portico of the Theatre, where applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made.

Also of Mr. MITCHELL, Mr. BURE, Messrs. LACON & OLLIER, Messrs. CHAPPELL, Bond Street; Mr. ALFRED HAYS, 4 Royal Exchange Buildings; and of Messrs. KETTS, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside.

Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, March, 1872.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—THE TWENTY-SECOND SATURDAY CONCERT.**—Madame Paschke-Lentner (her first appearance), Herr Arnold Walden (his first appearance). Solo piano-forte, Madame Arabella Goddard. Symphony in B flat (M<sup>o</sup>), T. Wingham. Piano-forte concerto, No. 3 in E flat, Starndale Bennett. Overtures, "Leonora," No. 1, (Beethoven), and "Ray Blas" (Mendelssohn). Conductor—Mr. MAXIS. Admission, half-a-crown, or by guinea season ticket.

**WEDNESDAY NEXT.**

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.**—Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. The FORTIETH ANNUAL PASSION-WEEK PERFORMANCE of the "MESSIAH." Wednesday next, March 27th. Principal Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patsy, Messrs. Vernon Rigby, and Whitney. Solo Trumpet—Mr. Harper. Tickets, 3s.; reserved area, 5s.; numbered seats in gallery, 5s.; stalls, 10s. 6d., at No. 8, Exeter Hall.

## JOACHIM AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

The two men of our time who enjoy the highest European reputations as virtuosos are Liszt and Joachim. The latter has been named the Violin-King. This king of the stringed instruments holds sway in the noblest sphere of musical thought, in the quartet and grand concerted style; concert-room trifling, tight-rope dancing business, the virtuoso subjugation of mere mechanical difficulties, are as much ignored by him, as farces are by the leading tragedian of a theatre. With the sole exception of Paganini, St. Petersburg has made the acquaintance of all the great violinists of the age: Lypinski, between thirty and forty, and subsequently Haumann, Sivori, Ole Bull, Ernst, Vieuxtemps, the Quartet of the Brothers Müller, of Brunswick, Laub, Wieniawski, and Wilhelmj. All these virtuosos, who differed very much from one another, were no less advantageously known in the quartet than as soloists, both publicly and in the musical circles of the Counts Wielhorski, as well as at A. F. Lwow's, in all whose houses the quartet flourished. Under these circumstances, the appearance of the acmé of violin-virtuosity, as represented in the person of Herr Joachim, of whom there is only one opinion abroad, was an "event." We owe his visit to the initiative taken by the high Patroness of the Russian Musical Society, and there is no artist so difficult to induce to make a journey as Herr Joachim, who has always the most flattering offers from foreign countries.

Anyone who sees in Beethoven a poet who wrote, in musical signs, an ideal history of the human mind and heart, has a right to say to a violinist: "Give me Beethoven, and I will tell you what you are." Herr Joachim gave us, on his first appearance, three quartets by Beethoven, corresponding to the three intellectual stages into which his career is divided, three stages which are now-a-days universally recognized, and which are based on the fact that, in his first works, Beethoven created independent pictures of his own in the forms, or, to put it otherwise, in the frames and in the colours of Haydn and Mozart; that he developed his individuality in the creations of his middle period, working out original ideas in original forms; while, in his last efforts, he tore the musical idea from everything existing, and lived only for that idea, which, as a rule, he transported to the speculative domain of thought, finding conditions (forms) suitable to his speculations. These divisions affecting, in form and purport, the very essence of what Beethoven put before the world, may be shortly defined as the stage of tradition, the stage of individuality, and the stage of reconciliation in individuality. It is from Beethoven's last works that the musical art of our own days has sprung; from them came Mendelssohn, Schumann, Wagner, and the entire category of modern music.

Herr Joachim chose from Beethoven's first period the B flat major Quartet, Op. 18; from the second, the E minor Quartet, Op. 59 (Rasumowski, according to the dedication); and, from the third, the grand E flat major Quartet, Op. 127 (according to the dedication, Golizyn). An admirable and rational selection which must have satisfied all expectations. The pleasant room of the old Engelhardtian House, a room particularly favourable for music, and once devoted exclusively to concerts, was filled an hour before the beginning of the entertainment. We must ask the reader to allow us to dwell for an instant on the external appearance of the artist, for we connect with it the general impression produced by his playing. We feel inclined to compare Herr Joachim to the German oak, in its symbolical significance. Everything in him, and everything in what he does, is plain and simple, mighty and strong. No sign of virtuosity in his bearing, or in a self-satisfied exhibition of individuality demanding to be duly appreciated. Herr Joachim entered the room as though he was returning to it after a long absence. Of the same character was his reception on the part of the public. The storm of applause had nothing fictitious about it. It was the evidence of heartfelt delight at the prospect of enjoying something extraordinary, something not to be excelled. The little B flat major Quartet, as we are accustomed to call it, for the purpose of distinguishing it from the Grand Golizyn Quartet of the Third Period, is an epitome of Haydn and Mozart in style, finished off with an admixture of Beethovenian fancy. We never heard it more charmingly played; we never heard such fullness of tone in the *piano*; never such a thorough comprehension of the whole of a musical composition in the details, or of the

details in the whole. Nothing is brought forward to increase the effect; the first part does not wait till it has everything to itself in order to show off; it feels it is a portion of the whole, and sees its task in working for the advantage of that whole. Every note of this charming youthful effort of Beethoven has been known in St. Petersburg for the last half century; yet the work appeared new in several of its parts—in Herr Joachim's exposition, that went to the heart, of the Andante motive; in the trio of the Scherzo; in the bravura figure, designated by violinists a bit "against the grain," and lying so inconveniently, but the difficulty of which was overcome by the artist as though it had been child's play; and in the *Prestissimo* of the finale. Such rapidity of execution combined with such unvarying clearness we never came across before; it was something unique. The great characteristic of all the artist does is the subordination of his own individuality to that of the composer, whose work he is rendering. The impression we receive resembles that produced by a Grecian temple, in the art, in the unapproachable and self-asserting plasticity, of which the artist, the man, is forgotten.—Beethoven's works prominently depict the struggle of man with life. In Herr Joachim's rendering the struggle is incomparably portrayed, but he who is struggling, the subjective element, is not made equally prominent. As a rule, in art, as in other things, man, and all that appertains to him, are dearer than aught else to the human heart. We want to feel both the sorrow and the joy in the man representing art; we do not wish to feel them merely in the expression which the man is able to lend the feeling in art. In a word, the subject interests us more nearly than the object. The most objective, or artistically most perfect, rendering is that adopted by Herr Joachim.

The E minor Quartet is, so to speak, a work of dramatic purport. In this instance, again, the entire performance was, both as regards execution and conception, most exquisite, while the *tempo*, taken much more quickly than we have heard it taken by others was a fresh surprise. In the Scherzo, the E string of Herr Joachim's violin snapped. A virtuoso rising above every difficulty on his instrument, Herr Joachim might have proceeded; he might have played the Scherzo to the end by adopting other positions. But he was too conscientious an artist to do this. He retired into an adjoining room, and repaired the damage as naturally and simply as if he had been at a rehearsal. He did not see in the event an opportunity for a virtuoso-triumph, for a little deed of heroism, such as but rarely misses to tell upon the public.

The execution of the Golizyn Quartet, which includes all imaginable difficulties at once, constituted the gem of the never-to-be-forgotten evening, that was honoured by the presence of the exalted Patroness of the Society. Heartier and more unanimous applause perhaps even Herr Joachim never received. We must, however, also direct attention to the incomparable manner in which Herren Dawydow, Pickel, and Weickmann performed their share in the work.

At the Extra Concert, given by the Society, in the Hall of the Assembly of Nobles, we heard what has been unanimously pronounced by the foreign press Herr Joachim's greatest effort, Beethoven's Violin Concerto. This work has often been performed here by the greatest violin-virtuosos, but never did we before hear it played so perfectly as regards details, or in so finished a manner, as regards the whole. The spirit and style, too, of this "Concerto" differ only quantitatively, not specifically, from the spirit and style of a quartet. With the exception of certain figures (passages) in the first and the last movement, the Concerto is the realization by the orchestral parts, with one part at their head, of a musical idea, one and indivisible, but the leading part is only *prima inter pares*, a peer among peers, as Beethoven tells us when he makes the kettle-drum solo begin the Concerto in deep and profoundly significant tones, and formulate the principal motive. Especially remarkable are the artist's chains of shakes—graduated series of shakes of such purport, so exact, so well-considered, so vocal, and so sonorous at the last, we, for our part, never heard, and never either did we behold in any other great violin-virtuoso so imperturbably firm and calm a bearing. This contributes powerfully to the plastic impression produced by the performance. The only person distinguished for a style of bowing to an equal extent classically

calm and invariably even, was Louis Spöhr; he had, too, something of Herr Joachim's tone, though not in the *piano*. Generally, there is a momentary subordinate tone, at the application of the bow, and then comes the effect from contact with the string. This is not the case with Herr Joachim; his bow appears never to have left the string; when he comes in, he does not begin, but always simply continues. At the Society's concert, in the way of works belonging to the more limited repertory of the elegant salon style, Herr Joachim played, amid the greatest and most freely manifested signs of approbation on the part of the public, Schumann's "Abendstimmung," and, with pianoforte accompaniment, Spöhr's "Barcarolle," and Brahms's "Hungarian Dances."

Herr Joachim, we have just been informed, will on the 27th January, give a concert of his own, in the Hall of the Assembly of the Nobles. He will have the co-operation of Mdme. Raab and the band of the Russian Opera. We hope this concert will not be his last.

#### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

*Solomon* was not a favourite oratorio, even during Handel's lifetime. It was performed twice in 1749, a year after its composition, and twice in 1759, just previous to the master's death. Moreover, in the early days of its history popular taste had to be consulted by the interpolation of pieces from other works—an inglorious device which seems to have justly failed. From that time to the present *Solomon* has held but a secondary place among oratorios, being rarely given entire, and known chiefly by a few selections. The injustice of this fate, every one who takes an interest in things musical must admit, *Solomon* is, in fact, among Handel's grandest inspirations. Its theme, like that of *Israel*, supplied the composer with a canvas large enough for his great designs, and the result is a masterpiece fit to rank beside the "Plagues" and the "Song of Moses." If anybody doubt this—an improbable supposition—let him take the magnificent double choruses as examples of grandeur, and the music of the "Judgment" scene as illustrative of dramatic power. These things may speak for the rest, and they make a revelation of genius which every candid mind will acknowledge. Clearly, then, it is a duty to atone for the past neglect of so great a work, and we have reason to hope that the Sacred Harmonic Society is prepared to do so, Sir Michael Costa having completed those additions to the original score required by modern notions of effect. Sir Michael's accompaniments, which were used at a performance of the oratorio in Exeter Hall yesterday week, are distinguished not only by musicianly skill but also by good taste. Never unduly obtrusive, noisy only when noise is admissible, and always subordinate to or growing out of the composer's ideas, the conductor's "filling in" is a good work well done. Henceforth there exists no reason why *Solomon* should not be a regular feature in the society's programme.

The performance was above the average in point of general excellence, and, saving a mishap, caused by rebellious organ machinery, it passed off very well indeed. Miss Edith Wynne appeared to great advantage in the Queen's song, "With thee the unsheltered moor," and in the dramatic trio, "Words are weak;" but her rendering of "Can I see my infant gored?" was marked in a special degree by skill and expressive power. The mother herself could not have pleaded more touchingly for the life of the child. Miss Vinta gave well considered effect to the somewhat shrewish music of the "second woman," and the part of *Solomon* could hardly have fallen into better hands than those of Madame Patey, whose sonorous voice gave commanding dignity to the words of the king. This lady's delivery of "What though I trace," and of the recitatives belonging to her role, was conspicuous for taste and effect. Mr. Vernon Rigby sang his three songs with equal skill, but was most applauded after "See the tall palm," the ornate divisions of which he rendered very fluently. "Praise ye the Lord"—the one solo left to the bass voice—was capably sung by Mr. Patey. As regards the choruses, we may speak in general terms, so uniform was the effect produced. "May no rash intruder" gained an encore, as a matter of course; but its almost Italian grace was equalled in interest and attraction by the grandeur of "From the censor;" and the magnificent tone-painting of the series beginning with "Music spread thy voice around." The impressions made by these things were many and powerful; but most powerful perhaps was that of "Draw the tear," especially of the tremendous sequence of harmonies on the words "Full of death and wild despair"—a sequence such as Handel alone could thus use. Reviewing the entire performance, we may safely declare that its repetition will be a welcome event, come when it may.

**FLORENCE.**—A new opera, *La Scythia rapita*, will shortly be produced at the Teatro Goldoni. No less than six composers had a share in writing it. Does the proverb concerning cooks and broth apply to musicians and operas? It is to be hoped not.

#### MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

The past has always a lesson to teach, and, therefore, opportunities of looking back upon it always have their value. This rule applies to music, as to other things. Indeed, the past of music is singularly instructive, because showing how, through centuries of time, and amid much conflict, the art has steadily progressed, all things working together for its good. With the application of this lesson we are not now concerned, Mr. Henry Leslie having invited us to contemplate a particular illustration of it. Mr. Leslie sometimes indulges a fancy for combining instruction with amusement, by giving "historical concerts," and showing the progress of music through stated periods. The idea is a happy one; but it has rarely led to results more interesting than on Friday, when, in St. James's Hall, Mr. Leslie exhibited a specimen of oratorio in its swaddling clothes. True, he brought forward a well-preserved mummy rather than a living thing, but every purpose was answered by it, and the contrast invited was made all the easier. It can hardly be necessary to say that Mr. Leslie sought his baby oratorio in Italy, where he buried the art-children of that glorious band of musical pioneers who laboured during the first half of the seventeenth century. Other explorers had been before him—Mr. John Hullah, to wit, who once produced Carissimi's *Jephtha*—but Mr. Leslie found no mean prize in the same old master's *Jonah*. It was this *Jonah* which English amateurs heard for the first time on Friday evening. Here we are, perhaps, expected to say something about the composer's life and labours; but, unhappily, only meagre details have come down to us. They show, however, that Carissimi was a man with thoughts of his own, and a will to carry them out. Under his hand recitative was developed; he restored the cantata form to church use, brought stringed instrument to the aid of religious music, and generally used his talents and the high position held by him in Rome for the progress of art. It is fitting that such an old worthy should sometimes be had in remembrance. His form may be vaguely outlined as we look back at it through the mists of 250 years; but we see enough to know that Carissimi was a "faithful soldier and servant" of the cause to which he devoted a long life. The laying out of the story of *Jonah* is marked by great simplicity, only the prophet being personified, while the narrative is divided amongst soloists and chorus, with no more system than is needful to give concerted effect to the utterances of the sailors. We should add that the libretto deals chiefly with *Jonah's* disastrous voyage, and makes but slight reference to the prophet's subsequent exploits. The music is divided into twenty-one numbers, of which eleven are recitatives; eight choruses, one air, and a very brief instrumental prelude, resembling a Lutheran chorale, completing the tale. We are at once struck with the proportion and character of the choruses, which show that the early masters justly estimated a means of effect often said to have been developed at a later time. Moreover, they put before us the germs of much that subsequently ripened into fair and beautiful things. Carissimi's brief concerted pieces, for example, are the antitypes of those in Bach's *Matthew Passion*, while his double choruses are the double choruses of Handel in embryo. Handel by the way did Carissimi the honour of stealing from his *Jephtha*, and we can scarcely avoid the conclusion that he developed "He gave them hailstones" from "And there was a mighty tempest," the first double chorus of *Jonah*. The key is the same; the antiphonal structure is the same; and the sequences of common chords in the tonic and its nearest related keys are the same. True, Handel's work is gigantic compared with that of Carissimi; but "the child was father to the man" beyond a doubt. Carissimi's choral writing shows dignity and simplicity, as well as the characteristic reliance of his age upon scientific devices, which a mastery of science made easy. All these features best appear in the final chorus of *Jonah*, an example of eight-part writing worthy the connoisseur's study. The recitatives sustain Carissimi's fame in that branch of his art, by their careful adaptedness to the text, and *Jonah's* one song is an example of profound expression such as may be matched only here and there in the writings of the greatest composers. Looking at all these things, we credit Mr. Leslie with a good work in bringing *Jonah* to the light, and adapting it for English use. The performance left nothing to desire, the choruses being perfectly sung to Mr. J. C. Ward's organ accompaniment, the part of *Jonah* being well rendered by Mr. Maas, and the narrative solos having good exponents in Miss E. Horne, Mdme. Poole, Mr. Regaldi, and Mr. Chaplin Henry.

With regard to the rest of the concert, we have only space to say that the choir sang Bach's Motet, "The Spirit also helpeth us," Schubert's 23rd Psalm, Mr. Goss's Thanksgiving Anthem, and a selection of madrigals; that Miss Sophie Ferrari, Miss D'Alton, and Mr. Sims Reeves were the solo vocalists; and that Herr Joachim played two familiar movements for the violin.

**PETH.**—After a retirement of years, the Abbate Franz List is, it seems, once more about to give public performances. He was announced to play compositions by Beethoven, Chopin, and Schubert on the 16th inst.

MR. CUSINS'S *GIDEON*.

Thursday week witnessed the repetition of a somewhat familiar incident, to wit, the production in London of a composition specially written for a provincial festival. As regards English music, the metropolis generally gets its novelties in this second-hand fashion, and seems perfectly satisfied that Birmingham, Norwich, Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford should play the generous patron, while itself reaps benefit without incurring risk. The arrangement may work well, but all the credit of it belongs to the provincial towns, whose ready encouragement of art has given us during the last few years, *Naaman*, *The Woman of Samaria*, *The Prodigal Son* and *St. Peter*. It will be remembered that at the Gloucester Festival of last year Mr. W. G. Cusins's oratorio, *Gideon*, was heard for the first time. The character of the work, the position held by its composer, and, we may add, the success achieved, made its performance in London only a question of months. That performance has now been given, and *Gideon* has received the verdict of the ultimate English tribunal—one, by the way, specially competent to judge, seeing that St. James's Hall held, on Thursday evening, no small majority of London musical notabilities. Mr. Cusins wisely took the direction of the concert into his own hands; and we must assume that he was satisfied with the means employed. At any rate, they were equal to the desired result: an excellent orchestra led by Herr Straus, a competent choir, and able soloists leaving very little room for adverse criticism. To judge by the demonstrations made, the success of the work was as great as that of the performance, every number being more or less vehemently applauded, while repetitions of the air, "The eyes of the Lord," and of the "Battle Chorus" were insisted upon. Mr. Cusins, moreover, received very warm congratulations at the close of the performance. From the significance of these facts we do not wish to take one jot. Indeed, we contend that *Gideon* shows powers of a high order. It makes plain, for example, that Mr. Cusins has a rare command of picturesque orchestration; that he can sustain himself through a long effort; that he can write with fluency, and use the contrapuntal resources of his art with the ease of one who knows them well. When such merits appear in the most exacting form of composition, the composer is not a man about whom an unnecessarily discouraging word should be said. But neither, and for the same reason, is he a man whose faults should be passed over as unworthy of correction. To put the matter on the lowest ground, it will "pay" to be critical with Mr. Cusins. In judging of a composer who is still young, allowance must be made for the evidences of hero-worship his works exhibit. Beethoven had a hero in the early part of his career, and we need not be surprised to find in *Gideon* proofs of a like passion. It is the misfortune of modern composers, however, to live at a time when a multitude of heroes contend for their allegiance, and thus it comes to pass that modern music, like a diamond of many facets, reflects light from every quarter. To some extent this is the case with *Gideon*, but most of all has Mr. Cusins drawn his inspiration from Mendelssohn and Gounod, whose diverse characteristics he exhibits with more or less faithfulness. For reasons already hinted at, we do not not complain bitterly of this. No doubt, in course of time, Mr. Cusins will settle down into a style of his own—a style even now foreshadowed by his works. Mr. Cusins should also avoid the imitation which may be observed in the Triumphal March, the exordium of the tenor air "O sing unto the Lord," the second contralto song, and the unaccompanied quartet. His models are good, doubtless; but all such copies weaken the impression of the music. In his next work, moreover, Mr. Cusins will do well to bear in mind the distinction between the human voice and instruments of brass or wood. Had he done so in the case of *Gideon*, the terribly exacting air "Though I am sometime afraid," would not now closely follow a long scene in which the same voice takes a chief part, nor would the tenor be given a song having a declamatory introduction of itself sufficiently exhausting. With these remarks our duty is done; and we leave *Gideon*, impressed by a sense of its promise and with the idea that the time of fruition depends upon Mr. Cusins himself. For the sake of doing justice to the soloists we must refer once more to the performance. Miss Wynne's delivery of the Angel's music could hardly have been better. Purity of style and artistic feeling were conspicuous in everything she did. The two contralto airs gained much through Madame Patey's rich voice and impressive manner. Indeed, her delivery of "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous" was itself sufficiently provocative of the encore that air received. Mr. W. H. Cummings, whom we welcome back to English concert rooms, was as artistic as ever in the music assigned him; and the trying rôle of *Gideon*, taken at Gloucester by Mr. Lewis Thomas, again obtained all needful justice at that gentleman's hands. In point of sustained vigour and intelligent delivery, Mr. Thomas was quite equal to an arduous task. Mr. Hilton also did good service as second bass.

A miscellaneous selection followed *Gideon*, the chief features of which were two MS. part songs, for female voices, by Dr. Hiller;

Weber's *Concertstück*, played by Mr. Cusins; a *Festlied*, written by Meyerbeer for the opening of the Coburg Operahouse in 1840; and the march from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*. The part-songs were entrusted to lady-students of the Royal Academy of Music, and one, *May Bells*, obtained an encore, on the strength, perhaps, of its Mendelssohnian reminiscences. The *Concertstück* was conducted by Signor Randegger, who also accompanied Dr. Hiller's works. Meyerbeer's *Festlied*—long an occasional piece at State concerts—might have remained in the Royal library without much loss. It is emphatically a *pièce d'occasion*.

## NILSSON'S RETURN TO NEW YORK.

(From the "New York Herald," March 5th.)

"Nothing short of genius of a commanding character could attract such a splendid house as that which crowded the Academy of Music last evening, on the occasion of the commencement of the second season of Christine Nilsson. The same magnetism that electrified a hard-to-be-pleased operatic audience, and gave vitality, youth, and freshness to thread-bare and hackneyed rôles, was all potent when the announcement was made that the reigning Queen of Opera was to take her farewell of the people whom she bound to her in irrefragable bonds of friendship. It would be difficult to speak of another artist, among the great number that Europe has sent to this country and those of native growth, who has gained such a firm hold on the affections of the public. In Christine Nilsson, when she leaves us, the opera-goers of New York will lose one of the brightest, most sympathetic, and most accomplished artists that ever trod our boards, and it will be long before her place can be filled. Against the most terrible obstacles that ever blocked the path of a *prima donna*—an incomplete company and incompetent management—Nilsson won a triumph of the most complete and thorough kind. In her hands the familiar Lucia, Martha, Leonora, Violetta, Marguerite and Zerkina became actual novelties and fresh creations, and held the sympathies of the best people in New York, without a symptom of *ennui*, for forty performances. Last night, the Swedish Nightingale gave a strong proof that a short absence had not dimmed the bright impressions left in the minds of her admirers, and her delicious characterization of Mignon was as charming, winning, and artistic as ever. The well known song, 'Connais tu la pays,' the duet, 'Leggiadre rondinelle,' the toilet scene and the *finale* showed that her clear, thrilling, sympathetic voice, which can now glow with the passion of the tropics, now tremble with the virginal tenderness of a Scandinavian maid, anon give expression to a queenly dignity, and again carol like a lark of mornitude, has lost none of its charms during her absence. \* \* \*

While speaking of acting, we may say that Mdle. Nilsson was in unusual spirits, and her histrionic impersonation of the rôle was more forcible and delightful than ever. \* \* \*

On Wednesday evening Mdle. Nilsson appears as Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, and on Friday, in *Martha*. It is the universally expressed desire of the public that she appear in what is called her greatest rôle, Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, before the close of the season, and we trust that the management will not refuse such liberal patrons as the New York public have proved themselves."

## THE FÉTIS LIBRARY.

From an interesting report, presented by M. Gevaert to the Belgian Minister of the Interior, we take the following particulars with regard to this valuable collection of books and manuscripts:—

"M. Fétis left behind him an admirable catalogue in four divisions:—Musical History; Musical Theory; Practical Music; Literature, History, and Science; these being divided and subdivided for the purpose of classification in minute detail. The first portion of the library is very complete, especially in its biographical department; which, says M. Gevaert, is probably the finest ever gathered together in one and the same collection. The second division comprises most of the works on the technicalities of music which have been published since the invention of printing, together with some rare and curious manuscripts. The collection of instruction books for the lute (sixteenth century) is probably unequalled. But it seems that the library is most rich in the department of Practical Music. The missals comprise some as old as the 10th century; and among them is the famous Missal of Wurzburg (1484). Church music of the fifteenth and two following centuries is well represented, among the examples being the *Partitium Musices* (7 vols.) of Orlando de Lassus. In the department of secular music is a unique collection of old madrigals, printed on separate sheets, and gathered from all parts of Europe with infinite pains. It comprises, also, a hundred manuscript scores of seventeenth and eighteenth century Italian operas; a hundred and fifty scores of French operas, from Lully to Meyerbeer; and a complete collection of music for pianoforte and organ. We envy the Belgian nation the possession of this rare treasure, and consider that 150,000 francs were never better spent than in its purchase.

## THE WORLD'S JUBILEE.

(From the "Boston Courier.")

During the past week an office has been fitted up in the New England Conservatory of Music, on the door of which appear, The World's Jubilee Chorus, and the names of Mr. Tourjee and Mr. Gilmore. The enrollment of the chorus has begun, and now fully 10,000 singers are pledged to be present at the great Jubilee in June. We do not suppose anybody ever doubted that the chorus would fill, but we do not believe any one ever wholly expected there would be the least difficulty in filling the ranks of the chorus. As was announced in the *Courier* of last week, Chorus Circular, No. 1, was issued on Monday morning in all the daily papers of the city. By nine o'clock there were representatives of a dozen societies in Mr. Tourjee's rooms, and they came so early that no note was taken as to which was the first to enter the room. Mr. Tourjee might well have claimed the head of the list for his Boston chorus, but he gave way to the Handel and Haydn Society, whose representative was at hand. Then came the Newtonville Society, then the Chelsea Choral Society, and next the Lynn Choral Society, the officers of which telegraphed, wrote, and sent a man. Before eleven o'clock a telegram was received entering a Bangor society, and they have been coming in all the week. Many officers of societies in the immediate vicinity, who started in after breakfast on Monday, were surprised to find societies out of the State on the books before them. The number of societies in the last jubilee chorus was one hundred and three. In five days, one hundred and one societies were entered for the second jubilee. The number of societies now accepted is one hundred and eight, seven having been added yesterday. Of the whole number of societies thus far reported, 76 belong to Massachusetts, 13 to New Hampshire, 5 to Maine, 4 to Vermont, 4 to Connecticut, and 1 each to New York, New Brunswick, Illinois and California. The present Boston chorus will constitute the first section of the chorus for the Jubilee. Every singer must be examined, and no one will be admitted who cannot sing correctly. Yesterday Mr. Husted alone wrote acceptances to the one hundred and eight societies, and addressed a circular to each. The new building is to be 350 by 600 feet; the former one was 300 by 500 feet. There are to be two ornamental towers at each end, 160 feet high—the distance from the floor to the centre of the arch being 140 feet. The corner towers will also increase the beauty and strength of the Coliseum. There is some discussion about placing the sopranos of the chorus in the rear facing the audience, with the expectation that it will improve the effect. Mr. Gilmore regards the idea favourably.

## ELIZA SEVELL.

(From a Correspondent).

SIR.—As the enclosed critique of the young English *prima donna*, Eliza Savelli, will be gratifying to her numerous friends in London, many of whom are readers of your paper, I send you a translation from the *Theatrical Journal* of Modena:—

"The vernal season of the Goldoni Theatre was inaugurated on the evening of Easter Sunday with the opera *Il Birrajo di Preston*, in which Eliza Savelli, a young English lady, sustained the character of Effy with such artistic effect and excellence as to evoke from the audience the most enthusiastic demonstrations of satisfaction. At the conclusion of the opera such a furor of applause greeted her re-appearance before the curtain as we have rarely if ever witnessed. The young lady is very prepossessing in appearance, her gentle and fascinating manner, in conjunction with her marvellous voice evidently foretells a brilliant career. The perfect intonation of her voice struck us at once as most remarkable, the lower medium and upper notes being rendered with evenness, archness, pathos, and brilliancy. We failed to observe any undue forcing one part of the voice more than another. In Signora Savelli we have an artist of very great promise indeed, gifted with high dramatic intelligence, and destined in our opinion to occupy a position in the first rank of operatic artists."

## MADAME PAREPA-ROSA.

(From the "New York Daily Tribune," March 1.)

The directors of the great Rhenish Musical Festival, to be held next summer at Dusseldorf, have engaged Madame Parepa-Rosa as principal solo vocalist. In consequence of this, she will sail for Europe somewhat earlier than she originally intended, leaving about the 1st of May, immediately after the close of her Easter season of Italian Opera in New York. It is not likely that she will be in America next season, though negotiations have been going on lately between Mr. Rosa and the Directors of our Academy, and we understand that liberal offers were made to induce that gentleman to take the opera-house for the season of 1872-3. He will probably give English opera next year in London, and after that we shall hope to welcome him again to the United States.

## A REAL ITALIAN TENOR

(Communicated.)

Ever since the death of Giuglini, and the evident decline of Mario's once unequalled vocal powers, operatic managers have been "searching through the wide world" for that *rara avis*, a genuine Italian tenor, worthy to assume the mantle of the above-mentioned famous artists. Italians, Frenchmen, Belgians, Spaniards, Americans, and Englishmen have been tried, but all were found wanting. There is, however, a rumour current in musical circles, that a worthy successor to the vacant place of Mario and Giuglini has been found in Rome in the person of Italo Campanini. He is twenty-six years of age, and much resembles the late Signor Giuglini in appearance, though he is not so stout. As this extraordinary singer is, we hear, engaged at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, for the forthcoming season, the following report, from a great musical authority, just received from Rome, where the Signor is now singing, may not be uninteresting to our readers at this period:—"I cannot express to you how delightful he is; no doubt he will prove the attraction of the London season, and one of the greatest tenors ever heard there. I prognosticate he will outshine any tenor heard in England for very many years past. He has a most deliciously sweet voice, precisely of the *timbre* of Giuglini (without being in the throat), but more powerful; he sings with the utmost feeling, the tenderest delicacy, and the most refined pathos, surpassing even those sweetest accents of poor Giuglini, which charmed every one. With Campanini, "the gap" left by Giuglini and Mario has, at length, been filled. In fact, you will find that Campanini is just the tenor to enchant the whole of the English public who delight in sweet and beautiful singing. You may make any use of this letter, and honestly praise him to any extent, as I feel sure Campanini will surpass any opinion that may be formed of him, in consequence of any anticipatory notices in his favour."

## THE JOLLY WAGNER.

(As sung with great applause by the British Public.)

Tune—obvious.

When first we took to Wagnering,  
A Wagnering did go,  
We filled the critics' hearts  
Full of sorrow, grief, and woe,  
And many were the scoffings that we did undergo.  
Chorus—Singing wo! my lads, gee wo,  
Drive on, my lads, hey ho;  
There's none can feel delight  
Like a jolly Wagnerite.

The opera season's coming,  
And what pleasure we shall find,  
For *Lohengrin* is to be done,  
The work just to our mind;  
'Twill make the gold to fly, my boys, like chaff before the wind.  
Chorus—Singing wo! my lads, &c.

Thro' dark and stormy argument  
We stuck hard, thick and thin;  
We bore it with contentment,  
We'll now go in and win;  
And we will have *Tannhauser* done soon after *Lohengrin*.  
Chorus—Singing wo! my lads, &c.

Then here's a health to Mr. Gye,  
Success to normal pitch,  
Good luck to all, both far and near,  
What knows what's what, which which;  
And him as tries to stop the way we'll drive into the ditch.  
Chorus—Singing wo! my lads, &c.

COLOGNE.—Ninth Gürzenich Concert, "Fest-Marsch" for the Opening of the London International Exhibition, Ferdinand Hiller; Violon Concerto, Mendelssohn (Herr de Ahna, from Berlin); first act of *Alceste*, Gluck (Alceste, Mdlla. Schneider); Overture No. 2 to *Leonore*, Beethoven; Eighth Symphony, Gade (first time in Germany).

LEIPZIG.—At the Eighteenth Gewandhaus Concert, a new Symphony, No. 8 in B minor, by Niels W. Gade, was performed for the first time here, and received with great favour. Herr Schradick, of Hamburg, played Spohr's 7th Concerto, in E minor, and a Chaconne, by Vitali. Mdlla. Assmann, from Bremen, sang an air from *Titus*, an air by Mendelssohn, and an air by Schumann.—At a sacred performance given by the Singakademie, the compositions selected were, *Lobgesang*, Mendelssohn; *Requiem* for male chorus, Cherubini; and the "Hallelujah" chorus from the *Messiah*, Handel.—Tenth concert of the Euterpe Society: Overture to *Egmont*, Beethoven; Overture to *Ginoveva*, Schumann; and Symphony in C major, Schumann.

## SIR JOHN GOSS.

(From the "Morning Post," March 20.)

This distinguished musician, upon whom her Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood yesterday, was born at Fareham, December 27, 1800, his father being organist of the parish church there. In due time he commenced his musical education as one of the children of the Chapel Royal, St. James's. He afterwards became a pupil of Thomas Attwood, the favourite pupil of Mozart, and ultimately succeeded his master as organist and vicar-choral to St. Paul's Cathedral. Sir John Goss has always been a busy worker, and his compositions, both vocal and instrumental, are as excellent as they are numerous. His glees, written with a thorough knowledge of vocal capabilities, characterised by a sweet flow of melodies and richness in harmony, have attained a world-wide reputation. Every musical community among English-speaking people is familiar with "Ossian's Hymn to the Sun," "There is beauty on the mountain," "Kitty Fell," and "The Sycamore Shade." An overture in F minor, written for and performed at the Philharmonic Concerts in 1837, attracted considerable attention. A treatise on *Harmony and Thorough-bass*, also from his pen, although an early effort, is yet used as a trustworthy text-book. Soon after his appointment to St. Paul's, Goss composed an anthem in honour of the Queen's marriage, and of this work her Majesty was pleased to accept the dedication at the time. The peculiar method in which Divine service was ordinarily performed at the cathedral offered no worthy encouragement to Goss as a composer until the occasion of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, in 1852, when he was permitted to write something for the occasion, and produced the sublime anthem, "If we believe that Jesus died." In 1854, he wrote "Praise the Lord;" and the grandeur of this work having created a demand upon his genius and powers, hitherto unrecognised or ignored by the body with which he was most intimately connected, Goss continued to produce works which have become a pride and honour to the Church to which he belongs. The fitness of the music furnished by him for the recent ceremony of Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales is known to all, and the honour paid to the choirmen by the Queen, through a member of their body, will doubtless be the means of elevating that body in public estimation. Sir John Goss is (happily) married, and his eldest son, the Rev. John Goss, is vicar of St. John Baptist, Hereford, and vicar-choral of Hereford Cathedral.

DURING a recent performance of *Die lustigen Weiber*, at the Royal Opera, there was another interruption, though, on this occasion, it proceeded, certainly, from the public. When Mrs. Ford, Madame Lucca, appeared on the stage, the immense house resounded with applause such as was never heard in it before. From the boxes, from the pit, and from every other place whence the stage could be reached, bouquets and wreaths were showered down, and had Betz not placed himself as a protection, with his broad hands, between these heralds of the spring and the *prima donna*, that charming favourite of the Muses would absolutely have run a risk of becoming a victim to a floral death. How many wreaths were flung on the stage in the course of the performance, we know not; we merely saw that the large basket in which Falstaff—and Falstaff-Bost takes up a great deal of room—is brought upon the stage, was filled to the brim with magnificent flowers. In addition to these fading marks of appreciation, some one threw down a blue-silk cushion, on which was fastened a silver laurel wreath. In the middle of the latter was a diamond, valued by competent judges at 2000 thalers. And now, ye "unsubsidised" hissers in the amphitheatre, and ye nocturnal young ladies behind the carriage, howl away as much as you choose; you are only like the well-known cur who barked at the moon.—*Berlin Zeitung*.

BOLOGNA.—The municipal Council have passed a vote suppressing the grant of 40,000 liras, to the Teatro Comunale. One result of this will be that neither *Tannhäuser* nor *Aida* will be produced this autumn, as previously announced. The Council has also suppressed the band of the National Guard.

NICE.—M. Logé, the young Belgian pianist, has given two *matinées* in the Cercle Nautique, at Cannes, to a brilliant assembly, among whom were the Duke and Duchess of Parma, the Duchess of Montpensier, the Duke and Duchess of Valombrosa, and the Vicomtesse Vigier (Sophie Crivelli). At the Grand Hotel, Chauvain, M. Logé gave his *soirée d'adieux*, with Herr Reichardt, the tenor, (composer of "Thou art so near and yet so far,") formerly tenor at the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, Her Majesty's Opera, London, and elsewhere.

## The Lord of Lorne to his Lady.

(Lines suggested by the First Anniversary of their Marriage, 21st inst.)

OH come to far Argyle, my love!  
And be of Highland hearts the pride—  
Oh come, and Ossian's land of song  
Shall own thy gentle sway, my bride!

Thy home shall be our heath-clad hills  
Washed by the clear Atlantic wave,—  
Where mighty Fingal lived of old,  
Where sleep in death his warriors brave.

Thine own shall be Iona's Isle,  
The brightest gem set in the sea!  
Where rose Columba's sacred pile—  
The Light which bade dark ages flee!

Thy coming like yon sun shall be  
When breaks she\* through the mists at morn—  
When bathed in light our mountains free,  
Oh, what can match the Land of Lorne!

Then come broad Scotland o'er, my love!  
And be of loyal hearts the pride—  
The Land of Burns—the Land of Scott,  
Shall yield thee homage true, my bride!

W. H.

\* In 'Ossian,' and all Gaelic poetry, the sun is feminine.

VIENNA.—The *Der Freischütz* jubilee was celebrated, on the 7th, at the Imperial Operahouse, "*festlich beleuchtet*," as it is called here, or lighted up a *giorno*, as the Italians have it, in honour of the occasion. It was really the fifty-first, and not the fiftieth, anniversary of the production of the opera in the Austrian capital, but the state of political affairs last March prevented any celebration of jubilee then. The performance of the opera was preceded by that of a Hymn, words by Rochlitz, music by Weber, which had not been given for thirty-five years. After a few bars, the curtain rose, and the entire company, ranged in a semi-circle, was perceived drawn up on the stage, the foremost places being occupied by Mesdames Wilt, Gindele, Herren-Müller and Krauss, the artists who took the solos. At the conclusion of the Hymn, Herren Lewinski stepped forward and recited some verses written, in commemoration of the event, by Herr L. A. Frankl. In the opera, the very smallest parts were sustained by leading artists, anxious to show their veneration for the great composer.—One of the principal features at the grand concert just given by the Academic Vocal Association was the *Requiem*, written by Herr Franz Lachner who conducted it himself. The solos were sung by Mesdames Wilt, Gindele, Fillunger, Herren Pirk and Krauss. This last work of the veteran General-Musical-Director of Bavaria was much admired, especially an eight-part "Sanctus."—The Schubert Monument, of which Herr Kundmann is the sculptor, will be unveiled in May. The *Deutsche Zeitung*, speaking of it, says: With the exception of the red granite plinth, the entire monument is of white marble. It will be placed fronting the Wilhelm Palace in the Stadt Park. The statue of the master is completely finished, and the last touches are being put to the bas-reliefs which will adorn the pedestal. Schubert, larger than life, is represented sitting upon a rock. In his lap lies his note-book. In his right hand, which rests upon the trunk of a tree, he holds a pencil, as though about to jot down the melody that has just sprung from his brain. The thick-set figure, in the characteristic costume of the period, including an ample cloak, the broad collar of which is turned down, and the good-natured face, set off by a thick curly head of hair, present us with a most faithful semblance of Schubert's personal appearance.

# MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

## THE DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT,

ON  
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 25th, 1872.  
(Not included in the Subscription.)

### Programme.

#### PART I.

FUGUE, in D major, for organ—Master LE JEUNE	Bach.
SERENADE TRIO, for violin, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI	Beethoven.
SONG, "Deh vien non tardar"—Madame LEMMENS SHERRINGTON	Mozart.
ADAGIO, in F major, for violin—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA	Spohr.
ALLEMANDE, LARGO, and ALLEGRO, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment—Signor PIATTI	Veracini.
SONG, "Adina"—Madame LEMMENS SHERRINGTON	Schubert.
SLUMBER SONG, AUFSCHWUNG, for pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN	Schumann.

#### PART II.

CHACONNE, for violin alone—Herr JOACHIM	Bach.
SONG, "Quando a te Hata"—Madame LEMMENS SHERRINGTON	Gounod.
ANDANTE and SCHERZO (posthumous), for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIEG, STRAUS, and PIATTI	Mendelssohn.
SONG—Madame LEMMENS SHERRINGTON	Meyerbeer.
TRIO, in G major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI	Haydn.
CHORALE, for organ—Master LE JEUNE	Henry Smart.
Conductor	Sir JULES BÉNÉDICT.

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

TWENTY-SECOND SATURDAY CONCERT, MARCH 23rd, 1872.

### PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE, "Leonora, No. 1"	Beethoven.
AIR, "Als gott dich" ( <i>La Juive</i> )—Herr ARNOLD WALDEN (His first appearance)	Haley.
SYMPHONY IN B FLAT (No. 2) MS. (First time)	T. Wingham.
SCENA, "Berthülte" ( <i>Euryanthe</i> )—Mme. PRUCKA-LEUTNER (Her first appearance)	Weber.
AIR, "Glocken gelüte"—Herr ARNOLD WALDEN	Holtzel.
PIANOFORTE CONCERTO (No. 2) in E Flat—Mme. ARABELLA GODDARD (First time at these Concerts)	W. S. Bennett.
WALTZ—Mme. PRUCKA-LEUTNER	Horn.
OVERTURE, "Ruy Blas"	Mendelssohn.
CONDUCTOR	MR. MANNS.

### MARRIAGE.

On the 14th inst., at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Rev. H. Howarth, JAMES LOCK, Esq., to AMY MARIANNE, second daughter of J. F. SELOT, Esq., of Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR. TRIPLE.—Not exactly; Monsigny, it is true, composed the opera, *Le Déserteur*, but not *Une Folie*, which last is by Méhul.

### NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1872.

### MR. GYE'S PROSPECTUS.

NOT long before the great French revolution broke out, a certain man visited Paris for the first time in thirty years. He was a little, wizened, dried-up personage, whom one would pass in the street with just the slightest feeling of curiosity, and straightway forget. Yet, that odd old man, coming up out of the heart of the country, and taking a momentary place in the firmament of kings, princes, nobles, and others of high degree, outshone them all. Wherever the queer little figure was seen—in the palace, in the hall of Assembly, or in the streets—all men became equal in their insignificance, and in their homage. THE MAN was called Voltaire; and just what Voltaire was in the

Paris of his closing days Richard Wagner is in Mr. Gye's opera scheme. The extraordinary personage who, for good or for evil, has become such a power in art, will dominate the Covent Garden season, putting all rivals under his feet. In vain do we read of this, that, and the other work to be produced; of favourite artists coming back to us again, and of new aspirants desiring a share in English honours; these things are overshadowed by Wagner and his *Lohengrin*. The fact was inevitable, for reasons which must be obvious. In the first place, it was inevitable that Wagnerism should gain a footing among us. The famous "silver streak" may keep away material forces, but it is powerless against ideas. "Ruperts" cannot sink an invading thought, nor "Woolwich Infants" smash a principle. As sure, then, as the working of a natural law was the process which, sooner or later, was bound to test the theory and practice of Wagnerism in this country. Under such circumstances, we only regret that the consummation did not arrive earlier; because, if Wagner be a true prophet, we have suffered a deprivation of truth; if a false prophet, the task of stamping him we would now be happily over and done. Nevertheless, to welcome the present signs of his coming; and, unless over-awed by genius, the stupendousness of which Herr Wagner himself avows, we will give him fairer trial than ever heretic yet had.

Here, by the way, it is right that we should notice the terms used by Mr. Gye in announcing *Lohengrin*,—terms which convey an impression that he has long been burning to put the operas of Wagner upon his stage. In this matter, the prospectus kindles our imagination; and we see Mr. Gye laden with copies of *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan und Isolde*, weeping and praying for admission to his own theatre, which has been locked against him by certain potent but shadowy enemies of the prophet. Who, may we ask, are the persons referred to by Mr. Gye, when he speaks of an opposition to his zeal for Wagner? We know them not; we never even heard of anybody having hinted at "barring out" the Wagnerian idea. On all hands the demand has been—Let Wagner come!—*Per contra*, we do suspect the existence of managers who have so often promised Wagner's works, without performing them, as to make the whole affair a joke. Let it be distinctly understood, then, that nothing has stood in the way of Herr Wagner's operas save the hesitancy of those who looked at their production in the light of a doubtful business speculation.

Auber's *Diamants de la Couronne*, one of the unfulfilled promises of last year; *Il Guarany*, a recently composed opera by Carlo Gomes; and a new work, *Gelmina*, by Prince Poniatowski, are announced with *Lohengrin*; but the interest they excite is of the smallest, and should they precede Wagner, the fate of debaters who stand in the way of Bright or Gladstone must be expected.

With reference to the engagements we need do no more than give a summary. The names speak for themselves. They include Madame Adelina Patti, Madame Pauline Lucca, Mdles. Sessi and Scalchi; Madame Miolan-Carvalho, and Madame Monbelli. Madame Sinico—long associated with Her Majesty's Opera—is, this season, included in Mr. Gye's list, as are Madame Demeric-Lablache and Mdles. Corsi and Dell' Anese. Other re-appearances will be those of Signori Naudin, Bettini, Marino, Manfredi, Rossi, Urio, Nicolini, Graziani, Cotogni, Bagagiolo, Ciampi, Capponi, Buccolini, Tagliafico, Fallar, Raguer, and M. Faure. Additions will be made to this array by the engagement of Mdle. Emmy Zimmermann, from the Royal Opera, Dresden;

and Mdle. Marianne Brandt, of the Imperial Opera, Berlin; Herr Koehler, from the Dresden Opera; Mdle. Albani, from the Pergola Theatre, Florence; Madame Saar, from La Scala, Milan; Signor Cesari, from the same; Signor Dodoni, from the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg; and Herr Verenrath, from Copenhagen. Signori Vianesi and Bevigiani are again conductors, and Mr. Carrodus is solo violin. That the scenic arrangements will exhibit the usual splendour, is guaranteed by the name of Mr. A. Harris as manager. The three principal dancers, Mdles. Luraschi, Limedo, and Girod, are all first appearances in England. Mr. Pittman is again organist, Mr. Betjemann, leader of the ballet music, and Mr. D. Godfrey, director of the military band. In association with the Royal Italian Opera, a series of concerts will be given, in the Floral Hall, conducted by Sir J. Benedict.

So far so well. It would be difficult to find fault with a prospectus thus magnificently framed.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE idea of forming a collection of Cremona "strings" at the Vienna Exhibition in 1873 seems to meet with favour among the lucky possessors of those treasures, and a brilliant success is anticipated. The specimens already promised to be shown include examples of Jacob Stainer, the Amati family, Guarnerius, and Stradivarius. Prince Lobkowitz will send twelve instruments, Dr. Schebek of Prague, three, and the Prague Conservatoire, two.

IN Tuesday's sitting of the National Assembly the subvention of the Grand Opéra, the Théâtre Italien, the Lyrique, the Opéra Comique, the Odéon, and the Théâtre Français was debated. The Government and the Committee proposed that the total amount of the subvention for the present year should be 1,680,000f. M. Raudot, as an amendment, proposed the withholding of all subventions to theatres, on account of the present necessities of the State, but subsequently supported an amendment brought forward by M. Jaubert, a member of the Right, reducing the subsidy by 500,000f. M. Jules Simon advocated the subvention of theatres on the grounds of expediency, maintaining that the influence of the French theatre affected all Europe. The speech of M. Jules Simon was warmly applauded by the Left. M. Beulé, the reporter of the Committee, defended the subvention from the public exchequer in a brilliant speech, which elicited prolonged applause from the whole Assembly. The members of the Left supported the Bill from a feeling, as they declared, that to refuse the subvention would be inflicting another blow upon Paris. The Assembly rejected M. Jaubert's amendment by 444 against 224 votes.

#### CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN's fourth pianoforte and vocal concert, at Islington, came off with great success on Thursday evening, March 14. Mr. Wilford Morgan's attractive singing of his own ballad, "My sweetheart when a boy," and two other songs, was warmly recognized by a crowded audience. He was associated with Miss Jessie Royd in a duet, and with Miss Royd and Miss Agnes Drummond in Balfe's trio, "I'm not the Queen." Miss Jessie Royd was encored in "The beating of my own heart," and in an old English ditty. Henry Smart's pretty duettino, "May," was charmingly sung by Miss Drummond and Miss Alice Barnett. Miss Drummond and Miss Barnett were very effective respectively in "Over hill, over dale," and "O Araby, dear Araby." Mrs. John Macfarren, who was cordially received throughout the evening, acknowledged the storm of applause which followed her playing of Brissac's "Scotia," by repeating the concluding portion of the fantasia.

CANDEN TOWN HALL.—A concert took place, March 15th, at the above hall, given by the St. Thomas's Society, at which the following were the principal vocalists:—Miss Cecil and Mdle. Naluganz, Mr. Bundy and Mr. C. J. Bishenden. Mr. Bishenden sang "The Wolf," and being encored, gave "Hearts of Oak," which song was also encored. Mr. Bishenden acknowledged the compliment of a third encore by simply bowing. Mdle. von Praque was the accompanist. The hall was crowded and the concert gave the utmost satisfaction.

THE Bushey Choral Society gave a concert in the Lecture Hall on Monday evening, March 18th, which was well attended by a highly appreciative audience. The singing of the society shows great improvement. Miss Jonge, Miss Cecil, Mr. Norton, and Mr. C. J. Bishenden were the principal vocalists. Mr. C. J. Bishenden was a great attraction, and deserved all the hearty applause he received for his fine singing.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT had a *matinée* at his private residence, on Wednesday, when his pupils "recited" a variety of compositions for the pianoforte, with credit to themselves and their talented master. Among those deserving of special notice were Miss Emma Barnett, sister to the composer, and Miss Florence Phillips. Among the others worthy of particular mention, were the Misses Koppel, Field, Watson, Bertha Meyers, and Mark. Between the parts, Mr. Barnett pleased the company, a very numerous one, by his capital performance of two new pieces of his composition, "Sunrise" and "Sunset." Miss Catherine Barnett was the vocalist; she sang Mozart's "Deh vieni" in a thoroughly artistic style, and well deserved the approbation bestowed upon her performance by the audience.

THE selection of music at the New Philharmonic Society's *soirée*, last Wednesday, comprised Mendelssohn's pianoforte trio in D minor, Herr Janes's trio in E, Beethoven's sonata in E flat, and Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's duo for two pianofortes. The pianists were Miss De Lucie, Miss Carpenter, Herr Ganz, Mr. B. Martineau (amateur), and a lady member. Madame Camilla Urso, the eminent violinist from the Padeloup Concerts at Paris, fairly enchanted the audience by her charming playing, and fully corroborated the favourable opinions previously expressed of her talents. The pianoforte pieces were all admirably sustained and the performances of a young French violoncellist (M. Cros) were immensely applauded. The singing of Madame Demeré Lablache, Miss Herbert, Mr. Penna, and Signor Scuderi formed the chief vocal attractions. Herr Ganz was the conductor.

#### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

##### A SUGGESTED REFORM.

THE *Morning Post* advises the Philharmonic Society to take in hand the blasting trombones and trumpets of modern orchestras. Our high-life contemporary says:—

"The Philharmonic Society is a pattern one, an authority in all matters musical, and the value of its traditions is as great as its influence in art. Numbers of kindred societies, and, indeed, the greater part of the musical world, regard with interest any examples shown by so old and well founded a body; therefore, if certain practices, which have gradually grown almost into abuses, were discountenanced by the society, the effect upon the realm of art would be by no means inconsiderable. Let the first of those remedies be a reform in the production of tone among trumpet and trombone players, so that audiences may hear the qualities of those instruments when employed in *tutti* passages, similar in character to those sought to be obtained by the player when performing solos."

##### "LOHENGRIN" AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE *Telegraph* speaks thus of Mr. Gye's promised novelty:—

"Mr. Gye has issued the prospectus of his approaching season, and, after reading from the first paragraph to the last, we lay it down with a predominating consciousness of Richard Wagner. The phantom of that much-discussed personage has long haunted the prospectuses of English managers, and at one time no document of the sort was complete without a reference to him. References, however, were so long barren that the actual production of *Der Fleigende Holländer*, at Drury Lane, two years ago, took everybody by surprise. That event broke the spell which kept Wagner's operas out of the country, and we must look upon the promise of *Lohengrin*, in Mr. Gye's prospectus, as something more serious than an annual joke. Indeed, Mr. Gye speaks of *Lohengrin* at length, and with significant emphasis, while it is clear that he has specially engaged artists qualified for its interpretation. We may anticipate the work, therefore, with confidence, and this is why Richard Wagner seems to overshadow all other things in the prospectus by his portentous presence. What may be the result of *Lohengrin* at the Royal Italian Opera we shall not venture to predict; but, assuming the worst to art, if a word of ours could prevent it, that word should not be uttered. New ideas are best left to run their natural course, because that which is good in them—and there is good in everything—will add to the sum of human happiness; while that which is bad will, sooner or later, come to naught. *Magna est veritas*, &c.; and, having faith in the wise saying, we would ask for *Lohengrin* and its composer what both will receive at our own hands—a fair field and no favour."

DRESDEN.—Madame Pauline Lucca has just given two performances at the Royal Operahouse, receiving six hundred thalers for each performance. The receipts at the second performances amounted to one thousand nine hundred thalers. Madame Lucca will give two more performances here in April.

## REVIEWS.

*Schubert's Masses.* No. 1, in F; No. 2, in G; No. 3, in B flat; No. 4, in C. Vocal score by EBENEZER PROUT, B.A. [London: Augener & Co.] ADMIRERS of Schubert—an ever-increasing number now-a-days—and the musical public generally should be grateful to Messrs. Augener & Co. for placing within easy reach these earliest efforts of a wonderful genius in the direction of Church music. Schubert began his first Mass in 1814, that is to say when he was barely 17 years of age; the second and third were written in 1815, and the fourth in 1816. They represent, therefore, the ideas and culture of one who was but a mere boy as to length of days, yet it is impossible to examine them without getting a new and deep impression of the astonishing genius which could give them birth under circumstances the most unfavourable. As a matter of course, they present evidence of those circumstances such as critical eyes can hardly fail to discover, but at the same time, there is in them so much of the “divine afflatus” that no one would wish them anything but what they are. A very long essay might be written upon the text these works supply, but we feel sure there is no need for such an essay. We do all that is requisite when we call the attention of our musical readers to the opportunity now afforded them on the cheapest of terms. It may be as well, however, to give an impression as to the work which, of the four, best, represents Schubert's genius, and, in doing so, we fix without hesitancy upon the Mass in G (No. 2). Unequal though the merit of this composition be, it is, take it for all in all, a noble example of its kind, full of those heavenly melodies which Schubert poured forth as though he were, unconsciously, a “medium” of the Seraphim; and marked also by that lofty dignity which should always characterize religious music. But all have rare value, and surely the time cannot be far distant when they will make their way into concert-rooms and places of worship. Our thanks are due to the able editor for the care he has shown, and especially for a pianoforte accompaniment, which leaves nothing to desire. Let us now hope that the publishers will proceed to give us the Masses in A flat (1822), the Grand Mass in E flat (1828), and the “German Mass” (1827). These represent Schubert's sacred art when his genius was in its full glory.

*The Pianoforte Works of F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* Edited by ERNST PAUER. Four volumes. [London: Augener & Co.] THIS edition belongs to the spirited publishers’ “Classics of the Pianoforte,” one of the cheapest, as it is one of the best, products in its way of our age of uncouth excellence. We will indicate the chief contents of each volume, simply premising that both editor and publisher have reason to be proud of the manner in which their work has left their hands. Vol. I contains the two concertos, Capriccio in B minor, Rondo in E flat, and Serenade and Allegro in D. In Vol. II. are Capriccio in F sharp minor, Sonata in E major, seven characteristic pieces, Capriccioso in E, Fantasia on “Last Rose of Summer,” three Caprices (Op. 16), and Fantasia in F sharp minor. Vol. III contains three Caprices (Op. 38), six Preludes and Fugues, the Variations Sérieuses, Andante and Presto in B major, two Musical Sketches, Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Scherzo in B minor, Scherzo à Capriccio in F sharp minor, and Study in F minor. Vol. IV. is devoted to the first six books of *Lieder ohne Worte*. This collection is complete as far as the publishers could make it, and when we say that the whole may be obtained for sixteen shillings—four shillings per volume—it is evident that Messrs. Augener & Co. have made an effort which deserves public support.

*Eighty-two Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment,* by FRANZ SCHUBERT. Edited by ERNST PAUER. [London: Augener & Co.]

EIGHTY-TWO songs by Franz Schubert for six shillings!—less than a penny each! And what songs they are!—these choice selections from the 860, out of near upon 600, which have found their way into the engraver's hands. The wonder is how the editor could have made his choice at all when surrounded by such an *embarras de richesses*. Tradition says that an intelligent quadruped once found itself equi-distant from two bundles of hay of such equal succulence that he starved to death while debating their respective claims upon his stomach. Like this, we imagine, must be the position of an editor who has to choose from the matchless songs of the greatest of German *Lieder* composers. To some extent, however, Herr Pauer's course was clear. He could not overlook “Die Schöne Müllerin,” that most poetic of love stories. Nor could the claims of the *Winterreise* be neglected, for the saddest of life-pictures has, indeed, been drawn by a master's hand. Beyond these works, numbering forty-four *Lieder*, Herr Pauer's choice has fallen upon the collection of fourteen entitled (by the original publishers) *Schwanengesang*. Publishers' titles are not happy, as a rule, but an exception is supplied in this case, the *Lieder* here given being, indeed Schubert's “Swan's Songs,” and the last of them, *Die Taubenpost*, is also the last he ever wrote. The twenty-four which make up the balance of the volume include the “Erl-king,” the “Wanderer,” “The Trout,” “The Young Nun,” “Ave Maria,” the romance from *Rosamund*, “Who is Sylvia?” and others more or less known to English amateurs. This volume ought to be familiar in every musical household.

*Das Wohltemperirte Klavier.* Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues by J. S. BACH. Edited by ERNST PAUER. [London: Augener & Co.]

ABOUT this work it would be as superfluous to say a word as to decant upon the noonday glories of the sun. But Messrs. Augener & Co.'s very cheap and handy edition calls for remark. It is of convenient size—neither too large nor too small—the printing is excellently done, and the whole book turned out with neatness and elegance. As far as we have been able to examine it with critical eye, Herr Pauer's editing has not made a slip, while the value of the edition is much enhanced by a portrait of the fine old composer, and a well-written sketch of his life. There is also a useful thematic index.

*Arrangements for the Organ.* By EBENEZER PROUT. [London: Augener & Co.]

As a rule, we are not disposed to look with much favour upon organ arrangements of music never meant for the instrument, and our indisposition is aggravated by their fast usurping the place of legitimate compositions. Nevertheless, arrangements have their use; when, for example, they put forward music otherwise unknown or unfamiliar. Mr. Prout, we are glad to say, has left the beaten track, and given us works well suited to their new use as well as valuable for their own sake. The volume contains twenty-four pieces, ranging from selections taken out of Bach's little-known Church Cantatas, to Sonata movements by Beethoven. Handel, Mozart, Graun, Cherubini, Haydn, and Dussek have also been laid under contribution, with a result which makes the book one of rare interest. That such an excellent musician and accomplished organist as Mr. Prout has done the work of adaptation well may be assumed. His arrangements (all with pedal *obligato*), are singularly clear; not overcrowded, that is to say, while containing everything essential to artistic completeness. We commend the work, without reserve, to performers on the king of instruments.”

*Madame Sainton-Dolby's Tutor for English Singers (Ladies' Voices).*

PART I. The Formation, Production, and Cultivation of the Voice, with numerous Scales and Exercises. [London: Boosey & Co.] IS her introduction to this work, Madame Sainton-Dolby makes the following observations:—“Though the following exercises are intended for the training of vocalists in all branches, it is my purpose in this work to deal chiefly with those most in vogue among English artists, who seem to lack a book of reference and authority. English by birth, English by education, English at heart, I have long desired to offer to young pupils wishing to devote themselves principally to the study of the foregoing branches of vocal art, the fruits of my long experience in a career to which I own my happiest remembrances. In trying to smooth the difficulties in the path of such students, I only pay a debt of gratitude to my compatriots who encouraged my first steps and applauded my subsequent efforts, and to whom I owe the success of which I am and ever shall feel proud.” The sentiments here expressed are in the highest degree honourable to their writer; and we may, in turn, assure Madame Sainton that, though retired from active service, she is not forgotten. The work, of which a first instalment is before us, promises well. We shall, however, merely draw attention now to the fact of its issue, waiting the completion before venturing upon criticism. Meanwhile, that Madame Sainton's “Tutor” will prove worthy her high reputation, and be a most useful hand-book, nobody doubts.

## LINES FOR MUSIC.

BY A MUSCOVITE ENTHUSIAST.

M<sup>DE</sup>ME. LUCCA

during her starring at St. Petersburg met with nothing like a  
GREAT MISFORTUNE.

The enthusiastic multitude nearly

CRUSHED HER,

and, scarcely had she put her foot on the stage, ere she was  
STRUCK BY LIGHTNING,

flashed from the eyes of the audience, who were awaiting  
her appearance. She seemed overwhelmed by a

THUNDERBOLT,

when the never-ending applause burst forth, and she was  
nearly

QUITE EXHAUSTED

by having continually to answer recalls, besides being almost

BURIED

beneath fragrant flowers, before she left the stage to which  
the St Petersburgers would fain have seen her

CHAINED FOR LIFE.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.

Good Friday at the Crystal Palace is the occasion of what is in many respects a peculiar gathering; it is not exactly a scene of free and thorough gaiety, as on Easter Monday or Boxing Day, but partly a popular holiday, partly a religious meeting. This latter character is especially manifest when the vast assembly (which equals the population of many large towns) rises with one accord and with uncovered heads to join in singing the Evening Hymn, which on these occasions is always an impressive and valued feature. For the concert on Friday next, a long array of artists, headed by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Rudersdorf, and Mr. Sims Reeves are engaged to sing, while the Company's Band, the Crystal Palace Choir, the Band of the Coldstream Guards, and the mighty Handel Organ, under the hands of Mr. Coward, will sustain the great concert, which will be, as usual, conducted by Mr. Manns. Owing to the extreme mildness of the present season, the grounds (early as is the period on which Easter falls this year), are already clothed with vernal green. Trees and flowering shrubs are budding, and spring flowers begin to peep from every nook and cranny.

For Easter a beautiful novelty is being prepared. Mr. E. L. Blanchard has been commissioned to write an original Poetical Allegory or Masque, which will be mounted on the great stage with exceeding beauty of scenery and accompaniments, and will be produced for the first time on Easter Monday. It is entitled, *A Legend of the Spring, or the Victory of the Sunbeam*, and will be full of the deliciousness of flowers. We are to witness the banishment of King Winter by a fairy Sunbeam, at whose bidding flowers are to spring forth from mossy banks. In the Ballet which follows, and which is to be arranged by Mr. Cormack, of the Royal Italian Opera, the flowers will be personated in a manner as attractive as it will be novel. Village sports and pastime of the olden time, reproduced with absolute accuracy from Strutt, will follow with grotesque dances by antiquated Masks and Mummors. This will be followed by the victorious burst of sunshine, when gushing torrents and flowing rills of real water will be produced, and the whole will close with a grand floral Rose Ballet. This will be the first time a purely original dramatic work has been produced at the Crystal Palace.

The Aquarium continues to be as great an attraction as ever. Public curiosity is continually on the alert, as every week fresh arrivals of rare creatures are reported. A few days ago a wondrous ten-armed Cuttle was to be seen; now we have for the first time in any Aquarium, some curiously beautiful Green Star Fishes, some little comical creatures called Lump Suckers, and real Corals from the shores of the Mediterranean.

Special arrangements have been made to run trains as often as required to the Palace, access to which is rendered easy by the number of routes to it. Indeed, the Crystal Palace has now become the centre of a large number of radiating lines of Railway, thus—by Kensington communication is attained with almost all the lines leading into London. Additional facilities are also now available *via* Croydon and Norwood Junction. The South Western and other lines in connection with Clapham Junction afford easy access to the Palace—from Richmond, Kingston, Putney, &c.; while the service of trains from the Metropolitan Termini—Kensington, Victoria, and London Bridge, on the Brighton Company's system—and Victoria, Ludgate Hill, and Blackfriars (not omitting the new line by Blackheath and Lewisham), to the High Level Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway; the latter also bringing the Midland and Great Northern trains.

The average number of visitors on Good Friday, during the last ten years has been 46,057, and should there be fine weather, there is little doubt that the number this year will be greatly in excess.

MILAN.—The Scala had to be closed, on several evenings lately, and the career of *Aida* temporarily stopt, in consequence of the two tenors, Signori Fancelli and Perotti, being laid up with colds. *Der Freischütz* is shortly to be produced with a new *prima donna*, a German lady of the name of Saar, who has been engaged on purpose.—That lively fair septuagenarian, Madame Dejazet, has been drawing excellent houses at the Teatro Santa Radegonda. *La Princesse Georges*, of Alexandre Dumas, *fil.*, has been among the pieces produced by the French company, but the public would not have it at any price.

## WAIFS.

Mr. Gye and Mr. A. Harris returned from Italy on Thursday.

The Paris Opéra Comique will be closed for repairs, &c., during two months this summer.

M. Jourdan, who appeared at the Royal Italian Opera last season, is engaged at the Brussels Monnaie.

The tempest in the operatic teapot at Cairo has subsided, and Signor Bottesini, once more, navigates a calm sea.

M. Mason, the lately dismissed conductor at the Lyrique, has taken the musical direction of the Brussels Monnaie.

Mr. Goer, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, received the honour of knighthood at Windsor Castle on Tuesday last.

Miss Clara Doria, who is still in America, has been re-engaged by Mr. Carl Rosa for the Italian season of the Parepa-Rosa company.

Mr. Blanchard has written an Easter masque for the Crystal Palace, called *A Legend of Spring*, which will be produced with spectacular effects.

Mr. Gilmore's life has been insured for the sum of 200,000 dols., for the period of six months, for the benefit of guarantors of the Jubilee Fund.

Mdme. Patey's name should have been included in the lists of artists we named last week as being engaged for the ensuing Worcester Festival.

The Paris Théâtre Italien has made but a poor opening with *La Traviata*, and the journals consequently speak of M. Verger's enterprise in doubtful terms.

In some remarks on musical doings at Edinburgh, *L'Europe Artist* calls Professor Oakley, "Professor Pékeley," and speaks of a journal styled *The Seatsman*.

The Municipality of Bologna have withdrawn the subvention from the Communal Theatre since Wagner's *Lohengrin* was produced. *Post hoc—ergo, propter hoc?*

It is said that Verdi has nearly, if not quite, completed an opera funded on the last comedy of Dumas *fil.*, and entitled *La Principessa Giorgio*. We should not be much surprised.

One society in reporting for the chorus of the Boston Festival, bases its claim on the strength of having for director a tenor "who sings high C with all the ease of an eagle's scream."

Mr. Mapleson is said to have engaged for the forthcoming opera season a tenor called Signor Campanini (from Rome), a worthy successor of Mario and Giuglini. It is to be hoped that report may not turn out a liar in this instance.

The French government having increased the subvention of the Grand opera to 820,000 francs, M. Halanzier will keep his doors open. A cry is now raised for additional help to the Opéra Comique and the Théâtre Italien.

There is a prospect of peace again in Berlin. Madame Lucca shortly comes to London, and Madame Mallinger has withdrawn her resignation in view, perhaps, of that event. Will not the ladies "kiss and make it up," before they part?

Mr. Halliday's Easter drama for the Adelphi Theatre is to be called *Miriam*—adapted from Harrison Ainsworth's novel of *The Miser's Daughter*. Mr. Fernandez will be the miser, and Mr. Brittain Wright his man, Jacob Post.

We understand that it is on the cards that Mdle. Tietjens will be absent from London for a month this summer, having received most tempting offers to sing at Mr. Gilmore's Monster Jubilee Festival at Boston, in the United States.

Mdile. Bundeen is with Mr. Mapleson's operatic party at Edinburgh. The young Swedish vocalist has been singing the parts of Urbano (*Les Huguenots*), and Smeaton (*Anna Bolena*), with considerable success, according to the reports of the local journals.

Mdile. Teresa Carrefio, the charming South American pianist, has foresworn instrumental music, and is now learning singing from Signor Fontana. She has a fine, pure, high soprano voice; and during Mr. Mapleson's recent tour she sustained the role of Marguerite de Valois in the *Huguenots*, very successfully, though it was her *début* as an operatic vocalist, and she only sang on a sudden emergency.

Mr. W. A. Barrett, of St. Paul's, gave his entertainment on Irish Lyric Humour, a few evenings since at Dunn's Literary Institute, Newington Causeway. The lecture, an excellent literary composition, was well and fully illustrated, the chief selections being, "St. Patrick," "Pat was a darling boy," "Mr. Michael O'Muff," "Dermont McFigg," "Be a good boy," "Widow Maloney," "Murphy Delany," "St. Patrick's Birthday," "Bryan O'Linn," "Leather Breeches," "The Finigins," "Groves of Blarney," and "Teddy-a-Gra." Mr. Barrett's singing was successful both in humorous and in dramatic pieces.

We read in *L'Art Musical* that Mr. Gye, accompanied by Mr. Augustus Harris, passed through Paris a week or two ago, en route for Milan, to witness the representation of *Aida*.

The Prince of Wales arrived on Saturday at Nice by the two o'clock train, and was present the same evening at the first representation of *Cendrillon*, at the French Theatre. Madame Victoria Lafontaine achieved a great success on the occasion. During the entrance the chief of the orchestra ordered "God Save the Queen" to be played, and the Prince of Wales bowed very graciously in acknowledgment of three rounds of applause.

The *Scotsman* of March 15th said:—

"The short season of operatic performances to which we have been listening lately closed last night with *Fidelio*—the occasion being the benefit of Mlle. Tietjens, who took the part of Leonora. The touching story of the wife's devotion, and the success which at length crowns her heroism, comes pleasantly after the sentimental troubles of Maria and Rosina, and scarcely less so after the painful horrors of the *Huguenots*. It is fortunate for the world that Beethoven, for his only opera, succeeded in getting a story on the translation of which into sound he could worthily throw all his genius, until story and music seem to have become one harmonious and inseparable whole."

Writing from Fianarantsoa, on Nov. 13, to the Rev. W. Ellis, Mr. George Shaw says:—"I am very glad, thanks to my friend and former pastor, Mr. Curwen, that I am a Tonic Sol-faist, for the people here are passionately fond of music. I have a class in the school of 150 or 200, who already can sing from the notes. Next week I shall commence classes in the churches for the adults, and these I have no doubt will be well attended. They think it something almost beyond belief that they can sing from a book as they can read from one. During every lesson in school, the windows and door-ways are thronged with people who come to hear their children 'do, re, mi,' and 'ga'ja' at the performance."

At the Operahouse, Halévy's *Juive* was given, with Madame Lucca as the heroine. The lady is, beyond a doubt, acting wisely, in somewhat extending her list of parts, about which she has of late been a little too indifferent, and in restoring to it certain characters of great weight and significance. She and the public gain equally, for so rich and energetic a nature as hers requires elbow-room; it needs being continually brought into contact with something which has not quite become a mere matter of habit. It is many a year since we saw Madame Lucca as Rachel. With its hot dramatic blood, always placed in the very focus of the most powerfully tragic incidents, the character seems as though it had been written on purpose for the eminent plastic powers of our *prima donna*. Having other business requiring our presence, we could not remain after the end of the second act of a performance, productive, in the highest degree, of the most elevated emotions. Each separate situation presented an intellectual tone-picture, as masterly by the nicest exactness of outline, as by the warmth and brilliancy of its colours. From out the tear-laden romance; the duet, jubilant with love; and the trio, replete with suffering, as in every other instance, a broad, full stream of the most irresistible emotion filled the soul of the auditor, Madame Lucca's voice absolutely overflowing with mellowness and health. Most lavish of its treasures, it now died away in the gentlest breath, and then burst forth into the grandest volume of sound.—*Berlin Post*.

George Macdonald has somewhere said that every Scotsman either is himself a poet or has a brother who is. As I have previously had occasion to remark, these multitudinous bards have universally turned their attention to the composition of songs. They have been inspired by the old lays with which from childhood onwards they have been familiar. They are moved by the ambition (most worthy in itself) to add some little store to the country's wealth. Burns's longing

"To sing a sang at least,  
For pair auld Scotland's sake,"

has found an echo in more Scottish hearts than almost any other feeling we could name. And who can say how much good this desire to sing has brought to the nation? It has bound the various members of the race in an indissoluble bond. It has linked the present to the past. The songs "my mither sang" were also those which her mother and her mother's mother had sung. They were associated with the pleasant memories of generations, and they knit therefore the living to the dead, the old world to the modern. Consider also the effect such songs must have had on the tastes of those who sung them. A man cannot familiarise himself "with things of beauty" without receiving into his heart a part of the beauty. If he love gallant actions, he must ultimately strive to perform such. If he venerate the kindly hospitable "ingle neuk" he cannot but strive to make his own fireside a happy, pleasure-giving spot. So to a great degree our Scottish song has undoubtedly acted.

The *Belfast Morning News* speaking of a performance given by the Gaiety Opera troupe in that town, says of Miss Emily Muir, whose clever performance in Hérve's at the Lyceum will be remembered:—

"The honours of the evening were closely contested by Miss Muir, whose acting is admirable, and whose accurately-trained voice only requires a little more power to make her an acquisition to any company. Her solo in the first act was sung with much feeling and expression, and was warmly demanded."

The celebrated pianist and composer, Signor Thalberg, left at his death one of the richest and most varied collection of autograph musical scores extant, to the selection of which he devoted much of his time. The manuscript orchestral score include works by Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini, Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, Bellini, Mendelssohn, and other renowned composers. His widow (a daughter of the late Signor Lablache) has decided to sell this rare collection, devoting the proceeds to some public charity. The manuscripts will be sold by Messrs. Detken and Rochall, librarians, Piazza del Plebiscito Naples.

The Manchester people were very nearly being deprived of their Italian operatic treat this week, on Monday, for just before the curtain drew up for *Il Barbiere*, at the Queen's Theatre, some of the scenery was discovered to be on fire, and of course the hose was covered by a heap of properties. Thanks however to the energy and tact of Mr. Roper, Mr. Mapleson's stage manager, the flames were extinguished after destroying the coverings of some battens and two or three cloths. Mlle. Colombo, the Rosina of the evening, had to go on the stage in goloshes. These fires in theatres make us wonder why all canvas about a theatre is not made unflammable.

## ON A SECOND SYMPHONY BY RITTER.

(Extract from an article in the "New York Herald" of March 4th)

"Of course the principal feature of interest was the new work by Mr. F. L. Ritter, a musician of high standing in this city. This gentleman was conductor of the New York Harmonic Society for many years, and he has been a valuable contributor to musical art by his lectures, literary and musical works, and especially by his songs, which are worthy to be placed beside those of Schumann and Schubert. His first symphony, which, if we mistake not, was played here at one of Thomas's concerts, displayed talent of a high order; therefore high expectations were formed of his second symphony, which expectations we regret to say, were not fulfilled. It is probably too much to expect entire originality nowadays from orchestral composers; but we expect, at least, cleverness in plagiarising or appropriating the ideas of others. It is not everybody who can steal judiciously, and make good use of the "loot." Mr. Ritter's work is a curious and ill put together patchwork of Schumann, Schubert, Spohr, Mendelssohn and Liszt. We might refer to others from whom the main ideas in this work were borrowed, but those whom we have mentioned will suffice. The *scherzo*, which, oddly enough is joined to the first movement, is the best movement in the symphony, and yet Schumann wrote a work, called *Overture, Scherzo and Finale*, which is very like it. The *andante* is very commonplace, and entirely different from movements under the same name in standard symphonic works. If the composer had left the ideas which he borrowed from Schubert's symphony in C in their original form it would have been better for this movement. A weak imitation of the boisterous effects of Liszt is introduced in the *finale*, but the master mind is wanting. It may be that Mr. Ritter suffered in the interpretation of his work; for the Philharmonic orchestra has become very careless and slovenly of late in the rendering of even the best known works, but the composition itself will never command the attention or admiration of a true musician."

[The foregoing, from our sagacious New York contemporary, possesses all the more interest in as much as we heard it bruted that there is some idea of a symphony by Ritter being produced at the Crystal Palace.—A.S.S.]

## MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

- ROBERT COCKS & Co.—"God bless the Prince of Wales" (new edition), with an arrangement for the organ for use in churches, by Brinley Richards; "The Vesper Bell," by W. S. Rockstro; "Troubled, but not distressed," by W. T. Wrighton; "Adieu, ye forest glades," and "We met, and never have parted," by FRANK ABT; "The German Hymn," for piano, by Frank Walpole.  
BOOSER & Co.—"Madame Sainton's Tutor for English Singers," part 2; "Festival March and Song of Thanksgiving," for the piano, by L. G. Hawley.  
WEEKES & Co.—"Ever Away" by Gottlieb Bauer.  
W. MONTLEY.—"The Bridge that spans the Brook," by W. F. Taylor. "Our Queen," by R. Limpus.  
WEEKES & Co.—"Melodious and characteristic pieces," "Lovely Flowers" by Horton C. Allison.  
D. COLVILLE.—"The Look Alive gallop," by H. K. Karr.  
TOWN AND COUNTY BOOK SOCIETY.—"Toccata," by A. Maurel.  
STRAHAN & Co.—Tunes to hymns in "The Rivalry," by the late Rev. T. T. Lynch.  
G. W. MARTIN.—"Oh! that we were maying;" "Hush thee darling;" "Lovers' Vows;" Songs and "Thanksgiving Hymn," by G. W. Martin.

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## STERNDAL BENNETT SCHOLARSHIP.

A Scholarship, called "The Sterndale Bennett Scholarship," has been founded by subscription, as a Testimonial to Sir Sterndale Bennett (Principal of the Royal Academy of Music), and will be CONTESTED FOR on SATURDAY, the 26th of April.

It is open to competition, at Ten o'clock, in any branch of Music for male candidates only (being British born subjects), between the ages of 14 and 21 years.

A preliminary Literary Examination will take place at the Institution, by the Rev. H. Duckworth, M.A., on MONDAY, the 18th of April, at Ten o'clock.

The successful candidate will be entitled to two years' free education in the Royal Academy of Music.

Certificate of birth must be produced. No application to compete can be received after SATURDAY, the 13th of April.

By order,

JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,  
 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

## THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING.

**SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS, at ST. GEORGE'S HALL.**—Director, Mr. WILHELM GANZ.—FIFTH CONCERT, THIS EVENING (Saturday) at Eight. Haydn's Quartet in D major, Op. 64, for strings; Mozart's Piano-forte Quartet in G minor, and Beethoven's Piano-forte Trio in E flat, Op. 1. Executants—Herr Hugo Heermann (violinist from Frankfurt, his first appearance). Messrs. Jung, Richard Blagrove, Paque, and Wilhelm Ganz. Vocalists—Mesdames Liebhart and Demerice Lablache. Conductor—Signor RAMBERG. Stalls, 4s.; Balcony, 2s. 6d.; Admission 1s. At Chappell's; at St. George's Hall; and of Mr. Ganz, 15, Queen Anne Street, W.

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The HAND will be complete, and comprise members of the Orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, &c. Solo Harp—Mr. John Thomas.

The CHORUS will consist of members of the Choir of the Oratorio Concerts (by the kind permission of the Directors and Mr. J. Barnby).

The Second Part of the Programme will be a MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION OF MUSIC.

The following eminent Artists will also appear—MADAME LEMMENS SHERINGTON, M. PATEY, M. MAYBRIK, and MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

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Stalls, 10s. 6d.; balcony, 5s.; area and gallery, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and the principal Musiciansellers.

## THURSDAY NEXT.

**NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.**—

Conductor—Mr. G. W. MARTIN. The THIRTEENTH ANNUAL PASSION WEEK PERFORMANCE of the "MESSIAH," on THURSDAY next, 28th instant, at half-past Seven. Principal Vocalists—Miss Matilda Scott, Miss Palmer, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Lander. Organist—Mr. J. G. Boardman. Trumpet—Mr. J. Harper. Tickets—Reserved area, 5s. and 10s. 6d.; unreserved, 1s. and 3s.; western gallery, 2s.—are now ready, and may be had at 14 and 15, Exeter Hall, and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

**SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W.**—President, Sir JULIUS BERNARDI; Director, Herr SCHUBERT.

SIXTH SEASON, 1872. The next Concerts of the Society, this Season, will take place on Thursday April 4th, May 9th, and June 13th. The Concerts of the Schubert Society afford an excellent opportunity for young rising artists to make their appearance in public. Prospectus and full particulars on application to H. G. HOPKIN, Hon. Sec.

## SIR STERNDAL BENNETT'S SECOND CONCERTO.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD will play Sir STERNDAL BENNETT'S Second Concerto in E flat, No. 2, at the Crystal Palace (conducted by Mr. Mann), THIS DAY, Saturday, March 23rd, and at the Gentlemen's Concert, Manchester (conducted by Mr. Charles Hallé), Monday, March 25.

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**THE SPECIAL LOAN EXHIBITION OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,** made before 1800, together with Drawings and Cases of Ancient Instruments, will be OPENED at the SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM in the month of June, 1872.

It is requested that any information bearing on the subject may be communicated by possessors of instruments and others, to the Secretary of the Musical Instruments' Exhibition Committee, South Kensington Museum, London, W.

## MDLLE. CARLOTTA PATTI.

MDLLE. CARLOTTA PATTI will shortly arrive in London, and would accept Engagements for a limited number of Public and Private Concerts. Applications to be made to Mr. Maurice Strakosch, 106, Boulevard Haussmann, Paris.

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## "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Mr. Ransford's Concert, St. James's Hall, April 11th.

## "SWEET EVENING AIR."

MR. VERNON RIGBY will sing WILFORD MORGAN'S new Song, "SWEET EVENING AIR," at Mr. Ransford's Concert, St. James's Hall, April 11th.

MR. SANTLEY will return to London on the termination of his engagement with the FAHEPA-ROSA OPERA COMPANY at the Academy of Music, New York, about the middle of May. All communications to be addressed to Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street, London, W.

## MISS ROSE HERSEE.

The Fourteen Weeks Provincial Tour of Miss ROSE HERSEE, as Prima Donna Assoluta of the NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY, will terminate at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, Saturday, March 30th, after which date she will be at liberty to accept Oratorio, Opera, or Concert Engagements. 39, Fitzroy Square, W.

## MDLLE. THERESE LIEBE.

MDLLE. THERESE LIEBE (violinist) begs to announce her Return from her Provincial Tour, and that she will remain in London for the Season. Communications about Engagements for Concerts, Soirees, Quartet Parties, &c., to be addressed to Mdlle. Liebe's residence, No. 7, Saunderson Road, Royal Crescent, Notting Hill, W.

MR. WILBYE COOPER begs to inform his Friends and the Public that he has returned to Town. Letters respecting Oratorios, Concerts, Pupils, &c., address, 19, Great Portland Street, Oxford Circus, W.

MR. GREAVES (Bass).—All Applications for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., to Mr. Cunningham, Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street.

## REMOVAL.

MR. and MADAME PATEY beg to announce their Removal from Burgley Road to No. 12, Primrose Hill Road, N.W.

MR. ARTHUR BYRON begs to announce that he is prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. All applications to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

## THE GUITAR.

MADAME SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to inform her friends and pupils, that she is in town for the Season, and at liberty to accept Engagements for Private Parties, and Lessons. 38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS FENNELL begs to announce that she is in London for the Season, and prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, Soirees, &c. All communications to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

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## THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

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NEXT WEEK.

Debut of Mdlle. Marie Rose.

On **TUESDAY NEXT**, April 30 (first time this season) Gounod's Opera, "FAUST." Faust, Signor Vissani; Mephistopheles, Signor Foll; Wagner, Signor Casaboni; Valentine, Signor Mendicore; Elbel, Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini; Martha, Mdlle. Baermeister; and Margherita, Mdlle. Marie Rose (her first appearance in England).

Mdlle. Tietjens—Madame Trebelli-Bettini.

Subscription Night (being the "second" of the seven Subscriptions—Thursdays announced in the prospectus).

On **Thursday Next**, May 2, will be repeated Rossini's opera, "SEMIRAMIDE." Semiramide, Mdlle. Tietjens; Arsace, Madame Trebelli-Bettini.

Debut of Signor Italo Campanini.

Tietjens—Trebelli-Bettini—Rota—Campanini.

On **Saturday**, May 4, "LUCREZIA BORGIA." Gennaro, Signor Italo Campanini (his first appearance in this country); Il Duca Alfonso, Signor Rota (his first appearance in this country); Maffeo Orsini, Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mdlle. Tietjens.

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## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

### PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

**THIS EVENING (Saturday), April 27,** will be performed Bellini's Opera, "LA SONAMBULA." Ampia, Mdlle. Alhoni.

Extra Night.

On **MONDAY NEXT**, April 29th, Mozart's Opera, "IL FLAUTO MAGICO."

On **TUESDAY NEXT**, April 30th, Flotow's Opera, "MARTHA." Lady Euriethia, Mdlle. Alhoni (her first appearance in that character).

Extra Night.

On **THURSDAY NEXT**, May 2nd (for the first time this season), Beethoven's Opera, "FIDELIO." Leonora, Mdlle. Brandt (her first appearance in England).

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On **SATURDAY**, May 4th, Meyerbeer's Romantic Opera, "DINORAH." Dinorah, Madame Adeline Patti (her first appearance this season).

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**CRYSTAL PALACE.—Under the Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, and with the sanction of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.**—The Directors have the honour to announce a **GRAND FESTIVAL in CELEBRATION of the RECOVERY of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales**, on **Wednesday**, May 1st.

The absence abroad of the Prince and Princess of Wales will prevent their being present on this occasion, but the Directors are empowered to announce that their Royal Highnesses the Princess Louise, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Cambridge intend to honour the Festival with their presence.

With the view to give fitting expression to the feelings which have prompted this National Celebration, the Directors have commissioned Mr. Arthur Sullivan to compose a grand "Te Deum" for Soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, to be performed by a force of exponents numbering more than 2,500 performers. Soprano solo, Mdlle. Tietjens.

The band will be composed of the most eminent players, professional and amateur. The chorus will be the London contingent of the Handel Festival Choir, by the kind concurrence of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

The second part of the concert will consist of a Miscellaneous Selection of Music, orchestral, solo, and choral, including the overtures to "Semiramide," and "Freischütz," the "Nightingale Chorus," "God bless the Prince of Wales," &c. The solo by Mdlle. Tietjens, Signor Fancelli, and Signor Foll. Conductor—Mr. MANN.

The Palace will open on this occasion at 12 o'clock. The "Te Deum" will commence at 4. There will be a Grand Display of the Fountains, with Military Bands on the Terrace, at 6.15; and at 9.0 there will be a Display of Fireworks, with devices appropriate to the occasion.

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Patron—His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES. Conductor—Mr. JOHN THOMAS. SECOND SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT, MONDAY Evening, May 6th, at Eight o'clock. Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Megan Watts, &c. Pianoforte—Mr. Brinley Richards. Harp—Mr. John Thomas (Harapist to Her Majesty the Queen). Accompanists—Mrs. Henry Davies and Mr. W. H. Thomas. Reserved and Numbered Stalls, 6s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s.; Admission, 1s. To be obtained of Messrs. Lamborn Cook & Co., 63, New Bond Street; and at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS; of all Musicians, and of J. Watkyn Jones, Esq., Hon. Sec., 25, St. John Street Road, E.C., to whom all those desirous of joining the Choir should apply.

### COHUBERT SOCIETY.—BETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley

Street, W.—President, Sir Julius Benedict; Director, Herr Schumann. SIXTH SEASON, 1872. The next Concerts of the Society this Season will take place on Thursdays, May 9th and June 13th. The Concerts of the Cohubert Society afford an excellent opportunity for young rising artists to make their appearance in public. Prospectus and full particulars on application to H. G. Herrmann, Hon. Sec.

## NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The

SECOND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT will take place at St. James's Hall, on WEDNESDAY next, May 1st, when will be performed Spohr's Symphony, "DIE WEIHE DES TONO," commonly called "The Power of Sound"; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; and Dr. F. Hiller's Concerto in F sharp minor. Pianist—Miss Kate Roberts. Violinist—Herr Herrmann. Vocalist—Mdle. Lemmens-Sherrington. Conductor—Professor Wylda, Mus. Doc.

## MR. SAINTON will give THREE MATINEES OF

CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on FRIDAYS, May 10th, 24th, and JUNE 7th, to commence at Three o'clock. Instrumentalists—MM. Sainton, Amor, Wacfelgheln, and Lasserre. Pianoforte—Mons. Delaborde. Vocalists—Miss Julia Wigan and Miss Rose Martell (pupils of Madame Sainton Dolby, their first appearance in London), Madame Rita, and Signor Federici. Accompanist—Mr. Thoulens. Subscription for the series, one guinea; Single Tickets, half a guinea. To be had of Messrs. Chappell, 50, New Bond Street; Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Mr. Hall, Hanover Square Rooms; Mr. Sainton, 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park; Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street; and at the usual Musicians and Libraries.

## MDLE. BONDY begs to announce that her ANNUAL

MORNING CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY, 11th May, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, to commence at Three. Vocalists—Madame Fierme Lancel, Miss Frenle, Herr Carl Bohrer. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Mdle. Bondy; Violin, Herr Josef Ludwig; Viola, Mr. W. H. Hann; Violoncello, M. Vieuxtemps. Conductors—Mr. Busch, Mr. Schubert, and Mr. Elanck. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Family Tickets (to admit three) one guinea; Unreserved Seats, 5s., to be had of Mr. Hall, at the Rooms, and of Mdle. Bondy, 17, South Millon Street, Grosvenor Square.

## MR. SALAMAN'S EVENING CONCERT, TUESDAY,

May 7th, ST. GEORGE'S HALL. Particulars later. Area stalls, 10s. 6d. Balcony Stalls, 7s.; Unreserved, 5s., and 2s.—39, Baker Street, W.

## THE ORPHEONIC OCTETT, comprising two Sopranos,

two Contraltos, two Tenors, and two Basses, with Pianoforte Accompanist and Soloist, under the direction of Mr. J. A. SMYTH, will appear at the Opening of the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, SOUTH KENSINGTON, April 27th. Applications relative to engagements to be made to Mr. J. A. SMYTH, care of Duncan Davison, 244, Regent Street; or at his residence, 59, Wood Street, Woolwich.

## MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—MAY 2.—ST.

JAMES'S HALL. Eight o'clock. Sacred and Secular Music. Soloists, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Maybrick.—Stalls, 6s.; Family ticket, for four, 21s.

## MR. HENRY LESLIE'S OHOIR. — Carissimi's

"JONAH."—In consequence of the great success of this most interesting work at its first performance this season, and of a very general request for its repetition, it will be performed on THURSDAY Evening next, May 2. Jonah, Mr. Maas. The narrative by Miss Ellen Horne, Miss Alice Barnett, Mr. Reginald, and Mr. Maybrick. The pianoforte score, 3s.; and Tickets at L. Cook & Co.'s, 63, New Bond Street; and Cramer Wood, & Co., 201, Regent Street.

## SIGNOR GIULIO ALARY begs to announce that he

has arrived in town for the Season. Address, 4, Piccadilly, W.

### "LITTLE BROOMS."

MISS BLANCHE REIVES will sing "LITTLE BROOMS," from Offenbach's "Lischen and Fritschen," at THE HOAM, Kennington, 30th April.

## MR. SANTLEY will return to London on SATURDAY,

May 11th. All communications to be addressed to Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street, London, W.

### MDLLE. THERESE LIEBE

MDLLE. THERESE LIEBE (violinist) begs to announce her Return from her Provincial Tour, and that she will remain in London for the Season. Communications about Engagements for Concerts, Soirées, Quartet Parties, &c., to be addressed to Mdle. Liebe's residence, No. 7, Sander's Road, Royal Crescent, Notting Hill, W.

## "JONAH." Sacred Cantata, by CARISSIMI. Adapted to

English words by HENRY LESLIE. Just published, 6vo, nett 3s. Separate parts, Sopranos, 2s.; Contraltos, 2s.; Tenor, 2s.; Bass, 2s. 3d. Tenor Song separately, folio size, postage free for 18 stamps. LAMBORN COOK & CO., 63, New Bond Street; and CRAMER, WOOD & CO.

## MY FATHER'S BIBLE. NEW SONG. Words by

T. OLIPHANT. Music by BRINLEY RICHARDS. "The poetry is very touching, and the melody equal to anything Mr. Richards has ever written." 2s. Post free at half-price.

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## ORGANIST WANTED for Fulham Parish Church.

Three services on Sundays, and occasional services on Saints' days, and in Lent and Advent. He will be expected to train the Choir. Salary, £40. Application to be made, by letter only, before May 1st, to Rev. F. H. Fisher, Vicar, Fulham, with References, and copies of recent Testimonials.

PRESENTATION TO SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," April 20th.)

Musical people have often been told, with a sneer more or less pointed, that they can never agree, and we are not prepared to say that the assertion is wholly founded on pure invention. But the scene presented in St. James's Hall, yesterday, showed beyond all question not only that they are sometimes of one mind, but that at such times "their unanimity is wonderful." The spacious room was crowded to excess; professors of every rank and class, and amateurs distinguished and undistinguished, having assembled to honour the greatest living representative of English music by presenting Professor Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc., M.A., D.C.L., with a testimonial. Never did a more representative crowd meet together for such a purpose; and the hearty enthusiasm shown could not possibly have been exceeded. In point of fact, the divine Muse enjoyed the rare opportunity of seeing her children make up a "happy family"—all differences of faith and practice being merged in a common purpose. Much has been written, and more said, against testimonials, possibly with some good result, as we hear less of complimentary dinners and silver "services" now, than at a time not far distant. But there are testimonials and testimonials—some having their ultimate object in an addition to the family plate; others which seek to honour a man's worth by making his name the symbol of a good and useful action. The mark of esteem yesterday presented to Sir Sterndale Bennett has a place in the second category. We cannot better describe it, and the conditions of its inception, than in the words of the promoters: "At a meeting of the Professors of the Royal Academy of music, which took place at the Institution on the 22nd of April, 1871, it was unanimously resolved that it is desirable to offer Sir W. Sterndale Bennett a testimonial of the cordial sympathy of musical artists and lovers of music in the distinguished honour that has recently been conferred on him by our most gracious Sovereign, and that this testimonial consist in the endowment of a biennial male scholarship in the Royal Academy of Music, called 'The Sterndale Bennett Scholarship,' and of an annual prize to a female Student in the institution, called 'The Sterndale Bennett Prize.'" Royal honours have the power of demonstrating the worth of their recipients, or we might here wonder how it was that the genius of Sterndale Bennett did not meet with recognition in some such formal way at an earlier time. Indeed, we are not sure that the faculty just mentioned would suffice to make wonder uncalled for in this case, were it not aided by a remark which fell from Mr. G. A. Macfarren at yesterday's meeting. Mr. Macfarren dwelt strongly on the fact that the knighthood of Professor Bennett exalted the members of his class to the rank of gentlemen, and he even intimated that this consideration had something to do with the testimonial they were met to present. The speaker being himself a musician of high rank, we must assume him to be well acquainted with the status of his profession, and our obvious duty is to felicitate that profession upon the advance it made when Dr. Bennett received the accolade. It seems that, *pace* Robert Burns, there is a good deal in the "guinea's stamp" after all. But, whether as an honour to the newly-created knight, or as a mark of gratitude for a rise in the social scale, the Bennett Testimonial met with favour, and upwards of £1,000 had been contributed by more than six hundred persons prior to the ceremony we have now to describe.

Into that ceremony the æsthetic element entered largely; instead of "all the delicacies of the season," the company were regaled with sweet sounds by way of preparation for inevitable speeches. The sight was novel, as the chairman, Sir J. D. Coleridge, M.P., took his place, having Sir Sterndale Bennett on his right hand, and being surrounded by a crowd of distinguished professor and amateurs. In the orchestra behind the chair was stationed the band of the Philharmonic Society, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cousins. The pupils of the Royal Academy of Music occupied the galleries on either hand; and in the balcony at the end of the room were the members of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, headed by their chief. The music performed under such peculiar circumstances was chosen, as a matter of course, from the works of the hero of the occasion, and consisted of the *Naiades* overture, and two part-songs—"Come live with me," and "Sweet

stream," the last being one of Sir Sterndale's most recent compositions. As regards the overture we can say little that is new. For more than thirty years it has represented the genius of our gifted countrymen wherever lovers of classical music are found; and it is to-day as young and fresh as when its beautiful imaginativeness first charmed the public taste. The Philharmonic orchestra, under Mr. Cousins's skilful guidance, played the work *con amore*, and was rewarded with loud and continued applause. Worthy to rank, in their way, on an equality with the overture, are the graceful part-songs selected, and these, it is well-nigh superfluous to add, were sung with exquisite finish by Mr. Leslie's choir; "Come live with me" especially delighting the company, and having to be repeated. The welcome feast of music ended—its courses were not too numerous—Mr. G. A. Macfarren rose to make a statement on behalf of the committee, the substance of which we have already stated. He was followed by the learned chairman, who, when the applause which greeted him had subsided, spoke as follows:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is, I assure you, an honour as unexpected as it was undesired that I should be chosen by your committee to act as the spokesman of this great meeting on this occasion, to present this public acknowledgment to our excellent and honoured friend, Sir Sterndale Bennett, of our admiration and regard. However, I will not waste precious time by attempting to examine into the choice which I am not here to justify, but to submit to, rather, if I may venture to say so. I will assume that a lawyer and a public man by his presence amongst an assembly of musicians may show or may try to show in a very humble instance that there is no calling so harsh and so dreary which music cannot soften and refresh, and that there are no men who may not, if they are willing, carry music in their hearts through dusty lanes and wrangling marts, and do their duty better for the precious burden which they bear with them. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Macfarren has told you very clearly, and in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired and nothing for me to add, the general object and purpose of the subscription, the happy result of which we celebrate here to-day. It is my duty to interpret as I can, and if I can, the feelings which animate us all towards the honoured person in whose honour this subscription has been raised, and this testimonial has now been brought to its completion. It is a great gratification for me to be allowed to do so. We are met together to do public honour to a man of genius, and to a great and accomplished artist in an art in which, as we have just heard from Mr. Macfarren, this country until very lately did not hold that place which in other great causes of intellect it has long since taken and maintained. Chaucer and Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth, Bacon and Newton, Flaxman and Reynolds, are amongst the very greatest men of all countries and of all times. Their fame transcends these islands, and asserts itself throughout the world; but hitherto, as you have just heard from Mr. Macfarren, it has been somewhat different with respect to music. I speak as an admirer only, knowing nothing of the subject; and therefore you will correct me if I am wrong; but I suppose that the names and the compositions of Purcell and Arne, of Bishop and the great and solid school of our cathedral writers, Blow and Boyce, Croft and the rest of them, and even the grace and tenderness of Field and of Onslow, are but little known and appreciated beyond the limits of the English Empire, and except amongst English-speaking people. It has been the just good fortune of Sir Sterndale Bennett to put an end to this, so to call it, somewhat provincial character of English music, and to bring it about that the name and works of an English musician shall be known, and honoured, and admired beyond the limits of the Empire, and amongst other great and cultivated nations; and since the day when he first went to Leipzig at twenty years of age, carrying with him, I believe, completed, the overture to the *Naiades*, to which we have just listened with such pleasure, up to the present hour, his fame has gone on increasing day by day until it has assumed the solid and proud proportions which it is no less an act of justice than of pleasure for us to acknowledge. Ladies and gentlemen, it is not for me to detain you by going through in detail the particulars of Sir Sterndale Bennett's laborious, but most honourable, professional career. You know them much better than I do. You know them in their detail, and you will appreciate them as they deserve. I know them only in result. You bring a cultivated, intelligent, and critical admiration to the hearing of his beautiful compositions; I can only listen to them and delight in them, feeling, I hope, something of their grace and beauty of idea—fancying, at least, that in some dim and distant fashion I can see the scholarly and artistic character of their structure, but, nevertheless, feeling more as a child towards them than with the full and perfect and intelligent knowledge which belongs to you. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, of Sir Sterndale Bennett as an artist it is not fit that I should speak, and I don't presume to speak to you; but you, many of you, have a right to an opinion and you show

what opinion you have formed, and in what esteem you hold him, by your presence here to-day. But, ladies and gentlemen, whether we are musicians or not, we can all of us, as men and women, appreciate and admire the simple, unpretending, manly character of the man. The more and the better he is known—at least, that is my experience—the more and the better he will be liked and honoured. We can all of us congratulate him that the Queen has thought fit to confer dignity upon a man who dignifies and adorns the beautiful and honourable profession which he practises. We can publicly congratulate him, and we can tender to him this testimonial of our respect, because we believe that upon all grounds, public and private, he deserves it, and because we believe that we are honouring ourselves in honouring him."

At this point the Attorney-General took the list of subscribers, and handing it to Sir Sterndale Bennett, said, in his most emphatic manner:—

"Take it, Sir Sterndale Bennett—if I may venture to address you—take it from my hand as chairman and organ of this distinguished company; take it, keep it, treasure it, hand it down to your posterity, to keep alive the memory of this day, when you and I alike are gone to our rest, to keep fresh the recollection of the admiration we feel for the man of genius, the respect and honour we feel for the great artist, and the affectionate regard and esteem in which we hold an excellent and honourable man."

The effect made by this address was all that could be desired, every word being heard throughout the hall, and every point cordially cheered. Sir Sterndale Bennett, who seemed overcome with emotion, then rose, amid prolonged applause, and said:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, and Sir John Coleridge—I feel that it is my first duty to thank you, sir, that you should have found time, amid your high and onerous duties, to preside on such an occasion as this. It is an honour which, I assure you, I shall never forget. But I must say, at the same time, that your interest in music and musicians is as well known as it is highly appreciated by us. I wish it was in my power to make a speech which would adequately acknowledge all the kind words which have been spoken of me. That would require a long speech indeed. If I am unequal to the task, I may yet say how deeply grateful I feel to those who have raised this testimonial for all the kind feeling which has been shown to me. Allow me also to thank Mr. Cousins and the splendid Philharmonic orchestra for the manner in which they have rendered that old, or, I might almost call it, that young overture of mine. I can assure them that their performance of it has gratified me immensely. Let me also thank Mr. Leslie and his excellent choir for the kindness they have done me. My best thanks are necessarily due to my colleagues connected with the Royal Academy of Music, who formed the committee and carried out the plan of a testimonial which has done me more honour than I fear I deserve. Well, there it is, and I accept it from the hands of the learned Attorney-General with the greatest gratitude. I must also thank my old schoolfellow, Mr. Macfarren, for the kind manner in which he has expressed himself to-day not for the first time—not for the hundredth time—on my behalf. I cannot, however, take this great compliment entirely to myself. I hope and believe it is very much associated with the institution with which I am so intimately connected—the Royal Academy of Music. It is an institution in which I delight, and I feel that it has done me more good than ever I can hope to be able to do in return. I am glad to think that the Royal Academy of Music, has attained its jubilee for this year it is 50 years old. That is not very old for an individual, but it is very old for an institution, and I am grateful to think that much of this kind feeling towards me is associated with the Academy. Let me again thank you for the kind feelings which have been shown to-day; and, in conclusion, let me express a hope that you will accept these few imperfect words in acknowledgment of my deep debt of gratitude."

Votes of thanks were then passed, on the proposition of Mr. Leslie, to the hon. treasurer (Mr. Walter Macfarren), and the hon. secretary (Mr. H. Evers), of the testimonial fund; after which Mr. John Hullah tendered a similar compliment to the learned Attorney-General in a speech which threatened, at one period, to become an elaborate analogy between oratory and composition. In reply, the Chairman referred to the proverbial modesty of lawyers as a reason for feeling deeply the compliments paid him. The National Anthem was then sung by the Royal Academy pupils, the solos being entrusted to Miss Jessie Jones, Miss Butterworth, Mr. Guy, and Mr. Wadmore; and with it ended one of the most interesting events in the annals of English music.

## BANQUET TO SIR JOHN GOSS.

(From the "Choir.")

A numerous gathering of men distinguished in the musical world took place on Wednesday evening, at the instance of the College of Organists, to do honour to Sir John Goss, by a banquet at which he was the chief guest, given at the Albion in Aldergate Street. The chair was taken by Mr. W. H. Gladstone, M.P., who, in a few appropriate words, commended the various toasts to the company. The scene was an interesting one, and must have afforded great satisfaction to Sir John, who, as the guest of the occasion, sat at the right hand of the chairman. With Mr. W. H. Gladstone were present two younger sons of the prime minister; and next to these gentlemen, on the chairman's left, was Sir W. Sterndale Bennett—one of the sharers with Sir John of the honours recently accorded by Her Majesty to the profession of music. Dr. Stainer, whose removal to a metropolitan sphere of work will be as great a gain to London as a loss to Oxford, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, Sir George Elvey, from Windsor, Dr. Arnold, from Winchester, and Dr. Spark, from Leeds, were amongst those surrounding the guest of the evening; while at the rest of the tables in the banquet-room the places were filled by men of whom there was scarcely one but had made his mark in, or in connection with, contemporary art. Amongst these may be mentioned Mr. W. H. Monk, the musical editor of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, Mr. F. E. Gladstone, of Chichester, and Mr. J. F. Bridge, of Manchester (both gentlemen known in the prize lists of the College of Organists, and both recent successors to seats at cathedral organs); Mr. George Cooper, of St. Paul's, who has now seen the guest of the evening come and go; Mr. Joseph Barnby, whose place in the London musical world needs no specification; Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. W. Winn, and Mr. Frederick Walker, all notable among London "singing men;" and the profession was still further represented in its various departments, instrumental and vocal, of composition and of criticism, by Mr. W. S. Hoyte, organist of All Saints', Margaret Street; Mr. Theodore Distin, Mr. Henry Smart, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. A. S. Cooper, Mr. Chas. E. Stephens, Mr. W. H. Barrett, Mus. Bac., Oxon., and others. Among the less strictly professional guests were Mr. H. Littleton (of Novello, Ewer and Co.); Mr. S. M'Caul, secretary of the Civil Service Musical Society; and Captain Otley; while the musical clergy were represented by the Rev. H. G. Hayden, of Westminster Abbey, and the Rev. John Goss, of Hereford Cathedral.

In proposing the toast of the evening, Mr. W. H. Gladstone stated that the premier had felt special satisfaction in being the recipient of Her Majesty's commands to bestow the honour of knighthood upon the retiring organist of St. Paul's, to whose musical genius the chairman paid a warm tribute. Sir John Goss, in briefly responding, emphatically expressed the gratification which he visibly felt at the attention which was being paid to him by brother musicians in assembling on this occasion; and modestly mentioning the opportunities he had had of adding to the repertory of Church music, promised that he would do something more yet, in acknowledgment of the esteem which had been so handsomely extended to him.

By a graceful arrangement of the promoters of the banquet, a selection of music, entirely from Sir John Goss's own published works, was performed after dinner. To *Non Nobis Domine*, sung as grace after meat, was appended, with noble effect, Sir John's fine canon, "Hallelujah;" while immediately after, a select choir, chiefly of those present at the banquet, sang his Thanksgiving Anthem, "The Lord is my strength." After the toast of "The Church," to which the Rev. H. G. Hayden responded, another of Sir John's anthems, "Praise the Lord, O my soul," was sung. In connection with the more secular toasts were performed his glees, "There is beauty on the mountain," "O thou whose beams," "Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee," "T'other day as I sat," and "The courtly bard," Miss Edith Wynne lending the invaluable assistance and charm of her voice in the rendering. Sir John was surrounded by several members of his family, and the ovation to his merits was witnessed from the ladies' gallery by Lady Goss and her daughters, Mrs. G. Cooper and her daughters, and Mrs. Limpus. The scene was a most interesting one; the success of the whole being due, in no small degree, to the ever-ready public spirit of Mr. Richard Limpus, by whom (in connection with the College of Organists as the recognized representative body of the church musical profession in England) the demonstration of esteem was organized and carried out.

It ought to be added that the gathering, remarkable as it was, did not exhaust the list of those who are joining in the projected testimonial to Sir John Goss, amongst whom are Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. T. Chappell, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, Mr. Edwin Edwards, Rev. T. Helmore, Mr. H. C. Hextall, Rev. W. Mercer, Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Mr. E. H. Turpin, Mr. T. L. Southgate, and Mr. Henry Willis, &c., &c.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Whether operas exist for the sake of artists, or artists for the sake of operas, is a question none present at Covent Garden on Monday night could have cared to entertain. Enough for them that *Faust*, previously given three times this season, was presented for the fourth time, with Madame Pauline Lucca (Marguerite) in one of her striking characters. The creations of genius enjoy perpetual youth, and this distinction may fairly be claimed for the Gretchen of Madame Lucca. Looking at the difference between the drama which Gounod has set to music and Goethe's poem, we care not to inquire whether Madame Lucca shows us the character in harmony with its original conception. The result of such an inquiry would probably demonstrate that she does not; but her embodiment is none the less intensely human, thoroughly consistent, and, as a work of art based upon natural impulse, elaborately perfected. Our lyric stage knows Marguerites of all degrees of ardour, from those whose warmth is no more than the warmth latent in an icicle to those who scarcely require the stimulus of Mephistophelian device; but none appeals so strongly to the sympathies of an audience as the Marguerite of Madame Lucca. It displays more than the "one touch of nature" that suffices to create a bond of kinship. It is, in fact, all nature; and alike in strength of affection, depth of sorrow, and intensity of remorse, the least discerning can see a faithful reflex of that somewhat ideal humanity which constitutes the true model. Upon this fact rests the attraction of Madame Lucca's performance; and to this was due the success she achieved on Monday night. The discussion of details already well known being unnecessary, suffice it to say that Madame Lucca reproduced exactly the Marguerite identified with her name, sang in the old way, and, in the old way, was applauded. Two "calls" after the third act, and as many after the fourth, asserted the unanimous approbation of a crowded house. Another interesting feature was Signor Nicolini's *Faust* for which character the French tenor possesses some rare qualifications, being able to look the re-juvenated Doctor admirably, and to act in a manner not belying his looks. Moreover, apart from the *vibrato*, to which nothing, we hope, will ever reconcile English taste, he sings the music well; and on this occasion fairly divided honours with the *prima donna*, especially in the garden duet. The result of Signor Nicolini's performance went to confirm an impression that in him Mr. Gye has secured a prize. Signor Caravoglia played Valentine as substitute for Signor Cotogai; otherwise the cast was that upon which we have commented in previous notices.

The performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, on Tuesday, was an additional proof that no cast, however strong, can make amends for a want of completeness in matters of detail. Undoubtedly, Mozart's beautiful opera had every advantage the manager could give it, as far as individual excellence went. Madame Lucca's Cherubino, for example, is absolutely without a rival from a histrionic point of view. There are Cherubinos more perfect musically, but Madame Lucca has the art of turning even vocal defects to account, making them so harmonise with her general presentation of the character that it becomes difficult to say what we would have changed. This is emphatically the case as regards her embodiment of the Page, who, in Madame Lucca's hands, presents the ideal of amorous youth, without overstepping the bounds of decorum. Madame Lucca was called upon to repeat "Voi che sapete," but the pleasure afforded by her singing could not compare with that arising from piquant and elaborate, but never obtrusive acting. As on former occasions, Mdle. Sesti played Susannah in lively fashion, earning her share of applause; and Madame Miolan-Carvalho, who made her re-appearance in the part, was again the melancholy Countess. Madame Carvalho's voice is not strong enough for so large a theatre, but connoisseurs of refined and artistic singing will scarcely esteem her the less on that account. It was a treat to hear "Dove sono" rendered in a style so pure, and with feeling so appropriate as that of Madame Carvalho; and it was not less a pleasure to find the audience recognising these merits by recalling the artist. M. Faure's *Figaro*, the Don Basilio of Signor Bettini, the Don Bartolo of Signor Ciampi, and the Count of Signor Caravoglia, were also more or less worthy of admiration;

but, as we have already intimated, the *ensemble* left somewhat to desire in respect of precision and general accuracy. Shortcomings of the sort may be inevitable under the high-pressure system of five representations a week, but it is none the less our duty to point them out.

On Thursday *Hamlet* was played, with Madame Sear, one of Mr. Gye's new engagements as the Queen. To-night Mdle. Albani was to repeat her *Amina*.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Rossini's *Semiramide*—the last and, as some contend, the best of his contributions to tragic Italian opera—is one of those works which Mdle. Tietjens alone keeps before the English public. The circumstance may be noted, because *Semiramide* belongs in a special degree to that pure school of Italian vocalization wherein the German *prima donna* shines less than in the great operas of her compatriots. But Mdle. Tietjens always acquiesces herself well, no matter what music she engages to sing; and, even were the case otherwise, much might be forgiven for the sake of a representation of the Assyrian Queen, which stands alone in its grandeur, just as do the same artist's *Fidelio*, *Medea*, and *Norma*. Lovers of Rossini's music have, therefore, to thank Mdle. Tietjens for occasional opportunities of hearing one of his choicest operas; and it may be considered specially fortunate that Mr. Mapleson is able to associate the great artist with others eminently qualified for their work. This by no means follows as a matter of course, because there are few contraltos qualified for the part of Arsace, and yet fewer baritones who can do justice to that of Assur. So far the Drury Lane version of *Semiramide* leaves little to desire. Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini's Arsace, is, as regards the music, very near perfection, and though dramatically it may not possess high merit, he must be hard to please in whom it fails to create a keen sense of pleasure. The accomplished contralto's rendering of "Ah! quel giorno" and its cabaletta, "Oh! come da quel di;" of "Bella immago," and of her share in "Giorno d'oro" (encored), was equal, it may safely be said, to anything done in the same part during the palmiest days of Rossinian opera. Hardly less meritorious was the delivery of Assur's florid music by Signor Agnesi, who stands almost alone in his complete mastery of its style. Much depends upon the artist who represents Assur. He bears a frequent share in the duets of which the opera mainly consists, and may make or mar the success of the representation, according as he is efficient or otherwise. Signor Agnesi, in *Semiramide*, is, therefore, an important person, and right well he discharges a responsible task. Few can look or act the Assyrian prince better than he, but the chief merit of his performance lies in singing, which is not only artistic and able, but which is so in a degree sufficient to meet the exigencies of a rôle few would venture to attempt. Signor Foli's Oroë was another striking impersonation; being noteworthy for characteristic dignity of manner and grandeur of voice. We instinctively demand these qualities from operatic representatives of priestly power; and, on that account, Signor Foli's ecclesiastical characters never fail to give satisfaction. Signor Casaboni, as the Shade of Nians, was appropriately sepulchral; and Signor Rinaldini brought that feeble personage, Idreno, as far to the front as was necessary. The great merit of the representation lay, however, in its general completeness. Principals, chorus, and orchestra were thoroughly up to their work, and the *ensemble* was one from which cultivated ears could not fail to derive unusual pleasure. With regard to the opera itself, much might be said, were the saying of it necessary. But the merest tyro in matters affecting the lyric drama can see that public taste has left *Semiramide* far in the rear, and that the school to which it belongs is rapidly becoming obsolete. We are not going to assert the dramatic propriety of Rossini's Italian music; but the time is ripe for the question whether, in revolting from the smooth, cut-and-dried phrases of the old school, we are not in danger of rushing into the opposite and worse extreme. That question is far too large for present discussion, but *Semiramide* cannot fail to suggest it, especially now that the growing influence of Herr Wagner's theories is seriously felt.

*Les Huguenots* was repeated on Thursday night, and this evening Mdle. Marimon appears as Norina in *Don Pasquale*.

## THE PAREPA-ROSA ITALIAN OPERA AT NEW YORK.

(From the "New York Herald," April 2nd.)

The most extravagant expectations formed of the Easter season of Italian Opera which opened last night at the Academy fell far short of the reality, as was evidenced by the performance of *Il Trovatore*, with the following cast:—Leonora, Madame Parepa-Rosa; Azucena, Miss Adelaide Phillips; Manrico, Herr Wachtel; Count Di Luna, Mr. Santley. To say that the house was crowded would but faintly express the number of people that listened to this performance. The receipts reached the neighbourhood of 9,100, dols. an unparalleled sum for a single representation. The general price of seats was placed at 5 dols. but some speculators readily obtained double that amount before the performance commenced. It only proves what we have often said, that New York is willing to pay for the best talent in Italian Opera, no matter what the bill may be. The real cause of the reported failure of operatic managers in the past is due to their "penny wise and pound foolish" views of management, and not to the public. We can just as well pay for opera as London or Paris, even if the government subsidy is not in existence. Nilsson's great success was due to her own surpassing talents, and had she had such surroundings as those which gave the opera last night *éclat* she might not have found it necessary to brave the perils of a Western tour.

It is now some seventeen years since La Grange, Brignoli and Amodio introduced *Il Trovatore*, to the American public, and the popularity which the work attained at once, has made it a prominent feature every season since. It is needless to enumerate the various casts of distinction in this opera since its first representation in New York, but unquestionably that of last night was the best ever known here. The voice and school of Madame Rosa are admirably suited to the broad dramatic character and passionate nature of Leonora. Her rendering of "Tacea la Notte," and other striking passages, was admirable. Miss Phillips, as the gipsy, is well known, and in the scene with Manrico, her acting rose to the standard of a Ristori. Her beautiful, sympathetic voice has lost something in roundness and clearness in the upper notes, but the lower and middle tones are as full of dramatic fire and expression as ever.

Wachtel, the German tenor, was in fine voice and spirits and sang much better than on the night of October 21, when he made his first appearance in the Academy. The effect of the "Di quella pira," in the third act, was electric, and the entire house rose at him, calling him before the curtain four times. For the first time did a New York audience hear "Il Balen" sung in a style which is as nearly akin to perfection as a human voice could make it. Santley had already made a deep and lasting impression on the minds of the New York public, in opera, oratorio and concert, but last night was his culminating triumph. Such a superb voice, high musical training and perfect vocalism have rarely been united in a baritone. Each note is bell-like in its clearness, and quivers with expression and passion. The fine culture of his voice is shown in the perfect ease with which he sings.

It may be interesting here to give the dates of the first appearance in public of each of this trio of artists. Madame Parepa-Rosa made her *début* at Malta, 1856, as Amina, in *La Sonnambula*, Wachtel at Vienna in 1848; and Santley as Germont, in the *Traviata*, at Paris, in 1856. Madame Rosa's American *début* took place in 1855.

The chorus and orchestra last night were superior to anything in that line we have had in New York for years. It was something to remember the effect of those sixty players under Carl Rosa's baton, and the vigor and life they infused into the instrumentation. On Wednesday, Verdi's *Rigoletto*, will be given, with the following cast:—Gilda, M<sup>me</sup>. Parepa-Rosa; Maddalena, Miss Phillips; Duke of Mantua, Wachtel; Rigoletto, Santley; Sparafucile, Aynsley Cook.

Another writer—caustic and witty—says:—

The Combination Opera Company gave their initial performance before an audience so packed that respiration was difficult and movement impossible.

The mounting of the opera (*Il Trovatore*) was fully equal to the highest effort of the Academy of Music in that line. The last scene was unique. It represented the interior of a stone dungeon in the Castle of the Count, the roof of which, as is usual in dungeons, was a mass of rich drapery with gold fringed border; while in the centre of the wall, where an iron-clamped door should have been, a huge sheet of black calico, for the extra security of the prisoners, extended from the roof to the floor. The effect was incongruous but soothing.

We will speak first of the great artistic success of the evening, Mr. Charles Santley. His singing throughout the opera was admirable; his phrasing was superb, and his emphasis was far more marked in the Italian than in the English language. He filled all the situations with dramatic power, for even his acting is more free and spirited in Italian than in English opera. His rendering of "Il Balen" was as

perfect a bit of singing as ever fell from human lips. His method exhibited the very best points of the Italian school, in its splendid flow and perfect purity of tone and style—in delivery and declamation. His *sostenuto* is as true and unwavering as a pure organ diapason, and his *portamento* is graceful and artistic, and entirely free from that vulgar and monotonous gliding or sliding so commonly used by half-educated singers. While he sang all the music admirably, we must again make mention of his exquisitely perfect manner of singing "Il Balen." It was positively faultless, and the outbreathing murmurs of delight, bursting into thunders of applause, showed the appreciation of the audience. It was repeated with the same effect, and was indeed an art triumph.

Wachtel was a great Triton among the minnows of the Stadt Theatre, but he diminished in stature beside such artists as Parepa, Phillips, and Santley. On this occasion he only catered for applause. His voice when not forced to its utmost, is very uncertain, both in the *sostenuto* and in the intonation, and his want of refinement and artistic finish were very apparent on Monday night. He shouted the "Di quella pira" as though he were shouting "clams." Of course his high C's, neither so pure nor so trumpet-toned as before, brought down the house. They also brought down three baskets of flowers, and Wachtel, notwithstanding he knew his mother was probably burning about that time, put up his fierce sword, fondled the baskets, and carefully disposed of them behind the wings. Then he drew forth his impatient sword, flourished it to get up steam, and dashed at the "Di quella pira" with a ferocity worthy of the anxious son of a roasting parent.

*Rigoletto* was given to another overflowing house, and was more equally performed than *Il Trovatore*. In this Santley crowned his Monday's triumph. His singing was faultless. It was a pure delight to listen to his broad, impressive phrasing, his passionate abandon, and his deep and earnest expression. His acting was equal to his singing. His face was a clear index to his joy and his sufferings, and in acting out his conceptions he proved himself to be an artist of the highest excellence. Vocally and dramatically it was a masterpiece, and we doubt if it could be matched in the Old World. M<sup>me</sup>. Parepa-Rosa sang the music beautifully, with a voice which was never excelled in pure melodious beauty.

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The following programme was that of the twenty-fifth concert (Saturday week):—

Overture, "Preciosa," Weber; Recit. and Cavatina, "Come per me" (*La Sonnambula*), M<sup>lle</sup>. Anna Renzi (her first appearance), Bellini; Symphony, No. 3, in E flat (*Eroica*), Beethoven; Aria, "Sei vendicato" (*Donizetti*), Signor Mendioroz, Meyerbeer; Aria, "Bel raggio" (*Semiramide*), M<sup>lle</sup>. Colombo, R. ssini; Concerto for pianoforte in A, Miss Emma Brandes (her first appearance at these concerts), Schumann; Recit. and Romanza, "D'Amore sull' ali roseo" (*Il Trovatore*), M<sup>lle</sup>. Anna Renzi, Verdi; Duet, "Figlia, mio padre!" (*Rigoletto*), M<sup>lle</sup>. Colombo and Signor Mendioroz, Verdi; Ouverture di Ballo, Sullivan.

Hundreds of amateurs who love Beethoven were probably attracted to Sydenham by the announcement of his *Eroica* symphony, and they did not journey thither without reaping ample reward in a performance worthy to rank among the finest achievements of the Crystal Palace orchestra. Each movement was played in a style little short of perfection, and the effect made by the entire work was shown by the applause which followed its close. Schumann's Concerto has so often been discussed that we need only record its intelligent and careful performance by the young German lady who made her *début* in England at the Monday Popular Concerts last season. M<sup>lle</sup>. Brandes has improved, and will, doubtless, justify the high opinion entertained of her by competent judges in her own country. The overtures, including Mr. Sullivan's bright and tuneful work, were admirably played. We cannot say much in favour of the vocalists. M<sup>lle</sup>. Renzi has something to acquire and something to get rid of before she can reach a high rank. Signor Mendioroz appears to lose advantage in the concert-room than on the stage, and M<sup>lle</sup>. Colombo fails to show that improvement which is necessary to secure the position claimed for her when her first appearance in this country took place.

## STORE STREET HALL.

The St. John's Wood Society of Musicians gave their first Saturday evening concert at the Store Street Hall on the 13th inst., under the conductorship of Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, with Mr. C. F. Weber acting as accompanist. The songs and pianoforte pieces were for the most part well rendered. Miss B. Crichton, who on this occasion appeared for the first time in London, made a successful *début*, which promises well for her future career as a vocalist. The audience was large and fashionable, and the hall was so crowded that there was much difficulty in obtaining accommodation.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The second concert of this institution, for the present season, took place in St. James's Hall, on Monday evening week, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cudins. Its programme contained an attractive novelty in the shape of a concerto for hautboy and orchestra, written by Handel during his residence, when quite a youth, at Hamburg. Little is known of the great musician's early works, and it is interesting for the general public to learn how precocious was his talent as shown in this particular case. The concerto is marked by an effective and melodious part for the hautboy, which sustains the hearer's attention against the drawback of the conventional "padding" of the age in which Handel wrote. Nothing could be better than the performance of M. Lavigne, who played the solo instrument. Tone and execution were alike capital, and to this we should add that the accompaniments were delicately rendered. Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, Beethoven's Second Symphony, Mendelssohn's *Isles of Fingal* overture, and Gounod's *Sallarella* were the other orchestral works performed. When we say that the Concerto had its composer's widow for an executant we prove that the performance was all the most fastidious could desire. Nobody understands the work like Madame Schumann, or plays it with such reverence and love. This is natural, and the result cannot be considered extraordinary. Mdlle. Regau made a good effect by her delivery of Meyerbeer's "Va! dit elle," and Mr. Vernon Rigby gave a careful and agreeable rendering of "Dalla sua pace."

MR. AUSTIN'S CONCERT.

The concert given annually by the courteous and able manager of St. James's Hall, took place in that building on Thursday week, and attracted an immense audience. Mr. Austin, who is a man to his word, promised the appearance of Mdlle. Sessi and Mr. Sims Reeves, but no one can control the "sweet influences" of an English spring, and it was through no fault of the *beneficiaire* that both the soprano and the tenor were absent. Signor Bagagiolo likewise failed to appear, for what reason did not transpire, though it may probably be found in the north-east wind. But the concert, though seriously damaged, passed off well, and gave obvious satisfaction. Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Ada Percival, Madame Sinico, and Madame Patey, each did good service, the chief honours being taken by the Italian soprano and the English contralto. Mr. George Perren sang the songs put down for Mr. Reeves, as well as for himself, and was in high favour with the audience on account of his willingness to "oblige." Why a gentleman announced as "Monsieur Charles Lulli" appeared on this particular occasion we do not know, but the singing of Mr. Maybrick had an unquestionable *raison d'être*. The instrumental solos were contributed by Madame Neruda, engaged consequent upon the absence of Mr. Reeves; Mdlles. Violet and Agnes Molyneux, two clever little girls announced as "The Infant Pianistes"; and Mr. John Thomas, who played his own harp solo, "Pensive and Joyous," in a manner which more than justified his recent appointment as harpist to Her Majesty the Queen. Sir Julius Benedict conducted the concert in his most efficient style.

MR. SIMS REEVES'S CONCERT.

This annual event took place on Monday evening, when the popularity of the great tenor was evidenced by the crowded and enthusiastic audience which filled St. James's Hall to overflowing. Every one of Mr. Reeves's songs was applauded to the echo; and a repetition of each was apparently desired by the delighted listeners. Mr. Reeves sang four pieces, in all of which he has frequently before been heard—repetition of such fine performances serving only to render every fresh hearing more welcome. In that grand declamatory and pathetic piece from *Samson*, "Total Eclipse," in Blumenthal's popular song, "The Message;" Mr. Sullivan's graceful setting of the lines, "I linger round the spot" ("Once Again"); and in Braham's robust nautical ballad, "The Death of Nelson;" the versatility, as well as the excellence, of Mr. Sims Reeves was displayed with the usual result of enthusiastic applause; and the conviction, on the part of all right-minded people, that it is well worth bearing with occasional absences, rather than that such exceptional powers should be endangered by the effort to sing with a susceptible throat, under the influence of cold and hoarseness. In the case of an English tenor, of high position, one such effort cost at once the utter loss of his voice, and involved an immediate change of occupation. Let the unreasonable think over this possible—nay, very probable—consequence of one concession to their demands under such circumstances. Mr. Reeves's concert presented many features of attraction besides his own singing, in a copious selection of music performed by Mdlle. Marimon, Misses Edith Wynne, Cole, D'Alton, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Maybrick; and some brilliant pianoforte playing by M. Gustav Prideau, who was much applauded. Mr. Blumenthal, Mr. S. Naylor, and M. Maton officiated as accompanists.

FLORAL HALL CONCERTS.

Encouraged by the success of these entertainments last year, Mr. Gye began a new series on Saturday afternoon, and attracted a large and fashionable audience. The distinguished artists just now engaged at the Royal Italian Opera had each a share in the programme; and, as each sang music adapted to display his or her special abilities, the result could not fail to give uncommon satisfaction. Operatic selections were naturally the chief features of the scheme, but several pieces were performed which rightly belong to the concert-room. As examples we may specify M. Gounod's new and characteristic aria, "Lamento," sung by M. Faure; Schubert's "Wanderer," which served to display the magnificent voice of Signor Bagagiolo; Proch's "Variations pour la Voix," a favourite selection with Mdlle. Sessi, whose fluent execution it shows to advantage; Wekerlin's romance, "La Fleur des Alpes," sung by Mdlle. Mielan-Carvalho, and encored; and the "Last Rose of Summer," which enabled Mdlle. Albani to make a genuine effect, though the new *prima donna* had hardly recovered from her recent indisposition. The ever-popular air was re-demanded, but, under the circumstances, Mdlle. Albani wisely declined to grant the favour. These selections, and others of a like character, gave variety and freshness to the entertainment, such as operatic music could not alone afford. Among the pieces transferred to the platform from the stage were "Vien un giovin" (*Der Freischütz*), sung by Mdlle. Sinico, its very familiar interpreter; "M'appari" (*Marta*), to which Signor Nicolini did justice; the romance, "Connais tu le pays" (*Nigron*), finely rendered by Mdlle. Luoca, who was recalled; Mozart's "Sail" aria, so given by Mesdames Carvalho and Sinico as not to miss its usual encore; and Nicolai's "Dans un délire extrême" (*Jocundo*), which M. Faure was asked to repeat. These particulars serve to show the attractive character of the entertainment and we need only add that the accompanists were Sir Julius Benedict, Signor Vianesi, and Signor Bevilacqua.

SIGNOR SCHIRA'S MINA.

The performance by the London Academy of Music of Signor Schira's *Mina*, in St. George's Hall, with scenery, costumes, an efficient chorus, and small orchestra, enabled a numerous audience to appreciate the charming music which the *maestro* originally wrote for the Princess's Theatre at a time when operas in English were better supported than now. Several excerpts from *Mina* have found their way into the concert-room, but the talents of Signor Schira can only be thoroughly recognised when the union of voices with his orchestral effects is completed. Of the many pleasing and effective songs, duets, and ensembles which abound in the opera space will not allow us to speak, but a passing remark on the beautiful solique, "No rest," cannot be withheld. It is a gem, and was sung in such an admirable manner by Miss Hillerton, a pupil of Signor Schira, that it elicited immense applause and a demand for its repetition. The principal tenor air, sung by Mr. Turner is also a specimen of Signor Schira's flowing melodies and clever combinations. An aria, sung by the baritone, Mr. Pellissier, was also conspicuous for merit. To the singing and acting of Mr. Desmond Ryan the composer was much indebted. As an actor, Mr. Ryan possesses humour, and a power of delineation which bespeak talent born as well as bred in him, whilst as a singer Signor Schira may point to him as a worthy *élève*. We must not omit to notice the pleasing acting and singing of Miss Jennings as Alice. Signor Schira was twice called before the curtain after the principal singers had received the applause due to their performances.

Before the opera, the comedietta, *Anything for a Change*, was acted, in which Miss Emrick, Miss Maggee, and Miss F. Martin, pupils of the London Academy of Music, admirably sustained the female characters, and Mr. Balfour and Mr. Irving, of the Comus Club, were respectively the clever and amusing impersonators of Ned Swoppingham and his intriguing host. The comedietta was performed under the direction of Mrs. Dauncey Maskell, teacher of elocution at the the London Academy of Music. Signor Schira conducted the opera performance.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The first of the four chamber concerts announced to be introduced between the Grand Orchestral performances given by the New Philharmonic Society took place on Wednesday evening, in St. George's Hall, and afforded the subscribers an opportunity of hearing several splendid musical works, executed by some of the best *artistes* of the day in a *locale* admirably adapted for chamber music of all kinds. Further particulars next week.

VIENNA.—The *Seasons* was performed on Palm Sunday by the Haydn Academy. The solos were entrusted to Mr. Adams, Dr. Krückel, and a *débütante*, Mdlle. Meysenheim. The young lady appeared instead of Miss Minnie Hauck, who was prevented from singing by indisposition.

## ST. JAMES'S HALL.

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S  
Pianoforte Recitals.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his Twelfth Series of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—

FRIDAY, May 3,  
FRIDAY, May 10,  
FRIDAY, May 17,  
FRIDAY, May 24.

FRIDAY, May 31,  
FRIDAY, June 7,  
FRIDAY, June 14,  
FRIDAY, June 21.

The forthcoming series of "Recitals" will in a measure differ from its predecessors. The programmes will be more varied, and Mr. HALLÉ ventures to think—the eager desire for novelty, a marked distinction of the present day, taken into consideration—more generally interesting. At each "Recital" it is intended to include compositions—duets, trios, &c.—in which the pianoforte is accompanied by other instruments. One of the concerted pieces will invariably be selected from works belonging to the "modern German school"—from Robert Schumann to Johannes Brahms, &c., &c.—now a topic of discussion in all musical circles, whether amateur or professional. Each of these composers, together with others unnecessary to designate by name, will be illustrated by some representative piece, in which the style and peculiar way of thinking of the author may be exemplified to the best advantage.

In other respects the scheme of the "Pianoforte Recitals" will be entirely in consonance with the spirit of those which the aristocracy and the general musical public have for so many years liberally supported. The programme of each "Recital," as a matter of course, will include a grand sonata for pianoforte alone, by Beethoven, or some other universally recognised master. Perhaps no more acceptable way of making the value of these great works evident could be designed than that of providing an opportunity of comparing them with what has been written since they were produced. To shut out what is doing at the time in which we actually live would not only be unfair but injudicious, and Mr. HALLÉ believes that by the introduction of several among the most remarkable examples of "the modern school" the interest of his hearers will be considerably enhanced. The other solo pianoforte pieces to be performed by Mr. HALLÉ will be selected from works of acknowledged masters—from J. S. Bach and Handel, to Dvornik, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and their most renowned contemporaries. It is hoped that this variety may sustain the repute of the programmes, as it must surely enrich them, by opening up new sources of interest for the consideration of earnest amateurs, who desire to perfect their knowledge and experience, by making themselves acquainted with all styles of pianoforte music which, after their manner, legitimately uphold the dignity and parity of art.

The programme, as on previous occasions, are to consist of as many pieces as may limit the duration of the performance to two hours—from Three o'clock to Five P.M.

For the concerted pieces Mr. HALLÉ has secured the valuable co-operation of Madame NORMAN-NERUDA (Violin), Signor PERIN and M. DAUBERT (Violoncelles). At each "Recital" there will be two vocal pieces.

Descriptions, analytical and historical, of the various compositions will, as usual, accompany the programmes.

## THE FIRST RECITAL

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 3RD, 1872,

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

## Programme.

## PART I.

TRIO in E major, No. 3, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello..... Mozart.  
Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and Herr DAUBERT.  
SONG, "Little baby's gone to sleep"..... Mendels.  
Mlle. DRAEDT.  
SONATA, in E, Op. 109, for Pianoforte..... Beethoven.  
Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ.

## PART II.

SONATA, in A, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violin..... Bach.  
Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA.  
SONG, "England's dead"..... Pissini.  
Mlle. DRAEDT.  
QUARTET, in G minor, Op. 25, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello..... J. Brahms.  
Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. STRAUS, and DAUBERT.

## PRICES OF ADMISSION.

For the Series. Single Ticket.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Box stalls, numbered and reserved ..	2	2	0	0
Balcony ..	1	1	0	0
Area ..	0	1	0	0

Subscriptions received at CHAPPELL and Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; MITCHELL's, 23, Old Bond Street; OLLIVIER's, 39, Old Bond Street; KEITE, PROWSE, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; HAY'S, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; AUSTIN's Ticket Office, 23, Piccadilly; and by Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ, 11, Manchester Street, Cavendish Square. Subscribers wishing their seats reserved are requested to notify their intention to Messrs. CHAPPELL and Co., on or before Monday, April 29.

## DEATH.

On the 22nd inst., at Northumberland Park, Tottenham, CAROLINE, the beloved wife of CHARLES S. COLLARD, aged 81.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872.

## QUID TUM POSTEA?

WHEN Mr. George Wood, as director of Her Majesty's Opera, at Drury Lane, announced the *Olandese Dannato*, (the *Fliegender Holländer*) of Wagner, there was one unanimous expression of approval; and though the opera did not come out till late in the season, it created the highest degree of interest. Mr. Gye overlooks this fact in his prospectus of the current season, and seems to claim consideration as a possible martyr to a cause for which neither he nor any other manager of whom we ever heard would willingly suffer martyrdom. Mr. Gye simply believes that, in consequence of the talk that has been about Wagner for the last quarter of a century, an opera by that composer will "draw." *Lohengrin*, he says, "is probably Wagner's grandest work." On this point we have no opinion to offer; but, although the *Fliegender Holländer*, admirably as it was got up under the direction of Signor Arditi, and splendidly as the two principal characters were sustained by Mlle. Ilma di Murska and Mr. Santley, was only played on two occasions, at the end of the Drury Lane season of 1870, to very poor houses (as Mr. Wood must have known to his cost), we, nevertheless, applaud Mr. Gye for announcing *Lohengrin*, and sincerely wish him a success as great as that which, according to report, has attended the same opera at Florence and Bologna. *Lohengrin* was fairly criticised at both those places, and must take its chance of being so treated elsewhere. If Beethoven was criticised, surely Wagner, who has criticised, and that sharply, such men as Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, Rossini and Auber, *cum multis aliis*, may, without injustice, be made to go through the same ordeal. It may not be out of place here to state that the term "Music of the Future," (to which Mr. Gye alludes as "ironical") is simply attributable to the title of one of Herr Wagner's early treatises, which, translated into simple English, means the, *Art Work of the Future*.) In this its author traces the part which music is henceforth to play, as helpmate to poetry, &c.—Beethoven, according to Herr Wagner's opinion, having exhausted all its possible resources as an independent art when he had completed the third movement of his 9th Symphony. These things apart, however, *Lohengrin*, if adequately prepared, and not too late in the season, is more than likely to be a solid attraction.

We are anxious to know what kind of men are the "detractors" who have warned Mr. Gye against producing Herr Wagner's works. Both *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* have been more than once advertised in an Italian Opera prospectus, and Mr. Gye forgets that when Mr. Wood produced the *Holländer*, two years ago, he was unanimously applauded by the press for his enterprise. It seems now to be an understood fact, that any kind of criticism means antagonism—Wagner and Gounod must not be criticised, even by those who advocate the production of their music! What then becomes of criticism? Is everything to be lauded à outrance, *quand même*? Is every modern

composer necessarily a Mozart? Why always Wagner's early works, and not his late ones, upon which, according to his own open avowal, his theory depends? Why not go to *Tristan* at once?—instead of to *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, &c. written twenty-five years ago? Because there were people who did not understand Beethoven, therefore Liszt is great! Probably the people who did not understand Beethoven from the beginning, understand him just as little now. *Enfin*—a most shallow argument.

OTTO BEARD.

### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The opinion of the *Morning Post* with regard to Mdlle. Marimon's *entrées* was thus expressed:—

"At the same house, and in the same opera, wherein and hereby her great success was won in England, Mdlle. Marimon made her appearance for the first time this season. It will be readily imagined that her reception was most enthusiastic, for a London audience is one of the last to lose the memory of former pleasures, as it is also the last to fall in according a hearty welcome to the artist from whom those great delights were derived. The opera *La Sonnambula* is of a character well suited to exhibit the great talents and accomplishments of such a singer as Mdlle. Marimon in the most favourable light, and the opportunity afforded by it to judge how far and in what degree the brilliant and fascinating vocalist, who charmed all by her performance last season, had intensified the impression made—an estimate which could be better made after a short interval—was a most convenient one. The result shows that Mdlle. Marimon has vastly improved, and that her singing, purer than ever, is heightened by the increase in volume her voice has gained. From the first scene to the last the audience listened with rapt attention, and applauded at proper times and places most heartily, testifying by these means their cordial approval of her impersonation of the village maid, whose misfortunes were so undesired and undeserved."

#### MADAME URSO.

The *Era*, noticing one of Mr. Ganz's Saturday Evening Concerts, remarked, with reference to Madame Urso:—

"The appearance of Madame Camilla Urso, as principal violin in the classical chamber music, was the great feature of the evening. Madame Urso is certainly one of the finest players we have heard for a long time. Her rendering of the first violin parts of Schubert's quartet in D minor, and Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, entitled her to the highest praise. There was none of the weakness we are accustomed to associate with feminine playing, the bold opening movement of Schubert's being led off with as much vigour as any masculine player, save and except Herr Joachim, is capable of infusing. Madame Urso's bowing is wonderfully energetic and animated, her tone is large, full, and brilliant, and her execution most masterly. In the trio in D minor, the expressive phrases of the glorious slow movement and the gay, impetuous *Andante*, were equally well rendered in Madame Urso's hands, and the hearty applause that greeted the Lady at the conclusion testified how thoroughly she was appreciated. We have been rather overdone with lady violinists for some time past; for with every desire to do justice to feminine talent, we do not like new readings of classical composer, nor liberties taken with the text. From all such innovations Madame Camilla Urso is happily free. She plays her composer with a genuine reverence for his ideas rather than her own, and in more than one instance sacrificed opportunities for display in rigidly adhering to the text. She will find the better class of English amateurs fully alive to merit of this kind, and when such solid genuine playing is given, there is little need of useless flourishes and affectations."

MADRID.—The Teatro de Jovellanos has most decidedly been "enjoying" a run of ill-luck lately. It was to have been opened with *La Favorita*. Owing, however, to the indisposition of one of the leading artists, *La Favorita* had to be withdrawn, *La Traviata* being substituted for it. Suddenly, another artist was indisposed, and the manager returned to *La Favorita*, with Signora Volpini, but, at the last moment, Signora Volpini, also, was indisposed. The manager would do well to have a hospital attached to his theatre.

MUNICH.—The King of Bavaria has purchased the Volkstheater out of his private purse. Dr. Hermann Schmid, who had previously managed it, having expressed a wish to return to his purely literary occupations, the king ordered that the theatre should be placed under the direct control and supervision of the Intendant of the Theatres Royal; but that, in consideration of the highly satisfactory manner in which Dr. Hermann Schmid had discharged the duties of artistic director, he should still continue to receive his salary without any diminution whatever.—Herr Hans von Bülow has given a concert in aid of the Wagner Association.—Herr Johannes Brahms' new work, *Ein deutsches Requiem*, was performed with marked success at the first Subscription Concert of the Musical Academy.

### CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR. ARTHUR J. BARTH gave a *matinée* at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Thursday, when he played compositions by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Kalkbrenner, as well as Mr. J. F. Barnett's "Chanson d'amour." Miss Enrick was the vocalist. Mr. Barth was assisted in the concerted pieces by Mr. Nicholson (violin), and Mr. R. Gough (violincello). Mr. W. Maby accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD COLLEGIATE SCHOOL.—Winchester House was crowded by a distinguished audience on the occasion of a musical and elocutionary entertainment given by the pupils to their friends. The conductor was Herr Boussemaker and the vocal music was accompanied on the pianoforte by Oscar Klug, Esq. Among the number of pupils who distinguished themselves as vocalists were Edouard Brandus and George Leprestre who gave (by desire), M. Offenbach's comic duet, "Les deux Gendarmes," with so much spirit and in a style so quaint that they were unanimously called upon to repeat it, and they did so producing more effect, if possible, than before. Frederick H. Borridge also came in for a full share of applause on account of the unaffected way in which he sang Balfe's "Good Night."

PAW LECTURE HALL, OLAPHAM.—The third of a series of four subscription concerts, under the direction of Mr. Richard Blagrove, came off on the 17th inst. The vocalist was Miss Edith Holman Andrews, who, in an *aria* by Mercadante, showed herself an adept, in Italian singing, and no less in English, by the charming way in which she gave Dr. Arne's "O bid your faithful Ariel fly," which the young artist was called upon to repeat. The concert opened with Beethoven's trio in E flat, and concluded with a MS. duet by Mr. R. Blagrove on Gounod's *Faust*, for concertina and pianoforte. Among the numbers in the programme that call for particular note were the Romance from Sir Sterndale Bennett's Symphony in G minor, "adapted expressly by the composer for this occasion, for viola," and a MS. quintet by Mr. E. Elias for piano, violin, concertina, viola and violoncello. The concertina part was performed by Miss Minnie Sant, an "amateur pupil" of Mr. R. Blagrove. Mrs. J. Holman Andrews accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte in her usual artistic manner. Francis Müller, by his performance of the late M. Ascher's "Danse Andalouse," for piano solo, reflected great credit on his instructor. The "recitations" were numerous, and several were highly appreciated, especially Brueys' "Le Grandeur" (Brandus, Kennedy and Leprestre) which excited roars of laughter; Artemus Ward's "Woman's Rights" (Percy Flint); Colman's "Mr. Deputy Bull" (Shallow, Greig and Hoskyn) capitally given; and Schiller's "Die Bürgschaft" (Julius Auerbach) which was listened to with great interest. Altogether the "entertainment" was anything but a misnomer, the audience being evidently delighted with all they heard.

MADAME SAUERBREY the accomplished Vocalist, and Herr Sauerbrey the Pianist and Composer, gave their annual concert, on Tuesday evening under distinguished patronage and attracted a full and fashionable audience. Madame Sauerbrey sang most artistically, Randegger's song, "Only for one," Meyerbeer's "Nobli Signor," and a song by Mr. A. Plumptre, "Good Night and Good Morning," in all of which she deservedly received the applause of all present; she also joined Miss Katherine Poyntz in a duet from the Crown Diamonds. Miss Poyntz also sang with effect Donizetti's "In questo sempiace," and two songs by Mr. Cleveland Wigan, both of which were well received. Herr Sauerbrey played Beethoven's sonata in G, (Op. 30), with Herr Straus, and the same composer's "Sonata appassionata," (Op. 57), in both of which he proved himself a pianist of merit. Herr Straus gave a solo on the violin by Molique, which he was compelled to repeat. Herr Sauerbrey's two pupils, Miss Marian Rock, and Miss Amy Stewart, contributed some solos by Liszt and Weber. Miss Rock who is a pupil of Mr. Sauerbrey, also played a paraphrase de concert ("Loreley") by her master, with brilliant effect, and was loudly applauded. Messrs. Cummings and Maybrick sang some popular ballads, and the concert concluded with Henry Smart's trio, "Queen of the Night," Signor Fiori, with Messrs. F. Stanislaus and Sauerbrey accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

TORIN.—Herr von Flotow's last opera, *L'Ombra*, has been very successfully produced at the Teatro Rossini.

BRUSSELS.—One of the M. Vachot's last acts, previous to retiring from the management of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, was to bring out Herr R. Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer*. The leading representatives of literature and art, of the aristocratic and the financial world here, were present at the first performance, as was, also, the Queen. The principal Paris papers, too, sent their critics. In Brussels, as elsewhere, there are Wagner fanatics, between whom and the persons who do not think quite so much of Herr Wagner, there was a bitter struggle, as is usual on such occasions. Neither party was victorious; it was a drawn battle; the opera was not a great success, but it was not a failure on the first night.

## PROVINCIAL.

**RYDE.**—The *Ile of Wight Observer* (April 13th) has an outspoken article, referring to a concert recently given by the Ryde Amateur Musical Society. Our contemporary begins by forcibly laying on the lash, thus:—

"On Tuesday the Amateur Musical Society gave their sixteenth concert, the programme of which contained the *Walpurgis Night*, and a miscellaneous selection. The scantiness of the audience was disgraceful to the town. These may appear hard words, but they are unfortunately true. The society expended time, trouble, and money upon the concert, and deserved a better reward. The inhabitants of Ryde generally do not appreciate good music. They will crowd to hear Christy's Minstrels and such entertainments, but classical music fails to attract them. If famous singers come here, the patronage they receive is too slight to induce them to repeat their visit. The members of the Musical Society are doing their best to cultivate the public taste, but if the public do not respond, the efforts will be unavailing. At Newport the case is very different. The concerts of the Choral Society there are always well attended, although the inhabitants of Ryde affect to look down from a superior elevation on the inhabitants of Newport as 'a people that walk in darkness,' far behind themselves in culture. But this is not surprising—self-complacency being the usual companion of ignorance. Of course these remarks do not apply to the individuals who composed the audience on Tuesday night. The tenor solos in the *Walpurgis Night* were sung by Mr. Roche, of Newport, whose voice was not heard to advantage. Mr. Dudley Watkins was more fortunate in the bass solos, the music in these being more impressive and striking. The choruses were very well given, especially 'Owls and Ravens,' in listening to which one might, almost imagine one heard a band of witches and goblins on the Hartz Mountains. The air which follows was exquisitely sung by Mr. Dudley Watkins; this and the succeeding chorus sounding all the more charming and refreshing by contrast with the weird and stormy music which immediately precedes it. Great credit is due to Mr. Lake, who conducted, for having trained his chorus to perform such a difficult work in so satisfactory a manner."

**BRIGHTON.**—The *Guardian*, of April 24th, informs us that:—

"On the three last days of the past week Mr. Howard Paul gave entertainments in the Middle Street Concert Hall, assisted by Miss Laura Joyce, Miss Blanche Owen, Miss Nelly Ford—a youthful but very accomplished pianist—much above the average of performers at popular entertainments.—The choir of St. James's Chapel have given a concert in the Music Room of the Pavilion, the last of a series which have been held during the winter in aid of the Chapel Alteration Fund. It was very fairly attended. Mr. W. Hogarth, the choir-master of St. James's, acted as conductor, and everything passed off most successfully. The performers comprised Mdle. Mellis, Mdme. Sphynx, Mr. Belliss (solo flute), and Messrs. W. Devin, R. Devin, Cheeseman, Hogarth, Tringmar, and Kendall. The accompanists were Messrs. W. Devin and W. Roe. During the evening, the Rev. John Purchas, Incumbent of St. James's, gave a couple of readings.—The Sunday School Children's Service of Sacred Song, held in the dome of the Pavilion, was attended by a crowded audience. The service was illustrative of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and was taken part in by about 1,000 voices. The children sang very well, and the manner in which they acquitted themselves reflected great credit on those who had trained them. The connective readings were read by the Rev. R. Hamilton and the Rev. A. Hamilton, M.A. The conductor was Mr. A. Habens, and the organist Mr. C. T. West."

**WOOLWICH.**—The first of a series of opera performances was given to a fashionable audience, in the Theatre of the Royal Artillery Barracks, Woolwich, by Mr. Smyth's opera troupe, (members of the "Orpheonic Octett," under the direction of Mr. Smyth). *Beautiful Galatea*, and the Second and Third Acts of *Martha*, were performed on Tuesday, the 23rd April. The success of both pieces was undoubted, indeed, the careful and excellent way in which *Galatea* was placed on the stage—marble pillars, busts, every requisite to transport the minds to the *locale* of the piece (the Studio of Pygmalion, a Grecian sculptor in the island of Cyprus), was in its place, even to a real lyre, an ancient musical instrument, said to have been invented by Mercury, in the year of the world 2000, and a positive rarity in the present day. The overture was exquisitely performed by the orchestral band of the Royal Artillery, under the experienced *bâton* of the conductor, Mr. Smyth, after which the following and pretty chorus (behind the scenes) was rendered evidently by a numerous and well-trained chorus, Ganymede's half-drowsy air was well sung by Mdle. Julie Siedle. Mr. Melbourne then entered as Mydas; and his voice and style of acting were warmly appreciated by the audience, to whom he evidently afforded constant amusement. Mr. Collingwood, in the character of Pygmalion, the sculptor, produced a favourable

impression; he has a voice of great sweetness and good compass, which he unites with feeling and expression. With more experience and practice, he will be an acquisition to the operatic world. Mdle. Siedle, the *prima donna* of the company, possesses a charming voice, of extensive compass, great flexibility, and exquisitely clear. Her graceful pose as the statuesque *Galatea* enlisted the sympathy of the audience, and her finished singing of the opening *adagio* movement established it. Mdle. Siedle may be remembered as the *prima donna* of the late German Opera Troupe, at the Opera Comique, London. Nothing could be more delightful than her rendering of the *andantino* with the Lyra accompaniment. Loud and repeated applause were awarded to her, and she was compelled to reappear again and again to bow her acknowledgments. Mdle. Julie Siedle, who possesses a beautiful contralto voice, shewed a thorough conception of the indolent and sancy boy, Ganymede, and the way in which she acted the character speaks well for her future advancement in her artistic career. The gem of the opera, however, was the kissing duet between *Galatea* and Ganymede. Nothing less than an encore would satisfy the audience. The second and part of the third acts of *Martha* were afterwards given in capital style by the principals. The Chorus were well drilled, and sang excellently. *Galatea* is to be repeated on the next opera night (by desire), when the second act of *The Bohemian Girl*, by Balfe, will also be given.

## REVIEWS.

*Oh! That we Two were Maying.* Song. Words by CHARLES KINGSLEY. Music by G. W. MARTIN. [14 and 15 Exeter Hall].

THE month of flowers is close at hand, though northerly winds and hailstorms make us fancy it far off. Mr. Martin's song is, therefore, appropriate just now. Its music harmonizes well with the words—a pleasant and cheerful theme in E major, being accompanied in simple but effective style. An excellent contrast is presented by the last verse, with its half-melancholy, wholly natural aspiration for final peace and rest. Mr. Martin has set this to solemn, religious music, which ends the piece in an impressive fashion.

GRAMER, WOOD & Co.

*Choose Now Your Valentine.* Song. Words by C. D'ARCY. Music by E. HORN.

LOVE is ever young, and Valentine choosing is perennial, so that we know no reason why this song, as far as its subject goes, should not always be timely. The words have point, their moral being "Promise and keep your vows, or vow ye never." As for the music, it is simplicity itself, and altogether evades criticism by presenting nothing provocative of comment.

*His and Mine.* ("I lift my heart to Thee.") Sacred Song. Words by C. E. MUDIE. Music by T. M. MUDIE.

WE are prepared to welcome any music from the accomplished pen of Mr. Mudie, and the song before us does nothing whatever to lessen the confidence inspired by his many former achievements. The music is studiously simple, aiming to do no more than give unaffected expression to the words. But a master's hand can be shown in that which is simple, not less than in that which is ornate, and we shall be surprised if Mr. Mudie's song do not receive much favour from a discerning public.

*Night and Day* ("The day is Thine.") Sacred Song. Words by C. E. MUDIE. Music by T. M. MUDIE.

THE remarks made upon the song just noticed apply with double force in this case. Mr. Mudie had greater scope afforded him by the nature of his subject, and he used the opportunity to admirable purpose. The episodes in the tonic minor, referring to night as contrasted with day, are masterly; but, indeed, the song is one which should find its way into every household where sacred music is used.

CHAPPELL & Co.

*D'un Bicchier di Sciampana.* Brindisi Parole e Musica di L. BADIA. A LIVELY piece of unmistakable Italian music, in B flat major, adapted for a baritone voice. It is full of energy, effective, and easy.

*Pensa a Me.* Romanza. Parola e musica di L. BADIA.

A SIMPLE cantata theme in B flat major is here simply accompanied. It would make a capital, because pleasing, drawing-room song for amateur tenors.

*L'Araba in Italia.* Melodia par voce di Mezzo-soprano. Parole e musica di L. BADIA.

THIS is a piquant and charming song, distinguished by excellent knowledge of effect, and not a few features of more than average value. The accompaniment in particular is well wrought, and ranks almost equal in importance with the melody. We have no hesitation about commending "L'Araba in Italia" to the notice of our readers.

*Floria, Fiorillo.* Sternello Toscano, by E. PALADILHE, Composer of "*La Mandolinata*."

Musical by the composer whose best known melody is now whistled about the streets needs no other recommendation than his name, and we may be satisfied to state with regard to the example before us, that it shares many of the features which have so strongly recommended "*La Mandolinata*." Its melody is fresh, varied as to rhythm, and accompanied with taste and elegance.

*Dormi.* Duetto per soprano e contralto. Composto dal Cav. CAMPANA. This "duettino" is for the most part a sequence of thirds and sixths, easy to sing, and not less easy to accompany. Young lady amateurs who want a change from Stephen Glover may find it useful.

R. COCKS & Co.

*I had a Fairy Garden.* Words by FIDES. Music by J. L. HATTON.

Mr. HATTON sometimes fails to do himself justice; and we will not say that he appears at his best in the song now under notice. A musician of such talent and experience, however, cannot help adorning, more or less, whatever he touches, and there are flowers worth the plucking in this "*Fairy Garden*." The melody is adapted for a soprano or tenor voice of a considerable compass.

*My Father's Bible.* Song. Words by T. OLIPHANT. Music by BRINLEY RICHARDS.

The last verse of this song is a key to its subject.

"Should friendship prove unfaithful,  
Should wealth take wings and flee,  
I'd part, without repining,  
I'd part with all but thee.  
But if Kind Heaven permitting,  
Long years should o'er me roll,  
Oh! may my Father's Bible,  
Bring comfort to my soul."

Mr. Richards's melody suggests, by its rhythm and general character, the tune he composed to "God bless the Prince of Wales. Nothing could be less pretentious than the music as a whole, and on that account, no doubt, it will meet with extensive favour.

W. MORLEY.

*The Bridge that Spans the Brook.* Words by J. L. LYONS. Music by W. TAYLOR.

The style of Mr. Lyons's verses may best be shown by a quotation:—

"I've gazed on scenes like fairy work,  
Where art and nature smiled,  
But what can print such charms  
As the fancies of a child?"

Mr. Taylor adheres to his customary simplicity in the music, aiming rather to interest the many than attract the few.

*Our Queen.* Written and composed by RICHARD LIMPU.

Born the words and music of this song suggest the patriotic ditties which cheered the national heart in those times of national danger when George III. was king. The old flavour is unmistakable in such lines as the following:—

"By Victoria take pattern ye Monarchs of earth,  
In whose government Britain rejoices,  
Whose actions display so much excellent worth,  
That when singing her praise at our meetings of mirth,  
Our hearts take the lead of our voices."

As we have said, Mr. Limpu's music is of the hearty, old-fashioned sort, and very good of its kind. The song, altogether, is well adapted for use on convivial occasions.

NOVELLO, EWER & Co.

*The Rover.* Song. Words and music by FREDERIC PENNA.

A bold and vigorous effusion, suitable for those gentlemen who whether sportsmen or not, resemble Mr. Winkle, of the Pickwick Club, in affecting a passion for out-of-door amusements. The song has a good rollicking chorus, easily caught up, and easily sung.

D. TURNER.

*The Belle Vue Polka.* By ALEXANDER D. KEATE.

LIVELY themes make this Polka a good thing in its way.

H. WHITE & SON.

*Etude de Concert.* Grand Galop for the Pianoforte. Composed by EDWARD LAWRENCE.

A BRILLIANT and showy piece of a character which needs no description. Young ladies with rapid fingers will take to it kindly.

FLORENCE.—Signor Bana's new opera, *Adolfo Cavalcanti*, has not been very successful at the Pergola.

## WAIFS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY TALE.—The Duke of Fromsac, nephew of Marshal Richelieu, was coming out of the opera one night, in a splendid dress, embroidered with pearls, when two thieves managed to cut off his coat-tails. He turned into his club, where everybody laughed at him. When he found out what had happened he went home. Early the next morning, a well-dressed man called at the Duke's hotel and demanded to see him at once on a matter of most vital importance.

Mr. Freund has written a comedieta for Mr. Macabe.

Madame Carlotta Patti has arrived in town for the season.

Signor Luca Fumagalli is writing an opera called *Isigi XT*.

Mr. Santley leaves New York on the 1st May, in R. M. S. *Cuba*.

The Opéra Comique, in the Strand, will open on the 29th instant.

*The Black Corsair*, by Offenbach, is in active rehearsal at Vienna.

Mlle. Brandt, one of Mr. Gye's *Lohengrin* artists, has arrived in London.

Weber's early opera, *Sylvana*, appears to be a success at the Paris Lyrique.

Madame Alboni (Countess of Pepoli) has returned to the lyric stage in Paris.

A one-act oporetta, by Mr. Paladilhe, composer of *La Mandolinata*, is in rehearsal at the Opéra Comique, Paris.

A new opera, *Olema*, by Signor Pedrotti, will be produced at Modena in a little while.

Wagner's *Meistersinger* is said to be an enormous success at Copenhagen. The last two acts were performed amid "explosions of enthusiasm."

Petrella's new opera, *Manfredo*, has had a fair success at the Neapolitan San Carlo, though the composer was only called before the curtain twenty-two times.

Mdme. Rudersdorff has been engaged to sing the principal soprano solo at the Boston "World's Peace Jubilee, and International Musical Festival."

NEW OPERATIC ARRIVALS.—Mlle. Marie Roze and Signor Campaninis (the Bologna "*Lohengrin*") both belonging to Mr. Mapleson's company.

Mlle. Marie Roze has arrived in London and is announced to make her debut at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, on Tuesday next, as Margherita in M. Gounod's *Faust*.

The Duke of Edinburgh presided on Monday week, at a meeting of the managing committee of the Amateur Orchestral Society, which was held at Clarence House.

In order to meet the convenience of continental musical societies, it has been decided to keep the lists open for the Crystal Palace national music meetings until the 30th instant.

The first grand choral concert, conducted by M. Gounod, in the Royal Albert Hall, will be "by command" and in presence of Her Majesty, on Wednesday, the 8th of May.

Mr. W. J. Annesley, B.A., Mus. Bac., Merton College, Oxford, organist of St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate, W., has been appointed precentor and organist of St. Paul's College, Saony, Stratford.

A new adaptation of *Geneviève de Brabant*, written by Mr. Henry Hersee, will be produced next month at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, by Mr. Joseph Eldred, who has purchased the provincial acting right for two years.

The Princess Louise, with the Marquis of Lorne and Prince Arthur, were at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, on Monday night, and on Tuesday, Prince Leopold and the Princess Beatrice were present at the performance of *Le Nozze Figaro*.

The *Guide Musicale* attributes the failure of Wagner's *Vaisseau Fantôme* at Brussels to the incompetence of the performers. A poor house hissed the second representation for reasons, as to which, says our Belgian contemporary, Wagnerists and anti-Wagnerists are quite in accord.

The following artists had the honour of performing before the Queen on the occasion of Her Majesty's afternoon party last Wednesday:—Mdme. Schumann, Mdme. Norman-Neruda, Mlle. Anna Regan, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas; conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—The Sacred Harmonic Society's first performance at the Royal Albert Hall this season, takes place on Friday next, 3rd May, when Haydn's oratorio, *Creation*, will be performed. The principal vocalists are Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Ebli, with band and chorus of 1000 performers, conducted by Sir Michael Costa.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—The Testimonial to Sir Sterndale Bennett, which has taken the form of a Scholarship to be called the "Sterndale Bennett Scholarship," was contended for on Saturday the 20th inst. at the Institution in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, the examiners being—Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. F. R. Cox, Mr. W. G. Cousins, Mr. W. Dorrell, Mr. John Hullah, Mr. Henry Leslie, Mr. H. C. Lunn, Mr. Walter Macfarren, and Mr. Brinley Richards. The results were as follows:—Master Tobias Matthay (elected), Mr. Walter Fitton, Mr. G. F. Hatton, and Mr. Joseph Ridgway (highly commended).

Mr. and Mrs. Rousby, who are now appearing at Birmingham, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, had previously concluded a brilliant engagement of three weeks at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, where they sustained their original characters of "Joan of Arc" and "La Hire," in Mr. Tom Taylor's historical drama. Mrs. Rousby, who has just recovered from a painful and protracted illness, which twice compelled her to relinquish her engagements at Sunderland and Bristol, in January and February, still bears traces of her recent sufferings, but her general health seems better than it has been for a long time previously. At Liverpool she played the same rôle, nightly, for three weeks, with all the requisite vigour and pathos, and the local critics say that she never acted better or looked more charming.

**THREATENED STRIKE IN THE ORGAN BUILDING TRADE.**—A second meeting of the employés in the above trade was held last night at Lawson's Rooms, Gower-street, to take into consideration the reply of the masters to a petition formed of certain resolutions passed at a former meeting with reference to the present hours of labour. The chair was taken by Mr. F. Tomkins, M.A., LL.D., and upon the platform were several influential gentlemen and members of the musical profession. The demand of the men is that the hours of labour shall be reduced from 60 to 54 per week, with a half holiday on Saturday. The reply agreed upon at a meeting of the masters is to the effect that the nine hours' system will be conceded, but that it will be accompanied by a forfeiture of certain privileges hitherto enjoyed by the men, and making other arbitrary conditions. The Chairman, addressing the meeting, said they had met before, but it was not in a hostile attitude to the masters of the trade. He hoped they were present there not in a belligerent spirit, but with every desire to promote a peaceful settlement of the difference. At the same time it was not right that men should be worn out with toil, and deprived of a fair share of recreation, and he urged them to make a firm stand in defence of their rights. After calling upon delegates from different firms of employers to present their reports, several resolutions were put to the meeting, and carried unanimously. The first was to the effect that the proposals of the employers could not be accepted; the second, that the meeting viewed with the deepest regret the course taken by Messrs. Gray and Davison, in discharging the delegates sent to them by the working men, and approving of the conduct of their fellow-workmen in upholding them; and a third, recommending the employés of Messrs. Gray and Davison to stand out, and pledging the meeting to supply funds to support discharged workmen. The meeting was very enthusiastic, and a very strong feeling was manifested against some of the masters who have made themselves obnoxious to the men. It was stated that a similar movement is in progress in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, and several of our larger towns, and steps are being taken to consolidate the union more effectually. It was also intimated that another meeting of the employers will be held this evening, when the resolutions passed last night will be presented for discussion. The usual vote of thanks to the chairman terminated the proceedings.

Of all producing artists, the composer is almost the only one, in fact, who depends upon a multitude of intermediate agents between the public and himself; intermediate agents, either intelligent or stupid, devoted or hostile, active or inert, capable—from first to last—of contributing to the brilliancy of his work, or of disfiguring it, misrepresenting it, and even destroying it completely. The singers have often been accused of forming the most dangerous of these intermediate agents; but, in my opinion, without justice. The most formidable to my thinking is the conductor of the orchestra. A bad singer can only spoil his own part; while an incapable or malevolent conductor ruins all. Happy, also, may that composer esteem himself, when the conductor into whose hands he has fallen, is not at once incapable and inimical. For nothing can resist the pernicious influence of this person. The most admirable orchestra is then paralyzed; the most excellent singers are perplexed and rendered dull; there is no longer any vigor or unity; under such direction, the noblest boldnesses of the author appear extravagances, enthusiasm beholds its soaring flight checked, inspiration is violently brought down to earth, the angel's wings are fallen, the man of genius passes for a madman or an idiot, the divine statue is precipitated from its pedestal and dragged in the mud. And, what is worse, the public, and even those auditors endowed with the highest musical intelligence, are reduced to an impossibility (if a new work be in question, which they are hearing

for the first time) of recognizing the ravages perpetrated by the orchestral conductor, of discovering the follies, faults, and crimes he commits. —Hector Berlioz.

It is strange that there is no sound in nature out of tune. The roar of the waterfall comes into the anthem of the forest like an accompaniment of bassoons; while the occasional bark of the wolf, or the scream of a night-bird, or even the deep-throated croak of the frog, is no more discordant than the even melody of an orchestra; and it is surprising how the large rain-drops, pattering on the leaves, and the small voice of the nightingale (singing, like nothing but himself, sweetest in the darkness) seems an intensive and low burden to the general burden of the earth—as it were a single voice among instruments.—*Dr. Subtle's Sound of Nature.*

**GOTHA.**—Herr Wanderaeb, director of the *Liedertafel*, has had the Cross of Merit of the Ducal House-Order, bestowed on him by the Duke.

**STOCKHOLM.**—Herr Adolf Sjoden, the young Swedish harpist who, by many concert-goers here and in Brighton, will be remembered with pleasure, gave recently a concert in Stockholm, of which the following is the programme, in the original text:—

**FÖRSTA AFDDELNINGEN.**—1. Solo för Orgel (Utföres af Hr Readahl)—af Lemmens. 2. Original Trio i C-dur för pedalarpa, viol och violoncell, (Maestoso, Allegro Moderato, Andante, Finale)—af Oberthür. 3. Hymn med harpsackompaniment (Sjungen af Fröken Riego)—af Schubert. 4. Chör med tenorsolo ur 95: te Psalmen (Tenorsolo utföres af Hr W. T. Söderberg)—af Mendelssohn. 5. Ave Maria från femtonhundratalet, arrangeradt för pedalarpa (Utföres af Konsertgifvaren)—af Liszt.

**ANDRA AFDDELNINGEN.**—6. Larghetto för viola (Utföres af Hr Echell)—Mozart. 7. Konsert för pedalarpa med ackompaniment af 2 violiner, viola, violoncell och contrabass; Allegro Moderato, Larghetto, Finale (Utföres af Konsertgifvaren)—af Handel. 8. Alla Stella confidente; tenorsolo med ackompaniment af pedalarpa och violoncell (Sjungen af Hr Ambrosi)—af Robandi. 9. Fantasi öfver Irländska och Skottiska Ballader för pedalarpa (Komponerad och utföres af Konsertgifvaren).

Herr A. Sjoden left England for Lisbon, where he received the distinction of being named chamber virtuoso to His Majesty King Louis I. of Portugal.

**VIENNA.**—Another personal friend of Beethoven's has gone from among us. Herr Anton Halm died on the 6th inst., in his eighty-fourth year. He was particularly eminent as a teacher, and many leading German pianists were his pupils. He continued to perform his professional duties up to the time of his decease.—Among the novelties at the third concert of the Sing-Academi may be mentioned an "Ave Maria," by Franz Liszt and two Scotch National Melodies, arranged by Herr Weinwurm. The other pieces included an "Adoramus" by Palestrina, Mendelssohn's hymn, "Lass, o Herr mich Hilfe finden," Op. 98; Mozart's Sonata for Piano and Violin, in A major, and a selection of the National Songs arranged by Beethoven for a Single Voice and Trio Accompaniment.—The ceremony of unveiling the Schubert Monument will, most probably, take place on the 16th May. The statue itself is perfectly ready in the studio of the sculptor, Herr Kundmann. Of the three bas-reliefs, representing respectively, "Fancy," "Instrumental Music," and "Vocal Music," the last alone is still unfinished. The work connected with the red granite plinth is being actively pushed on, and the plinth will soon be fixed in the place already staked out for it in the Stadtpark. There is some talk of supplementing, by a concert of the Male Vocal Union, the ceremony of unveiling the statue.

**MILAN.**—The Teatro Re has been purchased by the Corporation for 505,000 francs, and will be pulled down next July. It was built in 1812.—There is a report that the Corporation intends erecting a new theatre as large as the Scala. It appears that the *pachettisti*, or "renters" of the latter, are found to be a great incubus, and it is in consequence of this that the civic authorities are said to contemplate taking the course above mentioned.

**SEVILLE.**—The Italian operatic season was inaugurated with *Le Sonnambulo*, the principal parts being sustained by Signora Ortolani-Tiberini, Signori Garavito and Maini. The second opera was *Lucia*, with Signora Ortolani-Tiberini, Signori Tiberini, Pandolfini, and Maini; and the third, *Rigoletto*, with Signora Berini, and Signori Stagno and Pandolfini.

**DUSSELDORF.**—At the first concert given by the Evangelical Association of Singers under their new director, Herr Theodor Ratsenberger, the programme included, among other pieces, two sacred choruses by Hauptmann, and *Historia des Leidens und Sterbens unseres Herrn Jesu Christi* (History of the Passion and Death of our Lord Jesus Christ), recitative and choruses from the *Four Passions*, by Heinrich Schütz, who died in 1672. Between the works of the above two composers, Herr Ratsenberger played the Prelude, Fugue, and Capriccio from the D minor Suite, by Handel, and Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2, by Beethoven.

## A WARNING UNHEEDED.\*

In his lectures *Upon German Composers, from S. Bach down to the present day*, Emil Naumann cites some very remarkable observations made by a Frenchman concerning *Der Freischütz*. They are contained in a book, published at Paris more than twenty years ago, on Weber and his music, when *Der Freischütz* was first produced there, exciting by its peculiar and foreign character, an extraordinary sensation among the public and the press of the French capital. The patriotic author looked suspiciously at the opera with its huntsman casting magic bullets, and afraid of nothing and nobody, not even the devil himself; he fancied that behind these huntsmen he could perceive a whole nation of such young blades, and attempted to warn his countrymen by pointing out with what sort of a foe they would have to do, if they ever again felt inclined to attack a nation, whose courage, defying every danger, was so unmistakably demonstrated through the medium of its national composer. With a wonderfully correct presentiment of the fatal, though then distant, events hanging over his country, he remarks, in words doubly significant when uttered by a Frenchman: "Weber portrays in *Der Freischütz* the free life of the German huntsman in his woods, together with his love for home, and the maiden with the true blue eyes, to whom he has given his heart. To gain her he dreams neither death nor the devil. But such pictures of the German mind are not confined to *Der Freischütz*. The same fundamental national trait is to be found in the songs from Körner's *Leyer und Schwert*, as set to music by Weber. In Lützow's 'Wilder Jagd,' too, we find the same daring courage characterising the German huntsmen. Only in the latter instance, the rifle is not directed against a stag with an attire of sixteen horns but against the enemies of the German people, and German contempt for death here rises above devotion for one's bride to sacrifice for one's native land. Let us, therefore, beware," he exclaims to his fellow Frenchmen, "of again challenging these daring huntsmen, and this stubborn and heroic courage, for we are the foes at whom Weber and Körner aim. One would imagine that listening to the lightning-charged supernatural storm of Weber's 'wild hunt' in *Der Freischütz*, or the death-despising melodies of the male choruses: 'Du Schwert, an meiner Linken,' and 'Was glänzt dort vom Walde im Sonnenschein,' would cure us of all eagerness again to compel the Germans to engage in a war of deliverance against us." The above observations would almost lead us to suppose that it was not the success of Prussian arms in 1866, but *Der Freischütz*, twenty years previously, which excited in the French the first patriotic misgivings, and first inflicted a painful wound on their self-confidence.

SALERNO.—A new theatre has been erected at an expense of 750,000 francs. The drop, painted by Signor Morelli, cost 15,000 francs.

\* From *Die Signale*.

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As to my own part in this business. I have not attempted to imitate, or, rather parody, the words of my author, except in one or two instances. The songs are original, whatever be their quality in other respects; and all the praise I claim for them is, that they are strictly in character; that is, in keeping with their respective airs. With my author, I have taken especial pains not only to make the air and the general sentiment of the song agree, but that the words should vary with the varying strain. Dibdin's tune was inspired by the words. His adapter had to reverse the process, by making words in harmony with the tune.

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### THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Intelligence, or, as it has been called, intellectuality, is an essential element of all Art, practical as well as creative, and of none more so than of Music. Its development should be zealously encouraged in this branch of education, which, however, can be, and often is, conducted without calling into action any of the higher attributes of the mind. The Rudiments of Music are generally learnt by rote; proficiency in singing or playing acquired by that which is equivalent to automatic action of the voice or fingers. This should not be. Students should be taught that all musical sound, whether vocal or instrumental, is intended to convey some definite meaning; they should be made to reflect upon every phrase they have to sing or play, and thoroughly to understand that intelligence is the very essence of our Art. Music can thus become an important means of mental training." It is in this respect that the system of instruction now published for the first time in a complete form will, I hope, be useful. The plan I have set forth seems to necessitate concentration of thought upon the subject of study; it affords assistance to the memory, and tends to cultivate habits of precision, observation, and comparison. These are advantages which speak for themselves. Experience has proved that by writing exercises, pupils make steadier and more rapid progress than by the most frequent oral repetition of rules or notes. The hand and pen assist the eye and ear, and the result is more satisfactory than when the voice or fingers are guided by the eye or ear alone. I do not, for a moment, assume that this method will dispense with the necessity of vocal or instrumental practice; but as such practice becomes less troublesome and laborious if pursued with intelligence, it is evidently desirable in teaching music, to stimulate the faculty of thought. And that is the object I have had in view while writing the present elementary work.—WALTER MAYNARD."

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15. THE SOFT WINDS AROUND US (The Gipsy Chorus). From Weber's "Freischütz."
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17. SEE THE MOONLIGHT BEAM (Non far motto). From Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor."
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SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1872.

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## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

### PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

Debut of Signor Italo Campanini.  
Tietjens—Trebelli—Bettini—Debut of Signor Rota.

**THIS EVENING (Saturday), May 4,** there will be performed Donizetti's Opera, "**LUCREZIA BORGIA**." Genaaro, Signor Italo Campanini (his first appearance in England); Il Deso, Alfonso, Signor Rota (his first appearance in England); Rustighello, Signor Rinaldini; Liverotto, Signor Sinigaglia; Gubetta, Signor Zoboli; Guallo, Signor Casaboni; Vitellio, Signor Baleasa; Lucio, Orsini, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mdle. Tietjens. Director of the Music and Conductor—**SIR MICHAEL COSTA.**

#### NEXT WEEK.

Seventh Appearance of Mdle. Marimon.—**Extra Night.**  
On Monday Next, May 6th, "**DON PASQUALE**." Norina, Mdle. Marie Marimon (her seventh appearance this season).

Second Appearance of Mdle. Marie Rose.

Tuesday Next, May 7th, "**FAUST**."

#### EXTRA NIGHT.

Thursday Next, May 9th, Second Appearance of Signor Italo Campanini.

First Appearance of Mdle. Clara-Louise Kellogg.  
Saturday, May 11th, Donizetti's Opera, "**LINDA DI CHAMOUNI**." Linda, Mdle. Clara-Louise Kellogg (her first appearance this season).  
Tuesday, May 14th, "**LES HUGUENOTS**" (in which Mdle. Carlotta Grossi will make her first appearance).

The opera will commence at half-past Eight.  
Prices: Stalls, 21 1s.; Dress Circle, 10s. 6d.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s. and 5s. Gallery, 2s.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Bailey, at the Box Office of Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, which is open daily from ten to five; also at the principal Music-sellers and Librarians.

## OPERA CONCERT AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

The First Grand Morning Concert of the Season will take place on **SATURDAY, May 11**, supported by the Artists of Her Majesty's Opera. The Full Orchestra and Chorus of Her Majesty's Opera. Conductor—**MR. W. G. CUSINS.**

The Director begs to announce that he has made arrangements by which tickets for the Opera Concert, on Saturday May 11, will be also available for the Royal Horticultural Gardens and for the International Exhibition.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—GRAND

SUMMER CONCERT at Three o'clock. Mdle. MARIE MARIMON, Mdle. Colombo, Mdle. Bandson, and Mdle. Marie Rosa. Signor Vissani, Signor Borella, Signor Mendioroz, and Signor Foli.—Conductor—**MR. MANNA.**—Admission by payment at the doors, this day, Five Shillings; or by Guinea Season Tickets.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—MDLLE.

MARIE MARIMON and Mdle. MARIE ROZE at the Grand Summer Concert.

## NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The

next CONCERT will take place in St. George's Hall, on **WEDNESDAY Evening, May 8th**, when Madame CAMILLA URBO will make her second appearance at these Concerts. The next ORCHESTRAL CONCERT will take place in St. James's Hall, on **WEDNESDAY Evening, May 16th**, when Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will be the Pianist. Conductor—**Professor Wyld, Mus. Doc.**

## MR. FRANK ELMORE and MAD. STRINDBERG.

ELMORE, beg to announce that their **GRAND ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT** will take place at St. James's Hall, on **MONDAY Evening next, May 6th**, at Eight o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Mdle. Liebhart, Mdle. Florence Lancia, Miss Katherine Poyntz, and Miss Edith Wynne; Miss Alice Fairman, Miss Purdy, and Mdle. Drasill; Mr. Frank Elmore, Herr Carl Stepan, and Signor Caravoglia. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Madame Strindberg-Elmore, Miss Florence Sanders (age 12 years, pupil of Madame Elmore), and Mdle. Alle Lindberg (from Finland). Conductors—Signor Randegger, Signor Ciro Pissotti, Mr. H. Parker, and Mr. Ganz. Sofa Stalls (numbered), 7s. 6d.; Balcony and Orchestra Stalls (numbered), 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be had of Messrs. Chappell & Co., 65, New Bond Street; Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; Keith, Provost & Co., Chesapeake; Mr. Hay's, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and of Mr. Frank Elmore, 30, Colville Square, Notting Hill. The Grand Pianofortes used on this occasion are by Messrs. Kirkman & Son.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

### PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

**THIS EVENING (Saturday), April 27,** will be performed Meyerbeer's romantic opera, "**DINORAH**." Dinorah, Mdme. Adeline Patti (her first appearance this season); Un Orazi, Mdle. Scialbi; Corentino, Signor Bettini; Un Mielitore, Mr. W. Morgan; Un Ombellatore, Signor Capponi; and Hoel, Signor Graziani (his first appearance this season).

Next week there will be five performances, viz:—**MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY.**

#### Extra Night.

On Monday Next, May 6th, "**FAUST E MARGHERITA**." Margherita, Mdme. Pauline Lucca.

On Tuesday Next, May 7th, "**IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA**." Rosina, Mdme. Adeline Patti.

#### Extra Night.

On Thursday Next, May 9th, "**DON GIOVANNI**." Zerlina, Madame Adeline Patti.

#### Extra Night.

On Friday Next, May 10th, Flotow's Opera, "**MARTHA**." Lady Euriobetta, Mdle. Anna.

On Saturday Next, May 11th, Meyerbeer's Romantic Opera, "**L'AFRICAIN**." Solika, Mdme. Pauline Lucca.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

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The Annual performance of Handel's Oratorio, "**MESSIAH**," at St. James's Hall, on **FRIDAY Evening, May 10th**, at Eight o'clock. Mdle. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Ellen Horne, Mdle. Poole, and Mdme. Patey. Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, Principal Violin.—Mr. J. T. Willy, Organist.—Mr. E. J. Hopkins, Trumpet.—Mr. T. Harper, Conductor.—Mr. W. G. Cusins, Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s. and 2s. 6d. Lamborn Cook & Co., 63, New Bond Street; principal Music-sellers; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

## BY SPECIAL DESIRE.—PHILHARMONIC

SOCIETY. Conductor—**MR. W. G. CUSINS.**—**FOURTH CONCERT**, May 13th, St. James's Hall, Eight o'clock. Schubert's two movements in B flat; Concerto, Pianoforte (Beethoven), Mons. E. M. Delaborde; Overture, "**Ruy Blas**" (Mendelssohn); Symphony, No. 8, in F (Beethoven); Overture, "**Masaniello**" (Auber). Vocalists—Mdle. Carlotta Patti and Herr Walter, of the Imperial Opera, Vienna (his first appearance). Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 7s.; to places where evening dress is not necessary, 5s. and 2s. 6d.

## MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.—SUMMER

SERIES.—The **SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS** will be given at St. James's Hall, on **MONDAY Morning, May 13th**, **THURSDAY Evening, May 20th**, and **WEDNESDAY Morning, June 19th**. Mdle. Tietjens, Mdle. Maria Rosa, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Italo Campanini, Signor Agnesi, Signor Foli, and Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, at the first of Henry Leslie's Summer Concerts. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d., at the principal Publishers and Librarians, and at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

## MDLLE. BONDY begs to announce that her ANNUAL

MORNING CONCERT will take place on **SATURDAY, 11th May**, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Frenie, Herr Carl Bohrer. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Mdle. Bondy; Violin, Herr Josef Ludwig; Viola, Mr. W. H. Hann; Violoncello, M. Vieuxtemps. Conductors—Mr. Enzau, Mr. Schubert, and Mr. Eisoldt. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Family Tickets (to admit three) one guinea; Unreserved Seats, 5s., to be had of Mr. Hall, at the Rooms, and of Mdle. Bondy, 17, South Molton Street, Grosvenor Square.

## MR. SALAMAN'S EVENING CONCERT,

St. George's Hall, Tuesday, 7th May, Eight o'clock. Mezzosopranos, Egan, K. Doria, Cherer, Fennell; Messrs. Rizzelli, Caravoglia, Federici, Waldeo, Distin, Graham, Salaman, Richard Blagrove, Wells, Peisel, Wendland, Prokatsky, Albert, Ganz, and Francesco Berger. Area Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 7s.; a few Unreserved Seats, at 5s., of Mr. Salaman, 65, Baker Street; Cramer's, Chappell's, Lamborn Cook's, and at St. George's Hall. Programmes ready.

**MR. W. H. HOLMES' PIANOFORTE AND MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT** (by kind permission), at the Residence of THE LADY MARY WINDSOR CLIVE, 43, Grosvenor Street, on SATURDAY MORNING, May 11th, at Half-past Three o'clock. Programmes and Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each (not transferable), to be had only of Mr. W. H. Holmes, 35, Beaumont Street, Marylebone.

**SCHUBERT SOCIETY.**—**BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W.**—President, Sir JULIUS BARNARD; Director, Herr SCHUBERT. **SIXTH SEASON, 1872.** The next Concerts of the Society this Season will take place on Thursdays, May 8th, and June 13th. The Concerts of the Schubert Society afford an excellent opportunity for young rising artists to make their appearance in public. Prospectus and full particulars on application to H. G. HORRAN, Hon. Sec.

**MR. ADOLPHE SCHLOESSER'S EVENING CONCERT, on WEDNESDAY, 8th May, at the HARVEY SQUARE ROOMS, at Half-past Eight.** Vocalists—Mdlle. Carola and Monsieur Valdes. Instrumentalists—Mm. Strauss, Wiener, Zerbin, Daubert, W. Macfarren, Dannreuther, Berlinger, and Schloesser. Conductor—Mr. Zerbin. Stalls, half a guinea each, at Messrs. Chappell's, 50, New Bond Street; Messrs. Cramer's, 201, Regent Street; and of Mr. Adolphe Schloesser, 25, Devonshire Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

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**SECOND RECITAL.**—Trio, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello (Schumann); Sonata, in A flat (Weber); Quartet, in B minor (Mendelssohn); a. Studies, 6. Grande Valse (Chopin).

**THIRD RECITAL.**—Quartet (Dusseck); Fantasia, in F sharp minor (Mendelssohn); Sonata, in A major, for Pianoforte and Violin (Mozart); a. Prelude and Fugue (Handel); b. Prelude and Fugue (Bach); Grand Trio, in B flat, Op. 97 (Beethoven).

At each Recital there will be two Vocal Pieces.

**Seal Stalls** (Numbered and Reserved), for the series, 21 1s.; Single Tickets, 10s. 6d.; **Balcony Stalls** (Numbered and Reserved), for the series, 10s. 6d.; Single Ticket, 5s.; **Area and Back Balcony, 1s.** Subscriptions received at Messrs. Lamborn Cook & Co.'s, 43, New Bond Street; Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Ollivier's, 39, Old Bond Street; and at St. George's Hall, Langham Place.

### MR. W. H. CUMMINGS

Has the honour to announce the first performance of his

### NEW CANTATA,

### "THE FAIRY RING,"

ON FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 24TH, 1872.

### ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Principal Vocalists—Miss EDITH WYNNE, MADAME PATEY, Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS, and Mr. LEWIS THOMAS.

The BAND will be complete, and comprise members of the Orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, &c. Solo Harp—Mr. John Thomas.

The CHORUS will consist of members of the Choir of the Oratorio Concerts (by the kind permission of the Directors and Mr. J. Barnby).

The Second Part of the Programme will be a MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION OF MUSIC.

The following eminent Artists will also appear—MADAME LEMMENS SHEERINGTON, Mr. PATEY, Mr. MAYBRICK, and MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

Conductors—Mr. F. STANISLAUS and Mr. JOSEPH BARNBY. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area and Gallery, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and the principal Musicians.

### "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

**MR. GEORGE PERREN** will sing the above popular song (by desire) at St. George's Hall (Mr. Sidney Smith's Recital), on Wednesday, 15th inst.

### "SIE ROLAND"

**HERB CARL BOHRER**, from the Royal Opera, Dresden, will sing HENRY SMART's new Song, "SIE ROLAND," at Mdlle. Bondy's Concert, May 11th.

### "SWEET EVENING AIR."

**MR. VERNON RIGBY** will sing WILFORD MORGAN's new Song, "SWEET EVENING AIR," at Mr. John Cheahire's Harp Concert, St. George's Hall, June 10; and at all his Concert Engagements.

**MISS OLARA DORIA**, having been re-engaged for the Italian Season of the Parepa-Roma Company in America, begs leave to announce that she will return to London about the middle of May. All communications to be addressed to Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street.

**MDLLE. ANNA RENZI** (Pupil of Signor Graffigna, of Milan), having just arrived in London from Italy, is open to receive Engagements. Address, 15A, Golden Square.

**SIGNOR and MADAME GUSTAVE GARCIA** have arrived in London for the season. Address, 17, Lamark Villas, Maida Hill. Mr. GARCIA is engaged at Baden-Baden from June 18th to June 25th, before and after which period he can accept Engagements for Concerts, Soirees, &c.

**SIGNOR GIULIO ALARY** begs to announce that he has arrived in town for the Season. Address, 4, Piccadilly, W.

### MDLLE. THERESE LIEBE

**MDLLE. THERESE LIEBE** (violinist) begs to announce her Return from her Provincial Tour, and that she will remain in London for the Season. Communications about Engagements for Concerts, Soirees, Quartet-Parties, &c., to be addressed to Mdlle. Liebe's residence, No. 7, Saander's Road, Royal Crescent, Notting Hill, W.

**MISS LINA GLOVER** begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she is in Town for the Season. Letters respecting Oratorios, Concerts, &c., to be addressed to her Residence, 11, Albany Street, N.W.

**MR. ARTHUR BYRON** begs to announce that he is prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. All applications to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

**MR. GREAVES (Bass).**—All Applications for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street.

**MISS FENNELL** begs to announce that she is in London for the Season, and prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, Soirees, &c. All communications to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

**MR. A. LOCKWOOD** having returned to London will accept Engagements as Soloist, and to give Lessons on the Harp. 51, Albert Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

### 22a, DORSET STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, W.

**MDME. SIDNEY PRATTEN** begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she has removed to the above address, and that she continues to give Lessons on the Guitar and Concertina.

### REMOVAL.

**MADAME BODDA PYNE** (Miss Louisa Pyne) and Mr. FRANK BODDA beg to announce their REMOVAL to No. 4, Colville Gardens, Bayswater, W.

**ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL.**—Two or Three CHORISTERS WANTED to fill vacancies. Salary, from £25 to £40 per annum, according to proficiency, with Education free in the Choristers' School. Terms, three months' notice on either side before cancelling agreement. Duties, daily service. Apply to Dr. Maclean, Eton College. No boy not having fair proficiency in Cathedral Choir Singing need apply.

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**TENOR SOLOIST WANTED, for CHRIST CHURCH,** Lancaster Gate. Duties, Sunday Morning and Evening, and Saturday Afternoon Beharal. Salary, £20 per annum. Application, with Testimonials, to be sent to C. G. Verrinder, 15, Westbury Road, Westbourne Square, W.

**ORGANIST and CHOIRMASTER, QUEEN'S COLLEGE,** Oxford.—The post will be vacant at Midsummer. Daily Evening Service, and two Services on Sundays, during Term. Salary, £100 per annum. Candidates are requested to apply (by letter only) to the President, on or before the 31st of May next, stating age, and enclosing testimonials of ability to train boys.

**TO TUNERS.**—Wanted, in a large Musical Establishment, a YOUNG MAN, of good manners and address, capable of trying a piano with effect. He would be required to act as in-door Tuner and Wareroom Salesman over the Piano department. If a good Piano player, additional wages might be earned by attending balls, &c. No one need apply whose character will not bear strict investigation. One who had acted in a similar capacity in a Music Warehouse, or had some knowledge of the retail Piano trade preferred. To a suitable person fair remuneration would be given. Address, giving particulars and salary expected, to Pigott & Co., 113, Grafton Street, Dublin.

## THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The concert in the "Handel Orchestra" yesterday began about four o'clock. On the arrival of the distinguished party who occupied the Royal box, the National Anthem was performed by a chorus and orchestra upwards of 2,000 in number; and then followed the new *Te Deum Laudamus*, written by Mr. Arthur Seymour Sullivan expressly for the occasion of this "Thanksgiving" fête, and dedicated, by permission—a favour but seldom accorded,—to her Majesty the Queen. Of this new work by our young countryman we are glad to be able to speak in terms of unqualified praise. It is not only, in our opinion, the most finished composition for which we are indebted to his pen, but an honour to English art. It is written for soprano solo, chorus, orchestra, organ, and military band. The military band is not an absolute necessity, but may be employed *ad libitum*; its effect, however, as introduced in the last chorus, is so bright and uncommon that it would be a pity to present the work without it. The *Te Deum* comprises seven numbers. The first begins with a slow and majestic prelude for orchestra, in which a fragment of Dr. Croft's church tune known as "St. Ann's," bearing a strong affinity to the theme of one of the most famous of J. S. Bach's organ fugues, is introduced. The chorus (C major) is in the same strain, and the words, "All the earth doth worship Thee," are set to a short *fugate*. At the repetition of "We praise Thee," &c., full choral harmony is resumed; and "To Thee all angels cry aloud" becomes the text for a well-developed fugue, which, but for certain episodic passages, might also be called Handelian in style. Still better is the second number—"To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry" (E flat)—for soprano solo, with chorus. The setting of the words, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth," in which the chorus is alternately accompanied by orchestra and left alone, is singularly impressive, and there is a Rossinian touch in the charming triplet melody allotted to the solo (sung to perfection by Mdlle. Tietjens). The interest of the work increases as it goes on. The third number—a grand chorus—"The glorious company of the Apostles praise Thee"—is one of the most striking and original in the *Te Deum*. In this is interpolated the first Gregorian tone (G), harmonized with great ingenuity, especially in one place, where, the tune being preserved intact, the harmony takes it into a different key. The words, "Thou art the King of Glory," are set to what musicians technically term a canon, "four in one," and this, with a characteristic accompaniment for the orchestra, is developed so skilfully as to justify us, without entering into further detail, in proclaiming Mr. Sullivan a thorough master of contrapuntal device. The fourth number is an air for soprano (B minor), "When Thou tookest on Thee to deliver man"—a strain of continuous melody as beautiful as it is pathetic. This was exquisitely sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, and accompanied by the orchestra with a delicacy beyond praise. No. 5, chorus, "We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge" (B major), is less original, if not less meritorious in a purely artistic sense, than the pieces which precede and follow it. What with the style of its melody, and its triplet orchestral accompaniment, we are too frequently reminded of Mendelssohn, and especially of certain passages in *St. Paul*. But, in other respects, there is no room for criticism. No. 6, soprano solo, with chorus (G)—"O Lord save Thy people"—has much worthy of notice, more, in fact, than we can find time to dwell upon. The second part, "Day by day we magnify Thee," begins with a very tuneful choral quartet, the theme led off by the tenors, answered by the basses, and echoed by the sopranos, though not further developed, as might have been anticipated, in the strict form of a "round" or "canon." In this number we have a fresh reference to the Gregorian tone, already mentioned, where the words, "O Lord, save Thy people," occur—than which nothing could be more appropriate. No. 7 "Vouchsafe, O Lord" (C)—the final chorus, and concluding portion of the *Te Deum* is a worthy climax. In this Mr. Sullivan has put forth all his strength, and with eminent success. The orchestral prelude is identical with that with which the work commences, and, the key being also identical, we have that homogeneity sometimes absent even from compositions far more ambitious in design and character. Here, again, the stately tune of Dr. Croft ("St. Ann's") is used with striking effect,

both in the opening and elsewhere. The words, "O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us," are wedded to a masterly fugue, from which, though here and there slightly reminded of *St. Paul*, we cannot withhold admiration. The introduction of the military band, near the close, the reappearance of the "St. Ann's" tune, now made the theme of the "Domine salvam fac Regiam" ("O Lord save the Queen") for voices in unison, and the ultimate working up, merit all eulogy. It is agreeable to have to describe in such terms the work of a native musician composed for so important an occasion. The performance generally, under the vigilant direction of Mr. Manns, was, all things considered, remarkably good. At the end Mr. Sullivan was loudly called for, and on appearing in the orchestra was uproariously cheered, the members of the band and chorus heartily joining in the demonstration. It will suffice to give the programme of the second part of the concert, which was listened to by the Royal visitors from one end to the other:—

Overture, <i>Semiramide</i> (by special desire)	...	Rossini.
Romanza, "Quanda Le Sere" (Luigia Miller), Signor	...	Verdi.
Fancelli	...	Verdi.
Chorale, "Sleepers, wake" ( <i>St. Paul</i> ) (by special desire)	...	Mendelssohn.
Air, "Hearts of Oak" Signor Foli	...	Boyce.
Grand Scene, <i>Niobe</i> , Mdlle. Tietjens	...	Pacini.
Chorus, "May no rash intruder" ( <i>Solomon</i> )	...	Handel.
Overture, <i>Der Freischütz</i>	...	Weber.
Part Song, "The Hardy Norseman" (by special desire)	...	Pearcell.
"God Bless the Prince of Wales"—solo by Mdlle. Tietjens	...	Brinley Richards.

Except that every number was applauded, and that Signor Foli was encored in the fine old English naval song of Dr. Boyce's "Hearts of Oak," it is unnecessary to say anything about this selection of familiar pieces. The overtures were splendidly played, the solos were given as well as could be wished, and the chorale, chorus, and part-song left nothing to desire.

The number of admissions by season tickets was 16,232; ditto on payment, 9,966; total visitors, 26,198.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

When an oratorio has been so long before the public as Sir Michael Costa's *Eli*, the public have, in some way or other, made up their minds with respect to its merit, and the place it should hold in their esteem. *Vox populi, vox Dei* may be no more true of things musical than of things political or social; but, after all, the general opinion has its weight, and more often inclines to truth rather than to error. Judged by this test, *Eli* can only be looked upon as a fortunate work. The usual fate of oratorios, since Mendelssohn's death, has been a short, if not a merry life, and then, as Mr. Carlyle might put it, to "disappear into space." *Eli* is an exception; it survives, and that in a state of vigour, having been heard, within the last few months, at several places in the provinces, and always with favour. Whether *Eli* will continue to be thus lucky time must show; but, meanwhile, it has an unchallengeable claim upon the Sacred Harmonic Society, who owe their conductor more than any attention to his works can pay. Its claim was recognized on Friday night week, by a performance under Sir Michael's own direction, which must have gratified the composer as much as it obviously delighted the audience. Naturally enough, everybody engaged took a special interest in the result, and did all that was possible to make that result a success. Thus may we explain the rare merit shown alike by principals, band, and chorus, and the production of effects which, for grandeur, it would not be easy to surpass. Under conditions so favourable, *Eli* could hardly miss a warm reception; and the encores were more numerous than those usually permitted in Exeter Hall. The choral and orchestral effects were sometimes overpowering, which, perhaps, explains why the encores did not extend to them; but no possible compliment should have been withheld after the chorus, "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits," the elaborate fugue in which was given magnificently. A finer *ensemble* never came under our observation. Other numbers were no less satisfactory in their degree, and the concerted pieces rivalled the solos in attractiveness. The principal vocalists were Madame Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. D. Christian, and Signor Foli, each of

whom proved thoroughly equal to the task in hand. Madame Sherrington's success in the animated air, "I will extol thee, O Lord," was immense, and right well deserved, by singing which combined pure tone with admirable execution and the proper spirit. An "encore" compelled Madame Sherrington to give the air a second time, and she did it with enhanced effect. Samuel's two prayers, "Lord, from my bed," and "This night I lift my heart to thee," afforded Madame Patey an opportunity, of displaying her rich voice and impressive style. That in the case of this favourite artist, both voice and style improve as time goes on, was never more clearly shown. Mr. Rigby exerted himself with much success in the well-known war song, sparing no effort in order that justice might be done to music lying within the means of very few. He was equally happy in the melodious duet (with Madame Sherrington), "Wherefore is thy soul cast down?" his fine voice and careful execution helping no little towards the "encore." Mr. Christian was satisfactory in the music of the Man of God; and, in that of Eli, Signor Foli acquitted himself with unwonted ability and effect. The part is not a sensational one, and depends less upon *tours de force* than upon artistic and impressive delivery. These requisites Signor Foli supplied, and the result left little or nothing to desire. M. Sainton was, as usual, *chef d'attaque*, and Mr. Coward played the organ part with his customary skill.

The performance of *Eli* ended the season at Exeter Hall; the remaining subscription concerts being announced to take place in the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore.

#### ORATORIO CONCERTS.

The directors of these concerts did an act of justice to a great and too-much-neglected oratorio by the performance, last Wednesday evening week, of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. Referring to that early example of the composer's genius, we can barely refrain from a discussion of its merits as compared with those of *Elijah*, and from inquiring the reason why the almost unexampled popularity of the second work has thrown the first into the back ground. But, though the temptation to do this is strong, a better course will be to insist, in the light of the interpretation its music has just received, upon the absolute merit of *St. Paul*, and its claim to rank among the noblest of oratorios. That claim, by the way, is most readily conceded by all who are best able to appreciate what is dignified and impressive in religious music. The work does not want for contrast; and we need only refer to the choruses, "Stone him to death" and "O be gracious, ye immortals," in order to show that Mendelssohn has adorned it with dramatic and descriptive music of the finest order. But the general tone of *St. Paul* harmonises with the lofty and somewhat severe character of its subject, the composer's fine perception of what was fitting being aided by that profound admiration for Sebastian Bach which is so plainly declared in some of Mendelssohn's most interesting early compositions. *St. Paul*, therefore, is not so readily appreciable as its more dramatic and more striking (because more highly-coloured) successor, *Elijah*. Upon this fact rests the hope of those who desire that the earlier oratorio should take its proper place; and every such performance as the one under notice brings the consummation nearer.

We must speak of Wednesday evening week's doings in terms of almost unqualified praise, because hardly a beauty in Mendelssohn's score failed to make itself felt and understood. The orchestra did its work with rare precision, and the well-trained voices were quite at home with the almost dainty part-writing of the choruses, as well as with the richly harmonized chorales. We may cite from one category the heathen hymn already named, and from another the pathetic elegy, "Happy and blest are they," as affording examples of very nearly perfect execution. The solos were worthy of the concerted pieces, some of them, indeed, making an unusually great effect. Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington gave "I will sing of Thy great mercy" with marked purity of style; but her most unqualified success was in "Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets." Miss Julia Elton did her very best in the contralto music, and was applauded after "But the Lord is mindful of his own," as was Mr. Whitney after "O God have mercy," and "Consume them all," the former air suiting the American bass's powerful, but not very flexible, voice, better than its companion. Mr. Sims Reeves,

who was assisted in the subordinate music of the tenor part by Mr. Nordblom, made an extraordinary impression by his delivery of "Be thou faithful unto death." His effort was worthy alike of the beauty of the song and the fame of the artist; indeed, it must have satisfied the most exigent, while delighting the audience in the highest degree. Tumultuous demands were made for a repetition, but they met with a refusal which was at once politic and proper. Mr. Docker again did good service at the organ, and Mr. Barnby conducted, with even more than his ordinary carefulness and zeal.

Mendelssohn's first oratorio, *St. Paul*, was produced under Mr. Barnby's direction on Wednesday week, in Exeter Hall; and we trust that the large audience who assembled to hear it were moved to ask why a work so noble is so much neglected. Not a few of those amateurs by whom the manifold beauties of *St. Paul* are intimately known contend that the oratorio must be placed at least upon a level with *Elijah*. Into the justice of their contention we shall not inquire; but evidently much might be said for it. An argument in its favour might even be founded upon the immense popularity enjoyed by *Elijah* as compared with *St. Paul*. Popularity, as yet, is a test of merit, if at all, only by regarding that which finds readiest acceptance as the least worthy. But, in any case, the always classical—sometimes severely classical—beauty of *St. Paul* must ever command the admiration of those whose taste is refined. Mr. Barnby may be congratulated upon a capital performance. His chorus and orchestra were thoroughly up to their work, and scarcely a hitch occurred from the opening bars of the overture to the final chord. In this respect the enjoyment of the connoisseurs present could hardly have been exceeded. Nor were the soloists behind-hand in efficiency. Madame Sherrington sang the lovely airs, "I will sing of Thy great mercies," and "Jerusalem," in the best manner. Miss Elton never gave "But the Lord is mindful" in better taste; and if Mr. Whitney was sometimes loud, he was always intelligent and musicianly. But the crowning success was achieved by Mr. Sims Reeves, whose delivery of the beautiful air, "Bethou faithful unto death," was equal to any previous achievement of that consummate artist. A reading of the music more refined, expression more suitable, and an effect more thoroughly harmonious could not be desired. The audience felt this as by a common instinct, and the last note was followed by tumultuous applause, which continued till Mr. Reeves had twice bowed his acknowledgments. No greater success can be imagined. The whole performance was well received and we may now hope that *St. Paul* will be an annual feature at these concerts.

#### THE CRYSTAL PALACE THANKSGIVING.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—A grand festival, in celebration of the recovery of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, took place at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday, May 1st. The *solis* on this occasion were sung by Mdme. Tietjens, Signori Fancelli and Foli. No one, I am sure, would wish to say a word in disparagement of these artists, but, on such an occasion, English singers should certainly have held a prominent position. At a like festival in Germany, Italy, or elsewhere, save in England, I hardly think directors would have engaged, exclusively, foreigners, implying thereby the incapacity of their compatriots to assist at an event of such national importance. Trusting that you will find a place for these lines in your influential journal.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A SUBSCRIBER.

COLOGNE.—Dr. Ferdinand Hiller has received from the Grand-Duke of Baden the Cross of the Order of the Zähringer Lion, First Class.

DUSSELDORF.—The forty-ninth Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine will be celebrated here, under the direction of Herr Anton Rubinstein and Julius Tausch, on the 19th, 20th, and 21st inst. The principal artists will be Madame Parepa-Rosa, soprano, from London; Herr Otto, from Berlin, tenor; Herr Gura, from Leipzig, barytone; Herr Robbeck, from Rotterdam, bass; Professor Leopold Auer, from St. Petersburg, solo violin; and Herr Knappe, from Solingen, organ. The programme will be as follows: First day.—Cantata, "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss," J. S. Bach; Symphony, No. 8, F major, L. van Beethoven; Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, Handel. Second day.—Symphony in D minor, R. Schumann; *Mirjam's Siegesgesang*, for soprano, solo, and chorus, Franz Schubert; Overture to *Überon*, Weber; *Der Thurm zu Babel*, sacred opera, Rubinstein. Third day.—Miscellaneous Concert.

## PAULINE LUCCA AT DRESDEN.

What we have wished and desired for years—says a Dresden paper—namely: the appearance here of the first operatic singer in Germany, Pauline Lucca, is now a thing of the past, and has been attended with an amount of success completely realising the expectations we had formed of it. As Angèle, in *Le Domino Noir*, and as Margarethe, in *Faust*, the fair and popular singer appeared on our boards, and her two evenings' engagement sufficed to awake in this town, also, as mad a Lucca-enthusiasm as any in Berlin itself. But who could withstand the magic of such genuine geniality! Not only are M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca's material resources so taking, but she possesses an intellectual element by which she achieves her principal victories, and which imparts the highest value to what she does. Any special notice of the above characters strikes us as superfluous, and, as for the material success, you may imagine that for yourself, without my having to describe all the details of the ovations paid the lady.—Our local artists seemed to exert themselves with peculiar zeal. Herr Jäger sang *Faust* admirably, delighting the public with warmth of delivery, purity, and elevation of tone, and excellent acting. Herr Köhler sang Mephisto very well; if he would do something more in the way of acting and make-up, he would be an unrivalled representative of the part. M<sup>lle</sup>. Fischler, as Siebel, was, according to her usual custom at present, exceedingly lackadaisical, and smiled with complacent coolness at the audience. There was nothing else in the two performances deserving of notice. We all know that Herren Dettmer and Eichberger are good in *Le Domino Noir*.

"Let her come"—says Dr. Schmidt—"she is an artist crowned with success throughout Europe, but we will see for all that whether she is really and truly such a phenomenon." Remarks of this description might have been heard at every little wine-shop, when it was reported that Madame Lucca intended visiting Dresden, to perform twice at the Theatre Royal. Well, she came! Was it curiosity, or what was it, which made a great crowd flock to the railway-station when the *prima donna* arrived? This is something I do not know, but there is one fact I do know, and that is: all hearts were won as the elastic little lady tripped lightly along to her carriage, and looked from the window upon the throng with an eye which flashed with an unusual brilliancy, and seemed actually almost to laugh.—Madame Lucca appeared as Angèle, in *Le Domino Noir*, and as Margarethe, in Gounod's *Faust*. Though the prices were doubled, the house was crammed to the ceiling on both evenings. When the Dresdeners make up their minds to spend a deal of money, they expect something extraordinary, and if they do not get it, are terribly abusive. At the beginning of M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca's first performance, the audience sat, so to speak, with all their bristles up—but against heaven-bestowed geniality opposition is useless. Scarcely had M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca sung the first few notes, before there was a murmur of approbation through the house; at the conclusion of the first air, the entire audience applauded; and, by the end of the performance, M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca had been called on fourteen times! Such was the reception accorded to this most celebrated artist as Angèle. As Margarethe, she had already to deal with a public worked up to so high a pitch of enthusiasm, that one felt inclined to believe that the people inhabiting the banks of the yellow Elbe had been turned into natives of some southern clime. For two performances M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca received 1,200 thalers—will not our friends the democrats be savage!

"Is it possible?" is the question everyone must ask—(says the principal Dresden paper)—who was at the Temporary Theatre. "Is it possible?" There was a regular pitched battle. Before, however, describing the scene by day to the Dresdeners, and, above all, to our provincial friends, we will throw a little light upon the scene of the night previous. As early as ten p.m., the day before yesterday, dark figures, prepared for everything, posted themselves before the doors of the theatre, so as to be present when the box-office opened, some eleven hours afterwards. New comers kept continually flocking up. Several times in the course of the night, the patrol came round, and drove off those who thus laughed to scorn all sanitary considerations. But the crowd always assembled again. A few were enveloped in some kind of wrapper, but many with only an ordinary coat on, and a scarf round their neck, stood there in thin boots. The

least these thoughtless individuals can do is to catch a severe cold, is it not? And all this commotion was about little Madame Lucca! At the usual early hour for opening the box-office, a long row of persons extended from the doors of the theatre right across the street as far as the Bellevue Hotel. The excitement, tension of feeling, abuse, shivering, and agony from crushed corns, were general, but no one gave way. There they stood, like a wall, unshakable! The majority were supplied with provisions in the shape of rolls, coffee, and rum, for ten hours. The serving men—and they formed the principal contingent—hit, during the night, upon the plan of giving a number to each of their colleagues who arrived later, so that the earliest comers still preserved the advantage. Of course, however, when the box office was open, many persons endeavoured to slip by deceit and stratagem into a place near the doors. The forcible ejection, which invariably followed, of the intruders from the ranks, gave rise to innumerable comic scenes. As we have said, it was a regular pitched battle. Among the members of the crowd furthest from the doors, there reigned a deep calm, as though they were collecting their energies for the grand moment of the general fight which awaited everyone at the doors, no matter whether he was a serving-man, gentleman, government official, or cabdriver—for all classes of society, were represented. In the midst of the hubbub, the representatives of the law, with their glittering helmets, were doing battle valiantly. Several arrests are said to have taken place. Fabulously high prices were offered for tickets. The celebrated little lady has various contusions to answer for, but we trust they will not affect her voice.

## THE REIGN OF THE ROSAS.

(From the "New York World, April 7th.")

Mr. Carl Rosa is earning the right to a statue in the Central Park. For the man who puts Italian opera on a lasting basis here, deserves himself to be put upon an equally imperishable foundation, and to be looked at by successive generations of admiring Americans with something of the same gratified wonder that their fathers looked upon the *Travatore* and *Don Giovanni*, given with four great artists instead of one. Nobody but the man who undertakes to write about opera knows what a luxury a first-class opera is. For nobody else can know how second and third-class opera is hedged about by platitudes and imperative indefiniteness, and elegant non-committal verbiage. The good thing, when it comes, comes demanding commendation in exact and positive terms, and frank unqualified utterance being a gift of the gods to great singers, curiously awakens some of the same power in the listeners. This is one of the magic secrets of music.

The three nights of Italian opera which the past week gave us were extraordinary nights. Unless the present music madness becomes confirmed, and the improvement in lyric representation goes on for the next ten years, those nights will be remembered for their artistic excellences and the wonderful ardour of the public. In truth they mark a new era in opera. For the first time in America the management has met the public demand with adequate talent, and the public, as the press has always declared it would, has met the management with a patronage and approval that has almost taken its breath away. Those three nights represent a sum total of 25,000 dols. contributed willingly by a young people to an old art. It was never done before—even in those countries where the art and the peoples are alike old. St. Petersburg, with its princely patrons, Vienna, Milan, Paris, London, never did anything like it. It was reserved for New York to demonstrate the American proposition that the people themselves are the most liberal patrons of what is good, and that subsidies and aristocratic backers and government charity of any kind do not furnish as wholesome and generous a support to musical art as the public themselves. I am especially glad that the young *impresario*, Carl Rosa has worked out this truth to the satisfaction of everybody. It is the crowning work of a season of music extraordinary for its accomplishments in behalf of art in America. Somehow he reminds me, in this musical war, of the young Napoleon. His comprehensive ideas and celerity of action, his indefatigable energy, the splendour of his equipments, and the dazzling glory of his achievements puzzle the older and sleepier generals, and win the admiration of the people. He never rests. I believe he does now and then fling himself down after the manner of 'the little corporal' and snatch a few winks of sleep while his cohorts are burnishing their arms, but it is a common saying among orchestras, and choruses, and railroad conductors, that he always manages to keep an eye open. It is only a few years ago that he came here a modest fiddler and appealed in a quiet way to cultivated people in concerts. Even then he attracted attention. He got more tone out of his violin than many other men who were old favourites. Some-

thing of the artist's strenuous nature and thoroughness of purpose was discernible in his instrument, and beyond and above all that, something of the conscientious principle of all true success was always discernible in the man. Nobody was ever more fortunate in opportunities. Apollo himself must have arranged them.

The greatest of all opportunities was Parepa. Ah! to a manager, she was like a noble river to a city which pours the wealth of all countries at its feet, even though the city make no efforts to secure them. But opportunities are nothing without the pluck to seize them. He seized Parepa. After that he held the continent. For a man who could prove to a doubting world that English opera could be made both worthy and remunerative there was but one other step. That was to prove the same thing for Italian opera! And here is where our violin virtuoso has suddenly developed from an artist to an authority. Come now, every one of us is born into this wretched world with more or less original managerial sin. If it were not for the restraining influence of our good angels we should all lapse into management, and the world would, sooner or later, be equally torn by *prima donnas* and *impresarios*. And any of us with such a *prima donna* as Parepa would have stopped short at the acquisition, and called on the rest of mankind to make obeisance.

Such is the fatuity of management. Its method is isolation, not combination. In the dramatic firmament there are few galaxies. The star combinations, so called, are generally mere comets with a single nucleus, and a thin and foggy tail of talent. Carl Rosa conceived the brilliant idea of giving Italian opera with the best artists the world afforded in all the rôles. At this point we all lost our breath. If an Englishman had come over and proposed to lock us all up in our railway carriages, or furnish us with cheap cabs, we should not have been more astounded. The sages around the Academy of Music tapped their foreheads significantly. Vague regrets that so young a man should be thus afflicted were heard in financial circles. An agent of one of the prominent life insurance companies was sent after him with a protest. But the agent couldn't keep up with him. When the protest was in Philadelphia the Rosas were in Baltimore, and when it followed them one night to New Haven they were in the Academy here knocking the wags from under the *Trovatore*.

Those three nights of Italian opera proved the superior discernment and the self-reliance of the young manager. And so soon as they were successful everybody said it was just what everybody had predicted.

Of the three brilliant performances *Rigoletto* was altogether the best. In neither of the other two did Wachtel and Santley appear as the perfect complements of each other. On the first night the *prima donna* was indisposed sufficiently to have justified her in keeping her room. But I saw her during the performance. She was then in a high fever, and suffering from one of those headaches peculiar to her sex. Every note cost her a pang. That she went through the ordeal with only a slight wavering of that magnificent voice shows the indomitable pluck of the artist, and on Wednesday night her complete recovery and admirable execution in the rôle of Gilda (given by her here for the first time) were pleasing evidences of wonderful recuperative powers. An artist who, in defiance of the time-out-of-mind precedent, can conquer her own nature in the service of art may well be regarded as capable of winning a manager's success. I never heard *Rigoletto* better sung. Mme. Rosa seized the part of Gilda with her whole strength of mind and utterance. In the duet with the Duke, and the soliloquy when he leaves her, she wrought out the composer's effect clearly and beautifully. Her sonorous, vibrating voice—than which we have had none so full of charm and beauty since Grisi sang here—her broad and noble manner of phrasing, and her delicious intonation gave to the execution of the part a majesty and an amplitude that it had never had for us before. The quartet was the vocal triumph of the evening. Music and strongly contrasted passion never were so woven as in this concerted *chef d'œuvre*. After the *crescendo* at the close, the audience broke out with a long, wild cheer of admiration. It was contrary to the etiquette of the Academy, but the enthusiasm overflowed its banks. Herr Wachtel vibrates with his own fervour at all times. Like most singers ready-made by nature, he owes very little to art, and depends almost exclusively upon his ear for everything he acquires. Who that has enjoyed these three nights will ever forget that the greatest triumph won in the *Trovatore* was Santley's "Il balen?"

This week of opera came grandly to a close yesterday with two simultaneous performances. Both Wallack's Theatre and the Academy of Music were crowded to the entrances with anxious multitudes. There were five thousand dollars taken in at Wallack's. There must have been nearly double that amount represented at the Academy.

NYM CRINKLE.

MUNICH.—Preparations are being made to celebrate in a fitting manner, at the Theatre Royal, the fiftieth anniversary of *Der Freischütz* here. Mdle. Stehle will sustain the part of Agathe, and Herr Vogl that of Max.

## THE OPERA AT NAPLES.\*

You will now guess what the only thing must be that can interest every class in this city of restless laziness and indolent activity. Will the opera remain open, or will the season be brought to a premature close. This is the burning question of the hour; this is the all-engrossing topic which, for the past fortnight, has absorbed the attention of savage and semi-civilised Naples. For weeks the pit of San Carlo has been like a bear-garden; a few generous-minded individuals have endeavoured to support the artists, but the great majority have spared none in their fierce desire to ruin the poor manager. Poor, did I call him? Why, in London he would be thought the luckiest of the lucky. He receives from the municipality a subvention of 850,000 francs (£14,000) for the first year of his contract, 250,000 francs (£10,000) for the remaining three years, and he has the handsomest theatre in the world—the largest but one—for nothing. He is compelled by his contract, a printed copy of which is now before me, to open the house at least eighty nights in the year; but he may also give performances every night of his life if he is inclined to do so. What would London managers, who pay £4,000 a year for the rent of a house, which, auditorium and stage, roof and cellars, might be put bodily into the pit of San Carlo, say to such conditions? But there is a reverse to the medal. A London manager may make a fortune, or ruin himself, at his own sweet will. The Neapolitan *impresario* is helpless in the hands of two governing bodies, who may if they please drive him to absolute ruin. He is bound in the minutest details by a contract, which, consisting of fifty-eight different articles, takes up twenty-nine folio pages of printed matter, and is actually furnished with an elaborate index of conditions and obligations. In this precious document every possible contingency is provided for as scrupulously as though the management of a theatre were the most important business which could be undertaken by a State. The exact constitution of the *troupe* is scrupulously laid down, and the artists are specified who are to be respectively *di primo Cartello* and *di merito distinto*. Moreover, the meaning of these terms is exactly defined. Thus an artist *di primo Cartello* must be in the full possession of his means and must not have been depreciated by singing or dancing in any second-class theatres; he must have sung or danced with complete success and with the rank conveyed by the epithet *primo assoluto*, in three theatres of the first rank. Similarly an artist *di merito distinto* must have fulfilled the same conditions which are here elaborately repeated, except that he need only have sung or danced with success in at least one first-class theatre in Italy or abroad. The *impresario* is also generously permitted to engage other artists, in addition to those forming the two specified companies, but only after the commission has verified the need of any such accession. The prospectus must be published a month and a half before the opening of the season, and if the *impresario* fails in this condition, he forfeits *ipso facto* the caution-money he has deposited. Methinks this clause would ill suit some London managers of whom I have heard. At every representation an entire opera and an entire ballet must be given, or a single *opera ballo*, provided this latter last not less than *five* hours! Of a truth, the Neapolitans are a thrifty race, and they insist on having their money's worth. The *impresario* is bound to give in each principal season two new operas; one must be new for Naples, but must have been performed elsewhere with success—the other must be a work written expressly by one of the three most famous living composers. Two new ballets must also be brought out, each consisting of not less than five acts. All novelties must have been produced at least twenty days before the close of the season. No comic nor serio-comic operas can be performed, unless they are by celebrated composers, and adapted to San Carlo; even if they fulfil these conditions, only two can be given in each season. Sundays, Thursdays, and high feast days must always be subscription nights. There must be in each season at least two "great illuminations" of the theatre—that is to say, the candles must be lighted in addition to the gaslamps. The "diapason normal" must be used "as in Paris, and London, and Milan"—a condition from which you will see, astute readers, that we English obtain credit for a virtue we do not possess. But surely the officials who drew up this elaborate document should have known that the English pitch is half a tone higher than the *diapason normal*. The firemen are to attend at the cost of the municipality, but any extra men employed by the manager must be paid by him at the exorbitant rate of twenty centimes an evening. He is, moreover, not to receive his subvention intact; there have to be deducted from it, according to the terms of this precious document, "sundry pensions, salaries to persons employed by the municipality, maintenance of machinery, and food for the cats." These expenses, including "food for the cats," are to be rated at rather more than seven thousand francs a month. Cats' meat must be an expensive article in Naples! It is not this, however, that is likely to ruin a manager, but the double government, for he cannot move a step

\* Extract from a very interesting letter by a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*.

without the consent of the municipal authorities and of the theatrical commission. Flagrant instances of the effect of this system we shall see anon.

The Neapolitan public has lately taken it into its multitudinous head that it does not get its full amount of justifiable enjoyment out of its great theatre. It has, therefore, hooted down every performance. I went one night to hear *Anna Bolena*. The first act was performed in silence. No sooner, however, had one unfortunate basso sung a false note, than the keenly appreciative and merciless public screamed with rage. This was the signal for the onslaught; and there arose such an uproar as in a tolerably long experience I have never heard within the walls of a theatre. All the evil blood of the people betrayed itself in an instant, and they hooted, and yelled, and gesticulated as though they had been possessed of devils; the place was like Pandemonium broken loose. Not a note could be heard, and at length the obnoxious basso walked off the stage. The concerted piece could not proceed without him; the other singers then wandered off, the *prima donna*, Mdlle. Kraus being shrewd enough to make a low bow to the audience, for which she received a round of applause, and the curtain slowly fell. After a long delay, a paper was brought round to the boxes, stating that those who pleased might claim the return of their money, and that the evening would not count in the *abonnement*. Straightway there was a rush to the ticket-office; the "mean cusses" had heard half an opera for nothing; but the *abonade* remained to enjoy the ballet on the same terms—the evening's amusement not being reckoned against them. "But why did the manager return the money?" you will ask. Simply because he was compelled by the authorities, some of whom are always present, to do so. The same thing happened with *Beatrice de Linda*, and again with *Lucresia Borgia*. The *abonade* were tired of the operas they had heard all through the season, and they were determined not to have them any more until the promised new work had been brought out.

There was a truce in the hostilities for one night, when—it being the King's birthday, and not in the subscription—the theatre was lighted *a giorno*. The *coup d'œil* was superb, the two hundred private boxes all a-glow with the brilliant colours in which Italian dames luxuriate, the six hundred additional lights bringing out into strong relief all the admirably designed ornaments of this "golden house" of music, and the soft sheen of the tapers enhancing by contrast the fuller radiance of the sunlike globes round which they were clustered. Then the theatre was closed for many days after this event, and nothing was talked of but the forthcoming new opera. At last it was whispered about that the general rehearsal was fixed for Thursday. On such occasions the Municipality decides if the new work shall be given or no, and that august body alone has the privilege of inviting visitors. This time the authorities used their rights with a vengeance. When I looked down from a box on to the dimly-lighted house I could see hundreds of pale faces glimmering out of the gloom, like the ghostly spirits that look out of Gustave Doré's Dante designs. At least two thousand people must have been present. At first they were very quiet, but, as time wore on, from eight to nine, from nine to half-past, and there was still no sign of beginning, the guests began to get impatient, and from the vast abyss of darkness which justified the name of pit, came up inarticulate yells. The musicians were all at their places, but lo! their desks were void of music. At last a gentleman stepped forward on the stage and explained that unforeseen circumstances would prevent the rehearsal from taking place that evening. The fact was that the publisher of the music would not deliver the orchestral parts until the price agreed upon had been paid. This was done the following morning, and the rehearsal announced for night; but when evening came the costumer was unpaid, and the trial had to be again postponed. Then the basso became importunate for money, but at last all financial difficulties were temporarily settled, the rehearsal took place, and was followed the next evening by the first performance. Much had been expected; for Petrella, although unknown in England, has for years been one of the most popular composers in the Peninsula. His best known work, *Ione*, founded on *The Last Days of Pompeii*, contains much attractive music, among which may be reckoned a spirited *brindisi*, for the tenor, a characteristic funeral march, and a love-duet, which, for delicacy and depth of feeling, may compare favourably with anything in modern opera. Petrella's *Contessa d'Amalfi*, based on the story of Octave Feuillet's *Dalilah*, is a still more successful work, and his *Promessi Sposi*, amidst much that is rude and vulgar, contains at least one duet which is a true gem. His numerous productions can never satisfy the exacting musical connoisseur, for he has no power of development, but his well-marked melodies, his keen feeling for dramatic effect, and his *ad captundum* contrasts of *forte* and *piano* are certain to strike a musically illiterate audience. In *Manfredo*, his new work, he has flown at higher game, and has altogether missed his mark. The Italians blame him for imitating Wagner and the German school, but his new manner of writing is no more German than it is Chinese. His accompaniments are simply fidgety, incoherent, and unmeaning, while his themes are at least as trite as ever. He is too

old, I imagine, to be able to modify his style to advantage, and I vastly prefer his early unpretending productions to this last attempt at a higher school. He is also very unfortunate in his libretto. *Manfredo*, has nothing to do with the Byronic tragedy, though it is quite as gloomy.

The prologue opens effectively; the curtain rises on the results of an orgie; groups of drunken cavaliers have fallen across the tables, which still groan under the weight of cups and flagons, and women, overcome with wine, are scattered about the floor of the banquet hall in all sorts of picturesque positions. *Manfredo* alone is awake; and, taking up one after another the senseless hand of some fair courtesan, he soliloquises on the vanity of all earthly joys. His *katsenjammer*, as the Germans would call it, is interrupted by the entrance of a pilgrim from the Holy Land, who informs *Manfredo* that his mother was innocent—we had not heard that she was guilty—and that she was falsely denounced by the penitent. *Manfredo* naturally kills on the spot the self-accusing pilgrim, and is incontinently repudiated by his associates for breaking the laws of hospitality. Thus ends the prologue, which consists of a long recitative, unrelieved by a melodious phrase. The three acts of the play are taken up by the loves of Lina and Rannuccio, who, to be married, need the permission of their feudal Lord, the Duke of Scilla. *Manfredo* has a *liaison* with the Duchess, and a meeting is in danger of being discovered by the Duke, when, Lina sacrifices her own good fame in order to avoid the shedding of blood. On this ground the Duke refuses his permission to her marriage, whereupon *Manfredo* declares that he will marry her himself. Hence general tribulation, which is increased by an old innkeeper's declaration that Lina, his supposed daughter, is no other than *Manfredo*'s sister. It generally happens, by-the-bye, in Italian libretti, everybody knows everybody else's relationship much better than his own. However, all the characters at this point are as decided a standstill as in *The Critic*. *Manfredo*, to save trouble, kills himself; and, thank heaven! the curtain falls—of course to the accompaniment of a *cantabile* phrase for the violoncello and a *tremolando* figure on the high notes of the violins. What creatures of conventionality are these composers! why must they make everybody die to the same tune? You may easily imagine that there is no interest in the story, nor is there much in the music. A duet for soprano and tenor, "Dal core trabocca," as original in melody as in idea, and a clever phrase expressive of the cavaliers' mockery of *Manfredo*, which, although repeated in perpetual unison, is nevertheless always effective, are the only bright spots in the dull level of four acts, nor did a second hearing reveal to me any new beauties. The performance was not above mediocrity; Mdlle. Kraus, the *prima donna*, is a true artist, but neither in voice, face, nor figure is she suited to the character of a young and tender bride. Signor Aldighieri, the *Manfredo*, has a powerful bass voice, but the rest is, or ought to have been, silence. Luckily for the composer, the audience were not of my opinion, for they recalled him some three-and-twenty times. On the second night he was called out only twenty-two times, and this *diminuendo* movement will probably go *accelerando* to a full close. The "poet" was also demanded, and a stout gentleman, Signor Cimino, who, I am assured, repeatedly wept sweet tears of gratitude, came on several times hand-in-hand with the composer. I myself observed him standing at the wing, and blowing appreciative kisses to a bald basso who had roared out "Figliuola mia" as softly as a sucking bull. Several other incidents of the evening were highly diverting to a stranger. The audience, glad to hear anything new, were as kind as they had been cruel some nights previous; every well-rendered phrase instantly evoked from these singularly-gifted people a murmur of sympathetic admiration, and even the execution of short solo passages in the orchestra, beyond comparison the best disciplined I have ever heard in any theatre, found immediate and never-failing appreciation. The opera has not been given since, owing to the illness of the *prima donna*, whose indisposition, I am told, may be traced to financial causes.

VIENNA.—Mdlle. Dillner, from the Prague Theatre, has appeared with marked success in *Der Freischütz* and *Die lustigen Weiber*, at the Imperial Operahouse.—At the third extraordinary concert given by the Society of the Friends of Music, Robert Schumann's *Faust* Music was performed in its integrity for the second time in this capital. The solo parts were sustained by Madame Wilt, Dr. Krückl, Herren Kraus, Pirk and Maas. Herr Rubinstein was the conductor, and, if responsible for the chorus and orchestra, had no special reason for self-gratulation.

NEW YORK.—The *World* informs us that the performance of *Don Giovanni* by the Parepa-Rosa Italian Troupe was not perhaps so brilliant, but it was much more satisfactory than any previous representation. In addition to the combination of artists, which has already made the season historical, were added Signor Ronconi and Miss Doria, the first of which is one of the greatest in the records of the lyric drama, and the second entirely fresh to the Italian stage here, though not unknown to musical fame. The Donna Anna of Mdlme. Parepa-Rosa, one of her best characterisations, was made memorable by her splendid vocalization.

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GRAND SONATA, in A major, Op. 140, No. 2 (Posthumous), No. 10 of  
Halle's Edition, for Pianoforte alone ..... Schubert.  
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## PART II.

TWO STRUCKS IN VOLKSTON, in F and A minor, from Op. 102, for Piano-  
forte and Violoncello ..... Schumann.  
Mr. CHARLES HALLE and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA.

SONG.  
GRAND TRIO, in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2, for Pianoforte, Violin, and  
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## DEATH.

On Tuesday, April 30th, HORACE MAYHEW, Esq.—universally regretted.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1872.

## HORACE MAYHEW.

THE death of Horace Mayhew removes from our midst one who was not only well-known, but well-esteemed, alike in literary and social life. As an old contributor to this journal, Mr. Mayhew was, in some sort, connected with the art of music, and on that account, apart from the claims of personal friendship, it becomes our duty to tender to his memory more than ordinary tribute. We cannot do this better than by adopting the language of the *Daily Telegraph*—language evidently inspired by affection and keen regrets. Our daily contemporary said:—

"Deep and sincere sorrow will be felt in many circles of London society when we announce that Mr. Horace Mayhew died on Tuesday afternoon. He expired at his house at Kensington, after a

seizure which lasted little more than twenty-four hours. On Sunday he entertained some friends at dinner; and, although he had been ailing from time to time of late, appeared to be thoroughly convalescent, and manifested his usual light-hearted cheerfulness. On Monday morning at half-past nine he complained of nausea, and soon afterwards a severe fit of vomiting, accompanied by hemorrhage, set in. He continued in a very weak state during the whole of the day, and his condition was such as to cause the most serious alarm to his family, and to the physicians who had been called in. Everything that medical skill could do to relieve him was done; but he was suffering evidently from some mortal organic ailment, and before two o'clock on Tuesday he was a corpse.

"He was but two or three years over fifty; and a long life might have been predicted for him, since he came of a stalwart sire who lived to a patriarchal age, and was one of seven brothers, all remarkable for their stature and their strength. It was not to be so, however; and he has been called away with merciful celerity, without enduring the pangs of long illness and weary decay. The grieving friends will gaze no more upon that good white head—*Stilichonis apex*—prematurely blanched and bald; upon the eyes, beaming with intelligence, and good nature, and bright wit; upon the lips that uttered nought but kindly and gentle things. He was eminently handsome—comelier, indeed, in the autumn than in the spring of his life; and no student of London manners, no frequenter of London social gatherings, could be unfamiliar with the face, the form, and characteristic garb of Horace Mayhew.

"As a man of letters, his repute belonged more to the past than to the present generation. His literary career may be summed up very briefly. Originally attired to his father, a well-known solicitor, he abandoned at an early age a profession which was distasteful to him, and devoted himself to the way of life in which his brothers, Thomas, Henry, Edward, and Augustus, either had or have since attained eminence. He travelled for awhile in France and Germany, and, returning to England about 1842, not many months after the establishment of *Punch*, he speedily became a member of the permanent staff of that famous publication, of which he was at one period the sub-editor. From the hospitable board spread week after week by the proprietors of *Punch*, it was his lot to watch the Griely Summoner call away, one after another, his dearest friends and oldest co-laborers. First A'Becket, then Jerrold, then Thackeray, then Leech, then Mark Lemon. The proprietors, too, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans died, and Horace Mayhew was nearly the last of the bright band whose merry jests and hearty innocent railery had cast sunshine into so many thousands of English homes. But by the new proprietors and by Mr. Shirley Brooks, the editorial successor of Mr. Lemon, the society and the suggestions of Horace Mayhew were as cordially sought and as eagerly prized when he had given up professional authorship as when, years before, he had contributed "Model Men" and "Model Women," and a host of graphic sketches and sparkling witticisms to the journal which he loved so well. He seemed, indeed, to be an integral part of *Punch*, although, for some years previous to his death, he had ceased regularly to contribute to it. He had achieved, besides, in his younger years, a fair amount of journalistic and magazine and dramatic work; but, fortunately or unfortunately, he was without the grand incentive to literary labour. He was of an easy disposition; he had an ample competence; and he retired from the stage of authorship while his faculties were in their fullest vigour, leaving unplucked at least half the laurels he might have gathered. He was the modestest, the kindest, and the most lotos-eating of the professors of the *far niente*. It was always afternoon to him in the world; and he may surely be accounted as the only English literary man of mark who, returning from a lengthened tour through the United States, never committed one line to paper—much less to print—concerning his travels.

"It was impossible not to be kind to his virtues, and not to be blind to such human faults as he may have had—*quia multum amavit*. The wealth of friendship he so lavishly bestowed was as fully reciprocated. All those who knew him loved him; and to love him was to cherish him very dearly. Strangers who knew him only by sight or by repute, who regarded him only as a dashing man about town, a mercurial epicurean, a brilliant *persifleur*, were

little aware of the staunch and sterling qualities he possessed; they did not know that his word was his bond; that his adherence to integrity and veracity were as stern as his charity and his sympathy with all who suffered were unbounded. His drollery and quickness of repartee, his jovial songs and pleasant stories, will be long remembered in what is called "society;" but his memory will be graven more deeply and more worthily in the minds of those who knew him to be a just and upright man—full, for all his fun and frolic, of reverence for truth and natural piety. He added to the nobility and generosity of strong manhood the meek and affectionate heart of a little child."

To every sentence, word, and syllable of which we can only, with the utmost sincerity, respond—"Amen."

### CONCERT.

THE WEST LONDON AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL AND CHORAL UNION gave a concert at Seymour Hall, Portman Square, on Monday evening last, and attracted an appreciative audience. The programme included selections from *Samson*, with additional orchestral accompaniments, by E. Ford, Esq., which told with great effect. The solos were allotted to Miss Matilda Scott, Miss Muir, Gordon Chatter, Esq., and J. Soper, Esq. Of Miss Scott it is needless to say she sang, as she always does, very finely. In "Let the bright seraphim" she fairly brought down the house, the splendid trumpet *obbligato* of Mr. Dearden also coming in for a share of the applause. Miss Muir sang with great care, and evinced herself a thorough artist. Mr. G. Chatter acquitted himself most creditably, and Mr. J. Soper was most happy in "Honour and arms." The second part opened with Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, brilliantly played by the band. Miss Maudsley contributed Meyerbeer's "Robert, toi que j'aime," and Sullivan's "Once Again," and sang effectively. We expect great things from this young lady. Miss Weale received a perfect ovation in Sullivan's "Maiden's Story." Mr. Ronald Menzies was much appreciated in Poniatowski's "Yeoman's Wedding Song." Miss Soames and Mr. Morris gave great satisfaction in Alary's "Duo viva Baccold amor." Miss Dibbin, in a song of her own composition, "The Sky-lark's Lesson," evinced considerable talent not only as a composer but as a singer, warbling her song with much sweetness and grace. A. Phillips, Esq., next gave the "Bell-ringer" with much effect. Costa's March from *Elvi* brought this most successful concert to a close. A word of commendation must be given to the excellent choir, who sang steadily throughout, the "leads" being all well taken up. The band played with great care, and proved quite up to their professional brethren in oratorio music. Mr. W. Beavan conducted throughout with his accustomed ability. Mr. John and Mr. W. Beavan were at the pianoforte. The first of the Monday afternoon, in addition to the evening, rehearsals, with full orchestra, will take place on Monday, May 13th, at Seymour Hall.

### PROVINCIAL.

CLIFTON.—Referring to a concert given here by Miss Ada Jackson, the *Western Daily Press* said:—

"On this occasion a cantata, composed by Mr. J. L. Rückel, was given for the first time. That gentleman last year produced *Fair Rosamond* after it had been brought out at the Crystal Palace. His present work is entitled *The Sea Maidens*, and, like the former, the libretto is supplied by Mr. F. E. Weatherly. There is not much human sympathy evoked in the strains, but they are light and graceful, and the setting, exclusively for female voices, is characteristic. In addition to the fair *bénéficiaire*, the principal vocalists were Miss Helen D'Alton and Miss Edith Chamberlain, a pupil of Miss Jackson. The light pianoforte accompaniment was excellently rendered by Mr. R. C. Rowe, and the composer conducted. The cantata proved an undeniable success, for, though deficient in that solidity which would make it effective in a large hall, the airy and graceful theme, so daintily set, once or twice roused the hearers to enthusiasm. Miss Chamberlain was encoined in the recitative, 'Lapt in night's bosom,' a compliment intended, doubtless, as an encouragement to the singer, for so rare are encores of recitatives that the few on record are treasured in the memory of musicians. The other number of the cantata re-demanded was the charming ballad of 'Maiden Muriel,' finely given by Miss D'Alton. Miss Jackson's singing of 'Dance on in gladness' was an agreeable effort. It would be easy to point out many beauties in the work, which bears all the marks of a skilful composer, but want of space precludes. 'There swings the mellow midnight bell,' beautifully executed by Miss Jackson and Miss D'Alton, may, however, be cited as extremely happy. The miscellaneous portion of the concert was

chiefly noticeable for the pianoforte playing of Madame Arabella Goddard, who is the queen of pianists, and has, in an especial degree, the brilliancy of touch possessed by her master, Thalberg. Possessing a finished execution, she does not, however, unduly obtrude her mechanical ability, but deeply alive to the poetry of any composition she essays, brings out whatever hidden beauties it may contain. On the present occasion her principal performance consisted of Beethoven's sonata in A flat (Op. 26), containing the '*Marcia funebre sulla morte d'un eroe*.' Familiar as this fine sonata is, it always affords gratification when executed with the finish which it now received. Madame Goddard was unanimously recalled after this, and encoined enthusiastically in her next solo—so enthusiastically that she was compelled to play another piece."

REIGATE.—The subjoined is from a report which appeared in a local paper:—

"The annual concert of the Choral Society was given on Thursday, the 25th April. The programme included Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, and selections from Weber. The band, numbering some five and twenty excellent performers, led by M. Louis Ries, executed Mendelssohn's picturesque and brilliant overture with great precision, and 'The War March of the Priests' went splendidly. Considering the difficulty of the music the society are entitled to high praise for their able execution of the choruses. The soloists, Miss Edith and Miss Marion Severn, left nothing to be desired, and Madame Schueegans was very successful. Mr. Thurnam was fortunate in securing the services of the well-known harpist, M. Oberthür,—one of the greatest performers of the day. The elaborate harp parts played during the overture and other portions of the work were executed to perfection. The second part (selections from Weber) included the overture to *Der Freischütz*, a chorus from *Oberon*, and the 'Mermaid's song,' beautifully rendered by Miss Edith Wynne. The pretty little song from *Abu Hassan*, was exceedingly well rendered by Miss Marion Severn, and the concert concluded with the march and finale from *Oberon*. Difficulties will arise in arranging concerts of this kind, which only a conductor, animated as Mr. Thurnam is by great spirit, can surmount; and not the least of the difficulties connected with the performance of Thursday was the finding of an efficient substitute for Mr. Henry Blagrove. Delighted as we were with this concert, there was a feeling akin to sadness in the thought that this distinguished violinist, who for so many years led the band with such unerring precision, was absent. A long and serious illness (as many of our readers are aware) has quite incapacitated Mr. Blagrove from continuing his professional engagements—

'It was the little rift within the lute  
That, slowly widening, silenced all.'

But we feel assured that Mr. Blagrove was not on this occasion unmindful of his musical friends at Reigate, with whom he has spent so many happy evenings."

### MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(From our own Correspondent).

GLASGOW AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—On Thursday evening, the 25th ult., the members of this society gave an interesting performance of instrumental music in the Queen's Rooms. A very numerous audience assembled, the large hall of these rooms being crowded in every part. The programme was an excellent one; the following were the principal items:—Overture, *Prometheus*, Beethoven; Trio in E flat, Hummel; *Entr'acte* in B flat, *Rosamunde*, Schubert; Overture, *Cheval de Bronze*, Auber; *Andante and Allegro Finale* from C minor Symphony, Beethoven; Overture, *Les Abencerrages*, Cherubini; and Overture, *Cesar und Zimmermann*, Lortzing. The concert was a decided success, and the audience showed their appreciation of the performance by awarding, from time to time, much applause. The strings of the orchestra are excellent, being remarkable for a pure and good tone, whilst the expression is at all times intelligent. As must always be the case in amateur orchestral performances, there were sundry noticeable imperfections, most prominent of which, was a tendency to unsteadiness, causing at times some rather doubtful effects. For this, the conductor was to blame, however—at least, in some degree, as his beat was not always as distinct as it might have been. The *Andante* of Beethoven's Symphony was taken too fast, whilst on the other hand the *Finale* was too slow; so that much of the dignity of the former movement was lost, while the distinctive character of the latter was also sacrificed. A young gentleman amateur, of whom I had never before heard, created a genuinely

great impression by his capital playing of a violin solo, one of Vieuxtemps' well-known *Airs with Variations*. M. Méhul (grand-nephew of the well-known composer of that name) was the conductor.

On the following evening (Friday), the Glasgow Lyrical Society gave a performance in the Albert Hall, of Leslie's *Holyrood*, and Sullivan's Exhibition Cantata, *On Shore and Sea* (both for the first time at a public concert here), when the limited accommodation of the Glasgow Albert Hall was taxed to the uttermost. The performance does not call for any special notice. The members of the choir got through their work with right good will and determination. There might certainly have been fewer wrong notes, and more polish would not have been amiss; yet one was enabled to get a fair idea of these two works, and for this the Glasgow public stands indebted to our Lyrical Society. The soprano parts of the two compositions were taken by Miss Jane Stephen, who was in excellent voice, and sang her music with much expression. The other solo parts were less satisfactorily interpreted. The whole of the accompaniments were played by Mr. Charles Ferguson, on the piano; Mr. Terras was conductor.

These concerts bring to a close our musical season in Glasgow, so that I do not anticipate having to advise you of any matters here for several months to come, unless it be a Cathedral Summer Concert, to be given shortly, by the Choral Union.

### THE BOSTON JUBILEE TEMPLE.

(As First Proposed.)

Its ground plan will be a parallelogram 822½ feet in length by 422½ feet in width, measuring 347,506 square feet in area, or a trifle less than eight acres, being 322 feet longer and 122 feet wider than the Coliseum of 1869, and containing more than double the area of that immense structure. Throughout the space not a single post, pillar, or support of any kind will obstruct the view from end to end. The roof consisting of a double system of self-supporting trusses, the invention of Mr. Allen, will spring in a gentle curve directly from the foundation, constructed on piles driven 85 feet into the ground, the two segments meeting at the ridge, and forming a graceful arch, at an elevation above the floor of 172 feet. Similar segments will spring from the ground at either end, and, uniting with the side segments, form an immense Mameard pavilion, with the graceful lines peculiar to that style of architecture. The trusses supporting these end segments of the roof will run the entire length of the building, having a clear span of over 800 feet, and knitting the whole roof into a substantial, self-supporting structure. From the foot of the arches on either side and end will rise perpendicular buttresses 58 feet high, at which elevation the curve of the trusses will leave a space of 18 feet between the outer line and the line of the buttresses. This space will be floored, forming an outside promenade, with an elevation of 50 feet, a width of 18 feet and a total length equal to double the combined length and width of the building, or half a mile. In these buttresses, which serve the additional purposes of giving increased strength to the structure, will be constructed the entrances of the building. These will be sixteen in number, four principal and twelve minor. The four principal entrances, in the centres of the sides and ends, will be inscribed with the names of the four great continents, and be appropriately decorated with flags, national emblems, &c. Above each will rise an elegant pavilion 120 feet high, while similar pavilions, of less height, will be built at each of the four corners of the structure, giving beauty and symmetry to the whole. Besides the four main, or principal entrances named, there will be on each side four, and on each end two minor entrances, all appropriately decorated. Each of these will be surmounted by a tower 68 feet in height. A "monitor," 16 feet high, will run the entire length of the roof, affording ample ventilation. At each end will rise a splendid tower 216 feet high, while the central tower will reach the enormous height of 240 feet, from the summit of which will float the Banner of Universal Peace above the standards of all the nations of the earth, which will be displayed upon different points of the superb structure. Two rows of windows will furnish light for the immense auditorium. The lower of these will be 70 and the upper one 112 feet above the parquet floor. Under the corridors there will be 16 halls, ranging in size from 80 by 140 to 100 by 150 feet. These will be divided in such manner as convenience may dictate, and will be lighted by round top windows cut between the pilasters of the buttresses. The seating capacity of the building will be about as follows, the figures given being rather below the numbers that can actually be accommodated: Audience, 83,000; chorus, 20,000; orchestra, 2,000; giving a total of over 100,000 persons gathered under one roof. The exact location of the structure has not yet been determined upon.—*Commercial Bulletin*.

### THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—Every one of your readers, without exception, will concur in the remarks of your leader of Saturday last week, upon Mr. G. A. Macfarren's instructive and suggestive speech at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians, and it may be interesting to some to learn that nearly five hundred years ago, Chaucer dealt with the same subject in the favourite form of imaginative composition of his time, and has perpetuated it with the life-giving power which genius yet preserves. Chaucer's romantic allegorical poem, *The House of Fame*, (chiefly known to modern readers through Pope's paraphrase, styled the *Temple of Fame*) contains a passage in curious anticipation of the scientific hypothesis suggested by Mr. Macfarren, and is as follows:—

"Sound is bough't but air that's broken,  
And every speeche that is spoken,  
Whe'er loud or low, foul or fair,  
In his substance is but air:  
For as flame is but lighted smoke,  
Right so is sound but air that's broke,  
Eke where that men harpstrings smite,  
Whether that be much or lite,  
Lo! with the stroke, the air it breaketh;  
Thus wot'st thou well what thing is speech;  
Now, henceforth, I will thee teach  
How ever each speeche, voice or sown,  
Through his multiplicioun,  
Though it were piped of a mouse,  
Must needs come to Fame's House.  
I prove it thus; taketh heed now  
By experience, first that thou  
Throw in a water now a stone,  
Well wot'st thou it will make anon,  
A little roundel as a circle,  
Par venture as broad as a covrecle,  
And right anon thou shalt see well  
That circle cause another wheel,  
And that the third, and so forth, brother,  
Every circle causing other,  
Much broader than himselfen was:  
Eight so of air, my leve brother  
Ever each air another stirreth,  
More and more and speech upbeartheth,  
Till it be at the 'House of Fame.'"

Mr. Babbage, in the 9th Bridgewater Treatise, also propounds a theory similar to that stated by Mr. Macfarren respecting the permanent impressions of sound, and which, at the time was considered startling enough almost to close a man's lips to perpetual silence.

"That the pulsations of the air once set in motion by the human voice cease not to exist with the sounds to which they give rise; that the waves of the air thus raised perambulate the earth and ocean's surface; and soon every atom of its atmosphere takes up the altered movement, due to infinitesimal portions of the primitive motion which has been conveyed to it through countless channels, and which must continue to influence its paths throughout its future existence. Every atom impressed with good and ill retains at once the motions which philosophers and sages have imparted to it, mixed and combined in ten thousand ways with all that is worthless and base. . . . The atmosphere we breathe is the ever living witness of the sentiments we have uttered. . . . And (in another state of being) the offender may hear still vibrating in his ear the very words, uttered perhaps, thousands of centuries before, which at once caused and registered his own condemnation."

I think it must be admitted there is a sufficient air of originality in the above passage to cause us to believe that Mr. Babbage was in no way indebted to Chaucer for the coincidence in this remarkable train of thought.—I am, Sir, &c.,

G. R. R.

Mossley Hill, Liverpool, April 15th, 1872.

MANHEIM.—Herr V. Lachner has resigned his post as conductor at the Theatre.

LEIPZIG.—The King of Saxony has bestowed the cross of the Albert Order upon Herr F. Haase, manager of the Stadttheater.

DARMSTADT.—Herr Marburg will, next autumn, resign his post as conductor at the theatre here to occupy a similar position at the theatre in Strasburg. He will take with him a complete band.

ANTWERP.—It is more than probable that the projected Musical Festival will not take place this year. The principal reason will be the refusal of the Belgian Government to grant the twenty-five thousand francs subsidy on which the Festival Committee had fondly, but, as it now appears, prematurely relied.

A MAN in Portland, Maine, wanted to gain admission to a panorama for half-price, on the ground that he had but one eye.

## MY INTRODUCTION TO A FOREIGN PROFESSOR.

By PEN-GWYTH.

I have always refused to "hide my light under a bushel;" therefore, having acquired some little knowledge of the Italian language, I turned for an opportunity to test its quality in conversation with a "native." What good was such an accomplishment amongst bores, incapable of appreciating its accents? True, it was vain of me to long for approbation, but may it not be said that Art is nourished by vanity? And, was it not natural that my hard-gotten acquirement should need some fostering recognition? No live Italian could be found in my town, not even an organ-grinder or image-vendor. A very retired captain, who had spent many years of barrack life in Malta, generously undertook the duties of *maestro*. Kindly and patiently he guided me through the labyrinth of the Italian grammar, and led me amongst the sprightly pages of Goldoni's comedies, and the picturesque scenes of *I Promessi Sposi*. So enamoured became I of the "*lingua dolce*," and so proud of my proficiency in it, that I was eager to launch my little craft upon the currents of conversation. To my unbounded joy a chance came. I was invited to Alford, in company with a real Italian professor. Ascertaining when he would pass the railway junction, I impatiently awaited the train, and, on its arrival at the platform, I immediately obtained my introduction to the Signor. There was little difficulty in finding him, as he could not well have been mistaken for a cockney gent, or country squire: his pale face, jet curly locks, piercing eyes, and vivacious manners labelled him foreign; added to which he was packed in furs and skins that would have stifled an air-loving Briton. He could speak a little English, and for a time shyness held me from venturing to utter a word in his language. At last, I modestly lisped "*Si Signore*." Up jumped the Professor in an ecstasy of delight, clasping my hands, embracing my neck, and vowing my accent was perfect. Of course, I returned the compliment by saying his English was excellent; but somehow my Italian and his English did not work with any freedom. Before we had conversed long together, I so puzzled him by my method of using his mother-tongue, that at last a torrent of his impatient eloquence completely washed away every particle of the knowledge I had acquired. After this, he retired behind a huge cigar, and for the remainder of the journey declined to speak any more in Italian, politely—if not generously—saying that I could improve his English; but he had no patience to teach me. I felt, therefore, no sorrow when we arrived at the house of a mutual friend. Fate and our hostess, however, willed that we should be much together, by allotting us a double-bedded room. On retiring to the apartment we thus held in common, I found the Professor had recovered his good-humour. He unfolded to me, in frank confidence, his plans for educating the dull English in his line of art—plans which appeared to me full of science and philanthropy. Fatigue eventually brought silence and sleep; but just as I was on the borders of dreamland, I heard an ominous click, and then another, in the Professor's quarter. Gracious Heavens!—was it the cocking of a brace of pistols? Yea, there was the dark-browed foreigner placing them on a chair, their muzzles in a line with my head. The light was then extinguished, and I was in darkness for the night, with my life at the mercy of a man who might at any moment be so alarmed by the rustling of the tassel of my night-cap as to level his weapons at my head. I had laughed at his bear-skin defences against our climate, but his protection against any outbreak of my blood-thirsty nature was a serious matter. Sleep left me, but, thank Heaven, it held him powerless. My only security was in his remaining unconscious, and perfect stillness became my obvious policy. But alas!—my neck became "cricked," my legs cramped, and restlessness indescribable seized me. Parched with thirst, I dared not reach the water, and racked with all manner of imaginary pains, I could not move lest my altered position should make me a target for his accursed weapons. So the weary hours went on; but at length the dawn came, and then the day, seeing which the Professor hid his villainous pistols. I dressed hastily and quitted the apartment that had proved to me a chamber of horrors.

## BOSTON JUBILEE MEMO.

The response of the singers has been something truly marvellous, and the most sanguine anticipations of the friends of the Jubilee have more than been met by the rush of choristers. Dr. Tourjee, the chorus superintendent, issued his first circular on February 19th, and in less than two weeks no less than one hundred and fifty choral societies, aggregating over twenty thousand singers, had joined the chorus.

The contract for building the Jubilee organ has been awarded to Messrs. J. H. Willcox & Co., of Boston. Dr. Willcox drew the specifications of the organ constructed for the Jubilee in 1869; but this instrument will be upon a much larger scale, and of twice the power. It will have two manuals of sixty-one notes each, and a pedal of thirty-one notes. There will be fifteen full stops in the first manual, eight in the second, and six in the pedal, two octave couplers, and a number of mechanical appliances for controlling the stops, by pedal and otherwise.

The pneumatic lever will be applied to every key and register throughout, and there will be electric communication from the key-boards to the organ. The instrument will stand in rear of the chorus, while the organist will sit near the conductor's stand.

The artillery will be fired by electricity, as before; and it is also proposed to have a chime of bells, finely attuned, to be hung in a convenient place, either within or just without the great building. It has been suggested that, by means of the Atlantic cable, guns may be fired simultaneously in Boston and London when "God Save the Queen" is sung and played.

The Jubilee has its humorous side. All sorts of contrivances are brought to Mr. Gilmore, in the hope that he will introduce them in some way or other in connection with the festival. Not long since an inventor of a new-fangled fog-horn visited our great jubilar, with his diabolical device, and set it going, to the terror and dismay of everybody in the building. Somebody out West wants to build an enormous bass fiddle, and somebody in Connecticut has already produced a monstrosity in that line.

Boston is laughing in its sleeve over the stupidity of some of the New York papers, which took in earnest the joke about opening the Jubilee with a prayer by one hundred clergymen in concert. Some waggish member of the cloth set an old jest in circulation (for the proposition really originated with a New York journal), in derision of the Jubilee of 1869.

The composition of the select orchestra for the performance of the choicest instrumental works and accompaniments will be about as follows:—First Violins, 250; Second Violins, 200; Violas, 150; Violoncellos, 100; Contra Basses, 100; First Flutes, 12; Second Flutes, 12; First Clarionets, 12; Second Clarionets, 12; First Oboes, 10; Second Oboes, 10; Bassoons (First, Second, Third and Fourth), 20; French Horns (First, Second, Third and Fourth), 24; Trumpets (First, Second, Third and Fourth), 24; Alto Trombones, 12; Tenor Trombones, 12; Bass Trombones, 8; Bass Tubas, 6; Tympani (pairs), 6; Small Drums, 10; Bass Drums, 4; Cymbals (pairs), 4; Great Drum, 1; Great Triangle, 1; total, 1,000. There will be, in addition, a military band of one thousand performers, made up of American and foreign bands, so that the entire instrumental force will number two thousand.

## PEOPLES' CONCERTS.

How to provide cheap and good music for the literary millions of London has long been one of our unsolved problems. The necessity of commanding a large structure in order to make their enterprises remunerative has two often beguiled the providers of musical entertainments into considering quantity rather than quality, and deeming a "monster" orchestra and chorus necessary to meet the demands of a "monster" audience. The series of People's Concerts now being given by the Council of the Royal Albert Hall, proceeds on an entirely different assumption. Whilst very large audiences are necessary to make these concerts pay, or even to give the vast hall an appearance of being comfortably filled, the principle adopted has not been to cram the orchestra with a huge band and chorus, but to concentrate the attention of the audience on what might at first blush seem a performance inadequate to the occasion. This, however, has by no means proved to be the case, and the best proof that the Council have been right in their principle, as well as fortunate in its carrying out, has been the steady increase in popularity of these gatherings. When it is remembered that the price for a ticket to the series of twelve concerts originally ranged from one shilling in the picture gallery to twelve shillings in the amphitheatre stalls—that is, from one penny to one shilling for each concert—it is obvious that only a very extended patronage indeed could hold out any hope of success to the promoters. Even these low charges were reduced after the first six concerts. The seventh concert was given on Tuesday evening week, and showed a satisfactory increase in point of numbers. Between five and six thousand persons were present; the first attendance having been two thousand, and that of the previous Tuesday (which was exceptionally large, on account of the Duke of Edinburgh being present) seven thousands. By far the largest number were in the picture gallery and balcony. In the former a fringe of people, some three or four deep, sat all round the vast circumference with the object of listening to the music; whilst behind them, the less enthusiastic "circulated" freely dividing their attention between the concert and conversation. There was, however, the most perfect order; a significant fact being that there were only four policemen on the premises. Besides the vocalists—Miss Jane Wells, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Coates, Mr. Lawler, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. Land himself—there were two instrumental performers: Mr. Willing, organ, and M. Papé, clarinet. Such was the seemingly modest bill of fare offered for these numerous guests; but its adequacy was proved by the fact of the rapt attention with which they listened, not only to Mr. Coates's "Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee," or "Mynheer Van Dunck," but even to one of Bach's fugues. The gallery and balcony people had come to hear the concert and get a *quid pro quo* for their moderate investment; and they certainly had it in their heart's content.

## REVIEWS.

SCHOTT &amp; Co.

*Marche Guerrière*, pour le piano par CHARLES EDWARD STEPHENS (Op. 10)

THIS somewhat extended work opens with a *spiritoso* movement in D minor, which is appropriately bold and animated as to style. An episode in B flat major follows, presenting a graceful contrast by means of a suave and melodious theme. The first subject is then resumed, with an effective variety of treatment, after which the "trio" is introduced in the tonic major and leads to the coda—a phrase or two of the opening, accompanied by a quaver scale passage for the left hand, rising through three octaves and a half. There are many excellent points in this March; but Mr. Stephens has too largely used the device of repeating a short phrase in an ascending sequence of keys. Moreover, he wanders so much that the original tonality is in danger of being forgotten.

*Réverie*, pour piano par CHARLES EDWARD STEPHENS (Op. 17).

THIS elegant and attractive piece begins with a striking *andante lento* melody in F major, the second part of which is diversified by an effective figure in the accompaniment. An episode in D flat major follows, and is by far the most charming portion of the work, as well as one of the most charming "bits" that living composers have given to the pianoforte. The original subject, with its usual variety of treatment, brings the *Réverie* to an end; not before a conviction has been established that, in this case, Mr. Stephens deserves high praise.

BOOSEY &amp; Co.

*Sympathy*. Song. Words by ALICE HORTON; the music composed by HENRIETTE.

THIS is one of the best songs of its kind. The words are good as verses, and their sentiment is far removed from the maudlinism which prevails to a large extent now-a-days. Henriette's music is simple, but in admirable taste, the melody being full of quiet but deep feeling, and the accompaniment being more than usually interesting. Ladies with contralto voices cannot do better than add "Sympathy" to their *répertoire*.

—o—  
WAIFS.

Mr. Kerr Gedge is engaged for the Norwich Festival.

Signor Arditì has arrived in London from St. Petersburg.

Madame Adela Alvarez (Madame Bosoni) has arrived in London.

There is a vacancy for an organist for Fulham Parish Church. The annual salary is £50.

Signor Gustave Garcia and Madame Martorelli Garcia have arrived in town for the season.

One hundred thousand dollars worth of church organs were destroyed by the Chicago fire.

There are vacancies for two or three choristers in Eton College Chapel. The salaries are £25 to £40 per annum.

Signor Carlo Bosoni, formerly one of the conductors of the Opéra Italien, Paris, when under Mr. Lumley's direction, has arrived in London from New York.

Mr. W. Duncan Davison has received five guineas from Mr. H. C. Deacon, and one guinea from Mr. John Thomas, for the "Blagrove Testimonial Fund."

There is to be an "Eisteddfod" at Llandovery, South Wales, on the 30th of May, and Mr. Brinley Richards has accepted the invitation to adjudicate the prizes.

The Empress of Russia, having graciously accepted the dedication of a composition by Signor Arditì, has presented him with a splendid diamond and ruby ring.

Sir Robert P. Stewart and Mr. Wellington Guernsey, have completed a "*Greeting from Ireland to America*," to be produced next month at the Peace Festival in Boston.

A very celebrated Stradivarius violin, from the collection of the Marquis Castel Barco (formerly the property of Signor Piatì), has been bought by Herr Josef Ludwig.

Mr. G. A. Macfarren has been engaged in writing a *Cantata* for the approaching musical festival at Norwich. It will be entitled *Outward Bound*. The committee has under consideration the erection of galleries all round St. Andrew's Hall, with raised seats beneath. This arrangement would greatly increase the seat accommodation, and would enable the committee to reduce the prices.

Some sinner has stolen the thermometer from the *Fond du Lac Reporter* office. That paper informs the thief that it will be of no use to him where he is going, as it does not work higher than 315.

Mr. Gilmore is daily in receipt of letters from all sections of the country, and from Europe, enquiring about the festival, or proffering the services of individuals or societies. A coloured society of one hundred has been offered from Norfolk, Va.

It is a curious fact that most of the great musical composers have been childless. Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Corelli, Pergolesi, Rossini, Spontini, Auber, Wagner, and Schumann, are among the instances. [This is from an American paper, the editor of which is evidently not aware that Schumann left seven children.—A.S.S.]

Mr. Desmond L. Ryan, a young author (son of a worthily distinguished father), has entered the list of farce writers with an unpretending trifle, called *One Too Many*, produced on Monday evening, at the Princess's Theatre. A couple of lovers, who, seeking the hand of the same young lady, penetrate the house of the parent in disguise, and pass themselves off as bailiffs, obviously belong to a very early period of theatrical history; but the slight equivocal is skilfully managed, and kept within limits commendably brief. At the conclusion of the piece the actors were recalled unanimously.

The following is taken from the *Vienna Press* :—

"Foremost in company with Patti is Luigi Arditì. It is but natural that the composer of *Il Baccio* should rank first in her music-loving soul, for much as Arditì deserves admiration as a first-rate conductor he is the favourite of everybody as a pleasant and genial companion. He has just composed for Patti (as he did formerly for Piccolomini, *Il Baccio*) a little piece which bids fair to make the glove-makers of all nations busy. The little thing is called *Forsetta*, and it is in the form of a *Tarentella*. It is the most charming coquettish piece of music imaginable, and, as Patti herself (who has only as yet sung it to quite an intimate circle of friends) says, it is the most charming she has ever sung.

A New York critic, referring to Mr. Santley, has said :—

"Some singers (and very celebrated ones too) depend upon sudden explosions of sound, exaggerated accents, and over-strained sentiments for effect. They shout or scream over the footlights, gesticulating furiously at the audience, utterly regardless of the persons they are supposed to be addressing on the stage, or of the meaning of the drama in which they are performing. All this kind of thing passed for 'expression' with the multitude, but it is nevertheless nothing but 'tearing passion to rags—to very tatters' mutilating music, and setting common sense at defiance. Compared with such vocalists, Mr. Santley is assuredly a *quiet* singer, and we congratulate him upon the distinction. He does not tear hair out of his own head, or the head of anybody else, and never shakes his fist at the public as if desirous of provoking a pugilistic encounter; neither does he seem at all anxious to roar himself into a consumption, or rupture a blood-vessel. He is content to appear as a consummate singer, and a good, sensible actor, throwing as much dramatic expression into his notes as he thinks consistent with genuine musical beauty, which is unquestionably the first consideration in an operatic entertainment. If he has a fault, it is a happy one—at least in the estimation of cultivated musicians, namely, that of possessing too refined and classical a style to suit the taste of those who admire nothing but sensational effects and excessive demonstrativeness."

One of the latest and most successful inventions of the day is a pianoforte without strings or reeds. The patent bears the date of July, 1871, and the patentees are Cincinnatians, Messrs. Atkins & Dewar, the former a dealer in pianos, and the latter an ingenious German musician and artisan. The invention has been in progress of development for many months, but only within a few days has a perfect instrument been completed and tested satisfactorily. The action of the new instrument is the same as in other pianos; it has the usual number of octaves and pedals. The tone can be varied from soft to loud, and is clear and sweet. The peculiar feature of the invention is that, instead of strings stretched across a sounding-board, small steel tongues, each with a hook, or arm on either side, are attached to a sounding-board, and struck by hammers similar to those of an ordinary instrument, only the tongue and hammer are worked perpendicularly. One hook of each tongue being half the length of the other, yields a tone an octave higher; thus each stroke of the hammer produces two notes, an octave apart. The vibration produced is full as continuous as that obtained from strings, and the tone is readily stopped by the application of a check or damper. Of course, such an instrument can never get out of tune, and may be moved with much less danger of injury than stringed instruments. It will be more durable, also, from the fact that the hammers strike the tongues in such a manner as to wear less than those striking strings. It is practicable to manufacture instruments of this new pattern much cheaper than those of the ordinary style, but it will require some time to bring many of them into market, or meet the demand for them at any price.—*Exchange*.

We give below a partial list of the choral music which has been selected for performance at the Boston Festival. Additions are yet to be made. Those marked with a star were sung at the National Peace Jubilee in 1869.

Choral, "Now may the will of God be done" ( <i>Passion Music</i> ) .....	Bach.
Choral, "Committer ways, O Pilgrim" ( <i>Passion Music</i> ) .....	Bach.
*Choral, "A strong castle is our Lord" .....	Luther.
Choral, "How lovely shines the morning star" ( <i>St. Peter</i> ) .....	J. K. Paine.
*Choral, "Sleepers, wake" ( <i>St. Paul</i> ) .....	Mendelssohn.
*Choral, "To God on high" ( <i>St. Paul</i> ) .....	Mendelssohn.
Choral, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord" ( <i>Elijah</i> ) .....	Mendelssohn.
*Choral, "Great God, what do I see and hear" ( <i>Judgment Hymn</i> ) .....	Luther.
Choral, "Festival Hymn" (new) .....	Dudley Buck.
*Choral, "Angel of Peace" (words by O. W. Holmes) .....	Keller.
Choral, "German Hymn of Unity" (new) .....	Keller.
Chorus, "All we like sheep" ( <i>Messiah</i> ) .....	Handel.
*Chorus, "Hallelujah" ( <i>Messiah</i> ) .....	Handel.
Chorus, "Blessed are the men who fear Him" ( <i>Elijah</i> ) .....	Mendelssohn.
Chorus, "Yet doth the Lord" ( <i>Elijah</i> ) .....	Mendelssohn.
*Chorus, "Thanks be to God" ( <i>Elijah</i> ) .....	Mendelssohn.
*Chorus, "He watching over Israel" ( <i>Elijah</i> ) .....	Mendelssohn.
Chorus, "See what love hath the Father" ( <i>St. Paul</i> ) .....	Mendelssohn.
*Chorus, "See, the conquering hero comes" ( <i>Judas Macabees</i> ) .....	Handel.
*Chorus, "Gloria" ( <i>Twelfth Mass</i> ) .....	Mozart.

[We are glad that Dudley Buck is not forgotten.—A.S.]

**SALE OF STRANGED INSTRUMENTS.**—Messrs. Christie and Manson sold, on Monday, the remarkable collection of these instruments, formed by the late Mr. Gillott, the sale of whose pictures has lately excited so much interest. The large room was crowded with connoisseurs; and as the instruments were, with few exceptions, of old Italian make, and by the great masters, the utmost eagerness was shown in the biddings, which frequently advanced at five, ten, and even fifty pounds. The following were the prices obtained for the most valuable instruments:—No. 87. A fine violin, by Antonius Stradivarius, Cremona, 1737, 160*l.*, Hart. No. 46. A violin by the same maker, 110*l.*, Woodward. Lot 48. A fine double bass, formerly belonging to Signor Dragonetti, the famous player, 41*l.*, sold to Lord G. Fitzgerald. Lot 52. A violin by Guarnerius, 105*l.*, Reade. Lot 55. A very handsome violin by Antonius and Hieronymus Amati, of Cremona, 1650, 43*l.*, Hart. Lot 79. A handsome violoncello by Guarnerius, 121*l.*, Hart. Lot 87. A perfect violin by Antonius Stradivarius, of Cremona, 1717, 194*l.*, 5*s.*, Hart. Lot 93. A violin by Joseph Guarnerius, 1732, 275*l.*, Enthoven. Lot 104. A violin by Vicenzo Panormo, 61*l.*, Hart. Lot 94. A handsome violin by Sanctus Seraphin, of Venice, 31*l.*, Lot 107. A violin by A. Stradivarius, 1699, 76*l.*, Lot 110. A fine violin by the same, 1686, 165*l.*, Lot 123. A violin by Guarnerius, 1741, 156*l.*, Lot 126. A fine tenor by A. Stradivarius, 1672, 51*l.*, Lot 128. A violoncello by Nicolas Amati, of Cremona, 63*l.*, Lot 132. A handsome tenor by Andrea Guarnerius, 1694, 60*l.*, Lot 133. A violin by Antonius Stradivarius, of Cremona, 1715, in excellent condition, was put up at 150*l.*, rising in three biddings to 230*l.*, and knocked down to Mr. Hart, the well-known dealer, for 290*l.* A large and well-preserved tenor by Gaspar di Salo, of Brescia, 30*l.* A tenor by Grandino, of Milan, 15*l.* A tenor by Ferdinand Landolphi, 5*l.* A very perfect tenor by Carlo Berganzi, of Cremona, 50*l.* A violoncello by Andrea Guarnerius, 31*l.*, Hart. Lot 147. A fine old Italian violoncello, 42*l.* A violoncello by Gagliano, of Naples, 14*l.* 10*s.* There were 162 lots in the sale, only a few of which were bows by Dodd and other esteemed makers, and the violins and violoncellos most of them sold at prices from 10*l.* to 50*l.* The total amounted to the sum of 4,200*l.*, probably the largest sum ever obtained for the collection of a private individual.

The New York Musical Gazette asks—"Are we a nation of snobs?" and goes on to say:—

"From the language of some of our musical contemporaries, it would seem as if there was but one answer to the above question. They speak as if Americans had neither taste nor judgment, but stood ready to fall down and worship any artist who came from the other side of the Atlantic, with a given number of recommendations and puffs. This style of remark has been largely indulged in in connection with the success of Mdlle. Nilsson. It might be supposed from the tone of certain writers that paying four dollars a ticket for attending a concert was such an agreeable pastime that thousands of persons had done so merely because Miss Nilsson had once sung for coppers in the streets of Stockholm. We protest against this slur upon our national character. It is true that there are some in every community who are ready to do anything for the sake of being fashionable. Some of that class have doubtless been present at every entertainment in which Miss Nilsson has taken part. But they can be found

at all other concerts, and also at lectures, and it is to be hoped that they even go to church occasionally. So that that argument goes for nothing. Why, will it not be well for our captious friends to acknowledge that there may be a variety of opinions on this subject as well as on others? If this artist's success had been confined to one city, it might be worth while to inquire whether there was not a lack of taste in that particular community. But when the same enthusiasm is manifested in all parts of the country, the spirit which declares that enthusiasm to be all 'manufactured,' and sets down as 'fools' the thousands and scores of thousands who are willing to pay the high prices of admission for the privilege of hearing Miss Nilsson sing, is at least questionable. It looks like a bid for popularity, but we believe that popularity can be gained in better ways than by holding our own nation up to ridicule."

The New York *Orpheus* remarks with regard to opera in that city:—

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day, and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death," as the amiable Macbeth remarked upon the occasion of the demise of Mrs. M., and the general break-up of the concern. The to-morrows of the musical season just passing away with the present month, have been full of import and of interest, and already the expectant public are looking forward to the to-morrows that are to come. Looming up in the future may be discerned the figures of Lucca, Kellogg, Tamberlik, and Rubenstein. These are to be the four prominent luminaries of the musical galaxy of '72 and '73. Jarrett and De Vivo are clamouring for the Academy, in the interests of Lucca and Tamberlik respectively, and, it is understood, that he will win the prize who gives an engagement to Miss Kellogg. Strakosch retires from the operatic fray, and will content himself with a concert company, of which Carlotta Patti will be the leading feature. It is just possible that, in the absence from the field of Madame Parepa-Rosa, Mrs. Zaida Seguin will organize an English opera company, and so the musical public will be just as busily employed in the future as in the past. The present season has been one almost without precedence. Never before in the musical history of the New World, have such long and continued successes been achieved, and managers retire from the field with plethora purses and easy consciences. The old game is nearly played out, though, and now the pieces are already being put in place for the contest that is to come."

On Saturday night, at the Royal Italian Opera-house, just as Mdlle. Albani was performing the sleep-walking scene at the mill, in *La Sonnambula*, a cry arose from one of the stalls, and a gentleman there was seen to be in convulsions. The house was very full, and the incident caused some excitement, but Mdlle. Albani continued without noticing it. The gentleman was taken out into the lobby, and the opera went on to its conclusion. He proved to be Mr. Cristobal de la Quintana, of 11, Palace Gardens, and of the well-known Spanish banking-house, Cristobal, Murrieta & Co., of London. Dr. Edmunds, of Fitzroy Square, sitting in a box just over the stall occupied by Mr. de la Quintana, saw the seizure, and hastened down to give assistance. Mr. Oscar Clayton, one of the surgeons to the Prince of Wales, also soon after arrived from another part of the house. The officials of the Opera House rendered every assistance that was practicable, but as the unfortunate gentleman did not recover his sensibility after a second attack of convulsions, he was seen home by Dr. Edmunds, who called on the road for Dr. T. K. Chambers, of Brook Street, Mr. de la Quintana's usual medical attendant. Both physicians went home with him, and attended him assiduously till the last. The convulsions recurred, however, with such severity, that on several occasions the circulation was only restored by artificial respiration, and, after the eleventh attack, all efforts at resuscitation failed. The unfortunate gentleman died at four o'clock on Sunday morning.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

JOHN SHEPHERD.—"The Churchyard on the Hill" and "The Soldier Boy's Mother," songs, by H. S. Roberts.  
SCHOTT & Co.—"Reverie" and "Marche Guerrière," pour piano, par Charles Edward Stephens.  
ALFRED HAYS.—"The Lorraine Waltzes," by Catherine Heaton.  
BOOSEY & Co.—"Madame Sainton-Dolby's Tutor for English Singers" (Part 3 for Ladies' Voices); "Of what is my darling dreaming," by Elizabeth F. Hip; "None but I can say," by Arthur S. Sullivan; "Cushla Maheere," by Mrs. Alfred Phillips.  
WEEKES & Co.—"Melodious and Characteristic Studies," by Horton C. Allison.  
CRAMER, WOOD & Co. and LAMSON COCK & Co.—"Minuet from Schubert's Quartett" (Op. 29); "Two Gavottes," by Ginok, and Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," transcribed for piano by J. Rummell; "The Tiny Mite," by M. Junot; "The Exhilarating Galop," by D. Williams; "Jeannie Waltzes," by Charles D'Acé; "Ye Merry Old Times Lancers," by F. Godfrey; "Elise Waltz," by H. Lamonte; "Jeunesse Dorée quadrille," and "Sweet, we come to me," song, by Julie Kyrmans; "Mary," song, by F. A. Ott; "Cramer's Harmonium Tutor"; "Thinking and Dreaming," song, by Berthold Tours; "In the hour of my distress," by Brinley Richards.  
B. WILLIAMS.—"Loyalty Valse," by S. A. Miles.  
MARTIN.—"Victoria, our Queen," new national song, by G. W. Martin.  
ROBERT COCK & Co.—"Première Tarantelle," par Brinley Richards; "The Harp of Wales," part song, and "Ye little Birds," madrigal, by Brinley Richards.  
GOTTSMAN.—"Six Original Tunes," by Arthur Cottman.  
NOVELLO, EWER & Co.—"Festival Te Deum," by Arthur Sullivan.  
C. LOWDALL.—"Seven Canzonettas," by A. Scarlatti; arranged with pianoforte accompaniment, by Joseph Pittman.

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These productions, however, are of unequal merit. While some are everything we could desire, considering the nature of the subject,—others (and they, perhaps, the greater portion) are, it must be owned, nothing more than sorry adaptations to popular street tunes of the stock phrases and illustrations of the Tectotal platform, sounding grotesque and vulgar in the fastidious ear of taste. At all events, no one will deny that the number of really good Temperance songs may be increased with advantage to the cause they are designed to promote; so that the contribution of another score to the common stock, adapted to as many separate tunes, needs no apology. Something also may be said as to the tunes. These should always possess intrinsic merit, and not owe their popularity to some passing whim of the place or hour. Now, to my mind, none seem better to answer this description than the songs of Charles Dibdin, which, as sung by Incedon, our grandsires and grandmothers applauded to the echo. Dibdin himself was the slave of drink, and many of his songs go to encourage the drinking habit in those for whom he wrote, the tars of Great Britain,—men, one would think, who, of all others ought to keep a steady brain in their heads.

To the present generation, accustomed only to airs of far inferior value, those of Dibdin would come with all the attractions of novelty, nor is it so difficult as might be supposed to effect the transformation of this priest of Bacchus into the apostle of temperance. The tunes I have selected are full of life and expression, bold or pathetic as the subject demands, but never ranting or hackadalsical. In short, our author was a genius, and genius retained on the right side may surely effect as much for temperance, as, on the wrong side, it has ever done for drink and degradation.

As to my own part in this business. I have not attempted to imitate, or, rather parody, the words of my author, except in one or two instances. The songs are original, whatever be their quality in other respects; and all the praise I claim for them is, that they are strictly in character; that is, in keeping with their respective airs. With my author, I have taken especial pains not only to make the air and the general sentiment of the song agree, but that the words should vary with the varying strain. Dibdin's tune was inspired by the words. His adapter had to reverse the process, by making words in harmony with the tune.

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14. PRETTY VILLAGE MAIDEN (*Peasants' Serenade Chorus*). From Gounod's "Faust."
15. THE SOFT WINDS AROUND US (*The Gipsy Chorus*). From Weber's "Freischütz."
16. SEE HOW LIGHTLY ON THE BLUE SEA (*Senti la danza invitaci*). From Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia."
17. SEE THE MOONLIGHT BEAM (*Non far Motta*). From Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia."
18. ON YONDER ROCK RECLINING. From Auber's "Fra Diavolo."
19. HAPPY AND LIGHT. From Balfe's "Bohemian Girl."
20. COME, COME AWAY (*Adieu que de moins*). From Donizetti's "La Favorita."
21. HYMN'S TOUCH (*Il destin*). From Meyerbeer's "Huguenots."
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Next Week.

Mdlle. Tietjens—Mdma. Trebelli-Bettini—First Appearance of Mdlle. Carlotta Grossi.

On TUESDAY NEXT, May 14, Meyerbeer's Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS." Raoul, Signor Fancelli; Conte di San Bris, Signor Agnesi; Conte di Nevers, Signor Mendioroz; Marcello, Signor Foll; Urbano, Mdma. Trebelli-Bettini; Margherita di Valois, Mdlle. Carlotta Grossi (her first appearance); and Valentine, Mdlle. Tietjens. Incidental Ballet, Mdlle. Blanche Riccio and the Corps de Ballet.

Extra Night.

Second Appearance of Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg.—Third Appearance of Signor Italo Campanini.

WEDNESDAY NEXT, May 15, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Edgardo, Signor Italo Campanini (his third appearance in England); Arturo, Signor Rinaldini; Normanno, Signor Casaboni; Enrico Aston, Signor Mendioroz; Raimondo, Signor Foll; Alisa, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Lucia, Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg (her second appearance.)

Mdlle. Marie Marimon.

(Subscription Night, being the "Third" of the "Seven Subscription Thursdays" announced in the prospectus).

THURSDAY NEXT, May 16th, "LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO." Maria, Mdlle. Marie Marimon. To conclude with the "Cloister Scene" from "ROBERT LE DIABLE."

Fourth Appearance of Signor Italo Campanini.

SATURDAY, May 18.

The opera will commence at half-past Eight.

Prices: Stalls, 1s. 1s.; Dress Circle, 10s. 6d.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s. and 5s.; Gallery, 2s.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Bailey, at the Box Office of Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, which is open daily from ten to five; also at the principal Musiciansellers and Librarians.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—PARTICULAR ATTRACTIONS,** as arranged for the first three months of the season, to all of which the MAY GUINEA SEASON TICKET admits, in addition to the general occasions and all the remaining portion of the year up till April 30th, 1873:—

MAY.—The Great Thanksgiving Festival and To Deum. Three Grand Summer Concerts. Six Operas in English. The Great Flower Show and the Rose Exhibition. The Cat Show. Fireworks Displays. The Whitsuntide Entertainments, &c.

JUNE.—Three Grand Summer Concerts. Seven Operas in English. Two of the National Music Meetings. Tonic Sol-fa and Metropolitan School Concerts. Two Garden Fetes. National Rose Show—German Gymnastic Fete. First National Picnic Race. Two Grand Fireworks Fetes.

JULY.—Three Grand Summer Concerts. Five Operas in English. Three of the National Music Meetings. Great National Scottish Fete: Southern Gathering. Four Garden Fetes. The Archery Fetes. The International Chess Congress. The Great Temperance Demonstration. Police Orphanage Fete, Odd Fellows Day, &c. The Fireworks Fetes.

For special arrangements of the whole season see the Official Programme just issued, to be had on application at the ticket office, and of all agents.

**SIGNOR ARDITI** begs to announce that his ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on MONDAY Morning, June 3rd. (Full particulars will shortly be announced.)

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER will arrive in London on 28th May. For Lessons, Concerts, &c., address, care of Messrs. Duncan Davidson & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

### PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

**THIS EVENING (Saturday), May 11th,** will be performed "L'AFRICAIN." On this occasion the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock, instead of half-past. Selka, Madame Pauline Lucca.

Extra Night.

On MONDAY Next, May 13th, "DINORAH." Dinorah, Madame Adelina Patti (her fourth appearance this season).

On TUESDAY Next, May 14th, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Lucia, Madame Albani.

On THURSDAY Next, May 16th, "LA FAVORITA." Leonora, Madame Pauline Lucca.

Extra Night.

On FRIDAY Next, May 17th, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Rosina, Madame Adelina Patti.

On SATURDAY Next, May 18th, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Cherubino, Madame Pauline Lucca; Susanna, Mdlle. Scasi; La Contessa, Madame Monbelli (her first appearance).

Orchestral Stalls, 1s. 1s.; Side Boxes on the first Tier, 2s. 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s. 12s. 6d.; Pit tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d., and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LINGHAM PLACE.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET

Has the honour to announce that he will give

THREE RECITALS

OF

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

On THURSDAYS, MAY 16 and 30, and WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1872

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

FIRST RECITAL.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 16TH, 1872.

GRAND TRIO, B flat major. Op. 99, Pianoforte, Violin, and

Violoncello—Mons. BILLET, Mme. Urso, and Mons. Paque. Schubert.

"QUANDO MIRO QUEL BEL CIGLIO"—Mdlle. ROSAMONDE DORIA. Mozart.

SONATA in G, Op. 31, No. 1, Pianoforte alone—M. BILLET. Beethoven.

CHROMATIC SONATA in one movement, Op. 129, No. 4, for

Pianoforte and Violin—Mme. Urso and M. BILLET. Joachim Rag.

a "ICH FRAGE KEINE BLUME" Mdlle. ROSAMONDE DORIA. Schubert.

b "FRUHLINGSNACHT" Mdlle. ROSAMONDE DORIA. Schubert.

a PASTORALE in G M. BILLET. Schubert.

b "MIDI," Rondo in E major M. BILLET. Schubert.

for Pianoforte alone

Sofa Stalls (Numbered and Reserved), for the series, 1s. 1s.; Single Tickets,

10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls (Numbered and Reserved), for the series, 10s. 6d.; Single

Ticket, 5s.; Area and Back Balcony, 1s. Subscriptions received at Messrs.

Lamborn Cook & Co.'s, 62, New Bond Street; Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond

Street; Ollivier's, 39, Old Bond Street; and at St. George's Hall, Lingham Place.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The

next ORCHESTRAL CONCERT will take place in St. JAMES'S HALL, on

WEDNESDAY Evening, May 15th, when will be performed Mendelssohn's "SCOTCH

SYMPHONY," Moscheles' "PIANOFORTE CONCERTO IN G MINOR," and

other works. Pianoforte—Mme. Arabella Goddard. Vocalist—Mdlle. Marie

Marimon. Conductor—Dr. Wylde.

Under the immediate Patronage of  
 His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES.  
 His Royal Highness the Princess of WALES.  
 His Royal Highness the Duke of EDINBURGH.  
 Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess CHRISTIAN.  
 Her Royal Highness the Princess LOUISE, Marchioness of LORNE.  
 Her Royal Highness the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE.  
 His Serene Highness the Duke of TECK.  
 Her Royal Highness the Duchess of TECK.  
 and the Marquis of LORNE.

**SIR JULIUS BENEDICT** begs to announce his  
 ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, on the same scale as in former  
 years, on MONDAY, June 17th, at the FLORAL HALL, Covent Garden.

### MR. W. H. CUMMINGS

Has the honour to announce the first performance of his  
 NEW CANTATA,

**"THE FAIRY RING,"**  
 ON FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 24TH, 1872.

#### ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Principal Vocalists—Miss EDITH WYNNE, MADAME PATEY, Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS, and Mr. LEWIS THOMAS.

The BAND will be complete, and comprise members of the Orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, &c. Solo Harp—Mr. John Thomas.

The CHORUS will consist of members of the Choir of the Oratorio Concerts (by the kind permission of the Directors and Mr. J. Barnby).

The Second Part of the Programme will be a MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION OF MUSIC.

The following eminent Artists will also appear—MADAME LEMMENS SHERINGTON, Mr. PATEY, Mr. MAYBRICK, and MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

Conductors—Mr. F. STANISLAUS and Mr. JOSEPH BARREY.

Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s. Area and Gallery, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and the principal Musiciansellers.

Under the immediate Patronage of  
 His Royal Highness the DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

**MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT** has the honour to  
 announce his GRAND ORCHESTRAL and CHORAL CONCERT, at  
 ST. JAMES'S HALL, on MONDAY Evening, May 20th, when will be performed, by  
 express desire, His Cantatas,

**THE ANCIENT MARINER, and**

**PARADISE AND THE PERI.** Artists:—Mesdames  
 Tietjens, Sherrington, and Patey; Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas.  
 Orchestra and Chorus, 350. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 7s. 6d.; at St. James's  
 Hall, the principal Musiciansellers, and Mr. J. F. Barnett, 41, Portland Road, W.

#### M. SAINTON'S SECOND and THIRD MATINEES

of CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC will take place at the Hanover Square  
 Rooms on FRIDAYS, May 24th, and June 7th. To commence at three o'clock.  
 Instrumentalists—M. M. Sainton, Amor, Waelegham and Lasserre. Pianoforte—  
 Mons. Delaborde. Vocalists—Miss Julia Wigan and Miss Rose Martell (pupils of  
 Madame Sainton Dolby, their first appearance in London); Madame Rita, and  
 Signor Fed-rici. Accompanist—Mr. Thoulas. Reserved Stalls, Half-a-guinea, to  
 be had of Messrs Chappell, 50, New Bond Street; Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall;  
 Mr. Hall, Hanover Square Rooms; Mons. Sainton, 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park;  
 Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street; and at the usual Musiciansellers and  
 Libraries.

**MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON** has the honour to  
 announce TWO MORNING CONCERTS, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, WEDNES-  
 DAY, June 5, and MONDAY, June 24, these being the only Concerts at which Mdlle.  
 Christine Nilsson will appear during this Season. On these occasions Mdlle.  
 Christine Nilsson will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Madame  
 Patey and Mr. Sims Reeves. Pianoforte—Madame Arabella Goddard. Violin—  
 Madame Norman-Neruda. Conductor—Sir Julius Benedict. Tickets at the prin-  
 cipal Libraries, Musiciansellers, and Concert Agents.

#### MONDAY NEXT.

**MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.—SUMMER  
 SERIES.**—The SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS will be given at ST. JAMES'S  
 HALL, on MONDAY Morning next, May 13th, THURSDAY Evening, May 30th, and WED-  
 NESDAY Morning, June 19th. Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Maria Rosa, Madame Trebelli,  
 Bettini, Signor Italo Campanini, Signor Agnesi, Signor Foli, and Mr. Henry  
 Leslie's Choir, at the first of Henry Leslie's Summer Concerts. Tickets, 10s. 6d.,  
 5s., and 2s. 6d., at the principal Publishers and Libraries, and at Austin's Office, St.  
 James's Hall.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.** Conductor—Mr. W.  
 G. CUMMINGS.—FOURTH CONCERT, May 13th, ST. JAMES'S HALL, Eight  
 o'clock. Schubert's two movements in B flat; Concerto, Pianoforte (Beethoven),  
 Mons. E. M. Delaborde; Overture, "Ruy Blas" (Mendelssohn); Symphony, No.  
 8, in F (Beethoven); Overture, "Masaniello" (Auber). Vocalists—Mdlle. Carlotta  
 Patti and Herr Walter, of the Imperial Opera, Vienna (his first appearance). Stalls,  
 10s. 6d. and 7s.; to places where evening dress is not necessary, 5s. and 2s. 6d.

**MR. ARTHUR BYRON** begs to announce that he is  
 prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. All applications  
 to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

**AN ASSISTANT** is in want of a RE-ENGAGEMENT  
 in a Music Warehouse. Good knowledge of the Sheet Music Trade. Well  
 up in all the Catalogues, &c. London or Country. Five years' experience. Age.  
 19. Unexceptional references, &c. "Sema," Post Office, Cheltenham.

### ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.— Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830. Under the immediate Patronage of— Her Majesty The QUEEN.

His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES.  
 Her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES.  
 His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN.  
 Her Royal Highness the Princess CHRISTIAN.  
 His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.  
 President—The Right Hon. The Earl of Dudley.  
 Principal—Sir STRENDAL BENNETT, Mus. D., D.C.L.

The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and  
 Associates, will take place at the INSTITUTION, on THURSDAY Evening next, the 16th  
 inst., commencing at Eight o'clock.

By order,

JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,  
 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

**GLASGOW SATURDAY EVENING CITY HALL  
 CONCERTS.**—The NINETEENTH SEASON commences next SEPTEMBER,  
 to make arrangements for which, Mr. ARLIS, the Secretary, is at present in  
 London for eight or ten days, and may be communicated with at Angus's Hotel, 23,  
 New Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

#### THIS DAY.

**MDLLE. BONDY** begs to announce that her ANNUAL  
 MORNING CONCERT will take place THIS DAY, SATURDAY, 11th May, at the  
 QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Madame Florence  
 Lancini, Miss Frenle, Herr Carl Bohrer. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Mdlle.  
 Bondy; Violin, Herr Josef Ludwig; Viola, Mr. W. H. Hann; Violoncello, M.  
 Vieuxtemps. Conductors—Mr. Enziau, Mr. Schubert, and Mr. Elsdolt. Reserved  
 Seats, 10s. 6d.; Family Tickets (to admit three) one guinea; Unreserved Seats, 5s.,  
 to be had of Mr. Hall, at the Rooms, and of Mdlle. Bondy, 17, South Molton Street,  
 Grosvenor Square.

**SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley  
 Street, W.**—President, Sir JULIUS BENEDICT; Director, Herr SCHUBERT.  
 SIXTH SEASON, 1872. The next Concert of the Society this Season will  
 take place on Thursday, June 13th. The Concerts of the Schubert Society  
 afford an excellent opportunity for young rising artists to make their appearance  
 in public. Prospectus and full particulars on application to H. G. HORRER, Hon.  
 Sec.

**MR. SYDNEY SMITH** begs to announce that he will  
 give TWO PIANOFORTE RECITALS at St. George's Hall, on Wednes-  
 day Afternoons, May 15 and June 19, commencing at Three o'clock. Vocalists—  
 Miss Katherine Poynts, Madame Florence Lancini, Mr. George Perren, and Mr.  
 Maybrick. Violin, Mr. Henry Holmes; violoncello, Mr. Edward Howell; piano-  
 forte, Mr. Sydney Smith; accompanist, Mr. J. G. Calcott. Tickets at the hall, and  
 of Mr. Sydney Smith, 45, Blandford Square, N.W.

#### "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

**MR. A. BENNETT** will sing Ascher's popular Romance,  
 "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" this Evening (Saturday), at the Store  
 Street Rooms.

#### "WAKE, LINDA WAKE"

**MR. W. C. BELL** (of the Choir, St. Mary's, Cornhill),  
 will sing the popular Serenade, "WAKE, LINDA WAKE," by Wellington  
 Guernsey, at the Concert of the St. John's Wood Society of Musicians, this Evening  
 (Saturday), May 11th.

#### "MARCHE BRESILLIENNE" AND "STELLA WALTZ."

**MR. IGNACE GIBSON** will play every WEDNESDAY  
 and SATURDAY, at the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, his "MARCHE BRESIL-  
 LIENNE" and "STELLA WALTZ," on Messrs. P. J. Smith & Sons' Patent Iron  
 Strutted Pianos.

#### "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

**MR. GEORGE PERREN** will sing the above popular  
 song (by desire) at St. George's Hall (Mr. Sidney Smith's Recital), on  
 Wednesday, 15th inst.

**MR. GREAVES (Bass).**—All Applications for Oratorios,  
 Concerts, &c., to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street.

#### "I'M AN ALSATIAN"

**MISS E. PHILP and M. LE COMTE D'EPINEUIL,**  
 will sing the popular Duet, from Offenbach's "Litzchen and Fritschen,"  
 "I'M AN ALSATIAN," at St. James's Hall, on Thursday Evening next, May 17th.

#### "THE BELLS' GALOP."

**MALLANDAIN'S** admired Galop, "THE BELLS,"  
 played every night at the Lyceum Theatre, in the popular Drama of "THE  
 BELLS," is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street. (A  
 Cornet part, ad. lib., is also published, price 6d. Nett.)

**"MARCH ROMAINE,"** by CH. GOUNOD, companion  
 piece to the celebrated "SILVER TRUMPETS," composed expressly  
 for the Pope. Price, for Piano, Organ (with pedal obbligato), or Harmonium, 3s.  
 CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

#### ORGANIST WANTED.

**WANTED, an ORGANIST,** for a Church in a  
 fashionable Watering Place, near Dublin. Amateur Choir. Organ, three  
 manuals; Pedals, C C C. Good opening for tuition and a Choral Society. Salary,  
 £50 per annum. Apply, stating References, and sending copies of Testimonials, to  
 William Stewart, 6, Leicester Street, Dublin.

## ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The first of the promised series of Grand Choral Concerts, with M. Gounod as conductor, was given on Wednesday afternoon, by command of the Queen, who honoured the performance with her presence. Her Majesty arrived shortly after the advertised hour for beginning, and received a greeting as unanimous as it was cordial, in acknowledgement of which she continually bowed. Her Majesty, who occupied the same box as on the 29th of March last year, when, after formally declaring Albert Hall "opened," she retired to listen to the music, was accompanied by the Empress of Germany, the King of the Belgians, her Royal Highness Princess Christian, her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, and his Royal Highness Prince Christian. Her Majesty remained until the end of the first part, and then left, having to go immediately to Windsor. At her entry, as on her departure, the National Anthem (newly harmonized by M. Gounod) was sung by the chorus, accompanied on the great organ by Dr. Stainer, Sir John Goss's successor at St. Paul's Cathedral, whose performance of J. S. Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E flat, generally called "St. Ann's," Her Majesty remained to hear.

The hall to all appearance was as full as it could easily be—area, amphitheatre, great gallery, picture gallery, and balconies on either side of the organ being seemingly crowded, while very few boxes in any one of the three tiers, so far as we could observe, were unoccupied. It is computed that some 7,000 people were present; and the spectacle was in the highest degree imposing. The chorus filled the orchestra to the roof. The lady singers were all placed in front—with their variegated costumes, a pretty sight, of course—the gentlemen behind them crowding both sides of the organ. We are informed that the number of singers was 1,134—846 sopranos, 194 altos, 236 tenors, and 358 basses, in two equal choirs. It would have been difficult to find place in the orchestra for another singer, although we believe that the Albert Hall Choral Society numbers in its ranks a good many more members.

M. Gounod, on taking his place as conductor, received a hearty welcome; and if to him is due the credit of having trained this large body of choristers, a hearty welcome was his right on this account alone, putting aside his other and more widely recognized claims. The choir is carefully balanced in its various sections, sings for the most part well in tune, attacks with good accent, can sing piano as easily as forte, graduate, when necessary, from one to the other, and only wants a little more finish of detail, and of what is understood as "*chiaroscuro*," to become a choir of first-rate excellence. Such qualities this large body of singers already exhibits are much to boast of. What was done sounded in the greater number of instances as effectively as could be desired, and warranted a belief that, unaccompanied choral part-song especially, a vast deal may yet be achieved at Albert Hall. True, there were not many examples of elaborate part-writing in the selection; nevertheless, what there really was seemed in no way to puzzle the choir; and perhaps the two pieces to which the expletive "elaborate" most justly applies—one by Palestrina, the other by J. S. Bach—were among the most successful efforts of the day.

On such an occasion as that we are describing, our readers will be glad to have the programme placed before them as it stood, the more so as not a single number was omitted, and as every piece was given in the printed order assigned to it. We therefore append it entire:—

"Te Deum," composed by Ch. Gounod. "Adoro Te" (Catholic Hymn), harmonized by Ch. Gounod. "Kyrie" (Mass, "O regem Celi," Palestrina), arranged by Ch. Gounod. "O Jesus, my Lord," J. S. Bach, arranged by Ch. Gounod. "Old Hundredth" (Psalm), harmonized by Ch. Gounod. ["I loved a Lass" (French Pavane, 16th century), harmonized and arranged by Ch. Gounod. "O! the sweet Contentment" (Pastorale, 1650), harmonized by Ch. Gounod. "Love me true, dear lassie," Jacques Lefevre (Pastorale, 1613), harmonized by Ch. Gounod.] "Ave Verum," Mozart, arranged by Ch. Gounod. "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn," harmonized by Ch. Gounod. "O Filii et Filias," Leisring, arranged by Ch. Gounod. "Hallelujah Chorus" (from the *Messiah*), Handel.

The "Thanksgiving *Te Deum*," composed by M. Gounod, is as eminently his own as any other piece of church music from his pen with which we are acquainted. In this species of writing M. Gounod habitually aims at breadth and solemnity through simple means rather than at special effects to be obtained by means of ingenious contrivance. He prefers plain tune, supported by full harmony, to any kind of intricate contrapuntal part-writing, master of counterpoint as he unquestionably must be. True, he not unfrequently introduces progressions and harmonies of singular boldness, to which it takes some study and attention for the ear of ordinary amateurs to become used. Of this a striking example occurs near the end of the *Te Deum* performed on Wednesday, in the setting of "Day by day we magnify Thee, and we worship Thy Name ever world without end," which has no precedent that we can

remember in church music. At the same time this passage has been calculated with evident art to bring in all the more effectively (by force of contrast) the majestic and broadly harmonized choral, adapted to the words, "Vouchsafe, O Lord to keep us this day without sin," with which the final chorus is impressively ushered in. The *Te Deum* is in the key of C major, and has, with unmistakable purpose, been written on a small scale—not, be it understood, with regard to its designed pretensions, as a work of art, but with regard to its contemplated length. It does not contain any elaborately worked out movements, and yet, from "We praise Thee, O God," to "Vouchsafe, O Lord," just referred to, there is scarcely a single number without a certain degree of interest attached to it on account of strong and attractive individuality. It is pure Gounod from end to end, and therefore all the more acceptable to the enthusiastic lovers of Gounod's music. The passage "Holy, Holy," first uttered by the chorus on a discord, *fortissimo*, and then answered by a solo soprano voice, three times in succession, is quite a new thought, and brings the "cry" of the Cherubin and Seraphin to an emphatic climax. The rest of this section—from "Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty of Thy Glory," to "We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge" shows how expression may be obtained without the aid of forced expedients. The praise of the "Prophets," the praise of the "Apostles," and the praise of the "Martyrs," although no studied difference in their enunciation is observable, seem all to have a character of their own, while the full choral harmony to which the universal acknowledgment of the "Holy Church" is allied formed an apt peroration. A point of "imitation" occurs at the passage, "When thou took'st upon Thee to deliver man," where the sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses deliver a descending passage in alternate succession, which can hardly fail to invite the attention of connoisseurs; and there are other points here worth notice, as, for example, the sudden change of key at "O Lord, save Thy people and bless Thine heritage," and the way in which the original tone is resumed. But we need say no more for the present about the new *Te Deum*—unless it be that, remembering how M. Gounod scores for the orchestra, we should very much like to hear it with orchestral accompaniments. The performance, for the most part, was extremely good; and, under the intelligent and energetic direction of its composer, how could it have been otherwise.

The remainder of the programme must be briefly dismissed. It had two faults;—one, that owing to the peculiar character of so many of the pieces, it was somewhat monotonous; and the other, that on such occasion as the first concert of this great English Choral Society, not a single composition by an English musician, dead or living, was introduced. And yet we have a somewhat wealthy repertory of choral works, sacred and secular, of madrigals, part-songs, glees, &c. This was clearly an oversight, but easy to rectify in future.

Passing over the Sacramental Hymn from a Roman Liturgy, without denying its merit or that of M. Gounod's harmonization of the tune, we may at once say that the "Kyrie" from Palestrina's Mass, "O Regem Celi," J. S. Bach's motet, in F minor, for double chorus ("O Jesus my Lord"), and Mozart's lovely "Ave verum corpus natum" (in D), were the most welcome, the most masterly, and, all considered, most evenly and effectively executed pieces of the miscellaneous selection. It is pleasant to hear a bit of Palestrina now and then, so long as we are not dosed with him; for though uncommonly learned and one of the undoubted pioneers of the art, he is often somewhat stiff and dry. The pieces of Bach and Mozart can never be heard too often. The exquisite sequence in the "Ave verum," near the end, on the words, "Esto nobis praegustatum," was perfectly executed. Some explanation should have been given in the programme as to the meaning of the words, "arranged by M. Gounod," which are prefixed to the "Kyrie" of Palestrina, the motet of Bach, and the "Ave verum" of Mozart.

The three little French pieces bracketed in the programme—the first allied to verses by G. Withers (1588), the second to an adaptation by Mrs. Weldon, from John Chalkhill (1653), and the third to stanzas of Mrs. Weldon's own, are extremely quaint, and, harmonized as they are by M. Gounod for four-part choirs, could hardly fail to please. The first and last were faintly encoored by a no means over demonstrative audience; they were repeated, nevertheless, verse by verse. The "Old Hundredth," for which surely a new harmonization is no more needed than for the National Anthem itself, was out of place in such a concert. The "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn," harmonized by M. Gounod with attractive variety, would be better without a repetition of each section of each verse. Leisring's double chorus, a good specimen of the 16th century, only prepared the way for Handel's immortal "Hallelujah," which, though sung with a simple organ accompaniment, in place of an orchestra, and, moreover, while the audience were issuing forth in droves through the many doors of egress with which Albert Hall is furnished still sounded magnificently. M. Gounod conducted throughout with admirable firmness and discrimination, and the duties of organist could hardly have been more ably or diligently performed than by Dr. Stainer.

## THE PAREPA-ROSA ITALIAN OPERA SEASON.

(From the "New York Evening Mail," Tuesday, April 16, 1872.)

We feel a sincere regret, shared no doubt by thousands, as we muse upon the fact that another week sees the last of Italian opera, and closes a season that has been entirely unprecedented in the history of the lyric stage in this city. The only consolation is that we are promised all sorts of splendid things in the way of operatic entertainments for next Fall by several managers, and as we have great confidence in these gentlemen we look to the future with a good deal of hope.

Strakosch, in introducing Miss Nilsson and her assistants last Fall, created in the public mind the most insatiable appetite for opera which neither he nor Carl Rosa have since been quite able to assuage. It has been shown conclusively that the public is perfectly willing to pay well when it is certain of a fair remuneration, and managers, feeling confident and secure, will hereafter provide the very best entertainments, knowing well that nothing else will meet with success.

The advent of the Strakosch troupe was a great event, for it gave us opportunities of seeing Miss Nilsson to much better advantage than in the concert-room, but it was reserved for the Parepa-Rosa troupe to give the most thoroughly satisfactory and complete of all the operatic representations of the winter. In every detail the management displayed liberality and taste, and won thereby laurels, for which it may indeed be envied. The four principal artists who are brought together in this troupe are each and all endowed with splendid vocal gifts, and are not lacking in dramatic ability. They have given *Trovatore*, *Don Giovanni*, *Rigoletto*, and *The Huguenots*, as they have never been given here before, they have filled the Academy at every representation from pit to dome, and they have received the unqualified admiration of the public for their remarkable talents. In the matter of chorus, orchestra, costumes, scenery, and general appointments, also, Mr. Carl Rosa has shown more liberality than any of his predecessors. Both orchestra and chorus have been large and well trained, and have been worthy adjuncts to the principal performers.

It is our earnest desire that Mr. Rosa shall enter the operatic field next winter. He has shown so much energy, zeal, and tact in his past managerial career that he is entitled to all possible confidence. Whatever he offers it will be well worth while for the public to support, and the result will be success for the manager, gratification for the people, and hearty good will on both sides.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The *Creation* was performed by the members of this society on the evening of the 3rd inst., in the Albert Hall, which was crowded by a fashionable and appreciative audience. Sir Michael Costa was the conductor, Mr. Coward the organist, and the band and chorus were quite up to the mark of former achievements. The solos were sung by Madame Leimkens-Sherrington, Signor Foli, and Mr. Cummings, and were rendered in the style and with the power and finish characteristic of these artists. It may safely be stated that those among the audience whose memory does not go back beyond half a decade or so have no occasion to regret their inability to remember earlier performances of this oratorio, while those among us who have heard Malibran, Caradori Allan, Birch, Dolby, Clara Novello, as also Braham, Phillips, &c., cannot indulge in the usual cry of elderly connoisseurs, and say, "They don't sing now as they did when we were young." The performance altogether was superb.

## PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

A novelty has been added to the ample programme at this house, in the shape of a farce, by Mr. Desmond L. Ryan. The little frolic is very merry, and as unpretentious as its author, who commences his career as dramatist in the right way, by taking the lowest rung of the ladder at first. Most people start with a pretentious piece which sometimes turns out to be as effective as a farce. Mr. Ryan has acted with better judgment, and his piece succeeds in realising his intentions, and putting the audience into good humour for the heavier business that follows. We give no analysis of the plot of *One Too Many*; we prefer to leave those who love a hearty laugh to go and enjoy the surprise in its freshness. We congratulate the lessee on his courage in breaking away with the traditions of eliquism, and introducing new men with the spur of ambition to stimulate them into the charmed and slightly hackneyed circle of modern playwrights. *Haunted House*, a scene-carpen-ter's melodrama, but a very Shakespeare of stage-carpen-ter's, is still the main item of the night's entertainment, and Mr. Clarke's admirable personation of "Sairey Gamp," in a sketch of the name from Dickens's novel, brings down the green curtain to a chorus of laughter-peals.—*Standard*.

## THE STEPCCHILD AMONG MOZART'S OPERAS.

No other of Mozart's masterpieces, not even *Così fan Tutte*, despite its uninteresting libretto, is performed so seldom as *Idomeneus*. Were we to reckon up the number of times it has been represented in Germany, since its first production down to the present moment, we should be astounded at the lowness of the figures forming the gross total. It was, therefore, most satisfactory to learn that a royal order had been issued at Munich, directing the revival of the old opera in a manner worthy its composer. It is peculiarly appropriate in Munich, where it was first produced in 1781, and then disappeared for sixty-four long years. Its second production there, in January, 1845, appealed to an entirely new generation, and the present generation, also, is a completely new one. It was in compliance with a request from the Elector Karl Theodor, that Mozart composed *Idomeneus* for the Italian operatic company at Munich. The opera was produced by them, without any great success, on the 21st January, 1781.

Mozart was then twenty-four years old, with his soul full of art, love, and enthusiasm, and his ambition fixed upon fame and immortality—he was at that golden season of human life which never returns, and which makes even a prosaic youth a poet, if only for a few moments. Still, it is only out of respect for a great master that writers have spoken of the work he then wrote, and their allusions to it team with remarks upon the undramatic story, the accumulation of recitatives and airs, and wind up with the assertion that, despite many beauties contained in it, this youthful effort is not sufficiently matured, and, for that reason, could never keep possession of the boards, &c. Now let us consider the subject of the drama. *Idomeneus* is the sovereign of many cities in Crete, and is celebrated by Homer for his manliness and valour. As he is returning home from Troy, he is overtaken by a storm at sea, and is in danger of perishing. He makes a vow that, if the gods will rescue him and his companions, he will offer up to them, as an expiatory sacrifice, the first being he meets. He is saved, and the first person on whom his glance falls, as he lands, is—his own son. What a grandly tragic subject! It is hardly inferior to that of *Iphigenia in Aulis*. And what a tonal edifice has the master raised upon the highly tragic foundation! His work is characterised by a degree of inspiration, earnestness, and sublime melody, reminding one of Handel and Gluck, and of instrumental animation towering high above both, and even surpassing Jos. Haydn. Such instrumental language, glowing with all the ardour of a youthful and happy heart, and characterised by such original ingenuity, that, among all his subsequent works, only *Don Juan* can be placed on a level with it—such language, as a matter of course, was above the comprehension of a period when, for instance, a Prati was the idol of the Italian and German musical public. Even Mozart's elder rival, the Abbé Vogler, owed the success of his grand opera, *Castor and Pollux*, solely to the fact that, being well acquainted with the orchestra, which was then the most celebrated in Germany, he adapted himself to its slightest caprices, and really, and truly, wrote for persons who understood him as little as they understood the immortal Mozart. Thus the great composer's first dramatic work, disappeared, unappreciated, and to be speedily forgotten, from all the theatres of Germany. Mozart endured the pain of beholding a creation, which, to the last moment of his life, he treasured up as his special favourite in his heart, past by unheeded by his own generation. But in the case of this work it seems as though Fate would realize the old and significant German legend, which represents the great Emperor, armed in mail, and buried in obscurity and sleep, reposing in the subterranean and crystal vaults of the mountains, until the time arrives, when once more aroused and summoned to the light of day, he shall come forward as the saviour and deliverer of his people. In the interest of art it is to be hoped that the example set by the Theatre Royal, Munich, with respect to an opera so undeservedly neglected, will be followed by other leading theatres in Germany. When we do possess anything good, we ought not to consign it to unmerited oblivion.—*German Paper*.

NEW YORK.—Mr. Santley appeared in *Guillaume Tell* shortly before his departure from the States. It was the first time of his sustaining the part. He achieved a triumphant success.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

It seemed to be the general opinion on Saturday night that the long-wished-for acquisition, a new Italian tenor of the highest promise, had at last made his appearance. Certainly, since the *début* of the late Signor Giuglini at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1856, when Mr. Lumley was manager, no new comer of the sterner sex has ever been received with such marked and continuous enthusiasm as Signor Italo Campanini, who made his *début* before a London audience in Gennaro (*Lucrezia Borgia*), with Mdle. Tietjens (the Duchess of Ferrara), Signor Rota—another new comer—(Duke Alphonso), and Madame Trebelli-Bettini (Maffeo Orsini). Of Signor Rota we may say at once that he made a very favourable impression, that he has a powerful voice, a fine stage presence, and both as actor and singer gave evidence of qualifications far beyond the ordinary. But almost exclusive attention was bestowed upon the new tenor, who, after the ballad "Di Pescatore," in which Gennaro tells the brief history of his life to Lucrezia, was at once accepted. We cannot enter minutely into a judgment of his qualifications now; but we may say without hesitation that a more genuine and beautiful tenor voice, a more finished delivery, more thoroughly satisfactory phrasing, and more general musical intelligence, have not been known for very many years upon the Italian stage. That Signor Campanini is already an accomplished artist there can be no doubt. That the whole audience—the most crowded of the season—thought so was shown by the enthusiastic applause which followed every one of his efforts, from the ballad already named to the scene in which Gennaro dies at the feet of his guilty and agonized mother. "Di Pescatore" was encored; the famous trio, "in which the treacherous Alphonso" makes his wife administer the poisoned cup to Gennaro, was encored; and the duet, when Lucrezia forces her son to swallow the Borgian antidote, as he has already swallowed the Borgian poison, brought down the curtain amid loud, unanimous, and reiterated plaudits. From this point to the end of the opera there was only the same feeling. Even the interpolated air from *Don Sebastien* (which Signor Mongini used to sing at the commencement of Act III.) was encored with acclamation; although it might, on a future occasion, be omitted with advantage. As Gennaro is continually on the stage, it seems difficult to understand why an extra and superfluous task should be imposed upon him. The conclusion of the opera was like the beginning—a triumph for the young singer, who was three times called before the curtain, in company with Mdle. Tietjens and Signor Rota. We must not forget to state that Madame Trebelli received the customary encore in "Il segreto per esser felice," which she sang as well as ever. If this Signor Campanini, as we believe to be the case, is the same who has been singing the chief part in Herr Wagner's *Lohengrin* so often at Bologna and Florence, he must be an Italian tenor altogether out of the ordinary way.

The operas this week have been—*Don Pasquale*, with Mdle. Marimon (Monday); *Faust*, with Mdle. Marie Roze (Tuesday night); and *Lucrezia Borgia*, second appearance of Signor Campanini (Thursday). *Linda di Chamouni*, is announced for to-night—first appearance of Mdle Clara Louise Kellogg, after an absence of four years.

COPENHAGEN.—After a long series of careful rehearsals, Herr Richard Wagner's *Meistersinger* was produced for the first time on Palm Sunday. During the first two acts, the audience were very cool, but, in the third, they applauded pretty freely. The press is unanimous in its adverse criticisms on the opera, though it praises the artists. The libretto was translated with great skill into Danish by M. Adolf Hertz, a well-known literary man.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Aug. Reissmann's opera, *Gudrun*, has been played several times lately to very full houses. The principal parts were sustained with much ability by Mdme. Pischke-Leutner, Mdle. Mahlknecht, Herren Gura, Weber, and Gross.—Signor Pollini's Italian operatic company commenced a short season on the 29th April, with Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*.—Herr Niemann, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, will commence, on the 31st inst., an engagement extending to the 15th June, and, on the 28th of that month, Mdme. Mallinger will give the first of three performances.—M. Hector Berlioz's *Requiem* was announced to be given on the 8th inst., for the benefit of Riedel's Association.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

By her delineation of Lady Enrichetta, in M. Flotow's popular *Martha*, Mdle. Albani shows herself mistress of qualities enabling her to shine in a different sphere from that in which she has hitherto exhibited her young and sympathetic talent. She can be full of liveliness as well as full of sentiment; and this was clearly shown in the earlier scenes of the opera, before the romantic lady, with the aid of her confidant, Lord Tristram, undertakes her escapade, and falls in love with the handsome farmer who has enlisted her services at the statute fair. That afterwards, when her heart is entrapped, the lively Martha can become sentimental enough, no one who has seen Mdle. Albani's Amina will doubt. The music of M. Flotow seems perfectly suited to the voice of the interesting new-comer, not merely in the *ad captandum* passages of the spinning wheel quartet (encored as a matter of course), but in its more expressive phrases. "Qui sola, vergin rosa" ("The Last Rose of Summer") could hardly have been sung with more true and unaffected expression. This, too, was encored, and unanimously. Martha may fairly be regarded as a new success for Mdle. Albani, who seems likely to be an acquisition of more than ordinary value to Mr. Gye's theatre. She was more than once recalled.

The other leading characters were played by Mdle. Scalchi (Nancy), Signor Bagagiolo (Plumkett), Signor Bettini (Lionel), and Signor Tagliafico (Lord Tristram). Encores were awarded to Signor Bagagiolo in the apostrophe to "beer" ("Chi mi dira," &c.), and to Signor Bettini in "M'appari tutt' amor."

The first appearance of Mdme. Adelina Patti was, as usual a gala night for Mr. Gye. The theatre was literally thronged by a brilliant and fashionable audience. The whole area consisted of stalls, and not a single box was unoccupied. Neither the *Barbiere* nor the *Sonnambula* was selected for the return of the universally admired *prima donna* on this occasion. The choice fell upon Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. Mdme. Patti's admirable delineation of the heroine in this exquisite lyrical pastoral has so often been described, and estimated at its value, that scarcely a word remains to be said. The enthusiastic welcome accorded to her seemed to stimulate her to use more than ordinary endeavours to prove herself worthy of it, and perhaps on no occasion has she played the part and sung the music to greater perfection. That her voice was in first rate condition was at once apparent in the "Lullaby" to the imaginary goat ("Si carina dorm'in pace"), after which she was loudly called forward, and again in the duet, when Dinorah capriciously torments the poltroon, Corentino. The familiar scene with the shadow (*Ombra leggiera*) was more brilliant than ever, the last movement being encored with unanimity. Madame Patti was twice called back, amid a shower of bouquets. And so it went on, until, in the last scene, to the accompaniment of the most tuneful possible "Ave Maria," the charming Dinorah is led up to the chapel on the hill, as an affianced bride, by the anything but immaculate Hoel.

The other leading characters were represented by Signor Graziani (Hoel), Signor Bettini (Corentino), Signor Capponi (the Hunter), Mr. Wilford Morgan (the Reaper), Mdle. Scalchi and Miss Annie Sinclair (the Goatherds). It was Signor Graziani's first appearance this season, and it is scarcely requisite to add that he had a most cordial reception.

The operas during the present week have been—*Faust e Margherita*, with Madame Lucca (Monday); *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, with Madame Patti (Tuesday); *Don Giovanni*, with Mdme. Patti (Thursday); and *Martha*, with Mdle. Albani (Friday). *L'Africaine*, with Madame Lucca is to be given to-night.

COLOGNE.—At a general meeting of the Male Vocal Association, it was determined to purchase, for 20,000 thalers, the old historical house in which the Association meets. It was, also, determined to convert the building into a kind of musical casino, where other musical societies may be enabled to give concerts.

BAYREUTH.—Herr Richard Wagner has arrived, and intends taking up his permanent residence at the hotel "Zur Fantasie" at Donndorf. On the 25th April, he visited the Operahouse with several architects and builders, in order to determine on the arrangements requisite to adapt the building for the concert to be given on the 22nd May. The scenery has already been removed, and considerable alterations have been made in the roof.

## WHAT IS BECOMING OF OUR TENORS?\*

It has been said that modern scores ruin the voice, and are possibilities only for persons of a robust constitution. This is an irrefutable truth. Let anyone glance at the part of Robert the Devil, in the piece of that name, or at that of Raoul, in *Les Huguenots*; the first question that suggests itself to his mind cannot fail to be, whether a man can have the temerity to attempt such a part in public. It is written for a Roman of the palmiest days of Rome, and not for the weak citizen of a nation which experiences great difficulty in raising a handful of soldiers every year. Each bar appears to be written for an instrument. There are skips of fifths, sixths, octaves, and occasionally tenths; feats of vaulting from the bottom to the top of the scale, as on a violin; examples of impregnable intonation, rendered still more difficult by the unexpected character of the harmony; modulations calculated to turn anyone's head, as in the phrase "Conquis par ma valeur" (third act of *Robert le Diable*); bits radically unsingable, like the duet between Bertram and Robert (third act of *Robert le Diable*), phrases bearing the stamp of madness, like the phrase of the tenor in the admirable sextet of *Les Huguenots*, "Et bonne épée;" "lengths" fit to drive a man to despair; fearful break-neck obstacles; "par moi conquis, par moi conquis" (third act of *Robert*); anathemas like that in the second act of *La Juive*; A's and B's flat, to be taken brutally on the vowel i, as in the phrases in *La Reine de Chypre*, "Sur le bord de l'abîme." What, too, shall we say of the couplets to France, sung by the Dauphin in *Charles VI*? We are compelled to stop before the many insurmountable or perilous places conjured up by our memory. The extravagance of modern scores is an established fact. To master them would require an amount of musical knowledge which singers do not possess, an amount of skill and of tact, which can be attained only by a long and intelligent study of the vocal art. Even when all this has been accomplished, there still remains a problem to be solved, the problem, namely, of physical strength. There is no means of shuffling with that. Where physical strength is wanting, abstract knowledge avails but little, consequently, dramatic singing is in an inextricable difficulty, and modern opera is the worker of its approaching ruin.

It will be objected that the operas of Gluck, of Grétry, and of Méhul were not more easy to sing, and that our tenors are not found to be marvels when they sing in an old score. It is perfectly certain they are not. We even feel inclined to maintain, that an air like that in *Zénire et Azor* ("Du moment qu'on aime") requires higher talent than many a number in *La Reine de Chypre*. But this is not exactly the question. A character is difficult according to the qualities of style, sentiment, and mimetic power which must be devoted to it. At any rate, in old operas, an artist is not stopt by any material impossibility, against which all human genius is utterly powerless. Serious study, great perseverance, and good sound taste, strengthened by the counsels of criticism, are sufficient to enable an artist to acquit himself honourably in a well-written part. But no study avails aught, if physical strength be wanting. No one in the world can endow a tenor with lungs if he has none; no human power can save him from the state of exhaustion into which he falls, after he has been only two hours vociferating, exerting himself, and tearing his larynx, as well as every other vocal organ.

The history of the modern stage is distinguished by a fact that has escaped no one's notice: nearly all composers work with a view to bringing out the peculiar gifts of a certain singer, who, in his turn, makes the piece. But this is not all. They endeavour to turn to account, not only his good qualities, but also his defects and natural imperfections. The result is, that the poem and the music are really the very humble servants of any singer enjoying a certain reputation. We saw this sufficiently during the entire career of Meyerbeer. The care that great man displayed about his singers was something which defies description. He died without having found, for his *Africaine*, the rare bird he had been seeking with such desperate tenacity. The papers laughed enough at the distances he travelled, the treasures he found, and the disappointments he underwent. No one took more pains than he did to pave the way for the success of a work.

\* From *Le Guide Musical*.

He relied upon a singer as upon Providence. He forgot that a work of merit ought, above all things, to be strong in itself, and to triumph independently of machinery, scenery, tricks, and attacks of hoarseness.

This example of a great master proves only too plainly that singers substitute their individuality for the genius of the musician. The latter acts too liberally to them in his work. He reckons too much upon an exceptional voice. It is the story of the English authors writing for the comedian Foote—who had a wooden leg—pieces that could not be acted by those who were unlucky enough to be quite whole. In Italy, again, actors have been engaged expressly to play the parts of one-eyed or lame men. Our readers may brand our assertion as absurd, but we beg to tell them that people do not act otherwise in France.

When anyone says to a singer: "you will sing such and such a part, which goes up to C sharp, and you will make that C sharp vibrate through the house, because Tamberlick did so before you," he is certainly imposing on the artist an anomaly analogous to that of the wooden leg. Nay, more; the artist would be better able to undergo the amputation of a limb than to find in his larynx a C sharp that does not exist there.

## OPERA COMIQUE.

The theatre in the Strand known as the Opéra Comique was brilliantly attended last Saturday evening, when a representation of Donizetti's opera, *La Fille du Régiment*, was given, with Madame Marie Cabel as Marie. The character was many years ago a favourite one with this celebrated French singer, and she showed, on Saturday evening, that she can still sustain it with vivacity and piquancy unimpaired. The affecting leave-taking which brings the first act of the Opera to a close requires an amount of expression which is not always combined with brilliant vocalisation; and had Madame Cabel failed in "Il faut partir" it would not have militated against her success in the "Rataplan," or in the celebrated air which is better known by the Italian title than any other—viz., "Ciascun lo dice." But Madame Cabel managed to make her greatest effect in this, and raised a storm of applause by expressive and impassioned singing. The "fortiori" she indulged in, whilst pretending to take lessons of the Marchioness, afforded, however, a very favourable opportunity of noting her skill in a branch of the art with which her name has long been associated; and nothing could be more satisfactory or brilliant than the execution of the series of roulades. The Tonio of the evening was a M. Huet Stradi, who sang with energy and not without effect. The Sulpizio was scarcely so successful. Madame Haydée Abrek appeared as the Marchioness, and sustained the character in a manner which gratified the audience. The chorus was hardly up to the mark, but will doubtless improve after a few performances. The orchestra, under M. Andibert, was effective, and played the accompaniments with discretion. The opera was preceded by *Le Maître de Chapelle*, written by Ferdinand Paer, whilst Kapelmeister at Dresden.

## NEW ORGAN.

An organ of complete specification, but as yet wanting in some of its important features, was recently opened by Dr. Spark, at Christ Church (Kensington), Liverpool. The instrument is thus described—but in justice to the builders and to the performer, yesterday, we must point out that only those stops marked with an asterisk are yet put in:—

GREAT.—\*Double diapason, \*open diapason, flute à Pavillon (8 feet), \*Clarinella, \*harmonic flute, \*principal, \*twelfth, \*fifteenth, full mixture, sharp mixture, trumpet. SWELL.—Bourdon, \*open diapason, pierced gamba, \*Rohr flute, \*principal, \*fifteenth, mixture, contrabass (16 feet). \*cornopean, \*oboe, clarion. CHOIR.—\*Dulciana, \*viol di gamba, \*Lieblich gedact, \*Suabe flute, Celestina, flageolet, clarinet. \*PEDALS.—Open diapason (16 feet), Bourdon (16 feet), violoncello (8 feet), trombone (16 feet). COUPLERS.—\*1, choir to pedals; \*2, great to pedals; \*3, swell to pedals; \*4, swell to choir; \*5, swell to great. Tremulant.

"It is not an unwise plan," says the *Daily Courier*, "to build an organ subject to future additions, and if we are to judge of the instrument by what we heard yesterday, our expectations must be high, for the effect generally and in detail was such as to reflect credit upon the builders, Messrs. C. and J. Whiteley, of Chester. Notwithstanding the absence of mixture and reed tone in the great organ, the full effect was good, while the quality of individual stops was admirable. We must single out for special mention the *diapason* and *clarabella* in the great, the *gamba* in the choir, and the *reeds* in the swell."

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Daily News* has the following about Mr. Sims Reeves, in an article upon that distinguished artist's recent benefit concert at St. James's Hall:—

"This annual event took place on Monday evening, when the popularity of the great tenor was again evidenced by the crowded and enthusiastic audience which filled St. James's Hall to overflowing. Every one of Mr. Reeves's songs was applauded to the echo; and a repetition of each was apparently desired by all the delighted listeners. Mr. Reeves sang four pieces, in all of which he has frequently before been heard—repetition of such fine performances serving only to render every fresh hearing more welcome. In that grand declamatory and pathetic piece from Handel's *Samson*, 'Total eclipse,' in Blumenthal's popular song, 'The Message,' Mr. Sullivan's graceful setting of 'Once Again,' and in Brahms's nautical ballad, 'The Death of Nelson,' the versatility, as well as the excellence of Mr. Reeves was displayed with the usual result of enthusiastic applause, and a conviction, on the part of all right-minded people, that it is well worth while bearing with some occasional absences, rather than that the loss of such exceptional powers should be riaked by the forced effort to sing with a susceptible throat when under the influence of cold and hoarseness. In the case of a very estimable English tenor, of high position, some years since, one such effort made by a too complying disposition cost him at once the utter loss of his voice, and involved an immediate total change of occupation. Let the unreasonable (always, fortunately, a small minority in English audiences) think over this possible—nay very probable—consequence of one concession to their demands under such circumstances."

## SIGNOR CAMPANINI.

The *Daily Telegraph* thus noticed the advent of Mr. Mapleson's new tenor:—

"Year after year rolled by, and still the man came not who was to succeed Giuglini and Mario, and carry on the line of great tenors. Yet plenty of tenors came. We had them in abundance, but always with some flaw—some 'rift within the lute' which sorely marred the music. They were tenors with a voice and no method, or with a method and no voice; they were singers and not actors, or actors and not singers; or they were respectable mediocrities who did everything decently but nothing well. So it has continued through the list of polished Italians, lusty Germans, and tremulous Frenchmen who have essayed to gratify the most pressing want of our operatic world. At last we were beginning to despair, for it seemed as though managers had gone from Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren. But there is ever a 'coming man' equal to such emergencies, and sooner or later he comes, often passing from obscurity to fame at a step. Who, for example, had heard, till within the last few weeks, of Signor Italo Campanini? It was only when Wagner's *Lohengrin* was produced at Florence that rumour began to speak of a young Italian whose success, as the hero of that opera, was remarkable. Rumour further gossiped about his antecedents, and affected to know how he had been 'found' by the *impresario* of Moscow, sent to Italy for training purposes, ultimately released from the Russian engagement, and, immediately upon the *Lohengrin* success, secured by Mr. Mapleson, after a race which the Drury Lane manager, only won from Mr. Gye by a neck. For the truth of these reports we cannot vouch; enough that Signor Italo Campanini made his *début* on Saturday as Gennaro, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and that amateurs of opera now know, to a large extent, of what he is capable. The public might have been pardoned if, instead of crowding Drury Lane Theatre with faces more dubious than sanguine, they had stayed away altogether. A reflection, naturally arising out of so many previous failures, suggested that the new-comer's *début* was likely to prove an added disappointment, or at most a *succès d'estime* of no significance whatever. Still, the first night of a tenor, even more than the first night of a *prima donna*, has an irresistible attraction. It may reveal a treasure, and, if it should, who would like to be absent on an occasion so rare? Hence, as already intimated, the theatre was crowded by an audience so anxiously expectant that the opening scene of the prologue, and even 'Com'è bello,' which, with its cabaletta, finely rendered by Mdle. Tietjens, were impatiently regarded. At length, Gennaro began to sing, the house listening judicially till the close of "Di pescatore ignobile," when it broke out into thunders of applause. Here was no doubtful triumph, the result of energetic action by an organised *claque*. On the contrary, to use Kean's famous expression, the audience 'rose at' the new tenor, and acclaimed him with unanimity. What led to such sudden and general enthusiasm? Simply these things: a voice of rare sweetness, capable of the tenderest expression, wholly at the command of its owner, and of wide compass; a style which is emphatically that of an accomplished singer; phrasing very nearly faultless; and a sympathetic delivery, which excites sympathy in the hearer as an inevitable result. Such gifts are uncommon; but Signor Campanini adds to them an agreeable personal presence, graceful stage manners, dramatic ability of no mean order, and those barely definable characteristics which separate the real artist from the mere performer. Signor Campanini's rendering of 'Di pescatore' exhibited all the merits just detailed; and, as there could not be a shadow of doubt with regard to his worthiness, the audience frankly made a hero of the new-comer, cheering him on with all

the force of hands and lungs. Thenceforward his evening's work was a succession of triumphs. In the trio of the second finale, 'Guai! se ti sfugge un moto'—one of Donizetti's finest dramatic efforts—Signor Campanini's pure tones, joined to exquisite phrasing, gave the highest pleasure, and went far to secure an *encore*. His rendering of the interpolated air, 'Deserto in terra' (*Don Sebastien*), led to another *encore*—though, perhaps, hardly up to the mark of previous efforts; while his acting in the final scene, distinguished as it was by excellent taste and great power, consummated a success the like of which has not been witnessed in London for many years. Whether Signor Campanini will go on as he has begun is not a matter for present consideration. His beginning was as we have described it, and, by a single performance, he has made himself a name."

## NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

At the concert of last Wednesday week, given under the direction of Dr. Wylde, in St. James's Hall, the main attraction was Spohr's *Die Wiehe der Töne* (*Power of Sound*), but the appearance of Herr Heerman as violinist, of Miss Kate Roberts as pianist, and of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington as vocalist, lent no slight interest to the occasion. The symphony was listened to throughout with an attention which showed how powerfully Spohr has embodied the ideas presented in Carl Pfeiffer's poem. As the members of the orchestra seemed to vie with each other in doing justice to a work so intimately associated with their renown, it may be invidious to mention the names of only a few of the chief exponents; but it is but fair to cite the playing of Messrs. Radcliffe, Young, Barret, Lazarus, and Hutchings, on their respective instruments, as remarkably beautiful and effective, and to allude to the charming way in which M. Paque rendered the plaintive violoncello solo in the cradle song movement. Herr Heerman's performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto proclaimed him to be an artist of the first rank. His style is essentially classical, and in quality of tone, as in the art of singing upon his instrument, Herr Heerman is no less an exceptional performer. His success was most decided. Another feature in the concert was the performance of Dr. Hiller's concerto in F sharp minor by Miss Kate Roberts. This clever pianist's talents are now so well acknowledged that it is hardly necessary to allude to them, but every fresh opportunity of display increases the circle of her admirers. The taste exhibited in the execution of the slow movement was quite sufficient to warrant the double recall which awaited the young pianist. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington's singing of Rossini's air, "Della rosa," and one of Chopin's mazurkas was listened to with pleasure, and greatly applauded.

## MUSIC IN VIENNA.

M. Anton Rubinstein's three-act opera, *Feramors*, has been produced at the Imperial Operahouse. The press pronounces it deficient in dramatic interest. Herr Herbeck was the conductor, and the principal parts were sustained by Mdles. Ehnn, Gindele, Herren Walter, Beck, and Rokitsansky.—As we have already announced, the Schubert Monument will be uncovered on the 15th inst. The front of the plinth will bear the inscription: "To the Composer, Franz Schubert. The Vienna Male Vocal Association. 15th May, 1872;" and the back: "Franz Schubert born in Vienna, the 31st January, 1797, died in Vienna, the 19th November, 1828." The ceremony will take place in the early part of the day. In the evening, there will be a grand concert, the programme of which will consist exclusively of compositions by Schubert, including orchestral, choral, and pianoforte pieces, songs and chamber music. Among the works at present selected are: "Grab und Mond," "Der Gondelfahrer," "Widerspruch," "Gesang der Geister über den Wassern," and B major Symphony. At the request of the Committee, Herr Herbeck has consented to conduct some of the above works. On the 16th May, there will be a grand dinner. In commemoration of the unveiling of the Monument, there will be a medal struck, bearing, on one side, the bust of the composer with the same inscription as that at the back of the plinth, and, on the other side, the words: "In Remembrance of the Unveiling of the Schubert Monument, on the 15th May, 1872. Erected by the Vienna Männergesang-Verein, 1872."—Herr Florenz Ziegfeld, director of the Academy of Music at Chicago, has arrived here on business connected with the grand Musical Festival, to be given at Boston, U. S., next June. He is furnished with letters of recommendation from President Grant, and is empowered to make all the arrangements in Europe for the Festival. Herr Johann Strauss and Dr. Hans von Bülow have promised to attend and take part in it.

## ST. JAMES'S HALL.

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S  
Pianoforte Recitals.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his Seven remaining PIANOFORTE RECITALS (Twelfth Series) will take place on the following Afternoons:—

FRIDAY, May 17,  
FRIDAY, May 24,  
FRIDAY, May 31,

FRIDAY, June 7,  
FRIDAY, June 14,  
FRIDAY, June 21.

THIRD RECITAL,  
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 17TH, 1872,

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

## Programme.

## PART I.

TRIO, in C minor, Op. 6, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello ... *Mos Bruch.*  
Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and HERT DAUBERT.

Song.

Madame SAUERBREY.

GRAND SONATA, in A flat, Op. 110, for Pianoforte ..... *Beethoven.*  
Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ.

## PART II.

SONATA, in A major, for Violin ..... *Handel.*  
Madame NORMAN-NERUDA.

Song.

Madame SAUERBREY.

GRAND QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 44, for Pianoforte, two Violins,  
Viola, and Violoncello ..... *Schumann.*  
Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, M. STRAUS,  
and HERT DAUBERT.

Accompanist..... HERR SAUERBREY

## PRICES OF ADMISSION.

	For the Series.		Single Ticket.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Soft stalls, numbered and reserved ..	2	2 0	0	7 0
Balcony ..	1	1 0	0	3 0
Area ..	—	—	0	1 0

Subscriptions received at CHAPPELL and Co.'s, 59, New Bond Street; MITCHELL'S, 23, Old Bond Street; OLLIVIER'S, 39, Old Bond Street; KEITH, PROWSE & Co.'s, 25, Chesapeake; HAY'S, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; AUSTIN'S Ticket Office, 25, Piccadilly; and by Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ, 11, Mansell Street, Cavendish Square.

## DEATH.

On Monday, May 6, Signor GIULIO REGONDI, regretted by all who knew him.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1872.

## MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

THE London musical season is now approaching its fullest development, and in no former year was the work of keeping a record of its doings more difficult. As the mighty "wen" increases, and as musical knowledge and taste become more generally spread, this difficulty will grow till the recording pen is thrown down in sheer despair of meeting the demands upon it. To such a pass, however, we have not yet arrived. Musical critics are undoubtedly a hardworked race, but, at present, they can manage an approximation to the degree of ubiquity required by circumstances, and hence, there is no presumption in the title given to this article. We can fairly manage a sketch of the "music of the week" within reasonable limits.

Operatic doings being treated of elsewhere, we need not

make more than a general reference to them here. Mr. Gye has put forward *Faust*, *Il Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Martha*; Mr. Mapleson contenting himself with *Don Pasquale*, *Faust*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*. This is very well as far as it goes: "still we are not happy." The season is progressing, and the time for fulfilling the managerial promises of novelty diminishes day by day; while rumour is silent about rehearsals of *Lohengrin* at Covent Garden, and *Les Deux Journées* at Drury Lane. Are we to hear these works? Give us these, O managers, and we will release you from further obligation. Surely their names have not merely served, like the names of many others, as padding wherewith to increase the bulk of a lean prospectus.

The Opéra Comique at last deserves its name, we are told; and during the week it has been opened for the performance of Donizetti's *Figlia del Reggimento*, with Mdme. Marie Cabel as Maria. We confess an utter inability to comprehend Signor Montelli's tactics. Had he begun his season with *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*, *La Dame Blanche*, or *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, our intelligence might have been equal to the demands upon it. But to rush at once into a hopeless competition with the Italian operahouses, with a work which has been played *ad nauseam*, was surely indiscreet. Great are the mysteries of managers, and their ways past finding out!

The Crystal Palace summer concerts began well last Saturday; an augmented band, and a detachment of artists from Mr. Mapleson's troupe, supplying an interesting selection of music. Mdme. Marimon, Mdme. Marie Roze, Mdme. Bundsen, and Signor Foli, were among the vocalists whose efforts were most appreciated; while the orchestral performances commanded, as they never fail to do, general admiration. The Crystal Palace transept is not the best place in the world for concert-giving; but the surroundings of these summer entertainments make them eminently enjoyable to the public at large.

There were two concerts on Monday evening, one given by the Welsh Choral Union, in Hanover Square Rooms; the other by Mr. Frank Elmore and Mdme. Strindberg Elmore, in St. James's Hall. The question of precedence between these two we shall settle in favour of the Welsh Society, which, under the active direction of Mr. John Thomas, is evidently prospering. Mr. Thomas wisely makes a special feature of the national music of his country, and Monday's programme contained no less than eight Welsh pieces, including "Dewch i'r Fr wydyr," "Nos Galan," "Ymadawiad y Brenin," "Dadle Dau," and others with equally intelligible names. Miss Wynne's singing of "Merch y Melinydd," and the rendering, by Miss Watts, of "Y Fwyalchen," were among the most attractive features of the concert. We should not omit to add that the harp solos of the conductor gave much satisfaction.

Mr. Elmore's programme was a very long one, and perforce, we must pass over much of it in silence. But room, in any case, for the doings of the *bénéficiaires*. Madame Strindberg-Elmore, whose ability as a pianist is acknowledged, played Osborne's Concertante Duet from *Faust*, and Schumann's Andante with Variations, with Mdme. Lindberg. She also contributed a solo of her own, entitled "Dreams," and introduced a clever little pupil, Miss Florence Landars, who, being only thirteen years old, would have been much more at home in the nursery eating bread and butter, and dividing the balance of her time between lessons and calisthenic exercises. This, however, is only our private opinion. Mr. Elmore sang, in his usual excellent style, Mattei's "Non è ver" (encored), "The Death

of Nelson," and "I wait for thee;" other successes being made by Mdle. Liebhart (encored in Pinsuti's "I love my love"), Mdle. Drasdil, Signor Caravoglia, and Mdle. Lindberg, who was heard to advantage in Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata, Op. 53.

The concert given by Mr. C. Salaman, on Tuesday evening, is noticed in another column, to which we refer those of our readers who desire particulars respecting an entertainment of much and varied interest.

Wednesday was a busy day. First among all its doings must be placed the Royal Concert in Albert Hall—a concert which deserved to be called "Royal" in a special sense, seeing that probably no other can boast of having had an Empress, a Queen, a King, four Princesses, and five Princes—to say nothing of the Marquis of Lorne—among its audience. In this case, also, we have given a report elsewhere—one sufficiently exhaustive to make a supplement unnecessary.

Scarcely had the Albert Hall audience dispersed when the Hanover Square Rooms were filled on the occasion of Herr Adolphe Schloesser's annual concert. This was an entertainment of high character and great executive merit. The performers comprising, in addition to the *beneficiaire*, MM. Straus, Wiener, Zerbini, Daubert, W. Macfarren, Dannreuther, and Beringer, with Mdle. Carola and M. Waldec as solo vocalists. We can only give a sketch of the very admirable programme which Herr Schloesser set before his friends. It comprised Schubert's Quartet in A minor, capitolly played by MM. Straus, Wiener, Zerbini and Daubert; M. Schloesser's clever *Suite de Pièces* for pianoforte alone, to which the composer did ample justice; Brahms' Pianoforte Quartet in F minor—a long and difficult work admirably serving to show the capacity of the artists above named; some pianoforte solos by Schumann (M. Schloesser); Joachim's *Ungarische Tänze* for violin (Straus), and piano (Schloesser); and, lastly, Moscheles' Quartet, *Les Contrastes*, for two pianos and four performers, all the charm of which was fully exhibited by the combined efforts of Messrs Macfarren, Dannreuther, Beringer and Schloesser. The vocal pieces were an agreeable relief, and the entire concert passed off with much success.

While Herr Schloesser was delighting his friends in Hanover Square, the new Philharmonic Society was regaling itself in St. George's Hall, the occasion being one of those concerts of chamber music which have wisely been substituted for the public rehearsals. Here, as a matter of course, the classical composers had everything their own way. Beethoven leading off with his Quartet in E flat (Op. 10), played by Mdme. Urso, M.M. Jung, Goffrie, and Gros St Ange, the youthful violoncellist who recently made his *début* at the Crystal Palace. Subsequently, Mdle. Brandes was encored in Schumann's *Traumeswirren*, which she gave, with Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor. Mdme. Urso played a ciaccona by Vitali in superb style; and, assisted by Mdle. Brandes and Mr. Gros St Ange, rendered Beethoven's pianoforte trio in D major not less efficiently. The second part included a violoncello solo, Scarlatti's pianoforte trio in A major (Mdle. Brandes), and Haydn's quartet in D (No. 45), with which pleasant and melodious work, a very capital entertainment was brought to a close. The vocalists were Mdle. Carola (who was recalled after both her songs), and Mdle. Abell.

On Thursday the Schubert Society gave a concert at the Beethoven Rooms, under Herr Schubert's direction; yesterday Mr. Sainton gave the first of three *matinées* of chamber music in Hanover Square Rooms; and, in the evening, the annual performance of the *Messiah*, in connection with the

Royal Society of Musicians, took place. This afternoon Mr. Gye gives an opera-concert in the Floral Hall, Mr. Mapleson doing the same at the Albert Hall; and with these the week of music ends. Who will say that it has not been remarkable for quantity and quality?

### SIR STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

(From "Punch.")

It is but partly true that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men." The world knows something of Sterndale Bennett, now Sir Sterndale Bennett, Knight, so deservedly created for being a Composer of very considerable magnitude. No doubt the Queen, who understands music, created that Knight with a will. A testimonial on the strength of the honour thus conferred on him has been presented to Sir Bennett, as our neighbours will call him, in St. James's Hall. This testimonial was a scroll containing a record of subscriptions for a Sterndale Bennett Scholarship, and a Sterndale Bennett Prize, in the Royal Academy of Music.

Everybody also in the world who knows anything, knows that Sterndale Bennett is a composer of the higher kind of music. There is music and music; there are composers and composers. Some music is inarticulate poetry. (Other music is inarticulate small talk and chatter. Much music, very popular for a time, is of a sort that would gratify a monkey having a musical ear. Other music, less popular with the million, but popular for all time, delights hearers whose mind and affections differentiate them from monkeys, and ally them with higher intelligences. In the matter of music, Sir Sterndale Bennett, like Mr. Disraeli in another way, is on the side, not of the Ape, but of the Angel. His music is such as the Divine Williams, and the Divine Johns (see *Paradise Lost*), mean by music when they extol it. It is akin to the music which Herr Breitmann wanted when he said—

"Derefore a Miserére  
Vilt dou, be-ghostet, spiel,  
Und vake be-raised yearnin,  
Also a holy feel—"

Whereupon—

"De blay crate dings from Mozart,  
Beethoven, and Méhul,  
—Mif chorals of Sebastian Bach  
Scooplime and peandiful.  
Der Breitmann feels like holy saints.  
De tears run down his fuss;  
Und he sopped out—"

The Breitmann sobbed out in very strong High Dutch his sense of true Art-enjoyment. But beside those "crate dings" which Breitmann mentions, he would certainly rank the works of Sterndale Bennett. Let those who have ears to hear, and souls to feel, but not, perhaps, schooling to understand scientifically, that nobler music, hear the Attorney-General. In his discourse on presenting the Testimonial to its recipient, Sir John Coleridge said:—

"Most of those who were listening to him were cultivated, intelligent, and critical musicians, who could appreciate the value of Sir Sterndale Bennett's compositions; but, not being a musician himself, he could only listen to them, feeling something of their grace and beauty of order—fancying, indeed, in some dim and distant way, that he could distinguish something of their scholarly character and finished structure; but, nevertheless, feeling rather as a child towards them than as being possessed of that full and intelligent knowledge which belonged to those whom he was addressing."

Still they that occupy the room of the unlearned in music are in no worse position to be delighted with it, if they have music in their souls, than the analogous majority of the spectators who are now crowding the Exhibition rooms of the Royal Academy are to derive pleasure from pictures. If these can open their eyes, those can open their ears; and the technically unlearned, for the matter of that, are as much, and as little at a disadvantage with Sir Sterndale Bennett as they are with Sir Joshua Reynolds. An unlettered swain or bumpkin of natural parts, unable to read Shakespeare, may, nevertheless, seeing Shakespeare acted, be able to understand a considerable some of him, as they say in New England. And now Shakespeare has again been mentioned, it is observable that his name was introduced by the Attorney-General into his address on presenting the Bennett testimonial:—

"Until very lately, music in this country had not taken its proper place in the world of intellect. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Bacon, Newton, Flaxman, and Chantrey, were amongst the greatest men of all countries, and their fame was known to all the world. But the names of Purcell, Horne, and Bishop, of Boyce and Croft, and of Field and Onslow, in their respective schools of composition, were but little known or appreciated

beyond the limits of the English empire, and beyond the limits of English-speaking people. It had been the good fortune of Sir Sterndale Bennett to break through that kind of provincialism."

So that now, Sir John, albeit no scientific musician, perceives that English music has at last taken its proper place in the world of intellect, and taken it on a level with the works of the greatest men of all countries, whose fame is known to all the world. One of those men is Shakespeare, and music has taken its place along with Shakespeare's works by the good fortune of Sir Sterndale Bennett.

### COURT CIRCULAR.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, May 8th.

The following artists had the honour of performing before the Queen: Madame Arabella Goddard, Madame Viguier, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Sophie Ferrari, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Winn. Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins.

### Horace Mayhew.

OBITUARY APRIL 30, 1872.

With a very deep sorrow we record the loss of another old friend and colleague. HORACE MAYHEW has been unexpectedly called away. Associated with this periodical from nearly its earliest days, he was for years an indefatigable and valuable contributor, and when fortune had rendered him independent of labour, he continued to share our counsels, and he never abated his earnest interest in our work. This testimonial is easy. But when we would speak of the manly simplicity and childlike affection of his nature, of his indomitable cheerfulness, of his ready generosity, and of his singular sweetness of temper, we can write only what must seem to those who knew him not, in excess of the truth, while it fails to do justice to our own knowledge of a beloved friend. But in the affectionate memories of us all his worth and lovingness will be treasured while memory remains to us. Heavy is the grief that has fallen on those who lived in friendship with the kind, the just, the gentle "POMMY" MAYHEW.

Punch.

### MR. HALLE'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

A new series of these refined and classical entertainments began in St. James's Hall, yesterday week, and will continue each Friday till June 21. The scheme now put forward by Mr. Hallé is of a more comprehensive character than its predecessors, and takes in not only works for the pianoforte alone, but also others which combine the violin, viola, and violoncello with that instrument. A more varied interest is undoubtedly thus secured, and, from pianoforte recitals proper, Mr. Hallé's enterprise has at length developed into a summer edition of the Monday Popular Concerts. The prospectus of the season is thoroughly eclectic, a notable feature in it being the attention promised to works of the modern German school. Mr. Hallé will introduce examples of these compositions at each concert, believing that "to shut out what is doing at the time in which we actually live would not only be unfair, but injudicious." The orthodox masters are, of course, to receive due attention, and each programme will contain a grand sonata for pianoforte alone, by Beethoven, or some other recognised composer. We must not forget to mention that Madame Néruda, M.M. Straus, Perze, and Daubert, are engaged to assist Mr. Hallé throughout the series, their names being a sufficient guarantee of excellence.

The first concert opened with Mozart's trio in E major for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; after which came Beethoven's sonata in the same key for pianoforte alone (the great and difficult sonata, Op. 109—last but two of the unequalled series), Bach's sonata in A major for pianoforte and violin, and Brahms' pianoforte quartet in G minor. How Mr. Hallé played in all these need not be told. Some vocal selections were contributed by Mdlle. Drasil, who made a legitimate effect with Pissuti's song, "England's Dead;" and the performance generally gave high satisfaction to a critical audience.

PARMA.—Signor Verdi's *Aida* has been successfully produced. The composer was called on thirty-five times, and, after the second act, presented with the honorary freedom of the city. All the singers, the band, and the chorus, acquitted themselves with great credit. The scenery and *mise-en-scène* were admirable.

HAMBURG.—Pierson's opera, *Contarini*, has been successfully produced at the Stadt-Theater. The composer was called for several times.

### CONCERTS VARIOUS.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.—On the afternoon of Thursday, the 2nd inst., an excellent concert was given by Madame Henrietta Moritz, who rejoices in being niece to Hummel, and who, therefore, ought to have music at her finger ends; and so she has, evincing the fact by her performance of the pianoforte portion of Hummel's trio in E major, in which she was admirably aided by Herr Straus and M. Paque. Madame Moritz played some compositions of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Bach, and Beethoven, with delicacy of touch, and considerable expression, and with undeniable appreciation of the various composers' ideas. Miss Katherine Poyntz and Miss Helen D'Alton sang with their usual acumen and taste, both ladies very narrowly escaping encores in their songs, and gaining the greatest possible amount of applause. The fair sex, as is usually the case at morning concerts, predominated among the audience, backed up, however, by a fair amount of appreciative members of the rougher sex.—H. L.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN's evening concert brought to St. George's Hall a numerous and fashionable assemblage of his friends and pupils on Tuesday evening. The programme, consisting chiefly of Mr. Salaman's compositions, was attractive, and proved that Mr. Salaman is not only a skilled pianist, but a cultivated musician. The concert began with the *Allegro* and *Scherzo* of Hummel's grand Septet, Op. 74, well played by Messrs. Salaman, Wells, Peisel, Wendland, R. Blagrove, Albert, and Prokatsky. The same remark will apply to the "Air varié" of this work, which opened the second part of the concert. Mr. Salaman gave specimens of ancient English music by Wm. Byrd, John Bull, and Henry Purcell, together with several compositions and arrangements of his own, all of which were favourably received and deservedly applauded. Madame Conneau sang a dramatic scene, said to be composed for her in 1861, by Rossini, entitled "La Regatta Veneziana," and Mdlle. Anna Regan two of Pergolesi's canzonets. Miss Fennell, from Dublin, charmed all present by singing an Irish melody, "The Moreen," and Mr. Salaman's "Oh, if thou wert mine own." Madame Talbot-Cherier, in Perdita's song, and Mr. Graham, in "Love's Philosophy," gained the applause of the audience. Some concerted pieces, from Mozart's *Le Nozze* and *Così fan tutte*, were given by the Mesdames Anna Regan, Conneau, Messrs. Valdec, Bisselli, Theodore Distin, F. Graham, and Signor Federici, the concert ending with a prelude and gavotte (Op. 47), dedicated to Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, composed and played by Mr. Salaman. Messrs. W. Ganz and Francesco Berger were the accompanists. The concert gave general satisfaction, and the audience had no cause to complain either of the quantity or quality of the music provided for their entertainment.

### PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—The *Manchester Examiner and Times* of the 6th inst. speaks as follows about Mr. Sims Reeves' performance at a concert held in the Free Trade Hall, on the Saturday previous:—

"Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, and the local disinclination to attend concerts when daylight may be enjoyed later than eight o'clock, the popularity of Mr. Sims Reeves was sufficient to attract a large audience to the Free Trade Hall on Saturday evening. On several previous occasions Mr. Reeves has appeared here with great success at concerts of a similar character, but never, certainly, was his reception more enthusiastic, or his splendid singing more heartily appreciated, than on Saturday last. He was in excellent voice, and in everything he sang the well-known evidences of thorough study and perfect taste, which have so long pre-eminently distinguished all his efforts, from the noblest musical inspirations to the slightest trifles, might readily be observed. How admirably he interprets Blumenthal's 'The Message' thousands of our readers well know. Its incidents are almost dramatic, and he of course endows them with passionate intensity, not with the spasmodic fervour indulged in by some singers—compared with whose versions of this song that of Mr. Reeves is almost quiet—but the true sentiment of the poem is perfectly maintained, and the result is a real artistic success. Mr. Reeves was recalled after it, but he contented himself with bowing his acknowledgment. The applause was much more demonstrative after his exquisite rendering of Sullivan's new song, 'Once again' (composed expressly for Mr. Reeves), which, to the delight of the audience, he repeated. The greatest enthusiasm, however, was reserved for 'The Bay of Biscay.' We have seldom, indeed, seen an audience more excited by a familiar old song, and we may add that their frantic cheers and shouts were the most natural thing in the world. This hackneyed sea song, as given by Mr. Sims Reeves, is an exciting lyric episode, and the singer compels his hearers to share the emotions of the situations. The true artist knows when he may legitimately indulge in extra musical effects, and his ordinary judicious reserve

renders their introduction all the more effective. The hopeful recognition of the signal of safety, three times repeated, is a well-known 'point,' but it might have been a surprise, and the three cheers of the crew were all but taken up at once by the audience, who, when the song was ended, shouted quite as much from sympathy with the safety of the mariners as from admiration of the singing. After such an ovation a repetition was inevitable, and the last two verses were accordingly given again. But though we recognize the great artistic power which enables Mr. Sims Reeves to elevate such songs as 'The Bay of Biscay' and 'The Death of Nelson' above the region of the commonplace, we are always much more content to hear him in such songs as 'Adelaide,' which we are glad to see is set down for him for Friday next, when he is to be accompanied (as he has often been accompanied before), by Mme. Arabella Goddard."

The *Liverpool Mercury*, of April 23, said:—

"Admirers of Scottish song and story had a rare treat provided for them last night by Mr. H. Hart, who gave an excellent entertainment at St. George's Hall, which attracted a crowded audience. The vocalists were Miss Bessie Aitken, Mrs. Hudson Lee, Mr. Charles Stewart, Mr. T. J. Hughes, Mr. Norman Kirby, and Mr. Houston; the instrumentalists, Mr. H. Lawson (violin), Mr. J. J. Monk (harmonium), and Mr. A. W. Newell (pianoforte). Miss Aitken was in splendid voice; and whether it was the patriotic, soul-stirring 'Scotland yet,' or the sweetly-pathetic 'Auld Robin Gray,' she was equally effective, and elicited the most hearty applause. Mr. Stewart is a tender of fair voice, and sings with taste, feeling and accuracy. His rendering of 'Jamie, the flower of Dunblane,' was much applauded; he and Miss Aitken receiving an encore in the 'Echo duet' (*Guy Mannering*). Mr. T. J. Hughes and Mr. Kirby's singing of the different pieces set down for them was satisfactory, and Mr. Houston caused immense fun by the way in which he told his Scottish stories. The instrumental part of the concert was excellent."

SUNDERLAND.—The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of the 7th inst., speaks thus of a recent concert given at Sunderland, with Mr. Sims Reeves' party, by Mr. Vincent, a well known and highly esteemed local professor:—

"Last night, the first of Mr. Vincent's two grand concerts, with Mr. Sims Reeves and party, was given in the Victoria Hall, Sunderland, and passed off with unusual *éclat*, the immense hall being crowded by a most enthusiastic audience. In addition to Mr. Reeves, the artists were Miss Blanche Cole, Miss D'Alton, and Mr. Maybrick, vocalists; Herr Sauvlet, flautist; and Mr. Sydney Naylor, pianist. A more nicely-balanced corps musicale and admirable programme have seldom come before a Sunderland audience, and last night the house evinced a determination to encore everything. At first, each artist was content with a polite acknowledgment, but after the first part, the 'Great Tenor' himself set the example of a reappearance in Mr. Arthur Sullivan's beautiful ballad, 'Once again,' and the example was subsequently followed by the other artists, each of whom received in turn the heartiest encores. The second concert is to be given to-morrow evening, and a crowded house may be anticipated."

LIVERPOOL.—The *Mercury* thus refers to the sixth, and last, of the Philharmonic Society's concerts:—

"The programme, as usual, was varied, and the audience as large and fashionable as any this year. The non-appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves was a disappointment, although there was no hesitation in giving a cordial reception to his substitute, Signor Caravoglia. The vocal part of the programme was most attractive. Madame Patey deserves the thanks of all musicians for her presenting such little-known airs as Handel's 'Verdi prati,' full of delicious melody, and sung in a most artistic manner, and Stradella's two-century old aria, 'Pieta signore.' Signor Caravoglia gave Bellini's 'Vi rivvao,' and Mattei's barcarole 'La Pesca,' with much vigour, the latter being encored. Herr Straus was the solo violinist, and the finished style in which he played Spohr's Ninth Concerto—especially the well-known slow movement—well merited the applause which he received. The *Massaniello* and *Egmont* overtures, and Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony were given by the orchestra, and each movement of these great works was played in a manner which left little to be desired. Pierson's naval ode, 'Ye Mariners of England,' was the most successful of the chorus work, and deservedly secured an encore. Sir Julius Benedict, as conductor, did his work in a masterly way."

PLYMOUTH.—The Amateur Vocal Association have given Handel's *Samson* at the St. James's Hall. A correspondent informs us that the audience were delighted with the performance. *Samson* had never been performed in Plymouth before. The choir sang splendidly. The solos were entrusted to Miss Emily Spiller, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Rogers, London (hon. member of the association), and Mr. Wynn. Miss Spiller made her first appearance at the association's concerts;

the others are well known in connection with them. She acquitted herself most creditably in "Let the Bright Seraphim," and "Ye men of Gaza." The contralto solos were sung with that exquisite refinement, both in interpretation and execution, which is inseparable from Miss Elton's performances. The pathetic "Return, O God of Hosts," completely fascinated the audience, who applauded with equal heartiness in the air, "The Holy One of Israel." Mr. Rogers again rendered most excellent service to the association, his best efforts, undoubtedly, being the airs, "Thus when the Sun," and "Total Eclipse." Mr. Wynn added considerably to his reputation by his rendering of "Honours and Arms," and "How willing my paternal love." The instrumentalists played the overture, the introduction to the second part, and the Dead March magnificently; whilst their accompaniments were at all times judicious and precise. The band was led by Mr. Rice. Mr. Fly's trumpet *obbligato*, in "Let the Bright Seraphim," was much admired, and Mr. Lohr conducted with his accustomed success.

## REVIEWS.

R. COCKS & Co.

*The German Hymn.* Transcribed for the pianoforte by FRANK WALPOLE.

The subject here chosen for transcription is the well-known chorale styled in most collections "German Hymn." Mr. Walpole has treated it in a fashion which obviates all difficulty; and that the universal popularity of the "tune" will make its transcription popular also can hardly be doubted.

*We met and ne'er have parted.* Song. Written by W. S. PASSMORE. The music composed by FRANK ABT.

MR. PASSMORE'S verses are of average quality, but were they below that standard, Herr Abt's music would atone for deficiencies. The German composer has written in a simple style—for a low soprano voice—without, however, sacrificing any desirable effect; and the song cannot fail to please a large section of amateurs.

*Adieu, ye forest glades.* Song. Written by W. HILLS. Music by FRANK ABT.

THIS is an emigrant's song, and the mournful feeling of the words which express the emigrant's farewell to his native land is very happily reflected in the music. Both the voice part and accompaniment are easy; the former, moreover, being suited to the range of an average soprano or tenor.

*Troubled but not distressed.* Sacred Song. Written by ELIZA F. MORRIS. Composed by W. T. WRIGHTON.

MR. WRIGHTON fully sustains his reputation in this song, if, indeed, he has ever written anything better suited to his subject. The verses are good as might be expected when their authoress is a lady whose lyrics are so well and favourably known as those of Mrs. Morris.

*The Vesper Bell.* Characteristic sketch for the pianoforte by W. S. ROCKSTRO.

THE programme of this piece includes a bell, of course; a distant organ, the Vesper Hymn, and some carrillons, which, with a few arpeggios, bring it to an end. The music is easy, and, in its way, effective. Young ladies of a romantic disposition will be charmed with it.

LAMBORN COCK & Co.

*In the hour of my Distress.* Sacred song. Poetry by Herrick; music by Brinley Richards.

IN calling attention to a new edition of this song, with chorus *ad lib.*, we must express our conviction that it is among Mr. Richards's very best efforts, and that its pure devotional feeling, in alliance with admirable musical taste, would justify the issue of many more editions.

BOOSEY & Co.

*Of what is my darling dreaming.* Song. Composed by Elizabeth Philp.

ALLOWING for the lugubrious element in the verses of this song—why do lady composers so effect the lugubrious?—it must be described as an attractive thing. Miss Philp always writes with true expressiveness, and, as she never fails to write with simplicity also, it is not wonderful that her songs have wide patronage. The compass of the melody is wholly within the octave of D natural.

*Cushla Machree.* Ballad. By Mrs. Alfred Phillips.

A PLEASANT little love-ditty, very easy, and none the worse for its Irish flavour.

*None but I can say.* Song. Words by Lionel H. Lewin; music composed by Arthur S. Sullivan.

THIS is one of Mr. Sullivan's "pot-boilers;" but Mr. Sullivan's pot is boiled with materials of the best. The song is written in *ad captandum* style, not without touches here and there, which show a master-hand, and cannot fail to please.

AUCKLAND (New Zealand).—A large theatre is in course of erection.

## THE HUGUENOTS AT THE NEW YORK ACADEMY.

(From the New York "Evening Post.")

The production of this great opera by the Rosa troupe last night presented many admirable points. Parepa-Rosa in the broad, majestic music of Valentine, finds frequent superb passages excellently suited to her style and to her grand capacities of voice and action; and the repeated bursts of applause with which she was greeted showed how keenly her efforts were appreciated by the audience. In Raoul, too, Wachtel was at home. His dramatic fervour, his superb ringing and masculine voice, were all in keeping with the part. In the great duet at the close of the fourth act, the vocal power of the *prima donna* and tenor in sustaining the prolonged notes which the composer has so plentifully made use of here was fully recognised by the delighted audience, and Wachtel and Parepa were several times called before the curtain to receive flowers and laurel wreaths.

(From the New York "Evening Express," April 17th, 1872.)

To the part of Valentine, Mdme. Parepa-Rosa brings that great wealth of dramatic power which renders her vocalism so admirable and so noble. In the famous duet with Raoul, in the fourth act, she was heard to special advantage, her magnificent tones ringing out pure and bell-like, with all the breadth and compass which have ever rendered her singing so truly good and justly popular.

—o—  
WAIFS.

M. Flotow has arrived in Paris.

Signor Arditi has returned to London from Vienna.

The *Chicago Times* alludes to Wachtel's "melodious gullet."

Young people grow most in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.

The Schubert monument at Vienna will be "inaugurated" on the 15th inst.

M. Napoléon Verger, the baritone, has received the Spanish Order of Charles III.

Mrs. Emile Berger will arrive in London, from Glasgow, at the end of the month.

Signor Verdi has been named Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

The Société Bourgault Ducoudray has just produced Handel's *Acis and Galatea* in Paris.

An Indiana editor says: "We leave to-morrow for the country hog show, and hope to take a prize."

The celebrated Leipzig firm of Breitkopf and Härtel have given up the manufacture of pianofortes.

Mdlle. Halévy, a sister of the last composer, Fromental Halévy, has just died, aged sixty-seven.

Weber's early opera, *Sylvana*, has now been performed at the Paris Athénée more than twenty times.

There is a vacancy for an organist at a fashionable watering place near Dublin. Value £50 per annum.

An opera, *Contarini*, by Mr. Hugo Pierson, has just been produced at Hamburg. It is said to have been well received.

A Chinese thief, having stolen a missionary's watch, brought it back to him next day, to learn how to wind it up.

Barnum's cannibal (from Fiji) says—"Be jabers he'll not stand being stared at for tin dollars a wake, d'y'e moind, now."

Mdlle. Charlotte Grossi, from the Berlin Imperial Operahouse (engaged by Mr. Mapleson for Her Majesty's Opera), has arrived.

Herr Anton Rubinstein's opera, *Feramosa*, has not succeeded in Vienna. The blame is laid at the door of the performers—naturally.

There will be a vacancy at Midsummer for an organist and Choir Master for Queen's Colleg., Oxford. The salary is £100 per annum.

Mr. Goffrie, the excellent violinist, has returned from New York, where he has met with great success. We believe that Mr. Goffrie is shortly to re-cross the Atlantic.

The Syndic of Bologna having proposed to present Herr Wagner with the freedom of that city, the municipal council replied that the matter should be seen to—in the future.

A young lady who went to Syracuse, N.Y., to see Nilsson, was unable to accomplish her desire. She was heard to exclaim, "Well, I can't see Nilsson, but I kissed her trunk!"

M. Henry Logé, the young and talented Belgian pianist, has arrived in London. M. Logé had the honour of performing before the King of the Belgians, at the Literary Fund dinner, on Wednesday.

A short time since a Mr. Knott was tried in an interior county of Georgia for a violation of law. The verdict of the jury was, "We find the defendant Knott guilty." The judge was at a loss whether to sentence Knott or not to sentence. He took time to consider.

Mdlle. Bondy, the talented young Viennese pianist, gives her annual morning concert this afternoon at the Queen's Concert Rooms. Mdlle. Bondy will play Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 12) with Herr Josef Ludwig (violin); and with the same artist, Mr. Hann, and Mone. Vieuxtemps, Brahms' Quartet in A major,—as *pièces de resistance*.

Mons. A. de Vroye, the accomplished flautist, has arrived in London before proceeding to Baden-Baden, where he is engaged for the classical concerts in July. M. de Vroye, who played with success last season at the Crystal Palace, has since been making a tour through Holland and Belgium, and will be heard in London at several fashionable concerts.

The church of St. Paul's Great Portland Street, after having been closed three months for cleansing, and beautifying, placing a new window at the east end, and repairing the organ, &c., is to be re-opened for Divine Service on the 18th inst, Whitsunday. There will be Morning and Afternoon Services at 11.30 and 3.30, with a full surpliced choir.

Mr. Toole has lately been playing the character of Neeft,—perhaps James Neeft or William Neeft,—but no matter, the point of this being that, we trust, whenever the occasion arises, the public will crowd to see his Ben-neeft. [Ahem!] Puffs from Sir Hubert Punch are puffs indeed. This, too, is the more genuine as it is by

ONE WHO HASN'T SEEN THE PLAY.]

They tell big stories about the voice of a Western basso. At the Chicago fire, the singer, who was in the fifth story of a burning hotel, "hastily ran up the scale and made a complete staff; fastening the top note to the window shutter, he slid to the ground unharmed, although he has been a trifle hoarse ever since." That's a pretty tough story, but we will try to believe it.—*Dexter Smith*.

*Apropos* of a recent performance of *Il Trovatore*, an American critic wrote:—

"A word should be said of the 'Anvil Chorus,' which was the most broadly farical ever laughed at by a Boston audience. The hammers, weighing about a pound, were ridiculous enough, but the time kept by the two 'jokers,' who seemed on a walnut cracking spree, destroyed all the solemnity (!) of the grand chorus."

Mr. John Francis Barnett's concert at St. James's Hall, is announced for Monday evening, the 20th inst., when his two cantatas, *Paradise and the Peri* and *The Ancient Mariner*, will be performed. The band and chorus is to be on an extensive scale, and will be conducted by the composer. Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas are to be the vocalists. His Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh, has communicated to Mr. Barnett his wish that his concert should be given under his Royal Highness's immediate patronage.

Mr. Gordon Saunders, appointed organist of the Parish Church of St. John, at Hackney, after competition, April, 1870.—Mr. W. H. Monk, umpire—has successfully passed the second and final examination for the degree of Bachelor of Music, Magdalen Hall, Oxford. Mr. Saunders' zeal in his professional duties, and genial and courteous manners have won him many friends, clerical and lay, and it is hoped by his Hackney patrons that some improvements will be made in the organ—notably, the extension of the Swell, "CC," now stopping short at "Gamut G," the re-arrangement of the draw stops, &c.—(Communicated).

The *Manchester Examiner and Times*, in reference to a concert this week at the Free Trade Hall, makes herewith mention of some excellent English artists, which we are glad to reproduce:—

"The success of Miss Blanche Cole, Miss D'Alton, and Mr. Maybrick on Saturday is very honourable to them. Miss Cole has greatly improved since we last heard her, and Miss D'Alton was certainly never heard here to such advantage. Mr. Maybrick also confirmed the favourable impression made on his previous visit. They were all several times recalled during the course of the evening. Mr. J. F. Bridge added considerably to the enjoyment of the evening by his organ performances. Mr. Streather's harp fantasias were very cleverly played. Mr. Sydney Naylor is a useful and intelligent accompanist. He also played a solo by Benedict with great taste."

The New York *Citizen* has put on a new theatrical critic, who thus begins a notice of the *Black Crook* :—

"Where now is the erst-while glad frondescence of your garish grottoes, the flammivorous effulgence of your Hades, the fluvial mockery of your copper bottomed lakes, the impermeable cotton of your oscillating foam, or the flocculent florescence of your glowing muslin roses?—and where, indeed, the horrors of your delirious vasty deep, the splendour of your apoclectic rainbow, the diaphanous abundance of your tissue-paper skies, the illecebrous notation of your willowy prostrate vestals on their mossy banks of baize?"

There has been no response to these interrogatories. Even echo is knocked speechless.

VENICE.—In consequence of the refusal of the Corporation to grant the usual subsidy, the Teatro Alla Fenice will not be opened next season.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

NOVELLO, EWER & Co.—"The March of King David's Army," by W. H. Longhurst. KNUTE, PAOWAS & Co.—"Afternoon in February." "To Fancies," and "Bird of Passage," songs, by E. Herbert Woolley. ROBERT COCKS & Co.—"Fragments from Beethoven," No. 1, for Piano, W. H. Callouts; "Morning Prayer" (Sacred song without words), by Adam Wright; "God Bless the Prince of Wales," for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, by Brinley Richards; "Rode's air varie," transcribed by W. J. B. ckstro; "Gavotte (in A), de Gluck," by G. F. West; "Castles of Sand," song by J. L. Hutton.

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#### NEW MUSIC.—"MY FATHER'S BIBLE." "Messrs.

ROBERT COCKS & Co. have just brought out a new composition by Mr. Brinley Richards, the author of the almost national air, 'God bless the Prince of Wales.' The Song, by Mr. Oliphant, echoes tender reminiscences awakened by the sight of the Bible, on which parental counsels and warnings had been founded in wayward childhood's days. The subject is a touching one, and the simple melody well accords with the words." Vide the Record. 2s.; post free for eighteen stamps.—New Burlington Street.

MISS FENNELL begs to announce that she is in London for the Season, and prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, Soirees, &c. All communications to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Bossey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

MR. A LOCKWOOD having returned to London will accept Engagements as Soloist, and to give Lessons on the Harp. 31, Albert Street, Regent's Park, N. W.

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## "SIR ROLAND."

**HERR CARL BOHRER**, from the Royal Opera, Dresden, will sing **HENRY SMAR'S** new Song, "SIR ROLAND," at **MDlle. Bondy's** Concert, THIS DAY, May 11th.

## "SWEET EVENING AIR."

**MR. VERNON RIGBY** will sing **WILFORD MORGAN'S** new Song, "SWEET EVENING AIR," at **Mr. John Cheshire's** Harp Concert, St. George's Hall, June 10; and at all his Concert Engagements.

**MISS CLARA DORIA**, having been re-engaged for the Italian Season of the Parepa-Rosa Company in America, begs leave to announce that she will return to London about the middle of May. All communications to be addressed to **Mr. George Dolby**, 52, New Bond Street.

**MDLLE. ANNA RENZI** (Pupil of Signor Graffigna, of Milan), having just arrived in London from Italy, is open to receive Engagements. Address, 19A, Golden Square.

**SIGNOR and MADAME GUSTAVE GARCIA** have arrived in London for the season. Address, 17, Lanark Villas, Maida Hill. **Mr. GARCIA** is engaged at **Baden-Baden** from June 18th to June 28th, before and after which period he can accept Engagements for Concerts, Soirées, &c.

## MDLLE. THERÈSE LIEBE.

**MDLLE. THERÈSE LIEBE** (violinist) begs to announce her Return from her Provincial Tour, and that she will remain in London for the Season. Communications about Engagements for Concerts, Soirées, Quartet Parties, &c., to be addressed to **MDlle. Liebe's** residence, No. 7, Saunderson Road, Royal Crescent, Notting Hill, W.

**MISS LINA GLOVER** begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she is in Town for the Season. Letters respecting Oratorios, Concerts, &c., to be addressed to her Residence, 11, Albany Street, N.W.

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"Music married to verse" of moral tendency, even though that verse fall infinitely short of Milton's excellence, is a power for good among the people which no moral reformer can afford to despise. Hence the Teetotalers have judged well to supplement their treatises in print, and their addresses in the lecture-hall by "melodies" in praise of water, and in reprobation of strong drink.

These productions, however, are of unequal merit. While some are everything we could desire, considering the nature of the subject,—others (and they, perhaps, the greater portion) are, it must be owned, nothing more than sorry adaptations to popular street tunes of the stock phrases and illustrations of the Teetotal platform, sounding grotesque and vulgar in the fastidious ear of taste. At all events, no one will deny that the number of really good Temperance songs may be increased with advantage to the cause they are designed to promote; so that the contribution of another score to the common stock, adapted to as many separate tunes, needs no apology. Something also may be said as to the tunes. These should always possess intrinsic merit, and not owe their popularity to some passing whim of the place or hour. Now, to my mind, none seem better to answer this description than the songs of **Charles Dibdin**, which, as sung by **Incedon**, our grandsires and grandmothers applauded to the echo. **Dibdin** himself was the slave of drink, and many of his songs go to encourage the drinking habit in those for whom he wrote, the tars of Great Britain,—men, one would think, who, of all others ought to keep a steady brain in their heads.

To the present generation, accustomed only to airs of far inferior value, those of **Dibdin** would come with all the attractions of novelty, nor is it so difficult as might be supposed to effect the transformation of this priest of **Bacchus** into the apostle of temperance. The tunes I have selected are full of life and expression, bold or pathetic as the subject demands, but never ranting or lackadaisical. In short, our author was a genius, and genius retained on the right side may surely effect as much for temperance, as, on the wrong side, it has ever done for drink and degradation.

As to my own part in this business. I have not attempted to imitate, or, rather parody, the words of my author, except in one or two instances. The songs are original, whatever be their quality in other respects; and all the praise I claim for them is, that they are strictly in character; that is, in keeping with their respective airs. With my author, I have taken especial pains not only to make the air and the general sentiment of the song agree, but that the words should vary with the varying strain. **Dibdin's** tune was inspired by the words. His adapter had to reverse the process, by making words in harmony with the tune.

O. F. R.

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#### THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Intelligence, or, as it has been called, intellectuality, is an essential element of all Art, practical as well as creative, and of none more so than of Music. Its development should be zealously encouraged in this branch of education, which, however, can be, and often is, conducted without calling into action any of the higher attributes of the mind. The Rudiments of Music are generally learnt by rote; proficiency in singing or playing acquired by that which is equivalent to automatic action of the voice or fingers. This should not be. Students should be taught that all musical sound, whether vocal or instrumental, is intended to convey some definite meaning; they should be made to reflect upon every phrase they have to sing or play, and thoroughly to understand that intelligence is the very essence of our Art. Music can thus become an important means of mental training. It is in this respect that the system of instruction now published for the first time in a complete form will, I hope, be useful. The plan I have set forth seems to necessitate concentration of thought upon the subject of study; it affords assistance to the memory, and tends to cultivate habits of precision, observation, and comparison. These are advantages which speak for themselves. Experience has proved that by writing exercises, pupils make steadier and more rapid progress than by the most frequent oral repetition of rules or notes. The hand and pen assist the eye and ear, and the result is more satisfactory than when the voice or fingers are guided by the eye or ear alone. I do not, for a moment, assume that this method will dispense with the necessity of vocal or instrumental practice; but as such practice becomes less troublesome and laborious if pursued with intelligence, it is evidently desirable in teaching music, to stimulate the faculty of thought. And that is the object I have had in view while writing the present elementary work."—WALTER MAYNARD.

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4. FROM YONDER VALE AND HILL (*D'immense giubilo*). From Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor."
5. HERE WE REST (*Qui la selva*). From Bellini's "La Sonnambula."
6. ONWARD TO BATTLE (*Squitti echeggi*). From Verdi's "Trovatore."
7. RATAPLAN (*Rataplan*). From Donizetti's "La Figlia del Reggimento."
8. THE GIPSY'S STAR (*Verdi le féeche*). From Verdi's "Il Trovatore."
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10. IN MERCY, HEAR US! (*Cielo clemente*). From Donizetti's "La Figlia del Reggimento."
11. COME TO THE FAIR! (*Accorete, giovinette*). From Flotow's "Marta."
12. FRIENDSHIP (*Per te d'immense giubilo*). From Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor."
13. AWAY, THE MORNING FRESHLY BREAKING (*The Chorus of Fishermen*). From Aubert's "Masanello."
14. PRETTY VILLAGE MAIDEN (*Peasants' Serenade Chorus*). From Gounod's "Faust."
15. THE SOFT WINDS AROUND US (*The Gipsy Chorus*). From Weber's "Presiosa."
16. SEE HOW LIGHTLY ON THE BLUE SEA (*Senti la danza invitaci*). From Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia."
17. SEE THE MOONLIGHT BEAM (*Non far Motto*). From Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia."
18. ON YONDER ROCK RECLINING. From Aubert's "Fra Diavolo."
19. HAPPY AND LIGHT. From Balfe's "Bohemian Girl."
20. COME, COME AWAY (*Ah! que de moins*). From Donizetti's "La Favorita."
21. HYMN'S TORCH (*Il destin*). From Meyerbeer's "Huguenots."
22. COME, OLD COMRADE (*The celebrated Chorus of Old Men*). From Gounod's "Faust."
23. 'GAINST THE POWERS OF EVIL (*The Chorus of the Cross*). From Gounod's "Faust."
24. O BALMY NIGHT (*Com e Gentili*). From Donizetti's "Don Pasquale."

To be Continued.

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VOL. 50—No. 20.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1872.

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## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE. PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

Third Appearance of Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg.—Fourth Appearance of Signor Italo Campanini.

**THIS EVENING (Saturday), May 18,** will be performed Donizetti's Opera, "**LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR**." Edgardo, Signor Italo Campanini (his fourth appearance in England); Arturo, Signor Rinaldini; Normanno, Signor Casaboni; Enrico Aston, Signor Mendioroz; Raimondo, Signor Foll; Alisa, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Lucia, Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg (her third appearance.) Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA.

Next Week.

Mdlle. Marie Marimon.—First Appearance of M. Capoul.

Extra Night.

On **MONDAY NEXT, May 20** (first time this season), Rossini's Opera, "**IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA**."

Il Conte Almaviva, M. Capoul (his first appearance this season); Fiorello, Signor Rinaldini; Dottore Bartolo, Signor Borella; Figaro, Signor Mendioroz; Don Basilio, Signor Agnesi; Berta, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Rosina, Mdlle. Marie Marimon.

Fifth appearance of Signor Italo Campanini.

Mdlle. Tietjens—Madame Trebelli-Bettini—Signor Rota.

**TUESDAY NEXT, May 21**, "**LUCREZIA BORGIA**." Gennaro, Signor Italo Campanini (his fifth appearance); Il Duca Alfonso, Signor Rota; Maffio Orsini, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mdlle. Tietjens.

The Opera will commence at half-past eight.  
Stalls, 21 1s.; Dress Circle, 10s. 6d.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s. and 5s. Gallery, 3s.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Bailey, at the Box Office of Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, which is open daily from ten to five; also at the principal Musiciansellers and Librarians.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—GRAND SUMMER CONCERT.** Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and Mdlle. Marie Rose; Signor Fancelli, Signor Rota, Signor Borella, Signor Ziboli, and Signor Agnesi; the Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor, Mr. Manna. Serial stalls, admitting to this and the remaining six concerts of the series, one Guinea; stalls for this concert 5s. and Half-a-Crown; admission 5s., or, by tickets purchased before Saturday, Half-a-Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

**MDLLES. TIETJENS and MARIE ROZE, and**  
**MDME. TREBELLI-BETTINI.**

**GRAND SUMMER CONCERT, at the CRYSTAL**  
**PALACE, To-morrow.**

**M. SAINTON** begs to announce that his **SECOND** MATINEE of CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS on **FRIDAY, next, May 27th**. To commence at three o'clock. Instrumentalists—M.M. Sainton, Amor, Zerblul, and Lasserre. Pianoforte—Mons. Delaborde. Vocalists—Madame Pauline Rita, and Signor Federici. Accompanist—Mr. Thoulous. Reserved Stalls, Half-a-guinea each, to be had of Messrs. Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Mr. Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Mr. Hall, Hanover Square Rooms; Mons. Sainton, 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park; and of Mr. George Dolby, 62, New Bond Street.

In the press,

"**G E L M I N A**,"  
A NEW OPERA,

By **PRINCE PONIATOWSKI**,

Composed expressly for Madme. **ADELINA PATTI**, will be produced at the Royal Italian Opera, on Tuesday Evening, May 28th.  
MSTALNA & Co., 37, Great Marlborough Street, W.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

### PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

**THIS EVENING (Saturday), May 18th**, "**LE NOZZE DI FIGARO**" with the following powerful cast: Oberubini, Madame Pauline Lucca; Susanna, Mdlle. Bessi; La Contessa, Madame Monbelli (her first appearance); Il Conte, Signor Graziani; Bartolo, Signor Clampi; Basilio, Signor Bettini; Antonio, Signor Tagliafico; and Figaro, M. Favre.  
On **MONDAY NEXT, May 20**, (first time this season), "**IL TROVATORE**." Leonora (for the only time this season), Mdlle. Adelina Patti.

On **TUESDAY NEXT, May 21** (for the first time this season), "**RIGOLETTO**"; Gilda, Mdlle. Albani (her first appearance in that character in England).

The opera commences at half-past eight.

Pit tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d., and 5s.; Amphitheatre 2s. 6d.

**FLORAL HALL GRAND CONCERT.**—The Third Floral Hall Concert of the Season will take place on Saturday, May 25.  
Stalls, 10s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 5s.; to be had of Mr. Edward Hall, at the Box-office of the Royal Italian Opera House.

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## MR. SANTLEY'S RETURN TO ENGLAND.—On

**TUESDAY Evening next, May 21**, Mr. SANTLEY will give a **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** in St. James's Hall, at which the following artists will appear:—Vocalists—Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, Madame Pauline Rita, Miss Abbie Whinery, Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Santley. Violin—Madame Norman-Neruda. Pianoforte—Mr. Charles Halle. Conductors—Mr. Ganz, Mr. Thoulous, Herr Maurice Strakosch, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Box Stalls, 6s.; Family Tickets to admit four to Box Stalls, 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained at Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; and at the usual Music Warehouses and Libraries.

**SCHUBERT SOCIETY.**—BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W.—President, Sir JULIUS BERNHARDT; Director, Herr SCHUBERT. **SIXTH SEASON, 1872.** The next Concert of the Society this Season will take place on Thursday, June 13th. The Concerts of the Schubert Society afford an excellent opportunity for young rising artists to make their appearance in public. Prospectus and full particulars on application to H. G. Horras, Hon. Sec.

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Her Royal Highness the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE.  
His Serene Highness the Duke of TECK.  
Her Royal Highness the Duchess of TECK.  
and the Marquis of LORNE.

**SIR JULIUS BENEDICT** begs to announce his  
ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, on the same scale as in former  
years, on MONDAY, June 17th, at the FLORAL HALL, Covent Garden.

**MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON** begs to  
announce that she will give a MATINEE MUSICALE at the HAMOVER  
SQUARE ROOMS, on THURSDAY, 23rd May, commencing at Three o'clock precisely, on  
which occasion she will produce her "SCALE WALTZ," and "SHAKE WALTZ,"  
composed in the form of "Vocal Studies." Madame Lemmens will be assisted by  
Mdlle. Jose Sherrington and Mdlle. Drasill; Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Nelson Varley,  
and Mr. Cummings; Mons. Valdec and Mr. Whitney; Mdlle. Brandes; Mons.  
Devroye, and Mr. Lemmens, who will perform on the "Musel Organ." Conductors  
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**MR. OBERTHÜR** has the honour to announce that his  
MATINEE MUSICALE will take place at his Residence, 14, Talbot Road,  
Westbourne Park, W., on WEDNESDAY, June 5th, 1872, on which occasion several  
of his New Compositions will be performed. To commence at Three o'clock pre-  
cisely. Vocalists—Mdlle. Natalie Carola, Mrs. Osborne Williams, Mr. Wilbye  
Cooper, Mr. E. A. Tietkens (amateur), and Mr. R. G. D. Lloyd. Instrumentalists—  
Pianoforte, Friklein Lilly Oswald (from Frankfurt a/m), Signor Tito Mattel;  
Violin, Herr Josef Ludwig; Violoncello, Mons. B. Albert; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus;  
Harp, Mr. Oberthür. Conductors—Signor TAAVENTI, Signor VISSERTI, and Mr.  
HALLATT SHERRINGTON. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at Lonsdale's, 28, Old  
Bond Street; Schott & Co., 159, Regent Street, and of Mr. Oberthür, 14, Talbot  
Road, Westbourne Park, W.

**MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON** has the honour to  
announce TWO MORNING CONCERTS, at St. James's Hall, WEDNES-  
DAY, June 5, and MONDAY, June 24, these being the only Concerts at which Mdlle.  
Christine Nilsson will appear during this Season. On these occasions Mdlle.  
Christine Nilsson will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Madame  
Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Sandley. Pianoforte—Madame Arabella Goddard.  
Violin—Madame Norman-Neruda. Conductor—Sir Julius Benedict. Tickets at the  
principal Libraries, Music-sellers, and Concert Agents.

## MR. W. H. CUMMINGS

Has the honour to announce the first performance of his  
NEW CANTATA,

"THE FAIRY RING,"  
ON FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 24TH, 1872.

### ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Principal Vocalists—Miss EDITH WYNN, MADAME PATEY, Mr. W. H.  
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The BAND will be complete, and comprise members of the Orchestra of the  
Philharmonic Society, &c. Solo Harp—Mr. John Thomas.

The CHORUS will consist of members of the Choir of the Oratorio Concerts (by  
the kind permission of the Directors and Mr. J. Barnby).

The Second Part of the Programme will be a MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION  
OF MUSIC.

The following eminent Artists will also appear—MADAME LEMMENS-SHER-  
RINGTON, Ms. PATEY, Ms. MAYBRICK, and MADAME ARABELLA  
GODDARD.

Conductors—Mr. F. STANISLAUS and Mr. JOSEPH BARNBY.  
Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area and Gallery, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of  
Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and the principal Music-sellers.

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**MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT** has the honour to  
announce his GRAND ORCHESTRAL and CHORAL CONCERT, at  
St. James's Hall, on MONDAY Evening, May 20th, when will be performed, by  
express desire, his Cantatas,

THE ANCIENT MARINER, and

PARADISE AND THE PERL. Artists:—Mesdames  
Tietkens, Sherrington, and Patey; Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas.  
Orchestra and Chorus, 350. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 7s. 6d.; at St. James's  
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"MARCHE BRESILLIENNE" AND "STELLA WALTZ."

**MR. IGNACE GIBSON** will play every WEDNESDAY  
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LIENNE" and "STELLA WALTZ," on Messrs. P. J. Smith & Sons' Patent Iron  
Strutted Pianos.

"ALICE WHERE ART THOU?"

**MR. GEORGE PERREN** will sing ASCHER's popular  
Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at St. George's Hall, on  
Wednesday, May 22.

### "LITTLE BROOMS."

**MISS BLANCHE REIVES** will sing "LITTLE  
BROOMS," from Offenbach's popular Operetta, "Lisohen and Fritschen,"  
at Dewsbury, May 30th.

### "SWEET EVENING AIR."

**MR. VERNON RIGBY** will sing WILFORD MORGAN's  
new Song, "SWEET EVENING AIR," at Mr. John Cheshire's Harp  
Concert, St. George's Hall, June 10; and at all his Concert Engagements.

### "CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE."

**MR. OBERTHÜR** will play his new Solo for the Harp,  
"CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE," at his Matinée, on Wednesday, June 5th.

**MISS LIZZIE PORTER** (Soprano) begs to request  
that all communications for Concerts may be addressed to her, 50, Elizabeth  
Street, Eaton Square, S.W.

### MR. EMILE BERGER.

**MR. EMILE BERGER** will arrive in London on 28th  
May. For Lessons, Concerts, &c., address, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison  
& Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W., or to his private residence, 29, Park Road  
Regent's Park, N.W.

**MDLLE. ANNA RENZI** (Pupil of Signor Graffigna,  
of Milan), having just arrived in London from Italy, is open to receive  
Engagements. Address, 19a, Golden Square.

**SIGNOR and MADAME GUSTAVE GARCIA** have  
arrived in London for the season. Address, 17, Lenark Villas, Maida Hill.  
Mr. GARCIA is engaged at Baden-Baden from June 18th to June 25th, before and  
after which period he can accept Engagements for Concerts, Solreés, &c.

### MDLLE. THERESE LIEBE.

**MDLLE. THERESE LIEBE** (violinist) begs to  
announce her Return from her Provincial Tour, and that she will remain in  
London for the Season. Communications about Engagements for Concerts, Solreés,  
Quartet Parties, &c., to be addressed to Mdlle. Liebe's residence, No. 7, Saunderson  
Road, Royal Crescent, Notting Hill, W.

**MISS LINA GLOVER** begs to inform her Friends and  
Pupils that she is in Town for the Season. Letters respecting Oratorios,  
Concerts, &c., to be addressed to her Residence, 11, Albany Street, N.W.

**MISS FENNELL** begs to announce that she is in  
London for the Season, and prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios,  
Concerts, Solreés, &c. All communications to be addressed to Mr. Cunningham  
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## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Whether Meyerbeer's *Africaine* would keep the Covent Garden stage were there no Lucca to give a characteristic impersonation of Selika, and no Graziani to present one, equally individual, of Nelusko, is a doubtful matter. It is, however, not doubtful that while those artists are at Mr. Gye's disposal, and while he has such an experienced and capable representative of Vasco di Gama as Signor Naudin, the opera will find a place in every season's repertory. It was revived last Saturday evening with fully an average success, the house being crowded, and the signs of gratification unmistakable. We may not assume that this result was due to the charm of a story which excites very little sympathy at best; or to the worth of music often laboured and dull. As a show opera, developing the magnificent resources of Mr. Gye's theatre, and giving scope for the talent of his stage manager, *L'Africaine* may "draw" to some extent; but its main attraction rests upon the artists we have named, especially upon Madame Lucca, who will always be associated with Selika. The German *prima donna* has found in Meyerbeer's heroine a character so eminently suited to her peculiar gifts that it would be hard to conceive an impersonation more strongly marked or more carefully elaborated. This fact, however, is admitted on all sides, and need not be demonstrated afresh. As little necessity is there to discuss the details of Madame Lucca's performance. Yet, in justice to exceptional merit, we should make mention of her singing and acting in the duet for Selika and Vasco, which is a conspicuous episode of the fourth act. Madame Lucca has always borne an admirable share in this; but she was never more entitled to credit than on Saturday night. The intensity of the situation was heightened by the great, yet never exaggerated, force of effort which showed that Madame Lucca can wholly merge her individuality in the character played. In a score of other instances the artist was scarcely less impressive; but it will suffice to add that her performance generally met with unanimous approval. Inez had a good representative in the clever Madame Sinico; and Signor Naudin, as Vasco, worthily sustained his reputation, dividing with Madame Lucca the honour of the duet already mentioned. Signor Graziani's Nelusko was as interesting as ever, and his vigorous delivery of "Adamastor, rè dell' onde profonde," received the usual compliment of an *encore*. The High Priest of Signor Tagliafico lacked nothing of dignity and effect; the subordinate parts were generally well filled, and the concerted music gave but slight cause for complaint. We should not omit to state that the *mise-en-scène* was as splendid as heretofore, and that the famous *morceaux d'unison*, though played within a few hours of midnight, had to be repeated.

The arrangements for the present week were: Monday, *Dinorah*; Tuesday, *Lucia*; Thursday, *La Favorita*; Friday, *Il Barbiere*; Saturday, *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

On Saturday last, after a prolonged absence in her native country, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg reappeared on the stage of Drury Lane. The circumstances of her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre some four years ago are fresh in the memory of opera-goers, who will also recall with ease the success she made at a time when the star of Christine Nilsson had just risen. Miss Kellogg was then placed at a disadvantage incidental to one whose only training had been on the American stage; and it said no little for her talent that she figured so well before a London audience. These facts were remembered by the crowd assembled to witness her *reentrée*, and had much to do with the warm reception she experienced. Miss Kellogg appeared as Linda in Donizetti's opera of that name, doing wisely, we think, to play a part which had previously shown her to advantage. "O luce di quest' anima" at once proved that Miss Kellogg returns to us with her voice as fresh and sympathetic as ever and with increased vocal means. In facility and neatness of execution she leaves little or nothing to desire—a fact indisputably shown in the just-named air; while augmented power of expression and a more artistic method entitle her to a higher place than ever in the ranks of operatic sopranos. Seldom have merits like these received more prompt recognition than on Saturday, the applause after "O luce di quest' anima" being so general

and prolonged that even Sir Michael Costa, who seemed obstinately bent upon refusing an *encore*, had to yield. Thus re-established in favour, the remainder of Miss Kellogg's work was easy, and she did it with the best results. Among her vocal successes a high place must be given to Linda's share in the duet with the Marchese, especially to the episode "Ciel non permettere che di la Carlò," which was sung in the purest *cantabile* style, and with a natural expression wholly admirable. Dramatically, Miss Kellogg represented the character with effect, acquitting herself specially well in the scene just referred to, and in the opening of the third act. The audience accepted all she did in a spirit of thorough appreciation; and, if applause and recalls mean anything, they meant, on Saturday night, that Miss Kellogg's *reentrée* was a success. The Pierotto of Madame Trebelli gave as much delight as ever, all the faithful Savoyard's music being sung to perfection. Nothing could be more exquisite than "Per sua madre" as delivered by this accomplished lady. Signor Agnesi was an excellent Prefetto; while the Antonio of Signor Rota displayed qualities in Mr. Mapleson's new baritone which will be of the highest value. Signor Rota had to contend against recollections of many able artists in the malediction scene, but he passed the ordeal not merely with success, but with distinction. From the instant of Antonio's appearance in the apartment of his daughter to the moment of his leaving it, the interest steadily increased; only less noteworthy than the terrific force of the malediction itself being the startling change from the humble mendicant to the indignant father. Signor Rota was honoured with a special "call" after this scene; and no honour could have been better earned. Mlle. Bauermeister (Maddalena) and Signor Rinaldini (Intendente) were efficient; but we cannot say as much for Signor Vizzani (Carlo), who sang persistently flat. Signor Borella displayed his usual humour as the Marchese. The chorus and orchestra gave no cause for anything but praise.

On Tuesday evening *Les Huguenots* was to have brought forward Mlle. Grossi as Marguerite, but a sudden attack of hoarseness caused the lady's withdrawal at almost the last moment. Her misfortune proved the opportunity of Mlle. Bauermeister, who took the part for the first time, and played it better than, under such circumstances, could have been anticipated. The management is lucky in possessing an artist so able to stop a gap as Mlle. Bauermeister shows herself to be, whenever there is need of such service. The cast of Meyerbeer's opera differed in no other respect from that noticed some time ago.

Mr. Mapleson has never been famous for adherence to managerial precedents, and it was quite in his way to give a representation on a Wednesday. He did so with a result which proved that opera-goers are no more rigid observers of established rules than himself. The attractions of the performance were great; for, though *Lucia di Lammermoor* has been played year after year, almost *ad nauseam*, it is acceptable whenever interest of any kind attaches to the soprano and tenor. Both Lucia and Edgardo have parts to play and music to sing which make up a sufficient test of general ability, and it was felt that Miss Kellogg, who represented the one, and Signor Campanini, who essayed the other, were, in a special sense, upon their trial. The American *prima donna* evidently suffered from nervousness during the first scene, and her execution of "Regnava nel silenzio," with its cabaletta, "Quando rapita in estasi," suffered also. But the feeling wore off under the encouraging applause of a full house, and throughout the subsequent duet with Edgardo, Miss Kellogg did herself justice. She made a decided "hit" in this part of her work; notably by delivering, in a very unaffected yet very expressive manner, the lines in which Lucia begs Edgardo to send her some tokens of his love. The duet with Enrico (Act 2) afforded an opportunity of displaying a refined *cantabile* style, and Miss Kellogg used well her chances in the great concerted piece which ends the act, helping no little towards the *encore* of "Chi mi frena." Miss Kellogg also produced a good effect in "Ardon gl'incensi;" but we would counsel her to adopt, for the future, a more attractive *cadenza* than that she introduced. Her acting was, throughout, marked by energy and intelligence, qualities which appeared to considerable advantage during the scene of the malediction. On the whole, we must credit Miss Kellogg with having well followed up her first night's success. In the interest of truth, it cannot be said that Signor Campanini as Edgardo equalled himself as

as Genaro. But, in the interest of justice, the blame of this cannot be laid upon the artist. Signor Campanini's voice was out of order on the second night of *Lucrezia Borgia*, and again last night it lacked the sweetness and ease of delivery which were so conspicuous at first. We assume that, having come direct from Italy, and subjected himself to the amenities of an English May, the young tenor is the worse for the change. Only thus, at any rate, can be explained an obvious difference, and the explanation exactly meets the facts of the case. But if, in the first and third acts especially, Signor Campanini did not appear in full possession of his physical means, his undoubted artistic qualities were obvious enough. Vocalisation of the good and pure Italian school, phrasing rarely or never at fault, and acting always intelligent, sometimes powerful—these merits, being beyond the reach of May nor'easters, gave distinction to Signor Campanini's performance, and warranted all the applause it received. It is to be hoped that the process of acclimatisation will, in his case, prove a short one. Signor Mendioroz was efficient as Enrico, save when he forced his voice—which needs no forcing—till its intonation became false; and Signor Foli, as Raimondo, actually won an *encore* for the lugubrious narrative that personage relates at the opening of the last act. Upon this feat the successful artist has a perfect right to congratulate himself in strong terms. The subordinate parts were played by Mdle. Bauermeister (Alice), Signor Casaboni (Norman), and Signor Rinaldini (Arturo).

#### MR. SYDNEY SMITH'S RECITALS.

Mr. Sydney Smith, the popular composer and exponent of *musique de salon*, gave the first of a series of pianoforte recitals in St. George's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, and attracted a large audience from among the amateurs by whom he is best known. The programme was not confined to fashionable *morceaux*, but comprised a strong classical element. Thus, the first part included Beethoven's first pianoforte trio, Mendelssohn's *Capriccio Brillante* for two pianos, and the *Andante* and *Rondo* from Beethoven's *Sonata in D*, for piano and violin. In the first of these, Mr. Smith was associated with Mr. H. Holmes, and Mr. E. Howell—two capital players, *c'est à va sans dire*; in the second, his co-labourer was a young and clever amateur, Miss Russell; Mr. Holmes taking part in the third. All three works had justice done to them, and were much enjoyed. But the attraction of the recital, not less than its speciality, was Mr. Smith's own compositions, played by himself. From an extensive repertory were selected "Morning Dewdrops," a transcription of the overture to *Zampa*, "The Spinning Wheel," "Sleigh Bells," "Arcadia," "Jeunesse Dorée," and "Marche des Tambours," arranged for eight hands on two pianofortes. Most, if not all of these, have received a notice in our columns, and it will now suffice to state that they well represented Mr. Smith's special gifts as a writer of popular, yet refined, drawing-room music. Their execution was in every respect admirable, and taught a lesson to the numerous young ladies present, by which they will doubtless profit. Mr. Howell played very beautifully a solo on Scotch airs by Kummer; and the songs of Miss Katherine Poyntz were agreeable features in the entertainment. Mr. J. G. Calcott accompanied.

THE Italian opera at Adelaide, Queensland, was obliged to be closed on account of the heat of the weather.

MUNICH.—Herr Hermann Levi will commence his duties as Royal *Capellmeister* on the 15th October next.

VIENNA.—Dr. Krükl, the baritone, lately gave a concert, at which the great feature was M. Anton Rubinstein's "*Wilhelm Meister Gesänge*." The composer himself accompanied the "*Gesänge*" on the piano.

CASSEL.—The post of *Capellmeister*, which will shortly be vacant, at Carlsruhe, has been offered to Herr Reiss, who has so long, and so honourably, held a similar post here. Though deeply sensible of the compliment paid him, Herr Reiss has preferred remaining where he is.—Immediately after the close of the usual dramatic and operatic season, in the last week of June, the grand Musical Festival of the German Association for Music will take place in the theatre. It will last two days. On the first day, the Abbate Franz Liszt's oratorio: *Die heilige Elisabeth*, will be performed.—During the period the theatre remains closed, the stage, which is exceedingly old-fashioned and unsatisfactory, will be entirely rebuilt to suit the requirements of modern scenic effects.

#### SIMS REEVES AND ARABELLA GODDARD IN MANCHESTER.

The able critic of the *Manchester Examiner and Times* thus notices a concert at which the above-named eminent artists appeared:—

"One of the largest audiences of the season filled the great room of the Free Trade Hall in every part last night, on the occasion of the second and last of the ballad concerts given by Messrs. Forsyth. In addition to the attraction of Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Arabella Goddard also appeared. The large audience was, therefore, not a great surprise, since it seldom happens that either of these two great artists fails to attract an enthusiastic crowd.

"The character of the concert was generally similar to that of the previous Saturday. Mr. Reeves himself, however, had selected songs of an entirely different class from those of the first concert. In the first part he sang 'In native worth' with consummate finish and delicacy of expression, in a style never approached indeed in this generation; he was also in splendid voice, and we need not add was enthusiastically recalled. In the second part he sung, to the despair of all amateur tenors who heard him, the most dramatic and poetical of all songs, Beethoven's 'Adelaide,' in which he had the advantage of Mdme. Goddard's charming accompaniment. The performance created a perfect furore; and amidst a burst of applause, which, without exaggeration, may be called tremendous, the two artists, after vainly attempting to escape with a bow of acknowledgment, evidently gratified with their success, returned to the orchestra, and the last movement was repeated. A similar scene occurred after the great tenor's intensely passionate delivery of the favourite air from the *Bohemian Girl*; and when, after the recall, Mr. Naylor played the opening strain of 'Tom Bowling,' the hearty demonstration was renewed. We have often attempted to say how perfectly Mr. Reeves sings this fine old ballad—in few songs, indeed, are his splendid artistic powers more strikingly displayed, and never did he sing it with greater fervour or with more exquisite feeling than last night, and we may add, that never during the last season have we heard his magnificent voice to greater advantage.

"Mdme. Arabella Goddard was also most happy in her selection of music. The quaint old music of Handel was played with rare skill and perfect discrimination; it was admirable as an executive display, and the artist's graceful and finished style won universal admiration. But the variety of sentiment and the gradation of colour in each movement were no less striking than the brilliant execution, and the variations to the 'Harmonious Blacksmith' secured the homage of almost perfect silence from the vast audience. In the second part Mdme. Goddard gave Thalberg's 'Last Rose of Summer' fantasia instead of the 'Don Giovanni.' She played it as brilliantly as ever, and, in response to a warm and hearty recall, delighted the audience with the same composer's popular 'Home, Sweet Home,' another marvellous display of finished execution.

"Miss Cole was in fine voice, and in all her songs succeeded in pleasing the audience. The merits we have previously noticed in Miss D'Alton were again conspicuous last night. She is evidently anxious to do justice to everything she sings. We have only space to add that Mr. Naylor again accompanied with taste and judgment, and that Mr. Walker, who was very well received, varied the programme and pleased the audience by several performances on the organ."

#### MDLLE. BONDY'S CONCERT.

This entertainment took place in the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Saturday last, when the fair concert giver made a great and legitimate effect by her skill as a pianist. The programme opened with a very important example of modern German music:—Brahms' quartet in A major, the one played already several times this season. In it Mdle. Bondy was associated with Herr Ludwig, Mr. Hann, and M. Vieuxtemps; and the four artists very successfully encountered the difficulties of the work, each movement being loudly applauded. Mdle. Bondy further exhibited her classical art in Beethoven's sonata in E flat, for piano and violin. Her solos were two *Lieder ohne Worte*, by Mendelssohn; Glück's now popular Gavotte in A major; and Liszt's "Reminiscences of Lucia di Lammermoor." In the first-named, her expressive playing was much admired; while the last, played with immense spirit, showed extraordinary command over the resources of the instrument. Unquestionably, this artist is entitled to a high place in her profession. Mdle. Bondy was assisted by, in addition to the gentlemen named above, Miss Freniè; Mdme. Florence Lancia, who had to repeat a mazurka by Chopin; and Herr Carl Bohrer. The accompanist was Mr. Enzian.

## THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.

The 218th anniversary Festival of the "Sons of the Clergy" was held yesterday afternoon, under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. We need scarcely again remind our readers of the purposes for which this excellent charity—which derives its name from its founders being sons of clergymen—was instituted, as far back as 1655, and not many years after incorporated by Royal Charter in the reign of Charles II. We have reason to believe that, notwithstanding many drawbacks, the importance of the Institution is beginning to be more and more widely felt. As one of the chief objects of the Corporation is to afford timely and reasonable succour to widows and orphans of the poorer sort of clergymen, scarcely another word need be adduced in its favour. It has repeatedly been urged—and cannot be urged too often or with too much earnestness—that some of the most arduous and unremittingly diligent labourers in a sphere of action which ranks before all others in its usefulness, are also among the most poorly remunerated, and this alone should be enough to excite sympathy on their behalf. Although the average number of persons assisted yearly is, according to official statement, not far from 1,800, among whom 800 are widows and aged unmarried daughters of clergymen, the funds are found very inadequate for the duties the Corporation take upon themselves to discharge—duties which may be thus succinctly and comprehensively stated:—"To afford continuous or occasional assistance, as circumstances may suggest, to clergymen of the Established Church in England and Wales, when in need, from mental or bodily infirmity, the reverses of fortune, the heavy expenses incidental to large families, or any other cause of impoverishment beyond their own control; to grant pensions to widows of clergymen, and donations to widows in temporary difficulties who are ineligible for pensions; to grant pensions to maiden daughters of deceased clergymen on their attaining the age of 45 years, and donations to unsuccessful candidates and other maiden daughters under 45 years of age, who may by ill-health be incapacitated from earning their own subsistence; to apprentice clergymen's children, whether they may or may not be orphans, to schools, professions, and trades; to assist in their education at schools or colleges, and to provide outfits for them on their being placed out in the world." More than this, it may be added that clergymen in full orders, and licensed to a cure of souls, are admitted as claimants of the charity when their means are palpably insufficient. It is almost superfluous to insist that no contemporary charity is more worthy the support of the wealthy and benevolent than that which is advocated by the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy. In the wish to help the cause, we subjoin the most recent statistical statement of the Governors and the brief observations which accompany it:—

"In 1871 the Governors granted donations to 246 clergymen in distressed circumstances; pensions and donations to 864 widows and aged single daughters of clergymen; and apprentice fees, outfits, and educational grants to 228 children of clergymen—in all 1,838 persons; due inquiry being first made into the facts and merits of every case, aid is promptly given according to the relative deserts and exigencies of the applicants, and if the particulars, touching and interesting as they frequently are, could be published, the Governors are persuaded their funds would be much augmented. The wealth of this country having largely increased, and the number of clergymen with scanty incomes, but arduous work and responsibilities, having been nearly doubled within the last few years, the Governors venture to urge very earnestly the claims of a society which for 218 years has exerted itself to provide for the present and unavoidable wants of a large and meritorious class of the community."

The congregation at yesterday's anniversary was very large, completely filling the space under the dome of the Cathedral. There was the customary procession up the nave, the Lord Mayor and civic dignitaries, in semi-state, being received, as usual, by the Dean, the clergy, the choir, the stewards, and committee of the Festival. The Duke of Edinburgh was present, and sat near the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord Mayor. The Bishop of London, and other notable personages were also among the visitors.

The full cathedral choral service, always a paramount attraction at these anniversaries, was even more interesting than usual. It was conducted under the superintendence of Dr. Stainer, Sir John Goss's successor as organist of St. Paul's, with the co-operation of Mr. George Cooper, organist of the Chapels Royal, and for many years assistant, or "deputy," organist at our great cathedral, a post which everyone who cares about the subject must be glad to hear he continues to retain. Prayers were intoned by the Rev. J. V. Povah, and the lessons read by the Rev. M. B. Cowie (both minor canons of the cathedral). The organ employed was, of course, Father Smith's which, under the superintendence of Mr. Willis, is being gradually completed. Mr. Winn, as on former occasions, was conductor, and the choir strengthened by delegates from Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, Westminster Abbey, St. George's, Windsor, and members of the choirs at Canterbury, Winchester, Eton College, the Temple, Lincoln's Inn, St. Andrew's,

Wall's Street, &c., was almost in every respect satisfactory. True, some hundred more voices would have been acceptable, more especially adults' voices; but we presume this to have been out of the question. Dr. Stainer, if to him was intrusted the choice of music, made a very attractive selection. It is hardly requisite to say that the "Suffrages" were sung to Tallis's, "Festival use," as it would be difficult to substitute anything as good, or, indeed, half as good. The psalms of the day were chanted to Russell's tunes in E and C, Mr. Henry Smart's *Magnificat*, "My soul doth magnify the Lord," and *Nunc dimittis*, "Lord now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," in B flat, were given. Of these we have already spoken in very high terms, but not higher than is warranted by their merits, as pure, genuine, church music. These were accompanied on the organ by Mr. George Cooper, and the manner in which they were sung by the united choirs left little to desire. There were two anthems. The first, by Orlando Gibbons, "Hosanna to the Son of David," one of the finest models of the elderschool, was given without accompaniment, except just near the end, where Dr. Stainer found it advisable to keep the voices up to pitch with a few pedal notes from the organ. This was transposed a note higher than the original key. The second anthem was Sir John Goss's in E flat, composed for the festival of 1866, when his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was Steward. Of this beautiful and highly finished example of our modern English school we spoke at the time in terms of unqualified admiration. The performance yesterday (accompanied to perfection by Dr. Stainer, Mr. Winn singing the bass solos) was very fine and more than confirmed our first impression. The second anthem immediately preceded the sermon, after which Mr. Henry Smart's melodious hymn, "Hark, hark, my soul," (from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*) was sung, the last verse with voices in unison and full organ, in a striking and impressive manner.

The sermon was delivered by the Rev. James Moorhouse, M.A., who selected for text, Matthew x. verses 9, 10—"Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses; nor scrip for your journey, &c.,—for the workman is worthy of his meat." The rev. gentleman preached at considerable length, and showed himself an eloquent advocate in the cause he was supporting.

Two organ voluntaries were then played—the first by Dr. Stainer (Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in G), the second by Mr. George Cooper (Handel's "Worthy is the Lamb"—from the *Messiah*), both in very masterly style. On the whole, a more effective musical service has not in our remembrance been given at a festival of the Sons of the Clergy. Much credit is due to Dr. Stainer, who would, we think, however, do well to simplify his organ accompaniment to the "Creed," which, if accompanied at all, should be accompanied, according to our judgment, in the plainest and most unpretending manner.

## MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

The weather of Monday last was tantamount to a blockade of every house in London, the inmates of which had any regard for personal comfort. It was a blockade, however, successfully "run" by the thousands of persons required to fill St. James's Hall, where Mr. Leslie put forward no ordinary inducements to encounter wind and rain and slush. In the first place he presented a strong detachment of artists from Her Majesty's Opera, including Mesdames Tietjens, Trebelli-Bettini, and Marie Roze; MM. Agnesi, Foli, and the new, but already famous tenor, Signor Campanini. These names are names of power, and it was not astonishing that, aided by the repute of Mr. Leslie's choir, and the attraction of a good programme, they fairly worsted the weather. Mdlle. Tietjens was first heard, with Mdlme. Trebelli, in Rossini's "Quis est homo," the result being an accustomed success. She next sang the solo, in Mendelssohn's lovely hymn, "Hear my prayer," but an unfortunate accident somewhat marred its effect. Mdlle. Tietjens's third and last appearance was in connection with Blumenthal's new song, "Love, the Pilgrim," her rendering of which led to a recall. Mdlme. Trebelli should not, as a matter of choice, sing oratorio music like "O rest in the Lord," when there is so much else of a kind similar to Campanini's new "Sicilians," and Gounod's "Chantez, ma belle." She gave both of these perfectly, the first being encored. Signor Agnesi was heard to great advantage in "Pro peccatis," and "Non più andrai," as was Signor Foli in "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone," and Leslie's "Speed on, my bark." But the greatest interest attached to Signor Campanini, who had been set down for "Deserto in terra" and "M'appari." His efforts were enthusiastically received, an encore of the first, and a recall after the second air, testifying that the new tenor is not less welcome on the concert platform than on the lyric stage. Mdlle. Roze sang Glück's "J'ai perdu mon Eurydice," and Mozart's "Voi che sapete," obtaining a recall after each. With regard to the choral music, it will suffice to state that, though beautifully rendered, something less familiar than "The Pilgrims," "In this hour of softened splendour," and "Oh, hush thee, my baby," might have been more acceptable.

ADELINA PATTI, RICHARD WAGNER, BAIREUTH,  
AND MAX BRUCH.

(From our old Correspondent.)

Adelina Patti sings in Vienna, and the correspondent of the *Musical World* does not speak of her? But what has criticism to do where art is come to perfection, reproducing, through its magical power, nature itself, under the most complete ideal forms? In such a case, the chronicler cannot do better than throw away his pen, and join the audience in their demonstrations, without attempting to describe, through insufficient words, the sublime sensations awakened by the emanations of real genius.

The Patti, already so admired in Vienna some nine years ago, has surprised us now by her gigantic progresses as a singer as well as an actress of the highest order.

A most poetical appearance, the sweetest voice ever heard on earth, the most perfect technical skill, the purest style enlivened by the deepest expression, and the truest histrionic power, are the complex of exquisite qualities concentrated in Adelina Patti. To follow such an artist step by step, and watch her with cold attention, in order to point out any of her little carelessnesses, would be a very stupid pedantry.

Adelina Patti sang Lucia, Gilda (*Rigoletto*), Violetta (*Traviata*), Linda, Rosina, and Sonnambula. In each of these different characters she was grandious, but as Violetta, in the *Traviata*, she rose to the sublimest regions of melodramatic art; and her *benefice*, which took place on the 23th of April, with this opera, was such a triumph as to eclipse all the previous ones she has already obtained in Paris, London, and Petersburg.

Flowers and wreaths literally covered the stage on this occasion, and presents of a great value proved to the magic songstress the worship of the Viennese society for her extraordinary talent.

The last performance took place on the 25th of April with *The Sonnambula*. The prices paid for boxes as well as for stalls and gallery places during the short season were enormous, but the fabulous sums offered on the last night for a single ticket in the third or fourth tier rised beyond all belief. The room was crowded to the ceiling, and the cheers began already by the appearing of the beloved Siren, who being interrupted by frenetical applauses at every phrase, the song during the whole performance, raised the public to the highest pitch of enthusiasm at the end of the second act.

At this moment the whole audience got up waving their hats and handkerchiefs among the most vociferous applauses, and a shower of flowers failed to bury the enchanting nightingale.

The same manifestation was repeated at the end of the opera, and the public, after recalling Adelina Patti more than thirty times, among the flourish of the orchestra, discontinued their demonstrations only on seeing that she was quite exhausted by the excitement and the fatigue.

On the same evening, the *Murmer gesangverein*, with a hundred lights, accompanied by all the *abitues* of the Italian opera brought a serenade under the windows of the Diva (residing at the Hôtel Munach), and in a moment the large *Mehlmarkt* was crowded with thousands of people belonging to every class of the Viennese public.

After some beautiful choruses, begun the most enthusiastical ovations on the appearing of the Patti at the balcony, and people only put an end to their excitement, when she said in a broken German: *Dank, adieu, auf wiedersehen!* With the exception of Graziani, all the members of Merelli's *troupe* were not worthy partners of Adelina Patti. Even Nicolini, (Nicols) who undoubtedly is in possession of some very agreeable upper notes in his voice, is too French in his way of phrasing, speaks badly Italian, and sings very often through the nose. Besides, he lacks a fine acting, which is generally the prominent feature of French Singers. Arditi did really wonders on drilling up and leading the most miserable orchestra and chorus ever come under his *baton*, and his extraordinary skill has been acknowledged not only by every musician, but by the whole Viennese press.

The *Messias* is coming! On the 12th instant Richard Wagner is going to direct in *personâ* a Wagner-concert got up to raise money for the phenomenal theatre, to be built in Baireuth, in order to perform the wonderful *Nibelungen-Trilogie* (they call it the "*Nie gelungen Trilogie*"), the last Embryo come out of the immortal brains of the musical redeemer!

The prices of the tickets for this concert are enormous; but the present generation likes so much the grandious humbug.

For my part, I consider it to be an absurdity against the real mission of art on earth, to produce works for a special theatre and a special cast of people.

God has created the fine arts to cultivate and ennoble humanity in general, and not to amuse the elects among the people. Therefore art must be popular and democratic, and not exclusive and aristocratical.

But perhaps the great Prophet and his legions will find a way how to make transportable their colossal theatre, in order that the public of Berlin, Vienna, Milan, Naples, Paris, London, Petersburg, *ed altri siti* may enjoy the heavenly revelations of Herr Richard Wagner, and be themselves converted to the new musical faith!

If not so, every poor mortal, who cannot afford to make the pilgrimage to Baireuth shall be condemned to eternal darkness.

*En attendant* for the sake of German music I am glad to hear that the new opera of Max Bruch, *Hermione* (from Shakspeare's *Winter Tale*) has met with a great and genuine success in Berlin as well as in Bremen.

SALVATORE SAVERIO DI BALDASSARE.

Vienna, 6th May.

—o—

## A GERMAN SLEEPY HOLLOW.

We take the following from the Berlin *Echo*:—

"There is a remarkable want of intellectual energy here. The principal cause of this must be sought for in the petty notions fostered at the residence of a petty Court, as the place formerly was. Nowhere else can such notions have exercised a deeper and more enervating influence upon the people. The latter have forgotten how to advocate persistently and emphatically their intellectual interests, accustoming themselves to fold their hands quietly and look upwards for help. The history of a certain monument is so striking and characteristic a proof of our assertion, that we consider it worthy of being generally known. The monument to which we refer is the Marschner Monument. On the death of the composer, some ten years ago, a number of his admirers regarded it as a duty to erect a memorial to one who was a great and genuine representative of German art. The local musical community joyfully welcomed the idea, but left it to be carried out by those who conceived it. They subsequently troubled themselves very little more about it, because its originators, who were exceedingly energetic at the outset, had managed to secure a considerable amount, and King George had subscribed a thousand thalers. What need was there for the musical public to worry about it!—But the interest even of the small circle of the composer's admirers now grew cool, a fact which exercised a baneful effect upon the interests of the Monument; artistic intrigues contributed their share of adverse influence; and the Committee lost several of its members, including some of the best. A long pause ensued. At length it became an absolute necessity to resume the energy which had been so long allowed to lie dormant. But on this occasion again, it was a few who supplied the impetus; the general public remained as lethargic as ever, especially as King William, too, had subscribed a thousand thalers. Another pause followed this alight spurt of activity. Then the Committee met once more, and—carried out the project? Not a bit of it. Adjourned for another year and a half! At present an artist has put his spoke in the wheel; Herr Hartzler, a sculptor of Celle, now resident in Berlin, has executed a very clever model for a statue of Marschner, and written to a Berlin paper stating the fact. Upon this, the committee shaking off the repose of their adjournment, have held a meeting, and are said to have decided on carrying out Herr Hartzler's model. The public remain as passive now as ever, not from want of interest in Marschner—for they have proved irrefutably the contrary—but from the apathy which is the result of the way in which they were brought up."—A very nice comfortable way it seems to have been. Quite *Rip-van-Winkleish*. It has one slight drawback, however, as far as Marschner is concerned. Even now it may leave him statueless for years to come.

NEW YORK.—Herr Franz Abt, the composer, is expected in this city by the steamer Rhein, from Bremen. The Liederkrantz Society, of which he is an honorary member, will give a concert for his benefit on May 18; the Arion Society will honor him by a banquet; and the Sangerbund by a torchlight procession and a serenade. The officers of the Sangerbund will offer him hospitality when the steamer arrives. He will visit Baltimore in response to an invitation of the vocal societies of that city, and will go to Buffalo and Chicago previous to the Sangerfest at St. Louis.

## GIULIO REGONDI.

It is almost two years since the above well-known name was no longer met with in concert announcements, nor its amiable bearer's gentle face seen in those places, where formerly his exquisite talent delighted every one. The great artist is no more—he died on Monday, the 6th inst., after a severe and painful illness of more than eighteen months' duration. Giulio Regondi's unrivalled talent will not be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to hear him play; to others, it will become manifest by many of the compositions he has left. Giulio Regondi would have been a great performer on whatever instrument he might have chosen for the expression of his thorough musical mind; his refined taste would have elevated the poorest medium for the production of musical sounds. Neither the guitar nor the concertina are concert instruments which could be considered graceful; but, in his hands, they spoke with an eloquence never to be forgotten. We only will refer to his charming concertina solo, "Les Oiseaux," which he used to perform so often to admiring audiences. Giulio Regondi's talent was manifested very early. He played at public concerts when he was only ten years of age. Some few years later, he was travelling with his friend, Joseph Lidel, in Germany, where they played at Darmstadt, Frankfurt, Karlsruhe, and then went to Vienna, playing repeatedly at the Imperial Court, besides giving, with immense success, twelve concerts, in which the son of Mozart also assisted. Not less enthusiastic was Signor Regondi's reception in Prague, and afterwards in Dresden. That in England he was on musical tours with many of the greatest artists, is well known. He was of the kindest disposition, ever ready to acknowledge talent in others; and many were the occasions on which his own talent generously assisted any good and charitable object. Signor Giulio Regondi's funeral took place last Saturday, at Kensal Green Cemetery. According to his own particular wish, it was conducted in the simplest manner, in the presence of only a few intimate friends of the deceased. Three mourning coaches accompanied his remains, from his residence in Portman Place, to Kensal Green Cemetery. The mourners were:—Father White (his confessor), Mr. Binfield, Mr. Gaisford, Mr. Boleyn Reeves, Dr. D'Alquen, Herr Lidel, Herr Oberthür, Mr. G. Forbes, Mr. Theed, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Bosen. A private brougham followed, in which were Mrs. Culpin and the Misses Lidel. A beautiful wreath of "immortelles," white lilies and pansies, the offering of the last-named ladies, was laid on the coffin, which, at Kensal Green, was met by a few attached friends, among whom was a gentleman who came up from Brighton especially for the purpose, and a lady, the wife of one of the mourners, who, at the conclusion of the ceremony, had a white rose tree planted on the grave. Father White performed the funeral service, and the coffin bore the simple inscription:—

## GIULIO REGONDI,

DIED MAY 6TH, 1872.

AGED 49 YEARS.

R. I. P.

MODENA.—Signor Pedrotti's new opera *Olema*, libretto by Signor F. M. Piave, was produced here a short time since. The part of the heroine was admirably sustained by Signora Galletti, while that of Giovanna found a satisfactory representative in Signora Tiozzo. The composer was called on twenty-six times the first night. But that does not say that *Olema* is a great success. Time will prove. One thing is, however, perfectly certain even now. The last duet between the soprano and the tenor looks rather like a plagiarism from the great duet in the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*. The dramatic situation is the same; the incidents are the same; and the music is—well, the music is very similar. Still, as was the case with Mr. Puff and Shakespeare, this may be only another instance, in addition to the very many instances already on record, of two great men hitting on the same idea, and of one of the two great men hitting on it a considerable time before the other great man.

## NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The second chamber concert of the New Philharmonic Society took place at St. George's Hall on Wednesday evening, the 8th inst., when a large and appreciative audience assembled, evincing their enjoyment of the intellectual feast provided for them by constant applause throughout the evening. The proceedings commenced with Beethoven's No. 10 Quartet (Madame Camilla Urso, MM. Jung, Goffrie, and Cros St. Ange). Madame Urso played Vitali's Ciaccona, with the expression, delicacy, and excellent intonation by which she has made her name famous, and completed her handiwork with Haydn's Quartet in D, No. 45, aided by her talented coadjutors. Mdlle. Brandes created a great sensation by her rendering of Mendelssohn's difficult Fugue in E minor, of the pianoforte part of Beethoven's trio in D major (Op. 70), a Valse by Chopin, and a trifle by Schumann. This was Mdlle. Brandes' first appearance at these concerts, and a more successful *entrée* can scarcely be conceived.

Mdlle. Abell, a *debutante* in England, was very successful in an "Ave Maria," by Caronaro. Mdlle. Carola sang Beethoven's "Kennst du das Land," and an air from *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, obtaining much applause. Signor Federici sang "Bella siccome," from *Don Pasquale*, with effect. M. Cros St. Ange has only performed at some two or three concerts in London, and is not yet known as he is in Paris; but a few exhibitions of his playing, similar in character to that shown in a solo founded upon a *Tema* of Handel, will place him among the very first instrumentalists of the day. He was immensely applauded. Herr Ganz was, as conductor. Well, he was Herr Ganz—what more can be said? H. L.

## M. SAINTON'S MATINÉES.

(From a Correspondent).

On Friday afternoon, the 16th inst., M. Sainton's first concert of classical chamber music was given at the Hanover Square Rooms, the executants being, M.M. Sainton and Amor, violins; Zerbini, viola; Lasserre, violoncello; and E. M. Delaborde, pianoforte. Haydn's quartet (Op. 17) was rendered in fine style, of course; but Beethoven's grand quartet in B flat, one of the posthumous compositions, was splendidly performed, and all the seven movements were listened to with the greatest attention and applauded to the echo. M. Sainton was encored in Bach's sonata in C minor, and he bowed his acknowledgment of the compliment. M. Delaborde played Beethoven's sonata, No. 3, exhibiting powers of a very high class. In three *morceaux*, (one, his own composition), M. Delaborde brought forth the full power of Messrs. Broadwood's "Grand pianoforte Pedalier," manufactured expressly for him, and capable of producing effects impossible upon the ordinary instruments, excellent as they are.

Miss Julia Wigan was the vocalist, and sang "Non mi dir" to M. Sainton's violin *obbligato*, and Spohr's "Bird and Maiden." Miss Wigan, who was encored in the last named song, must find that she is reaping the benefit of forming her style according to the instructions of one so long and unquestionably at the head of the profession. This was Miss Wigan's first appearance in London, and the programme announced her as the pupil of Madame Sainton-Dolby. Mr. Thouless, the accompanist, was equal to the occasion. H. L.

## A QUERY.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly, in your next issue, inform one who takes your valuable paper whether you consider Garcia's System of Training Voices is the best published, or whether there is a later work that is more suitable for tenor voices? If so you will oblige, yours truly,

Halifax, Yorkshire, May 13, 1872.

[Our columns are open to a reply from any unprejudiced reader.—Ed.]

INNEBRUCK.—There is to be a grand Musical Festival held here on the 11th and 12th June. The chorus and band will number some three hundred. On the first day, Handel's *Messiah* will be performed for the first time in Tyrol! The principal feature of the second day's programme will be Beethoven's Symphony in C minor.

## ST. JAMES'S HALL.

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S  
Pianoforte Recitals.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his Five remaining PIANOFORTE RECITALS (Twelfth Series) will take place on the following Afternoons:—

FRIDAY, May 24,  
FRIDAY, May 31,  
FRIDAY, June 7,

FRIDAY, June 14,  
FRIDAY, June 21.

FOURTH RECITAL,  
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 24TH, 1872,  
To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

## PROGRAMME.

## PART I.

Trio, in E flat for Pianoforte, Violin, and Viola ..... *Mozart.*  
Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and HERT STRAUS.  
Song, "O cessate di piangere!" ..... *Scarlatti.*  
Mlle. ANNA REGAN.  
SONATA, in A minor, Op. 106, for Pianoforte and Violin ..... *Schumann.*  
Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA.

## PART II.

SONATA, in F sharp, Op. 78, for Pianoforte ..... *Beethoven.*  
Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ.  
SONGS {"Der Schiffer," } (Fair Maid of the Mill) ..... *Schubert.*  
{"Am Felsenabend"}  
Mlle. ANNA REGAN.  
QUINTET, in F minor, Op. .... for Pianoforte, two Violins, Viola, and  
Violoncello ..... *Brahms.*  
Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. STRAUS,  
L. RISE, and DAUBERT.  
Accompanist ..... HERR SAUERBREY

## PRICES OF ADMISSION.

	For the Series.		Single Ticket.
	s.	d.	s. d.
Soft stalls, numbered and reserved ..	3	3	0 7 0
Balcony ..	1	1	0 3 0
Area ..	—	—	0 1 0

Subscriptions received at CHAPPELL and Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; MITCHELL'S, 22, Old Bond Street; OLLIVIER'S, 39, Old Bond Street; KIRBY, PARSONS & Co.'s, 45, Cheapside; HAYES & Co., Royal Exchange Buildings; AUSTIN's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

## DEATHS.

On the 22d April, suddenly, at New York, U. S., America, AUGUSTUS EDWARD, youngest son of the late Sir HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.

On the 5th May, at Oak Mount, Withington, in the 23d year of her age, MARY ELIZABETH, the beloved wife of JOHN ROBERT ADDISON HIME, Esq., and only child of Joshua Crowther, Esq., The Cedars, Albert-park, Didsbury, near Manchester.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1872.

## MORE ABOUT MENDELSSOHN.

THE world of music (and more especially the *Musical World*) is indebted to Dr. Ferdinand Rahles for his personal reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn, another instalment of which is subjoined. Every scrap of information about an historical personage is a contribution to history, and has its value on that account. But the personal fascination of Mendelssohn exists to this day, and invests him with almost the interest of a personal friend. Everybody, therefore, who has sought to tell us about him, particularly of the kind which Dr. Rahles is good enough to communicate, confers a double obligation upon musical society. These remarks it is only fair, as it is indisputably a pleasure, to make before inviting attention to our valued correspondent.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS  
OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

BY DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.\*

For several years I had not met Felix Mendelssohn, nor corresponded with him. I had been travelling a great deal, and it was not until 1836 that I became more settled, having accepted my first engagement as music director at Arnberg in Westphalia. The winter of 1829 was a very severe one, mountains and forests were covered with snow, and, in consequence, both travelling and postal arrangements were greatly interrupted; in those days no steam horses drove their way through all weathers, man was dependent upon the season and the state of the roads, and dragged along his miserable way, jolted in a diligence, or shivering in a private carriage. Arnberg, the principal town of the county of Arnberg, was one of those favoured places where the diligence between Cologne and Berlin stopped for about two hours in order that its wearied occupants might refresh themselves. One day, not long after the arrival of the diligence, a messenger was sent from the principal hotel, to request me to be good enough to visit a gentleman there who was so unwell as to be unable to move out. I asked his name, but the man had entirely forgotten, and could only assure me that he must be a friend of mine from several observations that he had made. I hastened to the hotel, where I was shown into a private room, and duly announced, when, to my surprise, I found my friend, Felix Mendelssohn, stretched out upon a sofa. His first words were of gratitude for my promptitude in visiting him. I then told him of the messenger's forgetfulness, he laughingly replying that all his cards were in his portmanteau, and that he had been unable to move to obtain one, as the slightest movement caused him acute pain. "Be sure," said he, "that that stupid fellow is not musical." "What, then, is the matter with you?" said I, "have you met with some accident?" He explained that his feet had been frostbitten and caused him excruciating agony, and begged of me to seek out a good medical man in order that he might obtain advice as to whether it would be safe to continue his journey on to Berlin, and, at the same time, some alleviation of his sufferings. I immediately started to find a doctor, and, in going out, entreated Felix not to make himself uneasy, but to be assured that a few days' rest and medical treatment would put him right, at the same time, offering him the use of my house, if any stay in Arnberg should be necessary. "Thanks! thanks!" was all that he could say, so violent was his pain. I made all haste to find the doctor I was in search of, and quickly brought him to my sick friend. After he had inspected the injured parts, he informed us that no dangerous symptoms were present; and after using some medicaments, which he would send, the journey towards Berlin might safely be continued. "However," he said, "if, by the time you have reached the next stage (three hours and a half distant), the pain does not abate, I would advise you to remain there all night." I offered at once to accompany Felix, in order that he might not be alone should he become worse, and be obliged to stay at any place. Fortunately one place in the diligence was vacant and I secured it for myself. After a great deal of trouble to get my suffering friend into a comfortable position in the coach, we started. He bore his pain with great firmness, and, in order to draw his mind from it, we entered into conversation about his visit to England. "My reception," he said, "was all that I could have wished, for I am sure that in such a country my works will receive acknowledgment. I met there many accomplished artists and talented musicians" (here he mentioned about half a dozen or more, whose names, after such a lapse of time, I cannot recollect, but had I then known that England would become, after 1848, my second "Vaterland," I should have had more interest in remembering them). "I met men there who loved their art, and whose whole aim was to elevate it." I enquired how he liked England, its people generally, and his answer was, "If you could see how they worship our Handel, and the care which they bestow upon the performance of his works, you would find your unfavourable prepossessions vanish. Only imagine that during the mighty Hallelujah Chorus in the

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*Messiah*, an English audience rises to its feet, and remains standing, in honour of its immortal composer; that is elevating, that is noble! I should not like, however, to live there constantly, so much of my time for work would be taken up, and time to an artist is irrevocable. The distances from one place to another in London I found very long and often very vexing." Other subjects upon which we conversed were Moscheles and Carl Maria von Weber. With regard to the first, Felix could scarcely find language to praise him sufficiently, both for his kindness in making his sojourn so agreeable, and for his upright and true-hearted advice. As an artist and composer he admired Moscheles highly, and remarked of him that by keeping persistently to the piano, and composing only for it, he had made himself famous; he had not scattered his talent broadcast, but had concentrated it upon that instrument upon which he stood unrivalled as an executant. Mendelssohn expressed his great delight at the enthusiasm which C. M. von Weber had created in England, and the deep impression which he had caused by his *Der Freischütz*; incidentally mentioning that Weber, with an eye to stage effect, had altered the opening scene in the opera, which the author of the libretto, Frederick Kind, had given to the Hermit, by substituting for it the effective scene of the prize shooting. Whilst on the subject of Weber, I added, that having been in company with Weber whilst he was in Hamburg, he mentioned he was composing an opera, but had not made up his mind as to whether he should call it *Die Jägers Braut* (The Huntsman's Bride), *Die Freikugel*, (The Free Bullets) or *Der Freischütz* thinking, however, the last name the most striking. Mendelssohn having expressed his ignorance as to why Cherubini's beautiful opera, *Der Wasserträger* (The Water Carrier) was usually called in France, *Les deux Journées*, I proceeded to acquaint him with the origin of the name which is as follows. Before Cherubini brought out his opera, there was a dramatic and operatic law extant, which was always strictly adhered to, viz., that the action of any play or opera should not be supposed to occupy more than one day. Cherubini, with his masterpiece, was the first to break this ridiculous restriction, and give a freer scope to dramatic literature. The time of his opera was supposed to extend over two days hence its name of *Les deux Journées*. Of many other subjects we discoursed, but the foregoing are all I remember. I was pleased to see that Felix gradually became more cheerful, and that his pains were alleviated, as he determined to continue the journey on to Berlin without stopping. We parted when we reached the next station, named, Meschede, exchanging the best wishes, and I returned to Arnsberg. Soon after his arrival in Berlin, I received from him a very affectionate letter, heartily thanking me, and prophecying an early meeting under circumstances more favourable to jollity, at the same time expressing his gratitude to Dr. Weber for his skilful attentions. We did not meet again until 1833, at the Rhenish Festival, at Düsseldorf, which he conducted, and for which he expressly composed a *Festival-Overture*, playing, on the third day, the *Concertstück* of C. M. von Weber. He accepted, at that time, the appointment of Music-Director at Düsseldorf, and I, being Organist and Music-Director at Solingen, about two hours ride distant, our intercourse was for several years almost uninterrupted.

DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

Malvern House, Queen's Terrace,  
Grove Street Road.

Who would not like to read one hundred pages of the same sort, if coming from so good an authority?

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has accepted an engagement to play at several concerts, in the great "Boston Peace Jubilee," under the direction of Mr. Gilmore, and will leave London on Saturday, the 8th of June.

COLOGNE.—A performance of Spohr's oratorio, *Der Fall Babylons*, was lately given by the Sing-Academie. The solo singers were Mdlles. Satorius, Bowinkelmann, Kneip. Herren Wolf, Lehmann, and Peltzer.

\* The Trumpet Overture, in C major, now so well known.—ED. M. W.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

SIGNOR AND MDME. ARDITI gave their *matinée musicale* at 28, Ashley Place, Victoria Street (by kind permission of Major Carpenter and Captain Buek), which, in spite of the bad weather, was most fashionably and numerously attended. Among the audience was the Marquise de Caux (Madame Adelina Patti). The artists who assisted were Mdme. Conneau, Mdle. Valeria (pupil of Signor Arditi), Mdme. Rita, Miss Alice Fairman, and Mdle. Roselli, Signori Rizzelli, Danielli, Valdec, Rocca, and Campabello. Instrumentalists—Mons. l'aque and Signor Tito Mattei; Signor Visetti presiding with Signor Arditi at the piano-forte. Included in the programme were the overture to Balfe's opera, *Falstaff*, arranged for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, capably played by Mdle. Arditi, Signor Arditi, and Mons. l'aque, and a new and brilliant waltz, composed for Mdle. Valeria by Signor Arditi, and charmingly sung by that clever young artist. A duet was also sung by Mdme. Arditi and Mons. de Spinaio, which was unanimously re-demanded.

MADAME PUZZI gave her annual *matinée d'invitation* in St. George's Hall, and attracted, as usual, the *élite* of the fashionable world. Madame Puzzi presented her supporters, in addition to an attractive programme, with a recital by Mr. Fechter, who appropriately selected some stanzas written in praise of the lamented Malibran. Mdle. Puzzi's name is so intimately associated with the vocal art, that no one expects to hear instrumental music at her *matinées*. The programme of last week was, however, not entirely devoted to arias and excerpts from operas, for Signor Rendano favoured the audience with two piano-forte solos. M. Paque, the popular violoncellist, introduced one of his favourite pieces, and Mdle. Liebe one of her clever performances on the violin. The singing of Madame Florence Lancia, Mdle. Anna Regan, M. Valdec, Signor Federici, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, and other artists, contributed to the success of the *matinée*. Mdle. Puzzi's annual concert is announced to take place during the month, and will, doubtless, be brilliantly attended.

At the Brixton Choral Society's last oratorio concert for the season Handel's *Samson* was performed, with the assistance, as principals, of Mdme. Poole, Miss Ellen Forne, Mr. Thurley Beale, and Mr. Henry Guy. The general execution of the choruses was satisfactory, and the choir gave evidence of their claim to compete at the forthcoming Crystal Palace Music Meetings. The solo parts were well given by the principal singers—Mdme. Poole and Miss Horne infusing, as they always do, true devotional spirit into their singing, and Mr. Guy and Mr. Thurley Beale ably supporting them. Mr. Beale's rendering of the air, "Honour and Arms," was a very artistic effort, and we do not see what is to preclude this gentleman from taking high rank in his profession. Mr. Harrison presided at the organ and judiciously accompanied the pieces. Mr. Wm. Lemare, who appears, from the applause with which he was greeted by the choir, to be a favourite, was as usual the conductor. W. H. P.

MR. IGNACE GIBSONE has been giving a series of recitals of his piano-forte compositions at the International Exhibition, upon Messrs. Philip J. Smith & Sons' "iron strutted pianofortes," for which they have taken out a patent, for "actual direct resistance between the extremes of tension, causing the instrument to stand in tune, producing a pure and full quality of tone, with non-liability to derangement from sudden changes of temperature, and possessing great durability." The following pieces were played by this accomplished pianist on Wednesday last:—"March Breillienne," "Stella Waltz," "The dancing water" (a fairy tale), "La Chasse," "Cradle song," and a "Thème militaire." Mr. Gibsone varied his performance by a brilliant execution of a study and a *Valse Expressive*, by Moscheles. Mr. Gibsone was frequently and deservedly applauded for his performances.

At the thirty-fifth concert of the Schubert Society, which took place on Thursday, 9th inst., the first part was devoted to C. M. von Weber's and Sir Julius Benedict's compositions. A Sonata in C major opened the concert, played by Herr Enzian. The other instrumental pieces included a trio by Fesca, played by Herr Enzian, Herr Armin, and Herr Schuberth; a violin solo by Allard, played by Herr Armin (a young violinist well known in continental musical circles) who made his first appearance before an English audience, and created a favourable impression; a new violoncello solo, "Andante religioso," by Gottermann, played by Herr Schuberth; and piano-forte solos by Herr Enzian. The vocal pieces included, in the first part, several charming compositions by Sir Julius Benedict, "L'addio del Marinaro" (Signor Rizzelli); "Che più dirol" (Miss Cafferata); "The Lord is very pitiful" (Mr. Stedman); and "I'm alone" (Miss Frenie). In the second part, Herr Bohrer sang Henry Smart's "Sir Roland"; Miss Frenie "Non è ver" (encored); Miss Cafferata, a song by F. Clay; Signor Federici, a serenade by M. Braga (violoncello *obbligato*, Herr Schuberth); and Signor Rizzelli, a romance from *Martha* encored. Herr Enzian and Herr Schuberth conducted, and the rooms were very full. The thirty-sixth concert is announced to take place on Thursday, June 13th, for the director's benefit.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES

The following paragraph appears in *Dexter Smith's Journal*:—

"A critic of the London *Graphic*, in speaking of the musical portion of the recent Thanksgiving Service, says:—'Mr. G. Cooper presided at the keys of the organ, the pedals being under the management of Mr. Willis.' How was this managed? Let the critic be imported for the Boston *Globe* staff, at once."

We are afraid he would not suit the "Boston *Globe* staff." It may surprise our transatlantic contemporary to learn that the facts were exactly as stated by the *Graphic* reporter; Willis's organ being so unfinished that the builder was obliged to do his best with the pedal register from the interior of the instrument. The *Musical Standard*, who also made fun of the *Graphic*, may be interested to know that its fun missed the mark.

## PROVINCIAL.

WOOLWICH.—A correspondent informs us that:—

The second operatic performance, at the Royal Artillery Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Smyth, came off on Tuesday night with great success, the house being filled with a critical and enthusiastic audience, among whom were Sir David Wood (commandant), and Lady Wood. The opera of *Galatea* was effectively given. The Mdlles: Seidle, as Galatea and Ganymede, sang most artistically. Mr. Collingwood, as Pygmalion, and Mr. Melbourne, as Mydas, acquitted themselves well, and were as amusing as ever. The chorus and orchestra of the Royal Artillery, thanks to the drilling of Mr. Smyth, were faultless. The performance concluded with the second and third act of Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*. Mdlle. Seidle, as Arline, never appeared to more advantage. She sang "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" so well that an *encore* was the result, and the duet with Thaddens, (Mr. Collingwood), was received with a perfect storm of applause. Mdlle. Julie Seidle, as the Gipsy Queen displayed vocal abilities of a high order, and dramatic power of rare excellence. Count Arnheim was played by Mr. Melbourne, who sang "The heart bowed down" with effect. Mr. Staunton was Devilshoof. The concerted music was remarkably well executed, and the approbation it elicited deserved. The whole of the scenic business and stage management, on which the success of an opera in the present day so much depends, was deserving of high praise. The chorus and orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Smyth, were faultless. At the next performance, Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and a selection from *Rigoletto* are promised, at which some distinguished amateurs will appear. Mr. Smyth's "Orpheonic Octett" will also assist.

## REVIEWS.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.

*The Sleeping Beauty.* Song. Words by SAMUEL ROGERS. Music by W. LOVELL PHILLIPS.

THE charming verses of the poet of memory are here set to music every way congenial. Mr. Phillips has shown that he can invent a melody, and, which is more, that he can invent one expressive of appropriate feeling, and treat it in musicianly fashion. The song is one adapted to please not only the general public, but also the minority who possess cultivated tastes. On all accounts therefore, it may safely be recommended. Key, F major—highest note, F.

*Wilt thou be true?* Ballad. Poetry by S. P. H. Music by FRANÇOIS HOWELL.

THE title of this song sufficiently indicates the purport of its verses; and with regard to Mr. Howell's music it will be enough to say that simplicity is kept well in view, along with a pleasant and tuneful theme. Expressively sung, the ballad cannot fail to please. Key, C major—highest note, F.

MESSRS DUFF & STEWART.

*Loved and Lost.* Song. Poetry by WORDSWORTH. Music by FRANCESCA FERRARI.

THE fair and talented composer of this song will extend her reputation by its means. Miss Ferrari's music is not simply a theme with a "vamped" accompaniment. There is musicianly design in it, and musicianly treatment as well; on which account we hail the work as promising yet greater excellence in the future. Miss Ferrari has a right to compose songs, of which right the example before us is a proof. Key F major—highest note, F.

A consumptive hand-organ, that has been lately ebbing out its life-blood at the opposite corner, is respectfully requested to cough it out two blocks below us.—*New Haven Green-Room.*

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

M. SAINTON'S "MATINEES."

The *Daily Telegraph* thus noticed the first of these entertainments:—

"One result of the increasing interest felt in chamber music is to give an opportunity for the display of eminent talent which otherwise might be wasted, comparatively speaking, in the orchestra. The appearance of M. Sainton as director of a series of chamber concerts is a case in point. It has lately been a matter for wonder, with regard to this distinguished violinist, whether the position of a first-class *chef d'attaque* and soloist necessarily prevents an artist from taking his proper place as an interpreter of chamber music. We are glad to find M. Sainton settling the question for himself in his own way, and doing it so conclusively that his *matinées* are likely to become regular features of the summer season. Such, at any rate, must be the consequence, if they are fairly taken on their merits."

The opening concert given in Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday afternoon, was attended by a numerous, critical, and gratified auditory, M. Sainton being associated with Mr. Amor (second violin), Mr. Zerbini (viola), M. Lasserre (violinello), and M. Delaborde (piano), all artists of experience, and thoroughly equal to work which made no ordinary demand upon their powers. The programme exacted a good deal from the audience. It assumed a capacity to sit out Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte in C minor—the 'sonata-testament' of M. de Lenz; the same master's 'posthumous' quartet in B flat (Op. 130); and a sonata in C minor, for violin, by J. S. Bach. There were other and lighter features in the scheme, among them being Haydn's quartet in D (Op. 17), and some solos for pedal pianoforte; but the great works of Beethoven gave M. Sainton's entertainment its distinctive character, and made it of the highest interest. Haydn's quartet opened the proceedings in right merry mood, albeit it displays no little of the master's science. But Haydn could make science appear the easiest and gayest thing in the world, and of this power the quartet under notice is a conspicuous example. It was played in exactly the right spirit and much enjoyed. M. Delaborde's rendering of Beethoven's last sonata fully exhibited a brilliant and dashing style. We preferred his reading of the impetuous *Allegro* to that of the wonderfully elaborated *Arietta*; but taking the performance as a whole, it was an effort of great power. M. Delaborde, who played without book, evidently made an impression upon the audience. The great quartet in B flat could scarcely have an interpretation more clear, or an execution more precise, than was given of it by M. Sainton and his able associates. All four artists acquitted themselves well; but their 'leader,' in the course of a difficult task, manifested powers both intellectual and executive of the very highest order. M. Sainton has an unquestionable right to play the 'posthumous' music of Beethoven. He was further heard to advantage in the sonata attributed to J. S. Bach—a work of singular interest and very pleasing character. M. Sainton never played anything in more masterly fashion, and he could not have been better supported than by Mr. Thouless, whose pianoforte accompaniment was in all respects admirable. Of the solos for pedal pianoforte, it will be enough to say that they well proved the resources of Messrs. Broadwood's magnificent instrument, and were brilliantly executed.

The vocalist was Miss Julia Wigan (pupil of Madame Sainton-Dolby), who made her *début* on the occasion, and warranted strong hopes of a successful future. Miss Wigan possesses a pure and sympathetic soprano voice, her style is cultivated to a degree of much refinement, and she sings with unquestionable intelligence. These qualifications were made obvious by her delivery of Mozart's 'Non mi dir,' and Spohr's 'Bird and Maiden,' after the second of which Miss Wigan was recalled. The next *Matinée* takes place on Friday, 24th instant, when a special feature will be Brahms' Pianoforte quartet in A major."

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

A crowded meeting of friends and patrons of this most excellent corporation was called together, at St. James's Hall, on the evening of Friday, the 10th inst., to hear a performance of the *Messiah*. The singers were Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Edith Wynne, Ellen Horne, Poole, and Patey; together with Messrs. Lloyd, Cummings, Hilton, and Lewis Thomas. Mr. Willy was principal violinist, Mr. Harper played the trumpet, Mr. Hopkins was organist, and Mr. Cusins conducted. The band and chorus were complete, and in every respect most effective. Where all performed their allotted duties in a manner leaving nothing to be desired, it would appear invidious to single out any particular features. Perhaps the most loudly applauded pieces were "I know that my Redeemer liveth," sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, and "The trumpet shall sound," by Mr. Lewis Thomas, with Mr. Thomas Harper's trumpet accompaniment. The concert gave general satisfaction.—H. L.

## PAULINE LUCCA IN THE AFRICAINE.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Mdme. Lucca's first appearance this season as Selika in Meyerbeer's *Africaine* had the natural effect of filling the theatre. A finer performance as regards the principal part could not have been heard. But all was as nothing compared to the merit and effect of Mdme. Lucca's impersonation, than which nothing more admirable, from every point of view, can be seen on the operatic stage. That impersonation has so often been described in detail that to return to it now may seem superfluous. But it is no longer the fashion of our opera managers to produce new or even unfamiliar works; and after a course of *Sonnambula* and *Martha*, such an opera as *L'Africaine*, with such a singer as Madame Lucca in the chief part, cannot fail to make a striking impression. When Selika first steps upon the stage it is hard to believe that the almost too faithful representative of the burning and sunburnt savage woman can be the same charming artist whom we have so often applauded as the artless and engaging Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*. Two more diametrically opposite parts can scarcely be conceived than that of Zerlina on the one hand, who in the way of acting has nothing to do except to move prettily about the stage and—like Alphonse Karr's typical women—"s'habiller, babiller et se déshabiller;" and, on the other, Selika, who is a being of another sphere, full of passion and moving in scenes, which, serious from the first, become more and more dramatic until, in the last, a situation is reached which is simply sublime. In the duet of the fourth act, as full of deep feeling as anything Meyerbeer ever wrote, the Selika of the night sang with such impulse that the audience could not restrain their applause, ill-timed as it undoubtedly was. But Mdme. Lucca was more perfect still in the pathetic and truly poetical scene of the fifth act, which the poor *Africaine*, but for the voices of the departing Europeans that break in so cruelly upon her meditations, would have entirely to herself. The scene of the upas tree, which may be looked upon as the parent of the four preceding acts, is one of the finest and one of the most perfectly suited for musical illustration in the whole range of the lyric drama. Everyone can understand Meyerbeer's being struck with it, as it was first pointed out to him in an old English melodrama, and thereupon determining to base an opera upon it, or rather to construct an opera, of which the sail scene of the forsaken woman dying voluntarily beneath the upas tree should form the climax; but no one can understand the full beauty of the scene who has not witnessed its performance by Mdme. Lucca. Her despair as she looks at the sea, "vast and illimitable as her grief," on which her treacherous lover is about to sail away from her for ever is agonizing; but her closing scene, when, with the voices of consoling spirits in her ears, she lies down and dies, is full of tenderness, and, though infinitely touching, by no means horrible. The drama ends as happily as is possible, inasmuch as for the poor heart-broken Selika life is impossible; and one leaves the theatre full of compassion for the Queen of Madagascar, and with a strong desire to hear Mdme. Lucca again at the earliest opportunity.

It is a pity, considering the immense number of parts of every kind and character played by Madame Lucca, that in London they are so seldom varied. A Berlin paper, reckoning the other day the number of different impersonations in which Madame Lucca had distinguished herself, arrived at a total of forty-eight. That is a high figure; but it seemed nothing to the Berlin journalist, who went on to complain that Mdme. Lucca had not yet undertaken the part of Elsa in Wagner's *Lohengrin*. One can believe anything of the versatility of an artist who appears with equal success as Zerlina and as Selika, as Cherubino in the *Marriage of Figaro*, and as Leonora in *La Favorita*; and, if not for the sake of the artist, at least for that of the theatre and of the public, it would be a good idea to bring out in London some of the numerous works unfamiliar, if not entirely unknown, to our audiences, in which Madame Lucca has gained such remarkable triumphs at Berlin. It is an advantage all the same to be enabled to hear Madame Lucca from time to time in *L'Africaine*, which many will think the finest of all her impersonations; and the performance loses nothing of its legitimate effect from the manner in which the work is put on the stage at the Royal Italian Opera.

## NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The arrangements for these exceptionally interesting performances are now it seems complete. The private preliminary hearings by the jury of each class of sopranos and tenors will take place on Wednesday, June 26. The contraltos and baritones will be heard privately on Friday June 28. At these hearings (which are to be held in the concert room of the Palace), those who are to compete in public will be chosen by the different juries. The public competitions will commence on Thursday, June 27. At two o'clock on that day, the soprano singers will sing against each other, and after them the tenors will compete. At five o'clock, a grand vocal and instrumental concert will be given, the programme of which will include the competitors. This will in fact be the order of performance on each day of the meetings. The competitions will take place in the afternoon, and the concerts follow them. A choir, 500 strong, is expected from Wales to sing for the Challenge Prize. Classes II, III, VI, and VII, will be well represented. On Saturday, the 6th July, the final day, there will be a grand concert and fête, during which the prizes will be distributed. Fireworks will be given in the evening.

We understand the position intended for the juries to occupy is in front of the Handel Orchestra; their decisions will be given by ballot, and made known to the assembled public by the number of each successful competitor being prominently exhibited immediately after each competition. The excitement and interest likely to prevail at these National Music Meetings will probably only be comparable with that aroused by a Derby, or an Oxford and Cambridge boat race.

—o—  
GAIETY THEATRE.

Offenbach's *Geneviève de Brabant*, which, since last October, has remained a fixture in the bills of the Philharmonic Theatre at Islington, varied last Saturday the programme of the morning performances at the Gaiety. The lively opera, represented by executants who did so much to establish its popularity in the northern suburb, attracted a numerous audience, who rewarded with hearty plaudits the exertions of Miss Emily Soldene and the other members of the Philharmonic company. The encores were frequent, and the vocalists went through their work with even more vivacity than usual. The transfer of the entire troupe to the Gaiety in no respect interferes with the regular nightly representations of *Geneviève de Brabant* at the Philharmonic, but it may be as well to note that, in consequence of a provincial tour, the performance in the metropolis cannot be prolonged beyond Saturday, the 1st of June.

—o—  
WAIFS.

Dr. White, of Waterford, has a new work in the press, entitled, *National Echoes*.

Sir John Goss attended Her Majesty's Levee, at Buckingham Palace, on Monday last.

The *Gazette Musicale* says that M. Pasdeloup will bring his orchestra to England next month.

A society for the publication of musical works by ancient masters has been established in Berlin.

Mr. Ignace Gibsons has just finished an oratorio, entitled *The Captivity*—words by Goldsmith.

The viola upon which Mozart used to play, now in the possession of M. Joseph Pfeiffer of Kherson, is for sale.

The Boston Jubilee building will contain the largest organ, the largest chime of bells, and the largest drum in the world.

Signor Mongini commenced an engagement at the Théâtre Italien, Paris, last week, by playing Manrico in *La Traviata*.

Sir Sterndale Bennett had the honour of being invited to Her Majesty's afternoon party, at Buckingham Palace, last Tuesday week.

M. de St. Georges demands, in *Le Figaro*, a tomb for Anber, whose remains have been lying for a year in a provisional grave at Montmartre.

Miss Sophie Ferrari, Miss Severn, and Mr. Vernon Rigby were the vocalists who sang at the Dublin Philharmonic last Monday. Herr Pauer was the pianist.

MR. ALEXANDRE BILLET gave the first of his "recitals" at St. George's Hall, on Thursday morning. The accomplished pianist met with a most flattering reception, and was recalled after each of his performances. Mr. Billet had the valuable assistance of Madame Camilla Urso (violin), and M. Paque (violoncello). Mlle. Rosamunde Doria varied (the programme with some songs, which she executed with artistic excellence. Want of space compels us to defer details till next week.

The Duke of Edinburgh will honour the next public concert of the Irish Academy of Music, which is fixed for June 7th; and, by permission of Sir Arthur Guinness, it will take place in the Exhibition Palace.

"Which of the Feejee Islands are you from?" asked a visitor of one of Barnum's cannibals, the other day. "Tipperary, bedad!" was the reply of the ravenous anthropophagian.

Among recent deaths in the musical world are those of M. Ferrand, Secretary of the Paris Conservatoire; M. Anglois, a famous Contrabassist; and M. Van Boom, a Dutch pianist.

Mr. Wilford Morgan—re-engaged by Mr. Gye for the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden—made his first appearance as Jacquino, in *Fidelio*, on the occasion of the *début* of Mdlle. Brandt.

They say there is a man in Connecticut who is engaged in working up a log thirty feet long into a life for the Jubilee. We don't know who has got wind enough to play upon it, unless George Francis Train should volunteer.—*Dexter Smith's Journal*.

Sir Julius Benedict and Signor Randegger have each written a soprano solo, with chorus, expressly for Madame Rudersdorff, to sing at the Boston "Peace Jubilee Festival." Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan is also occupied in writing a vocal composition for the same artist and for the same occasion.

Mdlle. Maria Dumas, who made a "sensation" last season with her unique entertainment, "Saynètes de Salon," has arrived in London from St. Petersburg. We have no doubt the accomplished artist will be received with open arms by our "haute société," with whom she is so deserved a favourite.

The death of Dr. Thomas Beatty, of Dublin, the Vice-President of the Irish Academy of Music, is announced. A meeting of the council, at which Sir F. Brady, Sir Robert P. Stewart, and Dr. Nedley attended, took place on Thursday, conveying to his widow and family their condolence, and the loss the Academy had sustained by his death. Dr. Beatty was one of its steadiest friends.

A few days ago, while Miss Kellogg sat in her box at the opera listening to Miss Nilsson's singing, an usher opened the door and presented her with an exquisite bouquet from a lady wholly unknown to the great *prima donna*. A little note was half hidden among the flowers, on which was written:—"We love best our own gifted, lovely Kellogg." So say we all of us!—*Dexter Smith's Journal*.

Mr. Levy, the cornet player, will soon be married to a young lady moving in the fashionable circles of Buffalo, N.Y. Arrangements have been made that the marriage shall take place in Russia, where the cornetist is now fulfilling an engagement, and the young lady, accompanied by her mother, will, we understand, shortly set out for St. Petersburg, where the nuptials will be celebrated.

The Lexington (U.S.) *Caucasian* keeps a musical reviewer, and this is how he reviews:—

"Knowest thou the fair land?—which, whether thou dost or not, is an exquisite soprano solo, from the opera of *Mignon*; *Our little darling*, a snub-nosed paregoric-cherub, a red-faced and bald-headed catnip-angel, done up in song and chorus.—*The last words*; a gizzard-squashing sentimental ballad, guaranteed to draw tears from the eyes of a potato.—*No letter for me*; which, when every epistle is a hashery or washery bill in disguise, is a decidedly agreeable situation; bemoaned in a solo and duet.—*Good-bye, Eva darling*; a prolonged grunt, set to slow and tender music, in the form of a solitary and gregarious wail."

A new poet has arisen in America who is likely to be a boon to song composers. Here is a specimen of his art:—

"Tiddy iakle tootsey tum,  
Why does it such faces make?  
Is a pin a-sticking it?  
Has it got a tummic ache?  
See its little eyes all moist;  
See its mouth drawn up in pain;  
Tell it's loving muzzer why  
Baby is awake again."

There was considerable fun at a representation of *Romeo and Juliet* in a wretched little French theatre. Madame Deharme, the Juliet of the occasion, was lying dead on a tomb. It was raining torrents; a drop came through the roof and fell on Juliet's nose, she made a face; another drop fell on her eyelids, she winked. It was a facial expression not taught by Delsarte. Finally she took to watching the drops and dodging them. The audience caught the idea and sympathized with her. "Look out, Mrs. Juliet," said one fellow; "there's a whopper a-comin'—I see it!" "Mind your eye!" said another. "Madame," said a third, rising, "will you accept the use of my umbrella?" Of course the tragedy ended in a farce.

Mr. Gilmore, on behalf of the directors of the forthcoming monster Musical Festival at Boston, U. S., has offered Mdlle. Tietjens \$4,800, and all expenses to and from Boston, to sing two pieces of music each day for twelve consecutive days. This sum is double the amount Jenny Lind ever received for similar services, either in Europe or America. The tempting offer, which was made by Atlantic cable on Wednesday, Mdlle. Tietjens has been obliged to decline, in consequence of her public and private engagements in London being of more value to her *impresario*.—(From all the papers).

WEIMAR.—The Abbate Franz Liszt has been stopping here since the middle of April. He has commenced a series of *Matinées* in his *salons*. The programme of the last *Matinée* included: "Chromatische Sonata," Joachim Raff (played by the Abbate F. Liszt and Herr Kumpel); Paraphrase of "Gaudemus igitur," for four hands (Mdlle. Remmert, from Berlin, and the Abbate Franz Liszt); a Piece by David; a Piece by Paganini; two Preludes and Fugues, Rubinstein (played by Herr Anton Urspruch, from Frankfurt); and *Fantasia*, composed and performed by the Abbate Franz Liszt, on scenes from *Die Meistersinger*.

BADEN.—Most of the arrangements for the approaching season are already definitely settled; the programme, so to speak, is carefully outlined, and even some of the subordinate details are already filled in; a few more touches will suffice to complete it. The "Kurochestra," on the same scale of efficiency as heretofore, will be again under the direction of M. Känemann. About the latter half of the present month, Signor Pollini's Italian Operatic Company, including Madame Artôt-Padilla, will give a short series of performances. The artists, both operatic and dramatic, from the Grand-Ducal Theatre at Carlsruhe, will also give a series of performances, extending to the end of this month. Their performances will then be suspended, but resumed in August, from which time they will be continued uninterruptedly to the termination of the season. The grand vocal and instrumental concerts will commence on Saturday, the 25th inst., and be continued every following Saturday till somewhere about the end of June. There will be about five or six of them. There will also be six or seven *matinées* for Classical Instrumental Music. On the 1st August, a series of concerts, under the direction of Herr Johann Strauss, will be inaugurated. They will go on for five weeks. Among the soloists, vocal and instrumental, will be included some of the most celebrated of the present day.

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### THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Intelligence, or, as it has been called, intellectuality, is an essential element of all Art, practical as well as creative, and of none more so than of Music. Its development should be zealously encouraged in this branch of education, which, however, can be, and often is, conducted without calling into action any of the higher attributes of the mind. The Rudiments of Music are generally learnt by rote; proficiency in singing or playing acquired by that which is equivalent to automatic action of the voice or fingers. This should not be. Students should be taught that all musical sound, whether vocal or instrumental, is intended to convey some definite meaning, they should be made to reflect upon every phrase they have to sing or play, and thoroughly to understand that intelligence is the very essence of our Art. Music can thus become an important means of mental training. It is in this respect that the system of instruction now published for the first time in a complete form will, I hope, be useful. The plan I have set forth seems to necessitate concentration of thought upon the subject of study; it affords assistance to the memory, and tends to cultivate habits of precision, observation, and comparison. These are advantages which speak for themselves. Experience has proved that by writing exercises, pupils make steadier and more rapid progress than by the most frequent oral repetition of rules or notes. The hand and pen assist the eye and ear, and the result is more satisfactory than when the voice or fingers are guided by the eye or ear alone. I do not, for a moment, assume that this method will dispense with the necessity of vocal or instrumental practice; but as such practice becomes less troublesome and laborious if pursued with intelligence, it is evidently desirable in teaching music, to stimulate the faculty of thought. And that is the object I have had in view while writing the present elementary work."—WALTER MAYNARD.

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10. IN MERCY, HEAR US! (*Cielo clemente*). From Donizetti's "La Figlia del Reggimento."
11. COME TO THE FAIR! (*Accorete, giovinette*). From Flotow's "Marta."
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SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1872.

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### PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

Mdlle. Tietjens—Mdlle. Carlotta Grossi—Madame Trebelli-Bettini.

**THIS EVENING (Saturday), June 15th,** will be presented (for the last time this season), Meyerbeer's opera, "LES HUGUENOTS." Rœmi di Nangis, Signor Fancelli; Il Conte di San Bris, Signor Agnesi; Il Conte di Nevers, Signor Mendioros; De Cosse, Signor Sinigaglia; Tavanues, Signor Rinaldini; De Rets, Signor Zoboli; Meru, Signor Casaboni; Marcello, Signor Foll; Urbano, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Margherita di Valois, Mdlle. Carlotta Grossi (her first appearance); Dama d'Onore, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Valentina, Mdlle. Tietjens. The incidental Divertissement will be supported by Mdlle. Blanche Ricols and the Corps de Ballet.

#### Next Week.

Extra Night—Mdlle. Tietjens—Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini—Signor Rota—Signor Italo Campanini.

MONDAY NEXT, June 17, "LUCREZIA BORGIA."

Sixth Appearance of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

TUESDAY NEXT, June 18, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOORE," Lucia, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

#### Production of "I Due Giornati."

Subscription Night, being the "sixth" of the "Seven Subscription Thursdays" announced in the prospectus.

On THURSDAY NEXT, June 20, will be performed (for the first time in England), the comic *chef d'œuvre* of Cherubini, entitled, "I Due Giornati." The Italian version, by Signor Zaffra. The dialogue set to accompanied recitative by Sir Michael Costa. The cast will be as follows:—Armando, Sig. Vissani; Michele, Sig. Agnesi; Il Commendatore, Signor Foll; Commendatore Secondo, Signor Casaboni; Daniele, Signor Zoboli; Antonio, Signor Rinaldini; I Due Soldati, Signor Sinigaglia, Signor Baleoca; Marcelina, Mdlle. Marie Roze; Angelina, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Costanza, Mdlle. Tietjens.

The Opera will commence at half-past eight.  
Stalls, 21 1s.; Dress Circle, 10s. 6d.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s. and 5s. Amphitheatre, 2s.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be obtained at the Box Office of Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, open daily from ten to five; also at the Music-sellers and Librarians.

The FOURTH GRAND CONCERT at the Royal Albert Hall will take place on (Saturday, June 22), commencing at three o'clock, supported by the principal artists, and by the full Orchestra and Chorus of Her Majesty's Opera. For particulars see special Advertisement.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY, JUNE 15.** SIXTH GRAND SUMMER CONCERT.—Mdlle. Marie Marimon, Mdlle. Marie Roze, Mdlle. Colombo, and Madame Albini; Signor Vissani, Signor Rota, Signor Borella, and Signor Campanini. The Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor, Mr. MAZES. Admission by Half-a-Crown Tickets, purchased Thursday and Friday: by payment at the doors on this day (Saturday), 5s.; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

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**MDLLE, MARIE ROZE.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY.**

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**MDLLE. SEDLATZEK** has the honour to announce that her MATINEE MUSICALE will take place at WILLIS'S ROOMS, King Street, St. James's, on THURSDAY, June 20th, 1872, to commence at Three o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Madame Florence Lancia and Miss Edith Wynne; Miss Eleanor Armstrong and Miss Alice Fairman; Mdlle. Sedlatzek, Mdlle. Bartkowska, and Miss Julia Elton; Mr. George Perren, Signor Caravoglia, and Signor La Rocca. Pianoforte—Chevalier de Kontski. Violoncello—Mons. Paque. Harp—Herr Oberthur. Clarinet, Mr. Lasarus. Conductors—Mr. E. Berger, Herr Schubert, and Herr Ganz. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 7s. 6d. Tickets to be had of Mdlle. Sedlatzek, 34, Manchester Street, Manchester Square.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

### PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

**THIS EVENING (Saturday), June 15, "L'ELISIR D'AMORE."** Adina, Mdlle. Smerechi (her first appearance on the stage in England); Belcore, Signor Cotogni; Dulcamara, Signor Ciampi; and Nemorio, Signor Bettini.

On MONDAY NEXT, June 17, Auber's Opera, "FRA DIAVOLO." Zerlina, Madame Pauline Lucca.

On TUESDAY NEXT, June 18, (for the last time this season), "DINORAH." Dinorah, Madame Adeline Patti.

On THURSDAY NEXT, June 20, (for the last time this season), "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita, Madame Pauline Lucca.

On FRIDAY NEXT, June 21, "L'ETOILE DU NORD." On this occasion the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock. Principal character by Madame Adeline Patti.

On SATURDAY NEXT, June 22, "LINDA DI CHAMOUNI." Linda, Mdlle. Albani (her first appearance in that character).

The opera commences at half-past Eight.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the FLORAL HALL, on MONDAY next, June 17.

FLORAL HALL CONCERTS.—The last concert this Season will take place on Saturday, June 29.

**MR. JOHN THOMAS** (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen, and Principal Professor of the Harp at the Royal Academy of Music,) has the honour to announce that his GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at 24, Belgrave Square (by kind permission of the Marquis of Downshire), on THURSDAY, June 20th, at Three o'clock, on which occasion he will perform Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," his own characteristic pieces, entitled, "The Seasons," "Welsh Melodies," &c. Vocalists:—Miss Edith Wynne, Mrs. Waldon, Miss Elena Angelo; Messrs. W. H. Cummings, E. Lloyd, Jules Lafort, and Lewis Thomas, Violin—Mdlle. Castellan. Pianoforte—Mr. W. G. Cousins. Harp—Mr. John Thomas. Conductors—M. Gounod, Mr. W. H. Thomas, &c. Tickets, One Guinea each, to be had of Messrs. Lamborn Cook & Co., 63, New Bond Street; and of Mr. John Thomas, 63, Welbeck Street, W.

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**SIR JULIUS BENEDICT** begs to announce his ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, FLORAL HALL, Royal Italian Opera, MONDAY NEXT, June 17th, to commence at Two. Supported by Madame Adeline Patti and Madame Pauline Lucca. Mdlle. Mathilde Bessé and Mdlle. Albani; Mdlle. Smerechi, Miss Edith Wynne, Mrs. Waldon, and Mdlle. Brandt; Mdlle. Scandi, Mdlle. Patey, Mdlle. Sinico, and Mdlle. Monbelli; Signor Naudin, Bettini, Ciampi, and Niesladi; M. Faure, Signor Baggiolo, Cotogni, and Grassani. Pianoforte—Sir J. Benedict, M.M. Lindsay Sloper, F. H. Cowen, and Mr. Charles Halle. Violin—Mdlle. Norman-Neruda. Harp—Mr. J. Thomas. Stalls, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, 15s. 6d.; Admission, 5s.; at the principal Libraries and Music-sellers; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; Box Office, Royal Italian Opera; and of Sir J. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square, W. Full Programmes now ready.

**MR. G. W. HAMMOND'S MORNING CONCERT** OF CLASSICAL MUSIC will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on SATURDAY, June 22nd, at Half-past Two o'clock. The Programme will consist of a selection from the works of Handel, Bach, Rameau, Scarlatti, Haydn, Mozart, Hummel, Steibelt, Beethoven, Tartini, Mendelssohn, Weber, Spohr, Bennett, and Schumann. Stalls, Half-a-Guinea; Reserved Seats, Five Shillings. To be obtained of Mr. G. W. Hammond, 44, Formosa Street (late 11, St. Leonard's Gardens), Malda Vale, W., and at the Rooms,

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The next PUBLIC REHEARSAL, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square (in consequence of the limited space at the Institution), on TUESDAY Morning, the 18th inst., commencing at Two o'clock.

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**HERR LEHMEYER'S ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT** will take place on SATURDAY, July 13th, at Eight o'clock precisely, on which occasion he will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Vocalists—Mdlle. Isabella Limia and Miss Alice Fairman; Mr. Nelson Varley and Signor Caravoglia. Instrumentalists—Violin—Signor Soudier. Violoncello—Mons. Albert. Harp—Mr. F. Chatterton. Piano—Mdlle. Beeger Oswald, Herr Henseler, Herr Ganz, and Herr Lehmeier. Conductors—Herr Henseler, Signor Campana, and Herr W. Ganz. Tickets—Sole Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony and Area, 2s., to be had of Herr Lehmeier, 3, Great Russell Street; and of Messrs. Schott & Co., 159, Regent Street.

**HERR HENSELER'S MORNING CONCERT**, at St. George's Hall, June 29th, at Three o'clock. Mdlle. Florence Lancia, Miss Alice Fairman, Signor Gardoni, Herr Henseler, Herr Straus, and Mons. Paque. Conductors—Mr. W. Ganz and Herr Lehmeier. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., and 3s., to be had of Herr Henseler, 5, Clarendon Gardens, Malda Vale; and at St. George's Hall.

JUNE 24th.

**MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON'S SECOND** and **LAST MORNING CONCERT**, at St. James's Hall, on MONDAY, June 24th, his being the only Concert at which Mdlle. Christine Nilsson will appear during this Season. To commence at Three. Mdlle. Christine Nilsson will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—Madame Patry, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley. Piano—Mdlle. Alice Mangold, Diehl, and Mdlle. Alle Lindberg. Violin—Madame Norman-Nerada. Conductors—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER, and Sig. RANDEGGER. Programmes and tickets at the principal Libraries, Musicellers, and Concert Agents. Prices, 21s., 15s., 10s. 6d., 5s., and 3s.

**MR. SANTLEY'S PROVINCIAL TOUR.**—Mr. SANTLEY, accompanied by the following distinguished Artists, will make a Tour of the Provinces during the coming autumn:—Vocalists—Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Caffarella, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Maybrick. Violin—M. Saindon. Pianoforte—Mr. Lindsay Sloper. All communications, respecting Engagements, to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street, London, W.

**MR. ALFRED BAYLIS** begs to announce his **MORNING CONCERT**, at St. George's Hall, on SATURDAY, June 22nd, at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Messdames Banks, Matilda Scott, Sauerbrey, Katherine Poynts; Mr. Alfred Baylis and Mr. Maybrick. Instrumentalists—MM. Ignace Gibson, Sauerbrey, Savvlet, &c. Further particulars will be duly announced. Tickets, 7s. each, at the principal Music Publishers; at the Hall; and of Mr. Alfred Baylis, No. 23, Craven Road, Hyde Park, W.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.

**MR. SYDNEY SMITH** begs to announce that he will give his **SECOND PIANOFORTE RECITAL** on WEDNESDAY Afternoon, June 19th. Commencing at Three o'clock. Artists:—Vocalists—Mdlle. Florence Lancia and Mr. Maybrick. Violin—Mr. Harry Holmes. Violoncello—Mr. Edward Howell. Pianoforte—Mr. Sydney Smith. Accompanist—Mr. Stanislaus. The Pianofortes by Messrs. Erard. Sofa Stalls, Reserved, 7s.; Family Tickets, to admit Four, One Guinea; Balcony Stalls, Reserved, 5s.; Family Tickets to admit Four, 15s.; Unreserved Seats, Half-a-crown. Tickets and Programmes at St. George's Hall; and of Mr. Sydney Smith, 45, Blandford Square, Regent's Park, N.W.—Carriages to be ordered at Five o'clock.

**MDME. SIDNEY PRATTEN** begs to announce that her **GUITAR RECITAL** will take place on WEDNESDAY Afternoon, June 19th. Tickets and particulars at her Residence, 22a, Dorset Street, Portman Square, W.

**MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON** will sing M. Gounod's new song, "THE SHADOWS OF THE EVENING HOUR" (Violoncello obbligato, Mr. T. Bray), at King's Lynn, June 19th.—19, Newman Street, W.

"MARCHE BRESILLIENNE" AND "STELLA WALTZ."

**MR. IGNACE GIBSON** will play, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, his "MARCHE BRESILLIENNE" and "STELLA WALTZ," on Messrs. P. J. Smith & Sons' Patent Iron Strutted Pianos.

**MR. MILES BENNETT** will sing his new composition, "THE LANSQUENET'S SONG," at Miss Madeleine Meade's Concert, on Monday Evening, June 17th, at the Hall, Store Street, Bedford Square.

"ONE WORD."

**MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG** and Mdlle. SEDLATZKE will sing Nicolai's admired Duet, "ONE WORD," at Mdlle. Sedlatzek's Concert, Willis's Rooms, Thursday Morning next, June 20th.

"THE WEAVER."

**MISS JULIA ELTON** will sing Kate Ward's admired Song, "THE WEAVER," at Mdlle. Sedlatzek's Concert on Thursday next.

"CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE"

**MR. OBERTHÜR** will play his new Solo for the Harp, "CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE," at Mdlle. Sedlatzek's Concert on Thursday next.

"I NAVIGANTI"

**MADAME SINICO**, Signor BETTINI, and Signor COTOGNI will sing Randegger's Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("The Mariners"), at Sir Julius Benedict's Concert, at the Floral Hall, on Monday next, June 17th.

"ONE WORD."

**MADAME MONBELLI** and Signor BETTINI will sing the favourite Duet, "ONE WORD," at Sir Julius Benedict's Concert, Floral Hall, on Monday next, June 17th.

"ALICE"

**MISS ELCHO** will play Ascher's popular Romance for the Pianoforte, "ALICE," at her Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, Tuesday Evening, July 2d.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

**MR. W. BENNETT** will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Miss Elcho's Evening Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, July 2d.

"ONE WORD."

**MADAME SAUERBREY** and Mr. ALFRED BAYLIS will sing the favourite duet, "ONE WORD," at St. George's Hall, on Saturday, 22nd June.

**MISS LIZZIE PORTER** (Soprano) begs to request that all communications for Concerts may be addressed to her, 50, Elizabeth Street, Eaton Square, S.W.

**MDLLE. ANNA RENZI** (Pupil of Signor Graffigna, of Milan), having just arrived in London from Italy, is open to receive Engagements. Address, 12a, Golden Square.

**MISS LINA GLOVER** begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she is in Town for the Season. Letters respecting Oratorios, Concerts, &c., to be addressed to her Residence, 11, Albany Street, N.W.

**MADAME LAURA BAXTER** begs to request that letters respecting Engagements and Pupils may be addressed to her new residence, 55, Bedford Square, W. C.

REMOVAL.

**MISS BESSIE M. WAUGH**, Solo Pianista, Accompanist, and Teacher of the Pianoforte, begs to announce her Removal to 6, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W., where all Communications are requested to be addressed.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

**MR. E. CUNNINGHAM BOOSEY** begs to announce that he has removed from Argyll Place to No. 2, Little Argyll Street, Regent Street, W., where he will continue to carry on his Musical Agency.

**TO PROFESSORS.—TO LET**, a Large Furnished Drawing Room Floor, with use of Piano (full compass), for teaching or practice. Terms moderate. H. D'Aleorn, Musiceller, 14a, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, W.

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**GIGUE** for the Pianoforte (By Handel). Edited by Brinley Richards, and performed by him at his Concert on the 13th inst.—"A charming trifle from a master mind." Price 3s. Free by Post for 18 Stamps. London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street.

"THE LAND OF PROMISE."

**F. HOWELL'S** Oratorio, "THE LAND OF PROMISE," (dedicated to the Birmingham Festival Choral Society).—Price 2s. 6vo.; in Cloth, 2s.—B. Williams, 19, Paternoster Row, London.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The operas last week were the *Traviata*, with Mdlle. Nilsson; the *Trovatore*, with Signor Campanini as Manrico; the *Sonnambula*, with Mdlle Marimon and M. Capoul; *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Mdlle Tietjens and Signor Campanini; and *Faust*, with Mdlle. Nilsson, M. Capoul, Signor Rota, and Signor Mendioroz in the chief characters. It is only necessary to say a word or two about the second and the last of these performances.

The well-worn, but to the general public never unwelcome, *Trovatore* was interesting, inasmuch as it afforded the new and now popular tenor, Signor Campanini, a fresh chance of distinction, of which it may be said at once that he fully availed himself. Although not what is conventionally termed a "tenore robusto," Signor Campanini has unquestionable physical power, and the manner in which he can sustain a prolonged note in the midst of a *cantabile* phrase shows that he is master of the art of holding his breath—an excellent thing in singers. At the commencement of the opera Signor Campanini "husbanded" his powers, and wisely so, perhaps, considering what was to come. But in "Ah si ben mio," the pathetic apostrophe to Leonora, and its fiery sequel, "Di quella pira," he fairly brought down the house. The first was delivered in true vocal style, each phrase and turn of phrase being made the most of, without the slightest exaggeration, and yet conveying all the expression of which it is capable. This was enthusiastically encoored. But what surprised most amateurs was the passion and energy with which Signor Campanini declaimed the "Di quella pira," which, even transposed as is the custom, is still a most trying ordeal for any tenor—unless, like Signor Tamberlik, he happens to be a "tenore robusto." Nothing could be more vigorously expressive or more entirely in consonance with the sentiment of the situation, and nothing more vociferous than the applause of the audience, who honoured Signor Campanini with a double "recall." About the Leonora of Mdlle. Tietjens little need be said. All the operatic world admits it to be the best Leonora on the stage. A word of commendation, however, must be given to Signor Rota, one of the latest but by no means least valuable acquisitions to Mr. Mapleson's company, who gives a really dramatic reading of the not quite intelligible character of the Count di Luna, and who sang "Il balen del suo sorriso" so admirably that by the generally expressed desire of the audience he was forced to repeat it. With Madame Trebelli-Bettini's *Ancora* (now the best on the stage), and Signor Foli's *Ferrando*, the "cast" of Verdi's most popular, if not best, opera was strong at all points; and the general performance, under Sir Michael Costa's direction, being admirable, there was little or nothing to wish for.

We have already spoken about Mdlle. Christine Nilsson's *Violetta* (*La Traviata*). Of her Margaret there is little to say that has not been said over and over again. All the salient points are as prominent now as they were two years since, with the simple reservation that Mdlle. Nilsson seems to have made up her mind to give stronger dramatic colouring to this, as to other parts in her apparently not very extensive repertory. She has thus in some measure undergone what may be described as in some sort a metamorphosis. Every situation in which Margaret is conspicuous is now brought out with twice the vigour of former years. Whether this transformation is for the better or the contrary, is likely to be a moot point with earnest critics. But in either case none can deny the power of Mdlle. Nilsson, the personal fascination she exercises, the exquisite charm of her voice, or her wonderful vocal facility. Her delivery of the quaint legend, "C'era un re di Thule," was as expressive, and her execution of the "Jewel song" as facile and brilliant, as ever. The last was unanimously encoored. In the beautiful and impassioned duet of the garden scene, Mdlle. Nilsson was, perhaps, a little trammelled by her associate, M. Capoul, who, although he sings a great deal of the music of *Faust* with real expression, is apt to "drag" his phrases as much as, in the approved French fashion, he is apt to over-gesticulate. Nevertheless, taken altogether, it was a striking display, and brought down the curtain, after the fatal embrace of Faust and Margaret, amid the loudest applause, followed by two calls for the singers. In the scene of the death of Valentine (Signor Mendioroz), Mdlle. Nilsson was all that could be wished, and in that of the cathedral, where Margaret vainly

strives to pray, she exhibited unaccustomed power and depth of expression. The dungeon scene (the last) was equally good, and the fall of the curtain was followed by renewed demonstrations of satisfaction. Upon the whole, this was a really admirable performance of M. Gounod's popular masterpiece—a performance further remarkable for the appearance of a Mephistopheles, in Signor Rota, dramatically and vocally, with the single exception of the Mephistopheles of M. Faure, unsurpassed in our remembrance. About the Siebel of Madame Trebelli-Bettini (encoored as usual, in the favourite air, "Parlatale d'Amor") it would be superfluous to speak.

This week we have had a repetition of *Semiramide*, a repetition of *Il Trovatore*, and a repetition of *Faust*. To-night, we are promised a repetition of the *Huguenots*, with a new singer, Mdlle. Carlotta Grossi, as Marguerite de Valois.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

If Prince Poniatowski's chief purpose in composing music for such a questionable libretto as that of *Gelmina* was to provide Madame Adelina Patti with opportunities of exhibiting her versatility as singer and comedian, it will hardly be denied that he has carried out his purpose. Signor Campana had attempted much the same thing in *Esmeralda*, written for St. Petersburg, and brought out in 1870 at the Royal Italian Opera. This was also composed for Madame Patti, to whom Signor Campana behaved with more liberality than the Polish Prince, inasmuch as he enabled her to prove how she could not merely sing a brilliant *valse*, act with sprightliness, depict sentiment, and die tragically, but with no less facility dance and beat the tambourine while engaged in the execution of florid vocal passages. Prince Poniatowski, however, has done enough—more than enough, indeed; and if *Gelmina* fails to keep its hold upon the stage it is not the fault of Madame Patti, who interprets all he has set down for her with a perfection rarely surpassed.

To describe the plot of *Gelmina* in long detail would answer no good purpose. It contains incidents too revolting for discussion, and there is no poetical justice in the sequel. Two scoundrels of the deepest dye escape scot free; while of two innocent people the one goes mad and the other is murdered. The first scoundrel is Count Adrian, lord of a domain in the Tyrol, a vulgar kind of Don Giovanni, surrounded by profligate associates, who, like their master, openly express contempt for woman's virtue. The second scoundrel—a worse scoundrel, perhaps, because an older scoundrel than his fellow, is Fra Giovanni, who, having committed unheard of crimes in early manhood, contrives to elude punishment, and, in expiation of his sins, joins the Crusaders, to kill as many Saracens as may fall in his way. He then returns incognito to his native village, disguised in holy orders,—a monk of the approved pattern, as set forth in many of the romances which, half a century ago, used to be issued for the edification of our forefathers. The first innocent person is Gelmina, a young girl, belle of the village, of whom the second innocent person, Silvio, a peasant, is desperately enamoured. Gelmina is a bit of a flirt, and, whether she really likes Silvio or not, drives him almost frantic by her coldness, treating him in fact, very much as Adina treats Nemorino, in the *Élixir d'Amore*. Meanwhile the lord of the domain casts a longing eye upon Gelmina, and, finding his advances rejected, has her forcibly carried off by his dissolute retainers. A prisoner in his "fendal abode," Gelmina is now in the power of Count Adrian, whose importunities are under these conditions more eager and unrestrained. She is rescued, however, at the critical moment by Silvio and a band of peasants, who force their way, armed, into the Count's residence, with the design of putting an end at once to his tyranny and his life. In order to conciliate the peasants, the Count avows that his only desire is to espouse Gelmina; but Fra Giovanni, when appealed to, emphatically forbids the marriage, which he pronounces—no one can guess why—impossible. Now, the worth of Silvio being impressed upon the mind of Gelmina, she is intent upon showing her sense of it. Unfortunately, the abduction of his beloved has so disturbed the mind of the young peasant that he becomes a monomaniac. His fixed idea is to kill Count Adrian whenever and wherever he may happen to

meet with him. A curious symptom of Silvio's madness is that he takes almost every one he sees for the object of his vengeance, except the very man against whom it is directed. In consequence of certain horrible disclosures on the part of Fra Giovanni, who turns out to be not only Adrian's father, but the father of Gelmina, and the murderer of Gelmina's mother, the excellent Adrian determines to amend the errors of his ways and to the best of his ability become an honest man. We prefer not entering more minutely into the confessions of Fra Giovanni; but it may logically be inferred that Count Adrian's altered demeanour, which results from them, is the cause why Silvio, when he does at length come in contact with him, despite the Count's confession of his identity, fails to recognise him. Why, however, Silvio, on turning round to Gelmina, who is about to embrace him, should stab her as though she were the delinquent upon whom he had vowed vengeance it is difficult to explain. Gelmina dies a slow death. Silvio, restored to reason, as if by magic, is very sorry; and Count Adrian may be presumed to lead a reformed life, under the guidance of his newly found and exemplary father. Anything more absurd than this *dénouement* was never contrived.

What composer could possibly invent music for such a farrago? Prince Poniatowski has done his best under the circumstances. He has written many very pretty, if not very original melodies; has, here and there, in the most forcible situations, exhibited a certain dramatic power of expression; has given one excellent opportunity for M. Naudin (Silvio) to show how cleverly a practised artist can get through a long and arduous scene, which, if not managed with consummate skill and the nicest discrimination, might occasionally border on the ridiculous; has afforded more than one chance for Signor Cotogni to prove that he also possesses the ability to sustain an uphill part and save a character alike commonplace and detestable from obloquy; has well fitted the voice of Signor Baggiolo in the music of Fra Giovanni; and, to conclude, as we have already hinted, has afforded Madame Adelina Patti a means of distinction of which she avails herself to admiration. That Prince Poniatowski writes with a well-practised hand, guided by a well-tutored mind, those acquainted with his *Pierre de Medici* and his *Don Desiderio*, both produced in Paris—to say nothing of his other operas—need scarcely be informed. That he is an accomplished connoisseur, who during his term of influence and power exerted himself, not only in Paris, but in Italy and elsewhere, to promote the purposes of genuine art is a known fact—a fact as well known as the universal esteem in which he is held alike by amateurs and musicians. We may almost go so far as to say that Prince Poniatowski, if amateur he may be called who has produced so much dramatic music, is the most popular amateur of his time. In noticing an opera from his pen it would be out of place to refer to the Prince's other claims to consideration; but how many other claims—legitimate claims—he can put forward might fairly be urged if occasion offered. Enough here that he has not only practised art enthusiastically on his own account, but throughout his career, whenever he could find a chance, has been an enthusiastic and a generous patron of art. That which he loved he not simply strove to help by his own endeavours, but by encouraging to the best of his means the endeavours of others. His name has for this reason been honoured far and wide.

But to return to *Gelmina*, it only remains to add that the performance generally was admirable, and that Madame Patti's portrayal of the death of Gelmina was so touching, pathetic, and natural as almost to make one forget the absurd improbability of the catastrophe. We have witnessed many delineations of the kind from some of the greatest artists, but none more striking and impressive than this. How Prince Poniatowski's opera was received on the night of its first performance, when the Prince and Princess of Wales attended the performance and remained until the end, has already been recorded.

The other operas last week were *Der Freischütz*, *Lucia*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Barbiere*. In the *Huguenots*—which we have already noticed—a new bass, Herr Köhler, replaced Signor Baggiolo in the character of Marcel, and made a good if not a powerful impression. Herr Köhler, who belongs to Dresden, is one of the three artists announced in the prospectus to play a principal character in Wagner's *Lohengrin*. As, however, *Lohengrin*,

after all the talk about it, is, we are informed, not to be given this season, it of course behoved Mr. Gye to make some other use of Herr Köhler, in order that his services might not be altogether lost. Herr Köhler is evidently a practised artist, who thoroughly understands the traditions of the part of Marcel; but further than this we do not feel justified in saying at present. The other parts were distributed as usual.

The revival of *Der Freischütz* was interesting for two reasons. First, M. Faure, who was never heard in the part before, played Caspar. We may say at once that, although the music does not lie always well for his voice, a more intelligent and dramatically forcible portrayal of the character has not been witnessed since Formes was in his prime. But M. Faure does everything well. He is an artist *pur sang*, and studies *con amore* whatever part may be awarded to him. Thus his Caspar was understood and applauded by the audience—a musical audience, as may be imagined, the opera being *Der Freischütz*. The Agata of M<sup>me</sup>. Pauline Lucca was what every amateur expected it would be—the genuine Agata of Kind and Weber, the Agata of the story, and the Agata of the music. From beginning to end it was the right thing. Madame Lucca gives us a living character of flesh and blood, not, as is too often the case, an Agata who has to sing a grand *scena*, an air, a duet and a trio, more or less well, and in the intervals to walk the stage, as if indifferent to all that passes. No greater or more legitimate success could have been achieved; and so much did M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca impress the audience in the magnificent soliloquy of the second act, when Agata awaits the return of Rodolph, that the *allegro*—delivered with amazing vigor and dramatic effect—was encored and repeated—an event of almost unprecedented occurrence. Equally admirable, in another sense, was the beautiful romance, with violoncello *obbligato*, which Agata sings alone, at the commencement of Act III., and which M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca gave with a finish and depth of expression that reminded us of Jenny Lind in her best time. Madame Sinico, the sprightly and animated Annetta we all know, was as sprightly and animated as ever, and obtained great applause in both her airs. The part of Max (or Rudolphe—*les deux se disent*) devolved upon Signor Bettini, who took commendable pains with the very difficult *scena* in the first act—the stumbling-block, and not to be wondered at, of so many tenors who attempt it. The general performance of *Der Freischütz* was hardly up to the Covent Garden mark. But at this period of the season, where there is much business on hand, we must not expect invariable perfection.

*Martha* was played on Tuesday, *Le Nozze di Figaro* on Wednesday, *Der Freischütz* on Thursday, *Don Giovanni* was announced for last night, with M<sup>me</sup>. Parepa-Rosa as Donna Anna; and to-night we are promised *L'Elisir d'Amore*, for the *début* of M<sup>lle</sup>. Smeraschi.

#### MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S RECITALS.

The sixth pianoforte recital took place at St. James's Hall on Friday afternoon the 7th inst., and the programme, as will be perceived, was progressive, like those of the former concerts of the series. The first piece was a trio by Raff, the executants being Madame Norman-Néruda and M<sup>rs</sup>. Hallé and Daubert. This trio is eminently characteristic of the author, and a good specimen of the school of which he professes to be a follower. It could not have been played more splendidly in every respect. Beethoven's sonata in G, was the piece selected by Mr. Hallé and Madame Norman-Néruda; and a well-known Scherzo of Chopin was the pianoforte solo. A trio of Schumann, wild, dreamy, and idealistic, wound up the instrumental portion of the concert. M<sup>lle</sup>. Drasdil was the vocalist, and her deep rich tones, and excellent method were displayed in two songs; in the latter of which—the exceedingly melodious composition of Signor Randegger, called "Sleep dearest, sleep"—Herr Daubert's violoncello accompaniment, enhanced the pleasure of the listeners, who loudly applauded the performance. The hall was, as usual, crowded with a fashionable and highly appreciative audience.—H. L.

**LEIPZIG.**—The Duke of Coburg's opera, *Diana von Solange*, has been performed here. All who took part in it received tokens of approbation from the Royal composer. Some had orders conferred on them, and some were presented with ordinary presents.

## M. GOUNOD'S ARRANGEMENTS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—“Everything from Bach downwards has been ‘arranged’ by M. Charles Gounod.” So runs the daily comment of the representatives of public and musical opinion. M. Gounod utters a disclaimer in a public manner: “the word does not convey the meaning he intends, is a misnomer in fact.” Well content to accept this explanation from the illustrious composer, the public might yet enquire “What does the word *arrange* mean?” In your leading article of last week some illustrations of its meaning were propounded. These illustrations are amusing. They appear to me to originate in certain circumstantial exigencies. Such, for instance, as arise when an individual who plays only on one instrument, as the flute or violin for instance, wishes to get some outline of concerted music when alone. A symphony for the flute of an opera for the violin borders on the ludicrous, in the disproportion of means to the end desired. Yet we have all known muscians bitten with an unscrupulous curiosity to dip into more music than has been available for their particular instrument. I have known clever amateurs amused for hours with “arrangements” of this kind. Kalkbrenner and Mendelssohn would amuse themselves with violin concertos on the piano; why not the violinist or flautist pick the melodies out of the piano compositions. Still, it must be admitted, that in such pastime the piano has so much the best of the fun as to furnish additional weight to the trite saying, “comparisons are odious.” One reflection always stares me in the face on such occasions. *The impossibility of speaking the original.* Good music is positively indestructible. One does not, of course, mean to say that “Adeste Fideles” or the “Old Hundredth” are as good on a barrel organ as with a perfect quartet of voices; that “Pro peccatis” and “But who may abide” are as acceptable on the ophicleide as from a Lablache. Yet I do say that if ever tunes such as these could possibly have been done to death, these and others of the same class would long ago have succumbed. “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” on the musical pear, before ever it cropped out into the instrument now known as the concertina, was positively recognisable. Like a pretty face, a pretty melody is a “thing of beauty and a joy for ever;” still, bonnets of the ugliest, coiffures of the most impossible patterns, hirsute pyramids, rainbow reins, shawl, comforter nor cap, from the size of a penny to a small umbrella, circular, triangle or square, no device of flowers, nor fruit, nor arsenic-grass, nor gamboge-straw, not even the nun’s sweet cap—nothing can destroy a pretty face. Just so with a pretty tune. Play it on the trombone or the fife, a Jew’s-harp or a five-rank mixture (a little out of tune)—I think in this last case I should prefer the mouth organ to the finger organ—cornopean or tin-whistle; church chimes (the most untunable things extant) or the monochord (the most deceitful thing out) the tune cannot be destroyed. Obliterated, I will confess; yet the *tune* is there. How immortal the tune! What vitality is in the melody! The moment of M. Gounod’s deprecatingly being termed “an arranger” might not be inappropriate to call to mind some of the idiosyncracies of arranging, and likewise some of its advantages. When Tomkins, of our village, arranges a work originally set by such an one as Corelli, in three parts, for a full band, I take care to keep out of the way on the occasion of Tomkins’s concert. This is, however, precisely what one great German writer has done for another equally eminent German writer; and although at first carped at, the aforesaid arrangements (for such they undoubtedly are) have come to be universally accepted now. Where lies the difference? Corelli and Handel; both good originators. The difference lies in the arranger simply. One’s name was Tomkins (at least that shall stand for his cognomen, which, by the way, I do occasionally recall,) the other, Mozart. And yet, strange as it may appear to some, I can remember a far more strenuous professional opposition to Mozart’s arrangement of Handel than ever was offered to Tomkins on Corelli. Stranger yet, the most “opinionated” opposition to M. Charles Gounod’s present arrangements comes precisely from the same quarter, inspired by the very identical personages, which is saying a good deal; but I am not speaking without my book. I will go even farther and say those that opposed the one on commercial grounds are now opposing the other likewise on commercial grounds. The then chief purveyors of Handel’s *Messiah* to the public loaded with abuse the vendors of these same *spurious* (that was the exclamation) “arrangements” of Mozart. Backed by a leading professor who “never would believe that Mozart wrote them” (though I trust he recanted before his departure), no hard words were hard enough, no bitter words bitter enough to denounce those who sold the *Messiah* with Mozart’s additional accompaniments. Now, I hear and see with my own ears and eyes the denunciations of M. Gounod’s “arrangements” from the same sources. It is a matter of thankfulness that many more amongst the public can now read music for themselves than formerly; and it would be as difficult to make them believe that M. Gounod has altered Bach as that Mozart has altered Handel. Yet so slow are even those whose

special interest it is to place themselves *au courant* with the progress of the art, to recognise or acknowledge anything whatever that is decidedly new, that creative genius must, in every form, be stifled and ignored, lest it should turn out that their conclusions should have to be modified. It was a primary necessity that the generation *en masse*, who had denounced Mozart’s accompaniments to the *Messiah*, should die out before those accompaniments could be generally recognized and performed in England. What a theme for reflection is here! This in passing. I was led to look into the new “arrangements” of M. Gounod by the comments above mentioned. The famous *Ave Maria* I will not refer to again. No need for it to be proclaimed a marvel of beauty; the world has endorsed it. But apart from that, it is one of the most ingenious and lovely studies that could possibly engage the young musician. Without altering a note of the original, M. Gounod has built an enchanting melody on what to many contained no discernible outline whatever. Coming to the more recent arrangements of M. Gounod, especially those for the Albert Hall Choir, I propose to notice them briefly *seriatim*. The first, an “Adoro te,” has 28 measures of stately prelude, after the revived modern organ style, “coming from nowhere and departing no whither,” and seven bars of “Amen;” this latter a fragment of counterpoint remarkable from each succeeding entry being made at an interval of a sixth, alternately major and minor: an admirable example to those writers who are inclined to allow their responses to “tumble in” like clowns in a ring, without purpose or design. The next two numbers, “Kyrie,” Palestrina, and “Motett,” Bach, certainly belie the term arranged. I fail to perceive any alteration in them; there is not even a note of accompaniment. I accept the conductor’s explanation (apology I think might be said). They are not re-arranged, “edited” merely; which in France, I believe, means literally “published.” Then comes the “Old Hundredth.” It has many times been harmonized before. Here we have two verses in different harmony; two by way of prelude and interlude; one in unison with harmonized accompaniment. Five-bar phrases are used; I prefer four. The harmonies for a congregation should, I think, be identical. In the melodial text neither the old nor the new has been adopted. In the final bars of cadence of the conflicting unages the least effective has been adopted. Of the next, “Belle qui tiens,” three hundred years old, the question might be asked how much of the original do we see in any modern arrangement. Presuming that the melody has been touched and retouched, and knowing that probably not a single chord in this version belonged to the original copy, it is probably as much M. Gounod’s as anyone’s. Shifting the bass note with every chord seems the modern plan; I think a tonal system of phrases preferable. Ending a minor composition with a major chord has enlisted the highest usage; I prefer a cognate one. Or what is, I think, best in cases of dispute—finish all the verses with the kindred chord, except the last; in the last express only the fifth, letting the ear supply the missing interval. The next, a piece of but twelve bars, is another ancient scrap of French national music. The next likewise a French national scrap of seventeen bars, thrice repeated. One cannot deal with a Mosaic as with a painted picture. The arranging here, as in the *Ave Verum*, by Mozart, which follows, is of the mildest possible kind, and the sin, if any, is of the most venial description. To the latter there is an additional pedal line for the organ, but, throughout the whole of the *Ave*, does not contain a single note, nothing but bars’ rests. It is indeed a mistake to call such reprints arrangements. The *O Sanctissima* has been turned inside out. It appears first as a male chorus, then female chorus, then mixed. The “Amen” is piquant and telling. The next and last “arrangement” is a double chorus by Leisner, belonging to the sixteenth century. The music has not been altered, so that it is only fair to infer, the objectionable term having been publicly withdrawn by M. Gounod himself, that the publisher will follow suit and henceforth erase from such pieces as are merely reprints, the word “arranged.” Before leaving this subject I cannot help saying a word respecting the general selection for the new choir’s *début*. It speaks for itself; is varied and practicable. The new *Te Deum* was the chief item. Of the smaller pieces some half-dozen of them appear to have been selected solely on account of their melodial attractions. Melody the people must and will have; this the new conductor appears to have had the *nous* to have at once perceived, and, what is more, acted on his perceptions. Of the other programmes, with your kind leave, Mr. Editor, if the subject should be deemed of sufficient importance, I may take leave to address you on some future occasion. As to there being no English music in the programme or, indeed, scarcely any in any of M. Gounod’s published programmes, that is a question for himself alone to decide. Having placed him in his position, the commissioners are bound to acquiesce in his judgment. If there is any English music, ancient or modern, more appropriate than the pieces performed you will, I feel assured not object to any of your readers or correspondents mentioning them through the medium of your columns. For myself, though I have listened to considerable new choral music, I have not met with one new

place containing a really new good melody; and music without melody is simply not music at all in any sense whatever.—Yours,

IDEALIZER.

June 5th, 1872.

P.S.—Permit me to plead "guilty" to a charge embodied in a recent letter by one "Cocker," of having counted the "notes" I ought not to have counted, and leaving uncounted the "notes" I ought to have counted.

[We cannot find room for any further correspondence on this interesting subject.—Ed. M. W.]

#### MDLLE. NILSSON'S CONCERT.

The announcement made some time ago that Mdlle. Christine Nilsson would appear at only two concerts during the present season was sufficient to secure an overflowing audience for the first, which took place in St. James's Hall. It is usual, when such a "star" appears, to adapt the surroundings with a view rather to contrast than comparison; but Mdlle. Nilsson honoured this rule by breaking it, the artists who supported her having, in most cases, an equal claim with herself to public favour. The result was an entertainment of unique merit in its way, and entirely worthy the special distinction which attended it. Mdlle. Nilsson took a liberal share of the programme, not fewer than five pieces having her name attached. She began with the lovely air sung by Handel's Theodora as she is led to execution. Mdlle. Nilsson long ago adopted "Angels ever bright and fair," and her performance of it on this occasion was simply a repetition of a familiar success. Purists might urge, perhaps, that her rendering of the music slightly exaggerates its sentiment; but the audience of Wednesday entertained no such idea, and would gladly have had the performance repeated. The fair concert-giver next took part with Mr. Santley in Verdi's "Tutte le feste," (*Rigoletto*), after which she sang the "mad music" from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and joined Mr. Sims Reeves in Rossini's "Mira la blanca luna." The time for criticism upon efforts such as these, when made by Mdlle. Nilsson, has long gone by; and we say all that is necessary in stating that they showed no abatement of the old and well-remembered charm which raised the Swedish songstress to eminence. Madame Patey was heard to great advantage in Haydn's "Spirit Song," Benedict's "Little baby's gone to sleep," and Randegger's "Peacefully slumber," all of which are adapted to display her fine voice and style. Mr. Reeves' songs were "Adelaide," and a new composition by F. Clay, "Tis better not to know;" those of Mr. Santley being "O ruddier than the cherry" and "The Yeoman's Wedding." How artists so eminent acquitted themselves there is no need to tell. The instrumental soloists were Mdlle. Brandes (pianoforte), Madame Neruda (violin), and M. de Vroye (flute). Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and Signor Randegger were the accompanists.

#### SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Although unfavourable weather lessened the attendance which Mr. Frederick Strange had a right to expect from the very attractive programme he had provided, the first "grand ballad concert" of the season must have greatly increased the faith already reposed in the energy and liberality of the lessee. The magnificent hall, which, in brilliancy of ornament, capacity of accommodation, and capability of transmitting sound, is not excelled by any building in the metropolis, offers peculiar advantages, and from the vocalists engaged on the occasion of the first of the series of ballad concerts, to be continued throughout the season, it may be judged that the public will here have the opportunity of conveniently enjoying a succession of musical entertainments far better in quality than those usually associated with places of outdoor amusement. Weber's overture to *Oberon* and a selection from Meyerbeer's opera, *Les Huguenots*, admirably displayed the force of the numerous and efficient orchestra conducted by M. Arban. Mr. Sims Reeves so generously responded to the enthusiastic demands of the audience that, although only named for "The Last Rose of Summer," "My Pretty Jane," and "The Bay of Biscay," he treated them in addition to "Come into the garden, Maud," and "Tom Bowling," rendering each in his best manner, and receiving continual proofs of the intense gratification he was affording. Mdlle. Cora de Wilhorst charmed the auditory with Kathleen Mavourneen, "Comin' through the Rye," and "Home, Sweet Home." Mr. Patey sang with excellent effect, "Down among the dead men" and "The Friar of Orders Grey," and Madame Patey gave most expressively Hullah's song, "The Storm," Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Days," and "John Anderson, my Joe." Mr. Sydney Naylor was the accompanist. The display of fireworks in front of the Messrs. Grieve's effective picture of the Sultan's Palace on the Bosphorus was of extra brilliancy, introducing some new and ingenious devices; and the extravaganza of the *Sylvan Statue* concluded an entertainment which had afforded, for a moderate expenditure, nearly eight hours' enjoyment.

#### M. SAINTON'S MATINÉES.

M. Sainton's third *matinée* of classical chamber music brought the series to a close on Friday the 7th inst., at the Hanover Square Rooms. MM. Sainton, Amor, Zerhini, and Lasserre, commenced with the *Andante sostenuto* and *Scherzo* from Mendelssohn's Quartet, Op. 81. The same artists, together with M. Delaborde (pianoforte), and M. Delamour (contrabasso), played a concerto in D minor, by J. S. Bach, with a *Cadenza* by M. Delaborde. Whatever may be the variety of opinions as to M. Delaborde's phrasing and conception of classical works, there cannot be two opinions as to the masterly manner in which he played on this occasion. The *Cadenza* which he introduced towards the *finale* of the concerto was identical in style with Bach's music, and might have been supposed to have formed part of the original composition, save for the terrific difficulty of the passages and the extended compass of the notes which the modern pianoforte enables composers to grasp. M. Delaborde was applauded to the echo, and recalled at the conclusion of the concerto. Beethoven's grand quatuor in A minor, Op. 132 (posthumous), was played, and also the melodious and tuneful *Andante* and *Rondo* in B minor, of Schubert. In this last piece MM. Delaborde and Sainton attempted to outvie each other in perfection of playing. M. Sainton appeared again in conjunction with Master Claude Jaquinot, a very little boy, who made his *début* under the auspices of the great violinist. They played portions of a duet by Spohr. Master Jaquinot possesses a wonderful tone, plays in most correct tune and time, and bids fair to be an eminent performer. The piece was encored. Miss Rose Martell sang Haydn's "Spirit song," and was much applauded. M. de Fontanier, who possesses a remarkably fine sonorous bass voice, sang two songs by Lüdgers, and was encored in the latter, a very spirited composition, "Soldaten lied aus dem Faust." M. Capoul, the French tenor from Drury Lane, sang "Adelaide," accompanied by Mr. Thouless. M. Capoul gave a completely French version of the song, dramatic and impassioned, yet artistic and finished. He was loudly applauded. It is not possible to imagine any other song so capable of producing pleasurable effects under different phases, or so capable of bringing to light the salient points of the singers of various nations. It appears as different as possible, and yet the same, when sung in the German style of Fischek, the Italian of Mario, the English of Sims Reeves, and the French of Capoul. Which is the best? M. Sainton deserves the thanks of all amateurs for his excellent concerts, and for giving an opportunity of showing that of resident violinists he is still *facile princeps*.—H. L.

#### CRYSTAL PALACE.

The annual juvenile choral festival of the Tonic Sol-fa Association was held on Wednesday, and a large number of persons availed themselves of the occasion for visiting the Palace. It may be remarked in a parenthesis, however, that the Palace is well worth seeing just now, the rain having had the effect of keeping the grounds in all the freshness which the poets attribute to the month just gone by. The choir mustered about three thousand strong. This was a smaller number than used to be assembled for the earlier Tonic Sol-fa Concerts; but all present on Wednesday were understood to be holders of certificates testifying that they had severally undergone an examination and had been found capable of singing, at any rate, easy music from notes. As usual, the programme was divided into two parts, one consisting of sacred, and the other of secular pieces. It is needless to go into particulars, for the music was of the usual character, and it was for the most part gone through with accustomed steadiness and accuracy. Mr. Joseph Proudman, and Mr. W. G. McNaught officiated as conductors, and Mr. James Coward as organist. In the evening a concert was given in the concert-room by about two hundred of the adult members of the Association who hold what are called "intermediate certificates." The pieces were of a much higher character than those performed in the great orchestra, and were selected from the works of Mendelssohn, Spohr, Benedict, Smart, Kreutzer, Hatton, Sullivan, and other composers. The part-song, "A solemn calm, a silence holy," was rendered with great effect; and Spohr's quartet and chorus, "Blessed for ever," afforded much scope for delicacy of light and shade, as the part-song, "Where is the nation," which immediately followed, gave the choir an opportunity of showing what it could do in the way of crisp intonation. The last was deservedly encored, a compliment also paid to Mr. Hatton's part-song, "England," and some other pieces. Mr. Proudman may be congratulated on the success which has attended his experiment of an evening concert.

## CRYSTAL PALACE OPERA.

It is constantly remarked that English opera is on the point of fading away from the list of popular amusements. Observations to this effect are seldom left unchallenged by actual circumstances; and just when we are supposed to have seen the last of English opera, it comes to light again in some unexpected locality. If the institution be in mortal agony, it certainly dies hard; but at present there is no reason to believe that we are seeing the last of an entertainment once immensely popular among all classes. London, it is true, has not had for years a theatre devoted to native opera, or unsatisfactory English adaptations of the Italian, German, or French musical drama. The last strong effort to popularize the operatic works of our own countrymen was made at Covent Garden Theatre, when Mr. G. A. Macfarren's *Helvellyn*, Mr. J. L. Hatton's *Rose*; or, *Love's Ransom*, and other works of the class were brought out. That venture was unsuccessful, but belief is yet apparently strong in the vitality of English opera. It is natural to look to the Crystal Palace for the advocacy of all that is supposed to be genuine and worthy of support in music, and during the last year or two the authorities have taken up the cause of national opera with characteristic spirit and determination. A theatre has been built and fitted up within the Palace, and an earnest desire to give the operas chosen as perfectly as possible has always been manifest. One great assistance towards a good and efficient performance is at hand in the far-famed Crystal Palace band, conducted by a gentleman competent to undertake the getting up of any musical work, however elaborate. Mr. Manns has, from the time the enterprise was projected, worked hard and spared no pains to ensure success; and full acknowledgment is due to the directors for the liberality shown in putting the various operas on the stage. Leaving adaptations for a time, a native work, pure and simple, was produced on Tuesday with every possible evidence of success. This was Mr. G. A. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, originally brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre in October, 1860. We need not specify the original cast, but at the Crystal Palace Mr. Nordblom plays Robin Hood; Mr. Henry Corri, Sir Reginald de Bracy; Mr. Edward Connell, Hugo, the Sompnour; Mr. E. Cotte, Allan-a-Dale; Mr. Marier, Little John; Mr. Tempest, Much; Miss Palmer, Alice; and Miss Blanche Cole, Maid Marian. How well Mr. Macfarren has preserved the thoroughly national character or "colour" in his opera, is no doubt well remembered by many of our readers, and such sound and genuine music as there is in *Robin Hood* will always bear repetition. Those who may have seen the work can do no better than refresh their memories by another hearing; and those unacquainted with it should certainly not miss the chance now offered of becoming to some extent familiar with the really clever and charming production of one of our most learned English musicians. Miss Blanche Cole's pure voice and perfect style are well employed in the music of Maid Marian. She sang the scene, "Hail, happy morn!" a composition of no mean difficulty, extremely well. Mr. Nordblom's version of the ballad, "Thy gentle voice," was well received, and Miss Palmer gives the contralto music with taste and good effect. All the practical fun with the "Sompnour," in the Sherwood Forest scene, when that unfortunate individual is prodded with spears and arrows, and made to dance for the amusement of the Merry Men, was heartily enjoyed by the audience. In the Nottingham Fair business, a Maypole dance is introduced; and some exceedingly picturesque scenery has been painted expressly for this revival by Mr. F. Fenton.

*Robin Hood* is studded with charming ballads, trios, part-songs, and specimens of concerted music, and we venture to repeat that as such an opportunity of hearing a genuine English opera may not occur again for a considerable time, admirers of the native school should lose no time in paying a visit to the Crystal Palace.

DRESDEN.—Herr Max Wolf's three-act opera, *Rosa und Reseda* (*Rose and Mignonette*), has been successfully produced at the Royal Opera-house, where, by the way, Mdle. Orgeni has been singing, with marked success, a round of characters. Herr Bruch's *Hermione* was to have been produced, but the project seems for the present to be abandoned. Meyerbeer's *Prophète* has been revived with a partially new *mise-en-scène*.—A concert was given in the Frauenkirche on the birthday of the Crown Prince. Though the programme was supposed to consist exclusively of sacred music, it opened with a secular piece, "Gruss an den König August." This was followed by compositions of Reissiger, Palestrina, and others, very wretchedly performed. The same holds good, also, of a number of vocal pieces executed in a double sense, by six hundred children. The singing of Mdle. Orgeni, and the playing of the Court Organist, Herr Merkel, were the sole redeeming features of the concert.—Another concert lately given was that got up by the Wagner-Committee for the benefit of the Bayreuth enterprise. Notwithstanding a lavish distribution of free tickets, there were very few persons present.—The Duke of Anhalt has presented Herr Friedrich Grützmacher with the House-Order of Albert the Bear.

## THE FORTHCOMING FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

We understand that the members of the Royal Academy of Music intend to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary with a great dinner, and are also glad to find that some public festivity is likely to take place upon that happy event.

This institution is the first and principal one in the United Kingdom, nor can any other, far and wide, boast, and with pride, of the name of such a Principal as Sir Sterndale Bennett, nor count so many distinguished professors.

We only wish it may in future maintain its position, and be looked up to as the Central School of Music for the United Kingdom, and, like the Conservatoire of Paris, the Conservatoire at Brussels, the Royal Academy at Stockholm, it may likewise obtain the support of Government similarly to those places which receive State aid; handsome subsidies being voted for them, so that her illustrious Principal and her distinguished Professors may be enabled to devote their undivided energies and faculties for her benefit.

Let the Royal Academy, on her part, follow the example of her sister institution, the Royal Academy for Painters, by nominating honorary members, and electing artists, composers, historians, and others who have distinguished themselves as writers on the theory of music, its literature and science, and assemble them for *séances*, so that the Academy may be benefited by their opinions and decisions on pending questions of importance; and the profession and public at large would feel confidence in the veto of such an assemblage.

We should then become relieved of the so-called societies for training and elevating the musical art, and cultivating the public taste, which are now headed and superintended by merely amateurs and tyros, who have hitherto only used music as a play-thing. Great and momentous subjects still undecided, such as our musical pitch and the musical notation for the use of our public schools, would long ere this, under such happy auspices, have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

This country merely wants a Musical Centre, and the Royal Academy of Music should fill up the vacancy.

May a new era begin for the Royal Academy with its fiftieth anniversary, not only for herself, but for the musical profession of this country, and for the ultimate entertainment and delight of the appreciative public in general.

These few suggestions may be regarded as a prelude to a further extended correspondence on the same subject.

DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

Malvern House, Queen's Terrace, Grove Street Road.  
June 10th, 1872.

## THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL JUBILEE.

(From "Watson's New York Art Journal.")

The opening of the Great Festival is fixed for Monday, June 17th, and although Bostonians, who have an opportunity to see with their own eyes what rapid progress is being made in the construction of the Mammoth Building, are beginning to regard the completion of the work within the stipulated time as a matter of certainty, there is a distrust in some quarters, especially since the downfall of a portion of the first structure, as to the ability of the builders to perform their task. The following, from His Honour Mayor Gaston, should set all such doubts at rest:—

Executive Department, City Hall.  
Boston, May 14th, 1872.

As inquiries are frequently made at this office in regard to the completion of the building in which the International Musical Festival is to be held in this city in season for the opening on the 17th June next, I desire to state that there is no doubt whatever, that a substantial structure will be completed and ready for occupation before that date.

WILLIAM GASTON, Mayor.

NAPLES.—A new opera, *Regina*, is in preparation at the Politeama. It is by an amateur, the Marchese Domenico Tupputi.

MOSCOW.—During the Polytechnic Exhibition, in the months of June, July, August, and September, there will be a series of ten instrumental concerts. The programmes will include works by Glinka, Seroff, Dargomyzhsky, Werstoffskey, A. Rubinstein, Balakireff, Korsakoff, Dütch, Mussorsky, Tchaikowsky, and other Russian composers.

## PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO MISS EYLES.

MISS EYLES having been confined to her bed for the last seven months through severe illness, and being consequently unable to follow her profession, some of her friends, deeply regretting her lamentable condition, have formed themselves into a Committee, with a view to present her with a substantial Testimonial of their sympathy.

Miss Eyles has so large a circle of personal friends, and so many admirers of her professional talent, that the Committee are encouraged to hope a Testimonial will be freely subscribed to, so as to place at her disposal a sufficient sum of money to replace the loss of income arising from her severe and protracted illness.

A preliminary meeting was held at St. James's Hall, on May 25, when Mr. Edward Land presided, and the following resolution was unanimously passed:—

"That Mr. Land be appointed Honorary Treasurer; that a circular embodying the state of the above case be printed; and that the gentlemen whose names follow be the Committee for carrying out the foregoing resolution."

MR. JOHN ADAMS, JUN.  
MR. J. S. ANCONA.  
MR. BAXTER.  
MR. COATES.  
MR. HENRY COWAN.  
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To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

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GRAND FANTASIA, in C, Op. 15, for Pianoforte alone ..... *Schubert*.  
MR. CHARLES HALLÉ.

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Madame NORMAN-NEUDA.

SONG ..... Mlle. CLARA DORIA.  
GRAND TRIO, in B-flat, Op. 97, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello *Beecham*.  
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## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1872.

MUCH has been done, and is still doing, at the Albert Hall, of a character which seems to demand grave reprehension. Indeed, the bitterest enemy of "South Kensington" and its appurtenances could not wish to see his game played more skilfully than by the distinguished gentlemen who, with a sense of their own merits more profound than is possible to other people, have installed themselves as supreme arbiters of musical taste in the big building out West. Truly, the worst foes of Albert Hall are "those of its own household;" and, as things are now managed, it is hard to see how ultimate collapse can be avoided. The muddle is made most obvious, perhaps, in connection with the Choral Society, which was to develop a new phase in our musical "island story," and inaugurate a new era of artistic progress in an essentially popular branch of art. The Society has given but two concerts, and already it is a mark for the finger of scorn. Without prejudice to the ability of the members, or the skill of M. Gounod, the French gentleman so strangely placed by South Kensington *dilletanti* in the van of English progress, it is generally held that the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society has woefully missed its mark. The blight of "private" interests has fallen upon it; and malicious tongues speak of its concerts as simply advertisements for a musician and a pub-

lisher. Critical pens, ever disposed to assume the best, do not go so far as malicious tongues; but it seems that they have gone far enough to prick M. Gounod and make him cry out. The Gallic composer, we are told, delivered his wail at a late rehearsal of the Society, taking the opportunity, also, of hitting out at the "small critics" who pester him. According to M. Gounod, the word "arranged," as used in connection with pieces like Mozart's "Ave verum," bears a meaning, when so used, other than that generally understood. Well, there is no penal law against malversation of the Queen's English—a man may, for example, write "composed" instead of "copied," without fear of Newgate—and we ought not to look for an exact application of native words from a stranger and foreigner. But this supplies another proof of the fact that M. Gounod has fallen into bad hands—into hands so bad that they might even be the hands of enemies. Surely the distinguished composer's friends ought to have explained to him what we English generally understand by "arrangements;" and still more emphatically ought to have shown him that, though we are "a nation of shopkeepers," we like to keep a few places and things free from shop influences. But M. Gounod was left in entire ignorance of these facts; and, for aught we know, may have been stimulated to the fatal defence, and still more fatal attack, of which mention has been made. M. Gounod is said to declare that his receipts from England, in return for the use of his compositions, amount to—"so much." This may be a mistaken rumour, of course; but even supposing he had received nothing, it does not follow that recompense should be gained by turning our *soi-disant* foremost Choral Society into an advertising medium for "arrangements," which consist of "breath-marks." M. Gounod's most ingenious advisers would fail to make an adequate defence for him; but the argument he himself adopted was the very weakest conceivable. Indeed, it showed a feebleness which goes far to justify our theory that the musical Samson of France has fallen into the hands of English Philistines, and had his hair shorn. But what did M. Gounod mean by "small critics," seeing that every critic has assailed him more or less potentially. Was the word "small" applied in a generic sense, as expressing M. Gounod's idea of English criticism at large? If so, we make our profoundest bow to M. Gounod, in acknowledgment of a hero who, like another Marmion, can

"Beard the lion in his den,  
The Douglas in his hall."

By the way, has M. Gounod ever read *Marmion*? No doubt he has; and remembers that, after having performed his act of valour, the gallant champion had to run for dear life, with the loss of his plume. *Absit omen*. M. Gounod is a distinguished man, able to confer honour upon the country of his residence; and we are proud to have him in England; but really he should not taunt the critics, great or "small," if he would retire to France, wearing a plume.

#### —o— OCCASIONAL NOTE.

THERE are a lot of people in the world whose mission seems to be the cavilling at every gracious and graceful act. Some of these, perhaps necessary, but certainly not harmless, folk have a seat in the House of Lords; and, obeying their natural instincts, they cavilled at the sending our Grenadier Guards' Band to Boston. This was pushing tolerance too far; because on no account could such an act of courtesy do harm, while it was, on many accounts likely to do good. To what may we best compare the illustrious senators in question? We have it:—To the grubs which eat out the heart of rose blossoms. Would we could crush them as easily.

#### CONCERTS VARIOUS.

AN evening concert took place on Friday the 7th inst., at the Lecture Hall, Camden Park Road, in aid of the Presbyterian Church Building Fund. The vocalists were Miss Emma Charlier, Mdle. Elena Angèle, the Misses Merryweather, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Frisch, Mr. Kerr Gedge, and Mr. Adolphe Kühne. Pianoforte, Mr. Henry Baumer and Mr. Edwin Such; Harp, Mr. Oberthur. Miss E. Charlier produced great effect by her artistic singing of Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair," and was loudly recalled. The Misses Merryweather were encored in Stephen Glover's duet, "The music of the Birds;" Mdle. Angèle sang Gounod's "Serenade" beautifully, and had to repeat Sullivan's song, "Looking back;" Miss Kate Frisch was recalled after her singing of Mr. W. O. Levey's song, "Esmeralda," and Mrs. Anderson sang successfully the "Brindisi" from *Lucresia Borgia*, and a Scotch song. Mr. Kerr Gedge, who gave Ascher's "Alice, where art thou?" and "Once again," by Sullivan, produced in both a legitimate effect. Herr Adolphe Kühne sang "In native worth" (*Oratio*), a song by Rubinstein, "Du bist wie eine Blume," and, with Miss E. Charlier, a duet from Spohr's *Jesonda*, in all of which he proved himself a singer of superior order; he was loudly recalled each time. Mr. Edwin Such played two pianoforte solos of his own composition, and met with deserved success, and, as a pupil of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, in Cologne, proved himself worthy his accomplished master. Mr. Henry Baumer was recalled after his fine playing of Mendelssohn's *Rondo capriccioso*, when he gave one of the same composer's "Songs without Words," and afterwards played with equal success a solo on airs from *Marta*. He also took part with Mr. Oberthur in that gentleman's clever duet for harp and piano on *Lucresia Borgia*, which had a most enthusiastic reception. Mr. Oberthur played his solo, "Meditation," and, being encored, gave his effective harp solo, "La Cascade." The concert was numerously attended, and the taste of the ladies' committee in the arrangement of the room deserves particular notice, the platform being a garden of flowers and palm trees. The combination of flowers and music, is certainly a creation of the fairies!

MR. CHARLES GARDNER'S eighth annual morning concert was given at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on the 8th inst. Mr. Gardner, who is well known as an experienced and careful pianist, possessing knowledge and aptitude for bringing out the salient points of classical pianoforte music, played several pieces with great effect. He had the valuable assistance of M. Paque, on the violoncello, Mr. H. Holmes, violin, M. Zerbini, viola, and Mr. Richard Blagrove, concertina, in a clever quintet by Mr. Silas, and in M. Gounod's "Meditation." Miss Robertine Henderson sang a pleasing and melodious song, by Mr. Charles Gardner, called "As it fell upon a day," her charming voice and finished style being as manifest as ever. This lady is one of our best concert vocalists, as well as being an accomplished and experienced operetta singer. In another new song, by Gounod, "Shadows of the evening hours," Miss Henderson was equally effective, and received great applause. Miss Alice Fairman sang "There is a green hill," by M. Gounod, and, with Miss Henderson and Mr. W. H. Cummings, took part in a new trio, "Eventide," by Henry Smart. Mdle. Anna Regan contributed four songs by Schubert (Müllerlieder), and three by Schumann. Mr. W. H. Cummings gave "To Chloe in sickness," by Sir W. S. Bennett, and two of Mr. Charles Gardner's songs—"They parted," and "As the stream," in his most finished style. The concert contained an unusual number of charming compositions, among which were a Prelude, a Minuetto, and a Toccata, by Sir Sterndale Bennett, capably played by Mr. Gardner. The room was exceedingly full, and almost all the audience remained until the end of the concert.—H.L.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S third and last recital of classical pianoforte music took place in St. George's Hall on Wednesday last, with a result fully equal to that of previous occasions. M. Billet played first (with Mdme. Urso and M. Paque) Onslow's pianoforte trio in G (Op. 27), a work not so often heard in England as, all things considered, it deserves to be. The performance was a great success for the three artists; and M. Billet achieved a real triumph by his execution of Mendelssohn's difficult Fantasia in F sharp minor—an execution which, for brilliancy, precision, and refinement, was entirely worthy of the artist's best days. The works in which M. Billet subsequently took part were Mozart's Sonata in A major, for piano and violin (Mdme. Urso) and Beethoven's pianoforte trio in B flat. How the concert-giver was supported by the artists we have named it is easy to assume. Mdle. Clara Doria, who made her first appearance since her return from America, sang Mozart's "Dove sono," Chopin's "Meine Freundin," and Schubert's "Wohin," so as to prove that Transatlantic experience has increased rather than diminished her artistic powers. Mdle. Doria was recalled after each effort, and obviously impressed the audience in a most favourable way.

**THE NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.**—On Wednesday evening, June 12th, at St. George's Hall, the chamber concert, under the direction of Professor Wyde, was fashionably attended. The programme consisted of Beethoven's "Serenade Trio," capially played by Emile Sauret (violin, well known at the late Mr. Alfred Mellon's concerts); Herr Goffrie (viola), and Herr Hamilton (violoncello). Signor Mongini sang Mozart's "Il mio tesoro," M. de Flotow's "M'appari," and, as an encore, "La donna e Mobile," in his usually effective style. Mlle. Valeria produced great effect in Mozart's "Gli angeli d'inferno," and Signor Arditi's new vocal valse "L'incontro" (accompanied by the composer). Signor Randano played piano solos by Henselt, Chopin, and some of his own compositions in an artistic style; and in conjunction with Messrs. Sauret, Roberts, Goffrie, and Hamilton, Schumann's Grand Quintet, with effect. M. Emile Sauret a very young violinist, played Paganini's "Di tanti palpiti" with great success and received general applause. The concert was altogether a worthy climax to the season 1872.

**MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'** concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Thursday evening. There was a large and fashionable audience evidently gratified with the programme, although, owing to some mishap, the music that should have been supplied to the choir did not arrive in proper time, and the order of the pieces was consequently altered. However, "all's well that ends well," everything was sung that had been promised, with the exception of Mr. Richards' chorus, "The Harp of Wales," the parts of which were not forthcoming. Among the lady vocalists was Miss Edith Wynne, who, in capital voice, sang besides other things, Mr. Richards' setting of "Herrick's prayer," and the same composer's "God Bless the Prince of Wales," the choral parts to both being entrusted to the Welsh Choral Union. These were received with great favour by the audience, who stood up during the performance of the last piece. Miss Edmonds was applauded in Sir Julius Benedict's graceful ballad, "Rock me to sleep," and the Welsh song, "Y Deryn Par." The gentlemen vocalists were Mr. Lewis Thomas, who gave with fine energy, "The Cambrian War Song," one of Mr. Richards' most vigorous compositions; and Mr. Vernon Rigby, who in Sir Julius Benedict's "Eily Mavourneen," and Mr. Richards' "Anita," achieved legitimate success. In addition to these Miss Edith Wynne, and Miss Marian Severn introduced a new duet called "Home," and with Miss Edmonds, a new trio, "Hither! come hither"—both the composition of Mr. Richards. A new part song, "The bridal of the Birds," also by Mr. Richards, was so well sung by some of the Lady Students of the Royal Academy of Music, under the conductorship of Signor Randegger, that it was encored and repeated. Mr. John Thomas contributed Parish Alvars' "Danse des Fées," for Harp Solo, accompanied Mr. Lewis Thomas in "The March of the Men of Harlech," and joined Mr. Richards in a duet for harp and piano—"Scenes of Childhood"—the composition of Mr. Thomas himself. Mr. Richards' solo pieces were Beethoven's sonata in A flat, Op. 26, (with the "Funeral March"), *Andant Pastorale*, a *Tarentella*, and *Recollections of Wales*—all of his own composition; "The Lake," by Sir Sterndale Bennett, a *Gigue* (in F sharp minor) by Handel, and a *Lied* (No 3 of Book 1) by Mendelssohn. In all these Mr. Richards acquitted himself with his accustomed skill, and was applauded as he deserved. The Welsh Choral Union, besides singing some Welsh part songs, joined the Lady students of the Royal Academy of Music in the National Anthem, which brought the concert to an end.

#### PROVINCIAL.

In a notice of the performance of the *Grand Duchess*, of Offenbach, at the Alexandra Theatre, the *Liverpool Mail* thus speaks of Miss Emily Muir:—

"Miss Muir is far and away the best Wanda hitherto seen on the English stage; she is dressed appropriately, and acts with natural arch rusticity and abandon, while her singing of the music is characterized by good taste, brilliancy of execution, and suitable humour of expression."

Those who witnessed Miss Muir's performance in M. Hervé's *Chilperic*, at the Lyceum Theatre, London, will not be at all surprised at the above eulogy.

**BARCELONA.**—A new opera, *Los Hijos de la Costa*, by Señor Marques, is announced at the Liceo.

**GENOA.**—A new opera, *Riccardo, Duca di York*, will shortly be produced at the Teatro Doria. The composer is Signor Saccaroli.

**KÜNIGSBERG.**—Herr Niemann has been singing here with great success. He has since been attacked with violent inflammation of the throat, and obliged, in consequence, to give up his intended starring engagement at Leipsic.

#### THE BOSTON JUBILEE.

(From the "Philadelphia Ledger.")

All other modern musical performances will sink into insignificance by the side of the great Boston Jubilee, or to give it its full title, the "Boston International Musical Peace Jubilee," at which a chorus of 20,000 singers and an orchestra of 3,000 instrumental performers will assist. To accommodate so vast a number of artists, and the hundreds of thousands of visitors who will come from all parts to enjoy this tremendous "concert of sweet sounds," the Bostonians are erecting a Coliseum capable of seating 100,000 persons, thus surpassing the famed Coliseum of Rome, which, it is said, could accommodate only, 80,000. The most eminent musicians the civilized world can produce, and some of the best bands of Europe—such as the Imperial Army Band of Berlin, and the band of the Grenadier Guards, which is the best military band in England, and is under the lead of Mr. Dan. Godfrey, the composer of some of the most popular modern waltzes and galops—are to "interpret" the compositions of the great masters, as well as of those of inferior rank, so as to give to the public specimens of every variety of music in vogue in this country and Europe. To go beyond that range would be to introduce an exhibition of what is sometimes called music, but is scarcely more worthy of that name than are those dulcet strains with which Thomas and Tabitha nightly thrill enraptured sleepers from the garden or the housetop. We allude to the art as it is cultivated in China, India, and the East generally. The genius of some of the first living composers has been enlisted for this interesting occasion. Among them are Franz Abt, Sir W. S. Bennett, Sir Julius Benedict, Sir R. P. Stewart, and Arthur Sullivan. It would have been a satisfaction to learn that Von Flotow, Gounod, Verdi, Ambrosius Thomas, and Wagner had been invited to contribute, but perhaps they have. On such a grand occasion, which will be an epoch in the annals of music, the aid of genius of the highest order should be sought. The very vastness of the design is one of the principal obstacles to its realization; but the striking energy shown by its promoters in rectifying the accident which occurred to the building a short time ago, whereby a large portion of it was thrown down, and a change in the shape of the edifice was rendered necessary, gives ample warrant for believing that the affair will be a triumphant success. It may be as well to mention the fact that the security and stability of the whole structure has been severely tested, and found complete; so that timid persons need not be in continual fear of a sudden collapse while listening to the strains of Handel and Beethoven. Perhaps the strain upon the nerves produced by the enormous volume of sound will be trying to many persons, especially to those of an excitable temperament; so, also, may the long duration of the performance—from the 17th of June to the 4th of July—15 days, exclusive of Sundays. It will be wise for those who desire to derive the greatest amount of enjoyment from the Jubilee to attend only such portions of the services as they particularly care for; omitting the rest, and filling up the time with other and dissimilar occupations. It may be safely asserted that those who go in for getting every cent's worth of music in exchange for their money, will be lucky if, at the expiration of the 15 days, they come out with nothing worse than a headache.

**DARMSTADT.** Herr Frantz Doppler's new opera, *Wanda*, has been produced, but with only moderate success.

**FLORENCE.**—Paër's first opera, *La Locanda dei Vagabondi*, said to have been composed by Paër at the age of sixteen, is underlined at the Teatro degli Arrischiati.

**BAYREUTH.**—In a paragraph of last week's number, we informed the readers of the *Musical World* that, towards the sum of 300,000 thalers, needed to erect Herr R. Wagner's Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre, only 64,000 thalers had been raised at the time we wrote. We made a mistake in the amount, and hasten to correct ourselves. The sum actually subscribed is 112 thalers. There was no mistake, however, in our statement that the much talked of Festival-Stage-Play will not be produced till the year of Grace, 1874. The reasons assigned, at the general meeting of patrons, for its non-production in 1873, were: 1. That the performances would clash with the Universal Exhibition in Vienna; and, 2, the material difficulties. The building, it was stated, ought to have been begun last autumn, but it was only this spring that the masons and carpenters set about their work. It strikes us that one of the greatest material difficulties was that passed over in complete silence: the difficulty, namely, of obtaining sufficient capital. It was further resolved that, three months before the performance, a meeting of the patrons should be convened here to settle the distribution of the seats. Herr R. Wagner said he had commenced negotiations with Herr Markart for painting the scenery. In conclusion he informed his hearers that *Die Götterdämmerung*, the last part of the Trilogy, was completed with the exception of the scoring, and that he was about to begin this immediately.

# ADDRESS TO PROF. J. W. GLOVER, FROM THE CHOIR OF THE METROPOLITAN CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

SIR,—We, the members of the Choir of the Metropolitan Cathedral, Marlborough Street, desire to express our deepest regret at your unexpected retirement from the high position which you have filled so honourably and so well.

Many years have we been associated under your able guidance, and we have observed on your part the utmost urbanity, courteous affability, and kindly feeling, so inestimable in one occupying the directorship of a choir.

Our regret is intensified by the reflection that we are on the eve of the opening of a new organ, of the highest esteem in its musical construction, and we sincerely hoped that its superior qualities would have been displayed under your accomplished presidency.

We desire to congratulate you on the honour you have earned by your contributions to the musical literature of our country, attested by the many eulogiums which have from time appeared in the public press; and we desire to add our humble testimony to your high musical ability and your efficiency as conductor.

We also congratulate you on the positions to which your children have attained, doubtless owing to your devoted tuition and superior method of imparting musical knowledge.

You will kindly accept our best wishes for your future prosperity and happiness; and we hope that the friendship existing so long between us may continue many years unbroken.

(Signed),

F. DE LA VEGA WILSON.

A. O'LEARY.

R. MOLLOY.

B. MCCARTHY.

W. LEDWIDGE.

Cathedral Choir, June 9th, 1872.

[REPLY.]

MY DEAR FRIENDS—I thank you for your very kind address. Being obliged to leave for London to fulfil important professional engagements, my reply must be brief, but being given on the moment it will not be the less genuine on that account.

I assure you it is with feelings of no ordinary regret that I dis-associate myself from your friendly co-operation. The high opinion I have always entertained of the choir has been evident in many ways, and none more than in the fact that most of my sacred compositions (to which you so kindly allude) were composed with a view to your special abilities—and to your excellent performances of them, from time to time, I attribute their great popularity.

In my management of the choir hitherto I have always kept one object in view, that was to keep it free from dilettanti meddling of any sort—a course of action which (with your co-operation) has given the choir the high character it has heretofore sustained, being one of the few musical institutions in this city which Catholics could point to with pride, or strangers visit without disappointment. But should a contrary system prevail hereafter, with amateur organists and amateur singers, be assured the remembrance of your artistic efforts hitherto will not readily be forgotten by the public.

In taking my leave I beg you to accept my best thanks for your kind co-operation for so many years. It may be that I will be the last of my race (that is, of professional organists in your choir), however this may be it will be gratifying to the public to know that I carry with me the assurance of esteem from his Eminence the Cardinal and the respected clergy of the church; and in the enlarged sphere of action which my retirement from this duty will enable me to adopt I will, I trust, have a grateful remembrance of those warm friends with whom I have worked so long. Wishing you individually every happiness, I remain, my dear friends, faithfully yours.

J. W. GLOVER.

## THE JUBILEE BUILDING.

Another illustration of the undaunted energy which characterizes the work on the Coliseum, says the Boston Courier, is given in the promptness in which the manner of covering the roof was decided upon and carried into operation. Several days ago it was seen that the covering in of the roof by the parties who had undertaken the job could hardly be accomplished within the time specified, the work having been started at a late day, and, from the nature of the case, as large a force could not be employed as in shingling by the ordinary method. Moreover, although the new roofing has been thoroughly tested, it is not certain that it is adapted to a roof as large and rough as this, even though its liability to draw the heat of the sun and render the building insufferably hot was not considered an objection worthy of notice. These considerations, implying no reflection on the contractors for the new roofing, led to a consultation between the building committee, the superintendent and the contractors, and the committee voted to shingle the main roof, and in less than an hour from the time they started to visit the lumber yards they had purchased ten hundred thousand shingles, the delivery of which was immediately begun. As soon as the matter was decided, the builders made efforts to secure shinglers competent to lay 2000 a day, and lay them well.

It was absolutely necessary that the roof should be made water-tight at once, otherwise the work of decoration and other inside work could not be begun as soon as required. It is estimated that two hundred men, one hundred on each side, can shingle the main roof in five days, and it is probable that the estimate will be more than realized, for fully one third of as much of the roof as is boarded is already shingled. The whole roof will require a million and a half of shingles, and three tons of nails will be used in laying them. The timbers of the southern balcony have been laid half way across that end of the building, the frame of which is rising as fast as the nature of the work will permit. The sliding windows in the easterly monitor side of the building are all set, and those on the other side are being put in. Short work is made of putting up the seats, the brackets being nearly all set in the eastern gallery, besides those of the chorus seats, which are completed. The first floor of the parquette is nearly laid. This will be covered by a surface floor of southern pine, matched and polished, making a firm double floor laid upon a solid earth foundation. The anvils, one hundred in number, will rest on timbers passing through the floor of the stage and standing upon the solid earth below. A neat iron railing will be placed upon the ends of the chorus gallery overlooking the parquette, as a guard against accident to the singers. The rooms for the sale of tickets will be at the left of the main entrance, at the southerly end of the building. The work of putting up the organ has proceeded as far as the placing of the blowing action and the roller boards in position. The plumbers have begun active operations on the western side of the building.

## WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard arrived at New York, in the "Java," on Wednesday morning. Mme. Rudersdorff also arrived in the same boat.

Sir Michael Costa had the honour of an interview with His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on Monday, at Marlborough House. His Royal Highness took the occasion of presenting to Sir M. Costa a massive gold ring, bearing an engraved seal of the Royal Albert Hall, with the inscription inside, "Presented by Her Majesty's Commissioners to Sir Michael Costa in return for the valuable services he voluntarily gave upon the occasion of the opening of the Hall, and of the opening of the International Exhibition in 1871." It will be remembered that the musical arrangements on the occasion referred to were under the direction of Sir M. Costa, who composed a sacred cantata for the opening of the Royal Albert Hall.

Mdme. Caillag has been engaged to sing at the Brussels opera.

The favourite song of the Siamese Twins—"We were Boys together."

The Paris Théâtre Lyrique has shut up; M. Martinet's experiment being a failure.

Mdlle. Virginie Gungl, a daughter of the well-known composer of dance music, has been engaged for the next opera season at Berlin.

The German composer, Ulrich, died at Berlin lately, in a state of utter destitution, aged 83.

By a vote of the Italian Parliament the royal theatres of Milan, Turin, and Parma have been handed over to the municipalities.

Mdlle. d'Edeleburg, once of Covent Garden Theatre, is engaged at the Milan Scala.

A portrait and memoir of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg appears in today's impression of the Graphic.

M. Enjalbert, who played the organ in Notre Dame at the coronation of Napoleon the First, died the other day, aged 92.

Mdlle. Nilsson's marriage will take place, as at present arranged, on July 27th, in St. George's, Hanover Square.

M. Henri Litolf has written a three-act opera, entitled *Heloise et Abeillard*.

The Nashua Fan Company has received an order for fifty thousand fans for the World's Peace Jubilee.

A very successful concert was given on Monday, under the direction of T. A. Johnson, Esq., at Streatham, in aid of the Organ Fund.

The Brussels Academie Royale celebrated its hundredth anniversary on June 5. Two concerts were given by the professors and students of the Conservatoire.

The chief prize of £20, for choral singing at the Llandoverly Elstedd-fod, was awarded to the Morriston Choir. The subject for competition was "Lift up your heads" and the "Hallelujah Chorus."

La Comedie is a trustworthy authority in nomenclature. In noticing Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington's concert it called the lady Mdme. Leneveux, and her husband M. Lemoiniere.

We hear (from abroad) that three London managers have offered the Claimant £2000 to show himself under their auspices for a certain time. "Sir Roger" has refused.

Mdme. Arabella Goddard, (says the *Boston Courier*,) who has been engaged for the Jubilee, is well known as one of the most famous pianists in Europe, and her presence cannot fail to be a great feature of the festival.

A musical festival is to be held at Harlech Castle, North Wales, on the 19th. The chorus will consist of five hundred voices. Mr. Brinley Richards has received an invitation to be present.

On Wednesday night, M. De Chilly, the manager of the Odéon Theatre, was seized with an apoplectic fit at a dinner given by Victor Hugo to the actors of that establishment, and died upon being taken home.

The Albert Gold Medal of the Society of Arts has this year been awarded by the Council to Mr. Henry Bessemer "for the eminent services rendered by him to arts, manufactures, and commerce, in developing the manufacture of steel."

It is reported that Mdme. Patti will receive 5,000 francs per month more than Mdle. Nilsson, during the next season at St. Petersburg. We wonder if the Swedish *prima donna* knew this when her engagement was signed.

There was a "jolly row" at the Naples San Carlo the other night, owing to a difference of opinion between the municipal officer on duty and the manager, who was backed by a portion of the audience. The conflict extended behind the scenes, where the police and the *employées* had a free fight all to themselves.

Mr. J. Smith, the Bandmaster of the Royal Artillery, has received from Earl Granville a most flattering acknowledgment of the pleasure the performance of the Royal Artillery Band, under his direction, gave to the visitors, at his Lordship's last Grand Reception, at the Foreign Office.

At a recent *soirée* given at River Street, Islington, by the Young Men's Association, two new songs, composed by Mr. George Tolhurst, were introduced—"Go, ask the angels" and "There's sunshine in the sky." Both, a correspondent informs us, were received with enthusiasm, and had to be repeated.

President Grant's newspapers profess to smile at the "ludicrous" nomination of Mr. Greeley. The same sort of thing happened to a gentleman when a chunk of old red sandstone struck him:—

"He smiled a sort of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,  
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

On the 10th of June, 1854, the Crystal Palace was opened by the Queen and Prince Consort. Since that day, up to Saturday evening last, 30,976,929 persons have visited the Palace—a total which represents nearly ten times the entire population of the metropolis, man, woman, and child, and exceeds the whole population of the United Kingdom by 166,746.

At the last rehearsal of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, the conductor stated that he had made application for the Hall for a concert in addition to the four advertised, but, as yet, had received no reply from the Commissioners as to the date. On this occasion, some songs are to be introduced by members, including some of the conductor's latest compositions; and the Thanksgiving *Te Deum* is to be repeated.

We learn from our exchanges that the Vienna Demorest Concert Company are having a most successful tour through the Western States of America. At Warren, Ohio, a few evenings ago, Miss Demorest was cordially received, the appreciative audience demanding an encore after every performance by the beautiful young *prima donna*. At the close of the concert she was called before the curtain, and received many manifestations of approval by enthusiastic cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, and a profusion of flowers. We are glad to hear such good news about our rising star.

Miss Glyn gave a Shakespearean reading at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 7th inst., selecting the *Merchant of Venice*. In this difficult play for reading Miss Glyn showed that her powers were by no means diminished, vigour, combined with mastery over the subtlest details were apparent, and the manner in which she brought forth the varied and conflicting individualities of the characters was admirable. Without being "stagey" and violent, Miss Glyn portrayed with energy the more impassioned portions of the text, while the tenderness and repose of the other parts were inimitably rendered.—H. L.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the St. Paul's Completion Fund held on Monday, the following resolution was moved by Mr. Oldfield, seconded by Mr. Beresford-Hope, M.P., and carried unanimously: "That it be an instruction to Mr. Burgess, in preparing his plans for the completion of St. Paul's, that he consider himself limited to a style of decorative design for which authority is to be found either in any such models or drawings of Sir Christopher Wren, as may be in existence, or, failing these, in the best works of the Italian architects and artists of the first half of the sixteenth century."

Miss Robertine Henderson, the favourite vocalist, who has been absent from our concert rooms for some time, has quite recovered from her long indisposition. She sang at Mr. Gardner's concert last Saturday afternoon, one of his songs, "As it fell upon a day," which, writes the *Morning Advertiser*—

"She gave delightfully. Her fresh, clear voice, and thoroughly unaffected style, will do much for any song that comes in her way, and there is a purity about her singing that will at once be recognized by persons of cultivated taste. Miss Henderson also sang a novelty by Gounod, "Shadows of the evening hours," with *viola obbligato* (Mr. Zerbini).

At a school concert in Freedom, Mo., one of the little boys who had been severely flogged a few days previous delivered this pointed oration:

"O Lord of Love,  
Look from above  
On us, poor little scholars;  
We've had a fool  
To teach our school,  
And paid him fifty dollars!"

Another most astonishing musical prodigy has turned up in San Francisco—a fiddling phenomenon only four years of age. His professional name is "The Child Americus," and he renders intricate compositions with the bow of a master, besides leading the orchestra in selections from *Martha*. If he does what he is said to do, and does it well, he will probably die in the course of the year; but it is questionable whether it is wise to kill children for the sake of astonishing gaping audiences.—*New York Tribune*.

When the flock of song-birds flitted out from the bay of New York for foreign shores a few days ago, some of the people who gathered to witness the exodus, solaced themselves by singing the following:—

Row gently, dear,  
Good Gondolier,  
Cries everyone who knows her,  
Whatever you do,  
With the rest of your crew,  
Look out for Parepa-Rosa.

A coloured serenader, down in Georgia, warbles the following:—

"De last time dat I saw my love  
She was standing in de door,  
With shoes and stockings in her hand  
An' her feet all ober de floor."

If heaven has bestowed on you a lively imagination, you will often sit in solitary hours spell-bound to your piano, seeking expression for your inmost soul in harmonies; and all the more mysteriously will you feel drawn into magic circles as it were, the more unclear the realm of harmony as yet may be to you. The happiest hours of youth are these. Beware, however, of abandoning yourself too often to a talent which may tempt you to waste power and time on phantoms. Mastery of form, the power of clearly moulding your productions, you will only gain through the sure token of writing. Write, then, more than you improvise.—SCHUMANN.

In judging of compositions, distinguish whether they belong to the artistic category, or only aim at dilettantish entertainment. Stand up for those of the first sort, but do not worry yourself about the others! —SCHUMANN.

BADEN.—The second grand concert of the Administration was marked by the first appearance of two fair artists. One was Mdle. Emilia Garrini, who made her *début* in Paris in comic opera, a branch of art she has now left for the Italian lyric stage. She sang with admirable effect the grand cavatina from *Ernani*, the romance from Halévy's *Val d'Andorre*, and the air from Grisar's *Porcherons*, besides taking part with M. Lopez in the grand duet from *Lucia*. The other fair stranger was Mdle. Janotha, a young lady of fourteen, and a pupil of Mdme. Clara Schumann. She played Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto; Nocturne, Schumann; Etude, Rudorff; Presto, Mendelssohn; and Waltz, Chopin. She was greatly applauded, and twice recalled after each piece.

SALEBURG.—A prize having been offered by the Società del Quartetto di Milan for the best stringed quartet, it was awarded to Herr Hans Schlager. On its being discovered, however, that Herr Schlager was a German, the Committee wrote to inform him that they regretted their inability to give him the prize, as, by the terms of the competition, only Italian artists were allowed to compete, a fact of which Herr Schlager was not aware. In conclusion, the Committee stated they considered his work superior to any other sent in, and that out of ten judges eight had awarded it the first place.—A performance of Handel's *Messiah*, under the direction of Dr. Bach, was lately given in the Aula Academica, by about two hundred performers. After the first part, a splendid laurel wreath was presented to Dr. Bach by the Countess von Gatterburg in token of the high estimation entertained of his exertions.—Herr Heinrich Esser died on the 3rd inst., aged fifty-three.

WIENBADEN.—Professor August Wilhelmj has been appointed, by Herr R. Wagner, first leader at the Bayreuth performances.

COPENHAGEN.—The Theatre Royal is closed. As already stated in the *Musical World*, the production of Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger* so engrossed all the operatic resources of the establishment that everything else had to be put aside for it. *Die Meistersinger* did not prove a hit, but even the small number of representations to which it might have run was cut short by the illness of one of the principal singers, M. Liebe, and the management had to fall back upon *Le Nozze di Figaro*.—According to report, M<sup>me</sup>. Artôt-Padilla and M<sup>me</sup>. Mallinger will pay this capital a visit, as members of an Italian operatic company, during the Scandinavian Industrial Exhibition, which was to be opened on the 18th inst. Herr Gungl is also expected with his celebrated orchestra.—The Danish pianist, F. Hartvigson appeared a few days since, for the second time, at the series of concerts given by M. Daubé. He was especially successful in Franz Liszt's Fantasia on Hungarian Motives for Piano and Orchestra. On being recalled, he gave Weber's *Concertstück* in F minor.

VIENNA.—The only novelty, if novelty it can be called, at the new Imperial Operahouse, is Cherubini's opera, *Les deux Journées*, in which the principal parts are taken by Herren Beck, Adams, and M<sup>me</sup>. Dustmann. Although this lady's engagement will not be concluded until the end of the year, the management have already offered her a new one. In his letter to her on the subject, the Director, Herr Herbeck says: "I have the honour to forward for your acceptance an engagement which I hope and trust will come up to your expectations. At the same time, I cannot refrain from expressing my very great satisfaction that I have had the privilege of taking the initiative in the matter. I shall consider myself, respected Madame, extremely fortunate, if I succeed in again securing for the Imperial Art-Institute, of which you have so long been an ornament, such an extraordinary artist and model member of the company as yourself. I remain, with sentiments of the highest consideration, yours truly, Herbeck."—In return for his having allowed them to be present at two rehearsals of the Wagner-Concert, the students of the Conservatory have presented Herr R. Wagner with a silver goblet, entwined with laurel.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

WERNER & Co.—"Wanderlieder," for the pianoforte, Nos. 1 to 6, by Otto Beeth.  
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Twelfth appearance of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson—Madame Trebelli-Bettini—Signor Agnesi—Signor Italo Campanini.

Tuesday Next, July 9, Flotow's Opera, "MARTHA." Lionello, Signor Italo Campanini; Lork Tristano, Signor Borella; Plumketto, Signor Agnesi; Nancy, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Martha, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her twelfth appearance this season).

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#### Notice.

In consequence of the numerous applications at the box-office for a repetition (before the close of the season) of Donizetti's opera "LUCREZIA BORGIA," the director begs to announce that it will be performed (positively for the last time) on Wednesday next, July 10.

The Opera will commence at half-past eight.  
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NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS.—GREAT CONCERT and FETE, and Distribution of the Prizes by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G. The concert will commence at 3.30 p.m., and will be supported by the prize winners in the several classes including Miss Anna Williams (soprano), Miss Margaret Hancock (contralto), Mr. Dudley Thomas (tenor), Mr. Wadmore (bass), the Tonio Sol-Fa Association Choir, the Band of the Royal Engineers, band of St. George's Rifles, and the winners of the prizes in this day's competition. Full Orchestra. Conductor—MR. MAWDS.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh will distribute the prizes at 6.15, in front of the Great Orchestra.

The Open Air Fete will commence at 7.30 p.m., when the whole water system, including the Great Fountains, Temples, Cataracts, and all the fountains of the Upper Series will be displayed. Military music will be provided in a Chinese pagoda on the Second Terrace, where a grand promenade will be arranged. A large Marquee, dressed with flowers will be erected in the Central Walk, and summer drinks, ices, fruits, tea, and coffee will be provided. At 9.30 p.m., the Gardens and Park will be illuminated by tinted fires over their whole extent; to be followed immediately by a display of Great Fireworks, combining all the superb features for which these exhibitions are noted.

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**THIS EVENING (Saturday), June 6, "LINDA DI CHAMOUNI."** Mdlle. Albani, Mdlle. Scacchi, Signor Graziani, Signor Ciampi, Signor Bagagiolo, and Signor Nicolini.

On MONDAY Next, July 8, "IL TROVATORE." Madame Adelina Patti.

On TUESDAY, July 9 (for the first time this season), "L'ELISIR D'AMORE." Adina, Mdlle. Smerschi (her first appearance on the stage in England).

On WEDNESDAY, July 10 (for the last time this season), "LUCIA DI LAMERMOOR." Mdlle. Albani.

On THURSDAY Next, July 11, Gomes' New Opera, "IL GUARANY," Mdlle. Sessi.

On FRIDAY, July 12, will be given (by general desire) one more performance of "DON GIOVANNI." Madame Adelina Patti, Madame Parera-Rosa.

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The PUBLIC CONCERT of the Institution will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on SATURDAY Morning, the 20th inst., commencing at Half-past One o'clock.

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By Order,

JOHN GILL, Secretary.

**M. BERGSON**, from Paris (late Principal at the Conservatoire de Genève), has the honour to announce that his GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at St. George's Hall, on MONDAY, July 15th, at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Madame Rita, Mdlle. Janin, and Miss A. Fairman; Messieurs J. Lefort, Bizzelli, Franceschi, and M. Badin. Instrumentalists—Herr Polliser, Herr Lutsen, and M. Bergson (who will perform his Concerto Symphonique, Op. 42, pour piano et orchestre). Conductor—Signor Campanini. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., and 3s., at all the principal Muscicellers.

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERT TOUR** in the PROVINCES, in October next, under the direction of Mr. John Boosey. Artists—Miss Edith Wynne and Madame Patey, Mr. Arthur Byron, and Mr. Patey. Pianoforte—Mr. George Forbes. Applications should be made immediately to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 2, Little Argyll Street, Regent Street, London.

**MISS KATE MARIE NOTT'S EVENING CONCERT,**  
HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, WEDNESDAY, July 10th. Artists—Miss Banks, Miss Lucy Franklin, Miss Kate Marie Nott, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. W. F. Maberby, Mr. Walworth, Mr. John Thomas, Mr. Brinley Richards, Mr. Henry Parker, Mr. John Harrison. Tickets at the principal Music-sellers and at the Hall.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.** Conductor—Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—LAST CONCERT, MONDAY, July 8th. Eight o'clock, St. James's Hall. Mdme. Parepa-Rosa, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Charles Halle. Brahms' 8-venue in D (first time). Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor. Overture, "Ajax," (W. S. Bennett); composed expressly for the Society. First performance. Symphonic in C minor (Beethoven). Overture, "Jubilee," (Weber). Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 7s.; Tickets 5s. and 2s. 6d.

#### ST. JAMES'S HALL.

**GRAND MORNING CONCERTS** will take place on TUESDAY, July 9th, FRIDAY, July 12th, and TUESDAY, July 16th, to commence at Half-past Two o'clock precisely. "THE FIRE OF HEAVEN" (Le Feu du Ciel), by Victor Hugo. Music by Mons. Emile Guimet. Principal Vocalists—Mr. M. W. Wallace Wells, Signor Celli, Mr. E. Connell. Full Choir. Orchestra of 80 Performers, and Military Band. Conducted by the Composer. Tickets, Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d., 5s., 2s., and 1s. To be had at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office.

**MR. W. H. HOLMES' PIANOFORTE PUPILS'**  
REUNION, WEDNESDAY, July 10th, commencing at Three o'clock. Programme—"Pastorale" (Bach), "Duet," two Pianofortes (Marx Bruch); "Sinfonie," (Nella Gade); Solo, "Der Freyschütz," (Stephen Heller); "Studies," Schumann's Humoreske; "Sonata," Violin, Mr. Henry Holmes, and Pianoforte (Beethoven). 38, Beaumont Street, Marylebone.

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**HERR LEHMEYER'S ANNUAL EVENING**  
CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY, July 12th, at Eight o'clock precisely, on which occasion he will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Vocalists—Mdle. Isabella Limia and Miss Alice Fairman; Mr. Nelson Varley and Signor Caravoglia. Instrumentalists—Violin—Signor Soudert, Violoncello—Mons. Albert. Harp—Mr. F. Chatterton. Piano—Mdle. Seeger Oswald, Le Chevalier de Koutski, Herr Henseler, Herr Ganz, and Herr Lehmyer. Conductors—Herr Henseler, Signor Campana, and Herr W. Ganz. Tickets—Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony and Area, 2s., to be had of Herr Lehmyer, 2, Great Russell Street; and of Messrs. Schott & Co., 159, Regent Street.

**MOZART AND BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.**—President—The Right Hon. the Earl Yarn. Vice-President—Herr Schumann. SECOND SEASON, 1872.—THE SECOND GRAND CONCERT will take place at St. George's Hall, on TUESDAY, 16th July, 1872.

**MR. SANTLEY'S PROVINCIAL TOUR.**—Mr. SANTLEY, accompanied by the following distinguished Artists, will make a Tour of the Provinces during the coming autumn:—Vocalists—Madame Florence Lancini, Miss Caffarena, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Maybrick. Violin—M. Salton. Pianoforte—Mr. Lindsay Sloper. All communications, respecting Engagements, to be made to Mr. George Dolby, 62, New Bond Street, London, W.

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OPERA COMPANY.—Miss Beryl (the new contralto); Mdle. Marie D'Annetta, R.A.M.; Mr. Suetet Champion, Mr. R. J. Wilmet, F.C.O. (Mus. Director); Mr. H. C. Sanders, Mr. Theodore Distin, and Miss Blanche Reives. Acting Manager—Mr. Distin. Secretary—Mr. V. Roberts, jun., 244, Regent Street, W. Midland Counties, July and August.

**MISS LETIZIA FRENIE** (the new Soprano) will sing Elsdolt's favourite Spinning Song, "THE SNAPPED THREAD," accompanied by the Composer, at Mr. Chatterton's Grand Evening Concert, July the 15th.

**"MARCHE BRÉSILLIENNE" AND "STELLA WALTZ."**  
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**MDLE. ANNA RENZI** (Pupil of Signor Graffigna, of Milan), having just arrived in London from Italy, is open to receive Engagements. Address, 19A, Golden Square.

**MADAME LAURA BAXTER** begs to request that letters respecting Engagements and Pupils may be addressed to her new residence, 53, Bedford Square, W. C.

**SIGNOR GUSTAVE GAROIA** has returned to London. Address, 17, Lanark Villas, Maida-Hill.

#### REMOVAL.

**MR. W. DORRELL** begs respectfully to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has removed from Wigmore Street to 25, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square.

22A, DORSET STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, W.

**MDME. SIDNEY PRATTEN** begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she has removed to the above address, and that she continues to give Lessons on the Guitar and Concertina.

#### NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

**MR. E. CUNNINGHAM BOOSEY** begs to announce that he has removed from Argyll Place to No. 2, Little Argyll Street, Regent Street, W., where he will continue to carry on his Musical Agency.

**ORGANIST AND CHOIR-MASTER WANTED** for St. Paul's Church, Ball's Pond, Islington. Applications to be made by letter only, giving References and stating present employment, addressed to the Churchwardens of St. Paul's, No. 1, Clephane Road, Canonbury, N.; on or before Saturday, the 15th July.

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Auctioneers of Literary Property, and works Illustrative of the Fine Arts, will Sell by Auction, at their House, No. 13, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, W.C., on FRIDAY, the 12th day of July, 1872, at One o'clock precisely, a choice Collection of MANUSCRIPT MUSIC, AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, DOCUMENTS, &c., &c., the property of a gentleman, comprising Compositions, entirely Autograph, by Handel, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Weber; Manuscripts of Lavater, Uhland, Dibdin, &c.; Poem to Goethe by Schiller; five Autograph Letters and Documents; an important Historical Document, signed by Cardinal Trivulzio. "Dispense de mariage du Dauphin Francois II. et de Marie Stuart Reine D'Ecosse." May be viewed two days prior, and Catalogues had.

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## CRYSTAL PALACE NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS.

THADDEUS EGG ON THE FIRST DAY.

The long-announced Musical Games began at the Crystal Palace on Thursday the 27th inst., in the presence of some 6,000 spectators, and prizes were duly lost and won by aspiring amateurs of the soprano and tenor persuasion. Anything more simple, natural, and obvious as a means of good, it would be impossible to conceive. Why, then, did not the idea occur to some one before?—especially as a precedent has existed from time immemorial in the Welsh Eisteddfodau; especially, also, as public competition for rewards is one of the great features of our age. The Crystal Palace is the chosen arena of competitions—the favoured place where cats, dogs, flowers, brass bands, and what not beside, contest for palms and purses. Yet it was left to Mr. Willert Beale, “in these last days,” to hit upon the notion of applying to musical amateurs the same wonder-working plan. Well, “better late than never,” and we accept the National Music Meetings as among the most powerful accessories which could possibly be devised. Great results must not be expected from them all at once. The thing is new, and our English public are not fond of a new thing *per se*. They like to wait and watch for proofs of vitality and usefulness before taking action. But we have every reason to believe that the National Music Meetings will satisfy these requirements and eventually command universal support. Experience will, as a matter of course, lead to improved management, and, as regards the imperfect arrangements of the present series, such as they are, it is only fair to make allowance for men working out a novel and experimental thing. On the whole, we believe that the managers have, by this, their initial effort, satisfied reasonable requirements, and justified confidence in the future of the enterprise.

The business of the opening day was confined to adjudging the prizes set apart for the best soprano and tenor, the reward in each case being a purse of £30. Previously, however, the candidates in each class had elected their own judges; the choice of the sopranos falling upon Sir Sterndale Bennett, Sir Julius Benedict, and Signor Arditi. The favoured of the tenors being the two knights just named and Mr. Arthur Sullivan. The choice made must have been highly flattering to its distinguished objects, while there cannot be two opinions about its propriety. We may add that the idea of permitting candidates to select their own judges is a very happy one. Musical people are, perhaps, the most “touchy” of all God’s creatures; and the smart of defeat must be proportionately severe, but not even the ultra-sensitive can cavil at the decisions of a tribunal elected by himself. The first business of the judges was to sift the candidates—keeping only the possible good ones, and sending the absolutely bad ones home. We do not envy them the task of hearing some scores of amateurs go through this preliminary test. Wearisome it would be were all the amateurs good; but amongst many there were, no doubt, a large proportion of that common variety of the amateur class which unites to positive incapacity a serene belief in the possession of uncommon acquirements. We need not sketch an individual of this species, because examples are always forthcoming, and always challenging notice by putting themselves in conspicuous positions. What must have been the sufferings of the gentlemen above named, when passing in review these gifted incapables we dare not imagine; but as one of the penalties of their dignity, the infliction had to be borne, and, in due course, a selection was made of six sopranos and four tenors.

The arrangements for the public competition were simple enough, and, on the whole, as good as circumstances permitted. It was, of course, desirable to hear the candidates in a better place for estimating their powers than the central transept, but this was not possible without shutting out a portion of the public; besides which, the actual judging was done in the larger arena with perfect accuracy. A raised platform, at a convenient distance from the front of the orchestra, accommodated the tribunal; Mr. Manns superintended the performance, and the excellent orchestra of the Crystal Palace supplied accompaniments. So far nothing could have been better. That the competition excited much interest among the audience was evident, each candidate having a kindly reception, and retiring amid more or less strong marks of sympathy and encouragement. This was especially the case as regards the sopranos, all of whom acquitted themselves so as to give a very favourable idea of the condition of vocal culture among the fair sex. We regret that it is out of our power to speak from observation about the first three candidates—Mlle. Barthouska, Miss Bruce, and Madame Chaboullier—the last of whom essayed no less a piece than Rossini’s “Selva oscura” (*Guillaume Tell*). The fourth lady, Mrs. Stretton, made a favourable impression; but the fifth, Miss Simpson, who brought forward Weber’s grand scena, “Softly sighs,” obtained a still greater success by her very dramatic rendering of the music, and her, in some respects, good execution. Looking at Miss Simpson’s perfect self-command, and the many proofs of experience and judgment given by her performance, it was hard to believe that she had

come out from the ranks of amateurs. We have, however, no right to question the fact. The last candidate, Miss Williams, had all the appearance of a novice, and it was easy to see that her courage was strained to the utmost for the occasion. The selection made by the young lady, however, showed no lack of confidence—it being the great air from *Elijah*, “Hear ye, Israel.” Its choice was justified as soon as ever Miss Williams began to sing, and, long before she had finished, the decision of the judges was confidently anticipated. We have heard many professional artists execute this air with far less ability than the artist-amateur, and it is to be hoped that the services of Miss Williams will henceforth be devoted to the public. She has a pure soprano voice, of agreeable quality, and well trained. Her singing is thoroughly artistic, while, as an example of pure reading of classic music, Miss Williams’s performance was almost beyond reproach. She retired amidst loud applause, and the judges at once gave their decision in her favour—a decision ratified by the audience in the most hearty and unanimous way. Miss Williams returned to bow her acknowledgments, and was again applauded. In her case we see a striking example of the utility of these meetings. Obscure merit has been brought out into the light; and, possibly, a good singer has been added to our vocal ranks.

Man is sometimes styled the “nobler sex,” but that title was hardly justified by the specimens of tenor-singing man exhibited on Thursday. Setting the four “nobler” against the six “gentler” beings the former had not the rag of a claim to precedence. Indeed, the inferiority was so obvious and painful that the male lookers on must have felt uncommon humiliation; and assuredly we would spare ourselves the task of giving details, were such a course consistent with duty. Perhaps it will be better to suppress names—that of the prize-winner excepted—and use numbers by which to distinguish the competitors. No 6, who sang “In native worth,” was a specimen of the provincial choir tenor, with no particular voice; a fascinated gaze upon the music, which he held low down, so as to compress the throat as much as possible; an enunciation showing what could not be done by mumbling. No. 6, went through Haydn’s air with mechanical monotony, and seemed very much relieved when it was over. So were the audience. No. 7, also sang “In native worth” with a feeble, open tone, and in a most perfunctory manner, as though, certain sounds being omitted in a certain order, all the exigencies of singing were met. He, too, went his way unregretted. No. 8, stepped forward with some confidence, having no less trying a song than “Haste, Israel, haste,” from Handel’s *Joshua*. He succeeded in making a sensation, but it was one of astonishment at the character of a voice which belonged to no known category. Alternately heavy or light, as it rumbled or glided through Handel’s florid divisions, the effect made was irresistible. No. 16 was not in the list of the accepted candidates, but as he insisted that his name had been left out by mistake, he obtained permission to compete. No. 16 chose “Il mio tesoro,” and made another melancholy exhibition. It was by no mistake that he failed to obtain the prize, which fell easily to No. 17—Mr. Dudley Thomas—whose rendering of “Fra poco” showed an agreeable voice and some artistic skill, though it was unable to redeem the tenor exhibition from contempt. The award of the judges was ratified by the entire audience, and Mr. Thomas was loudly cheered on returning to acknowledge his good fortune.

Contraltos, baritones, and basses sang eagerly against each other on Saturday last; and on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday of this week, the remaining competitions were to take place. The latter gatherings must inevitably have the advantage in point of interest, and the last day of all (to-day) will be distinguished by a rare combination of attraction. We hope musical readers may not be slack in showing their practical sympathy with the enterprise. It is their duty to support the movement as one pointing to great and valuable results—the securing of which must depend upon the encouragement given at this critical time.

THADDEUS EGG.

## SECOND DAY.

The proceedings of Saturday, when the contralto and bass prizes were awarded, appeared to excite even greater interest than those of Thursday, owing, perhaps, to the fact that the competitors were more equally matched. Signor Arditi, Mr. J. Barnby, and Dr. Wyld, the judges, had selected four ladies from the entire number of aspiring contraltos; and, in each case, merit enough was shown to justify the honour, though not one of the four could be said to have a contralto voice, as distinguished from that of a mezzo-soprano. The first “heat” left the issue between Miss Emriok, who sang “Di tanti palpiti,” and Miss Hancock, to whom “Up the dreadful steep ascending” (*Joshua*), was given. So evenly balanced were the merits of these ladies that the doubtful judges requested them to exchange songs, and try again. Miss Hancock got safely through Rossini’s song, but, though Miss Emriok was not quite so fortunate with that of

Handel, the tribunal remained at fault, and finally the much-tried competitors were called upon for Gluck's "Chiamo il mio ben." Then the decision was made in Miss Hancock's favour—a decision satisfactory to all who appreciate those artistic qualities which are more sterling than obtrusive. But both ladies highly distinguished themselves, and Miss Emrick has the satisfaction of knowing that she failed with honour. The prize-winner was loudly applauded on returning to acknowledge her good fortune after so arduous a struggle. A change of judges took place for the bass competition, Mr. Barnby and Dr. Wyld making way for Sir Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Sullivan, who, with Signor Arditi, had previously chosen six gentlemen from a goodly number of more or less deep-voiced aspirants. We are glad to say that the basses partly atoned for the miserable exhibition made by the tenors, and checked a growing conviction that all musical culture is on the side of the ladies. Three of them, indeed, sang well, the delivery by Mr. Crotty of "Vieni la mia vendetta," by Mr. Pope of "Rolling in foaming billows," and by Mr. Wadmore of "O ruddier than the cherry," being far above the ordinary standard of merit. The actual struggle for supremacy lay, however, between Mr. Pope, who possesses a fine, legitimate bass voice, and Mr. Wadmore, who is a baritone. On the merits of these two, the judges appeared to have some difficulty in deciding, and their verdict partook somewhat of the nature of a compromise, Mr. Wadmore receiving the money, and Mr. Pope an "honourable mention." It was hardly fair to make two such different voices contend in the same class; and on another occasion we hope to see the basses with a prize of their own. The verdict in Mr. Wadmore's favour elicited some expressions of disapprobation, but the successful candidate had a good share of applause on bowing his acknowledgments. This ended the day's competition; but, as on Thursday, a miscellaneous concert took place later, in which the prize-winners were associated with Miss Wynne, Madame Patey, and Mr. Santley.—T. E.

### THIRD DAY.

The third public competition took place on Tuesday afternoon, when the performances were given in the Handel orchestra. The classes to which the day was appropriated were numbered respectively 2, 6, and 7; and the judges appointed in the first case were Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Barnby, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan. Rossini's overture to the *Siege of Corinth* was played by the Crystal Palace band (conducted by Mr. Manne), which also accompanied a chorus by Handel and a motet by Mozart, hereafter alluded to. The competition was commenced by Class 2, consisting of choral societies not exceeding 200 members each. The institutions competing for the prize of £100 were the South London Choral Association, the Brixton Choral Society, and the Tonic Sol-Fa Association choir. All three choirs were heard in Mendelssohn's unaccompanied Psalm, "Judge me, O Lord," and in Orlando Gibbons' madrigal, "The Silver Swan." The first and third also gave Mozart's "Ave verum;" the second gave the chorus, "How soon our towering hopes," from Handel's *Joshua*. The prize was awarded to the Tonic Sol-Fa choir, the other institutions being highly commended. A subsequent test in sight-singing was undergone by the Brixton choir, to which was awarded a diploma. Under the heading of Class 6, the band of the Royal Engineers performed Nicolai's overture to *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, and Strauss's "Radetzky" March—the band of the St. George's Rifle Corps playing Rossini's overture to *L'italiana in Algeri*, and a waltz by Strauss. In each case the bandmaster conducted—in the first instance Mr. Sawerthal; in the second the indefatigable and talented Mr. Phassey. Both bands gained (uncontested) the prize of £50. The judges appointed for Class 6 were Sir Julius Benedict, Signor Randegger, and Mr. F. Godfrey; those for Class 7 were Sir J. Benedict, Mr. Osina, and Dr. Rimbaud.

After the competitive performances, a miscellaneous concert took place, in which the competing choirs and bands were heard, interspersed with solos by Miss Emrick, the contralto, who made no favourable an impression by her singing on Saturday.—H. L.

In our next we shall speak of the concluding performances of Thursday and Saturday (this day).

ST. LOUIS (AMERICA).—Herr Edward Sobolewski, a highly gifted composer and conductor, now almost forgotten, died here on the 18th May, in very impoverished circumstances, after a long and severe struggle against misfortune. He was born on the 1st. October, 1804, at Königsberg. He was first a violinist, and then *Kapellmeister* in his native city, where he founded and directed the Singakademie, which still exists. He was, also, teacher and lecturer in the University, besides the composer of operas and other vocal works, and a writer upon musical subjects. In 1864 he left Königsberg, and removed to Bremen. In 1869, he crossed over to America, and became director of the Philharmonic Society, first at Milwaukee, and then at St. Louis. One of his best literary works is his *Biography of Schumann*.

### MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT'S MUSICAL EVENINGS.

Mr. Barnett gave a *soirée musicale* at his residence, Portadown Road, Maida Vale, on Thursday evening, June 27th, at which his choir of ladies and gentlemen, who meet once a week at his house for the practice of sacred and secular choral music, sang with great effect his popular cantata, *Paradise and the Peri*, the solo parts being assigned to Miss Katherine Poyntz, Miss Lucy Franklin, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. George Renwick. Mr. Barnett conducted, and his sister, Miss Emma Barnett, accompanied in a most efficient manner. The quartet, "She wept," unaccompanied, was, as usual, encored, and the whole cantata, by the fine performance of solos and chorus, afforded much pleasure to a very large assembly of fashionables. In the second part Mr. Barnett performed two pieces of his own composition—*Sunset* and *Chanson d'Amour*. Miss Emma Barnett also played two pieces by Mendelssohn, and Miss Catherine Barnett sang with great feeling Mozart's "Crudel perche" with Mr. Renwick, and the solo in Rossini's *La Cenerentola*. Mr. Barnett's Musical Evenings will be resumed in October next. We must not omit to mention that the grand pianoforte used on the occasion was by Messrs. Broadwood.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—A short time since, the Florentine correspondent of the *Gazzetta Musicale* was present at a performance of *Lohengrin*. It appears he was pleased with it, and, like a conscientious critic said what he thought. On this, some one has been accusing him of being a Wagnerist. Naturally indignant, as every real musician must be, at such a charge, the gentleman publishes a flat denial of it, and in doing so favours us with a few of his opinions concerning the Musician of the Future. He says:—

"I a Wagnerist! Stop. Here I take my stand, like a Genoese mule; do what you will, you will not make me budge, I assure you. Before calling myself, or quietly allowing others to call me a Wagnerist, there is a great deal to be done, a great deal for which I shall wait. In the first place, I shall wait till two or three other of Wagner's operas please me; and, in order that they may, I shall wait to hear and see them performed, because, once for all, I do not think it possible for any one to form a just and complete idea of them, by reading the abridged arrangements for the piano and voice. I know very well that many persons are of a different opinion; but I maintain that all attempts at judging an opera in this way are on a par with trying to judge a poem by a prose translation, or a painting by an outline drawing. Of the many things for which I shall wait, this is one.

"Then I shall wait till Wagner, who considers himself an artist, and a very great one, shall also consider the dignity which ought invariably to distinguish an artist, and leave off, consequently, boasting and praising himself in a way that a ballet girl would scarcely adopt; and send to the right-about the admirers, commentators, interpreters, and emphatic manufacturers of enthusiasm, who stand around, and offer up incense to him with the understanding that they themselves shall sometimes get a snuff in return—persons with whom he entertains no repugnance to descend to a battledore and shuttle-cock game of encomiums and praise such as would disgrace a barefaced ignoramus. Are not *Wagnerist* and *claqueur* now-a-days synonymous terms?—And this makes two of the things for which I shall wait.

"Then I shall wait till Wagner is contented with being a poet and a composer (confound it, that is pretty well) and leaves off setting up as a philosopher, and gets rid of his itching to be at any price (at the price even of the most gigantic absurdities, as well as of the most evident and glaring contradictions), the legislator, and preceptor, and reformer, and regenerator of art.—And this makes three. Here, for the moment, I stop, and conclude by asking: how can it be said that I am a Wagnerist, if, in reality, it cannot be said that Wagner himself is one? What has Wagner done, and what does he still do? There is nobody who cannot see it. He disowns in theory what he establishes in practice; he erases with one hand what he writes with the other; he is continually placing the man in opposition to the artist; he aspires to and approaches the sublime by his genius, but by his vanity he drags himself down to the ridiculous."

There is many a writer who does not possess so correct an estimation of Herr Richard Wagner as the Florence correspondent of the *Milan Gazzetta Musicale*. So I, at least, think, and, therefore, have taken the pains to translate and forward it to you.—Yours, truly,

AMATEUR.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Last week were performed *Rigoletto*, *Faust*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Martha*. *Rigoletto* and *Martha* were heard for the first time at Mr. Mapleson's theatre during the present season, and of these exclusively it will be requisite to say a few words.

Gilda was one of the parts essayed by Miss Clara-Louise Kellogg at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1868, the second year of her appearance among us. Much and justly as her performance was eulogized then, it merits praise still more unrestricted now. Perhaps without excepting her Linda, Gilda is Miss Kellogg's most finished impersonation—most finished alike from a dramatic and a musical point of view. By the dramatic significance which she imparts she endows the character with a higher interest. She looks it to admiration, and, indeed, so far as personal appearance has anything to do with the matter, a more attractive portrayal of Verdi's most prepossessing heroine than that of the gifted young American has rarely, if ever, been seen on the boards of the lyric stage. According to her treatment, the unhappy daughter of the miserable Court Jester is something more than the simple medium of giving utterance, like "a native woodlark wild," to charmingly tuneful phrases. She unites with vocal fluency and sweetness a something which causes people to believe that Gilda can feel as well as sing. True, Verdi has given her ample opportunities; for rarely has melody in modern opera been more expressively allied to words, or more appropriately wedded to the sentiment of the situation as they successively arise out of the complex motives of the drama. To say more about *Rigoletto* and its music at this time would be superfluous, nor is it necessary to follow Miss Kellogg step by step through her performance. Enough to note the remarkable progress she has made, and to add that her performance was equally good from the first scene to the last—the most remarkable points being the duet with Walter Maldé (the disguised Duke of Mantua), the beautiful soliloquy, "Caro nome" (Act II), the exciting interview between Gilda and Rigoletto, in the palace of the Duke, when, restored to her father's arms, the outraged Gilda narrates the story of her innocent amour with the man whom she has supposed to be a poor student, and perhaps best of all—the scene in Act IV., where the too-confiding Gilda, disguised in male attire, is made cognizant of the falsehood of her imaginary lover, to save whose life she voluntarily sacrifices her own. Mdlle. Kellogg's Gilda, to sum up, was a success as unqualified as it was honourably obtained—without pretence, without show, without anything, in short, beyond an earnest desire to do her very best. We must add, that Signor Campanini, who represented the profligate Duke of Mantua, hardly shone to advantage at the beginning of the opera; but, as it went on, he improved his position, being forced to repeat "La Donna e mobile," and winning his legitimate share in the "encore" of the famous quartet in Act IV., his companions in which were Madame Trebelli-Bettini (Maddelena), Signor Mendioroz (who sings the music of *Rigoletto* admirably, if he has not the acquirements to give histrionic significance to the part), and Miss Kellogg. The Sparafucile was Signor Foli, now perhaps the very best representative of that character on the stage. The orchestra and chorus, under Sir Michael Costa's direction, were perfect.

How Mdlle. Nilsson plays and sings the part of Lady Enrichetta, in *Martha*, need hardly be told. Allowing for the increased demonstrative vigour, to which reference has already been made, and which is as noticeable in this particular impersonation as in any other, she is much the same as when she was last among us. There is positively nothing new to say about it. The quartet at the spinning wheels, with Signor Campanini (Lionello), Madame Trebelli Bettini (Nancy), and Signor Agnesi (Plumkett)—although we have heard it better given—was encored; and so, of course, was the Irish melody, "Qui sola, vergin rosa" (the "Last Rose of Summer"), upon which M. Flotow has in a great measure built his opera, and to which Mdlle. Nilsson gave her well-known exquisite expression, singing the air both times in Italian, and thereby setting an example which might be advantageously followed by other representatives of the character of Lady Enrichetta, who in defiance of all propriety, when encored in the ballad, are tempted to sing it the second time in English. As before, so now, Mdlle. Nilsson shines most conspicuously in the last act of *Martha*, in which her singing throughout is

irreproachable. Signor Agnesi, who took the part of Plumkett, was encored in "Chi mi dira" &c., (Act 3), the somewhat commonplace apostrophe to beer, and the same compliment was paid to Signor Campanini in "M'aj pari tutt'amor," the sentimental apostrophe to Lionel's absent Martha, sung with such genuine and passionate expression that the entire audience, the most brilliant and crowded of the season, were longing to hear it again, and felt delighted when their request was complied with. Had Signor Campanini sung throughout the opera as carefully, zealously, and in all respects admirably as in the third and fourth acts of *Martha*, Lionel might be placed among his happiest assumptions, next, in short, to his Gennaro. But this clever and well-endowed gentleman has recently got into the habit of beginning somewhat negligently—a habit which he must diligently strive to conquer, if he wishes to establish himself absolutely, which he has quite sufficient requisite to do, as the leading tenor of the present Italian stage. He must not forget that he has yet to win his place, and then to hold it jealously.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

There were five performances last week—*Der Freischütz*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Linda di Chamouni*, *Il Flauto Magico* and *Don Giovanni*. All but one of these were "repetitions," the exception being *Linda di Chamouni*, given for the first time, with Mdlle. Emma Albani as the heroine.

That Mdlle. Albani steadily and surely advances, each new character she essays affords ample proof. The young Canadian is lucky in having a manager like Mr. Gye, who seems determined to help her on, and allows her such varied opportunities, not only of exhibiting the qualities she already possesses, but of improving and perfecting them by the constant public exercise of her art. Of those opportunities none who have watched her hitherto brief career with interest can fairly deny that Mdlle. Albani, with the utmost conscientiousness, has availed herself. She is always thoroughly prepared, always earnest, careful and painstaking, always thinking more of the character she is impersonating, and the music she has to sing, than of herself—and, therefore, always satisfactory to connoisseurs, who, in uncommon promise, are willing to see before them an uncommon future. Already Mdlle. Albani had convinced us by her Amina, her Lucia, her Martha, and her Gilda, that there was no ordinary beginner before us; and now her Linda has been simply influential in strengthening the conviction. That she has well studied the character, in all its phases, was made evident by her performance the other night—a performance for the greater part as musically correct as it was everywhere sympathetic. First, Mdlle. Albani looks Linda to the life, her youth, and extremely prepossessing manner lending strength to the illusion. The utter absence of show and pretentiousness in this young lady is of itself an indefinable attraction, and imparts a special interest to each of her performances, an interest only ceasing with the fall of the curtain. That she is not yet a perfect vocalist she knows as well as her critics; but that she has the resolution and the industry eventually to become one, is just as apparent. Such young talent as this, so modestly and becomingly exercised, is alone a charm. It is not less evident in the acting of Mdlle. Albani, than in her singing. That, both as an actress and singer, she will realize her ideal, if she goes on as she is going on now, is our firm belief. Linda is a part of considerable difficulty. Even the opening *cavatina*—"O luce di quest'anima"—has been a test for the most accomplished sopranos, from Persiani downwards. Nevertheless, Mdlle. Albani sung it right well, and executed the florid passages at the end of each section with singular neatness and facility. She was also very happy in her duet with Carlo (Signor Nicolini); and, in short, the entire first act was successful. In the second, the dramatic powers of a singer are more severely tried. There is the duet with the Marquis de Boisfleur (Signor Ciampi), whose unprincipled advances Linda repulses with such vigour; the duet with Antonio (Signor Graziani), who, in his turn, rejects the proffered alms of Linda; and lastly, the scene of the mental aberration, when Linda is informed by Pierotto (Mdlle. Scalchi) that her lover is about to become the husband of another. All these are trying and difficult, but Mdlle. Albani showed an intelligent

appreciation of each, and in each came favourably forth from the ordeal. There is little for Linda to do in the last act, unless she introduces, after the example of Mdle. Ilma di Murska, an elaborate air with variations, as *finale*—from which custom Mdle. Albani, who was frequently applauded and "recalled" throughout the opera, discreetly refrained. Enough that she has made another step in public favour. The other chief characters were sustained by Mdle. Scalchi (Pierotto), who improves continually as a singer, and whose voice is the richest and most musical contralto the Italian stage has known since the secession of the incomparable Albani; Mdle. Corsi (Maddalena); Signor Nicolini (Carlo, the disguised Viscount); Signor Graziani (Antonio); Signor Baggiolo (the Prefect); and Signor Ciampi (the Marquis). Signor Vianesi conducted in the orchestra, and the performance was generally good.

On Monday night Madame Patti played Amina (*La Sonnambula*) for the first and last time this season. It was not to be anticipated that she would wholly neglect a character which, often performed though it be, comes with always fresh charm. Madame Patti's admirers like to be reminded of a certain night, eleven years ago, when a young girl, unheralded by fame, stepped upon the Covent Garden stage, and, in the character of the Swiss peasant, began a career rarely surpassed. That *début* has thrown a halo of interest round Madame Patti's Amina, which so helps the charm of the impersonation that we could scarcely imagine a season complete without at least one performance. How far the public share this feeling was demonstrated by the crowded house of Monday night. The reception given to Madame Patti seemed to animate her in an equal degree, for she never sang "Come per me sereno" and its joyous cabaletta, "Sovra il sen," with greater spirit. To follow Madame Patti through her performance would be to travel over a well-beaten track. Enough that, both in a vocal and dramatic sense, she sustained her reputation, and the scene at the close of the opera left behind it a conviction that talent had, in her case, met with honest and adequate reward. Signor Nicolini was Elvino. The Count of M. Faure again presented an embodiment finished to the minutest detail.

The combined entertainment for the benefit and last appearance of that deservedly popular artist, Madame Pauline Lucca, attracted a very crowded audience, and was a genuine success. Madame Lucca has not been afforded too many opportunities this season of showing the versatility for which she is renowned; but such as have been given her she has used to the best advantage. Foremost among them was the opportunity of appearing before the English public as Agatha, in *Der Freischütz*, the most poetical of all the creations of Weber, who, in writing for this, his favourite heroine, went to work with an enthusiasm, which, whatever may be said, surpassed the enthusiasm exhibited in *Euryanthe*, his next great opera—and for sufficiently intelligible reasons, seeing that Agatha is a real creature of flesh and blood, while the other heroine is at the best a myth. In no character she has hitherto undertaken has Madame Lucca more triumphantly shown her dramatic genius, or the remarkable power she possesses of making music speak, as if it were the natural language of emotion. The second act of *Der Freischütz* was, therefore, wisely selected for an occasion of so much interest. In the great *scena* ("Softly sighs"—in English) when Agatha awaits the return of her lover, she produced, if possible, a greater effect than on any previous occasion, and was, as usual, compelled, by the unanimously expressed wish of the audience, to repeat the last and most difficult movement—which she did even with increased effect. Madame Lucca's next appearance was in the third act of *Faust e Margherita*. Every amateur knows her very original and enchanting way of representing the character of Margaret, how she sings the quaint legend of the "King of Thule," and with what spirit, grace, and brilliancy, she delivers the famous "*Air des bijoux*." This last created a more than ordinary sensation, and was encored unanimously by the audience, who, after the duet of the garden-scene, recalled Mdme. Lucca three times before the lamps, bouquets falling in profusion. About the final act of the *Africaine*, the death of the unhappy Selika, under the poisonous branches of the mancauilla tree, it is almost unnecessary to speak. All opera-goers know that this is one of Mdme. Lucca's most remarkable

efforts, and understand easily enough why Meyerbeer should have insisted upon her being the representative of Selika, when his last great opera was produced at Berlin, and that he should have earnestly wished her in Paris to undertake the same service. Similar demonstrations followed upon this, as upon the other performances of Mdme. Lucca, who could hardly have taken leave of her English admirers (which means all the subscribers to Covent Garden and all the "general public"—that "myth" to which the *Pall Mall Gazette* so playfully refers) in a more triumphant manner. Her entire performance was as nearly as possible absolute perfection. When at the end, after listening and listening to the gradually receding voices of the crew, who rule the ship which carries off Inez and the too fickle Vasco di Gama, and with them all Selika's hope of happiness, she sinks under the outspread branches of the fatal tree, and dies, a thrill seemed to come over the entire audience. Everybody was sensibly affected; and everybody, at the fall of the curtain, roared with enthusiasm. Three recalls for Lucca, and again bouquets in profusion, were the result. A more exciting scene has rarely been witnessed.

The other performances this week have consisted of the *Nozze di Figaro*—with Madame Pauline Lucca and M. Faure (Tuesday night); *Norma*—first time with Madame Parepa-Rosa as the Druid Priestess (Thursday); and the *Barbiere*—with Madame Patti for the first time (Friday). A repetition of *Linda di Chamouni*—with Mdle. Albani, as Linda, is promised for this evening. The new opera, *Il Guarany*, by the Brazilian composer, M. Gomez, meanwhile in active rehearsal, is to be produced early next week.

### COURT CIRCULAR.

(From our own correspondent at Court.)

Among those present at the Garden Party, held at Chiswick by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, was the Baroness von Rhade (Madame Pauline Lucca).

Sir Michael Costa had the honour of an invitation to the Prince and Princess of Wales' Garden Party at Chiswick, on Tuesday.

Sir Julius Benedict was among the guests at the Prince and Princess of Wales' Garden Party on Tuesday, at Chiswick.

Sir Henry and Lady Thomson (Miss Kate Loder) had the honour of invitations for the Prince and Princess of Wales' Garden Party on Tuesday, at Chiswick.

### THE BOSTON INTERNATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE.

(Telegrams.)

NEW YORK, June 29.

The Dublin band has arrived here in the Abyssinia, to take part in the Boston Jubilee, and was cordially welcomed.

NEW YORK, July 2nd.

The Irish band played yesterday at the Boston Jubilee, and was warmly received.

NEW YORK, July 3rd.

The Jubilee was largely attended to-day, Mr. Greeley was present and was heartily cheered. The French band will give six concerts in New York, three in Philadelphia, and will probably visit Chicago.

GENOA.—The new opera in a prologue and three acts, *Djem la Zingera*, music by Signor Emilio Boszano, words by Signor Giuseppe Perozio, has been successful at the Teatro Andrea Doria.

VIENNA.—According to report, Weber's comic opera, *Abu Hassan*, will be performed in August at the Imperial Operahouse. M. Gounod's *Reine de Saba*, also, is mentioned among the novelties. Negotiations are pending with Herr Taglioni, of Berlin, for the production of a new ballet, called *Ellinor*. The operas which will be produced, after September, for the first time in the new house, are: *Iphigenia auf Tauris*, Gluck; *Cori Jan Tulle*, Mozart; *Don Sebastian*, Donizetti; *Oberon*, Weber; and (perhaps) *Aida*, Verdi. The Viennese may, too, remarks the Berlin *Echo*, be "Nibelunged" even before the Grand Festival-Stage-Play comes off at Bayreuth. The worthy Imperial Operatic Adviser, and President of the Wagner Association, Herr Herbeck, is capable of doing such a thing.

## THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE.\*

Boston, June 21.

There is something lovable about the genuine desire of the New England people to excel in and do honour to music. There never was a more honest or thorough-going devotedness, a more steadily-burning enthusiasm, than they have evinced throughout the preliminary rehearsals of the present jubilee. This would suffice in itself to cover a multitude of artistic sins—supposing a multitude to cover. It is pleasant to behold countless girls coming far and near, with their rolls or books of music, gracefully humbling themselves before their appointed conductors, working night and day; the men, too, from stores, and banks, and workshops, forgetting for a time the "almighty dollar," and sacrificing pecuniary interest upon the altar of spiritual beauty. Such acts of sacrifice are fraught with good to social life. It is gratifying to hear, as one may now hear in Boston, good music practised in nearly every house, and still more gratifying to find that ninety-nine in every hundred of these amateur singers are English-speaking people. I look upon this unprecedented mass music-meeting not as a mere festival in the ordinary sense, but as a fair specimen of what a nation, still in the earliest stage of artistic culture, can accomplish; and from this point of view I shall regard it throughout. That Mr. P. S. Gilmore is the life and soul of the whole thing, there can be no question, and the tribute from General Banks does not exaggerate his merits.

The concert of the first day opened with the "Old Hundredth," by 20,000 vocalists, about 2000 instrumentalists, and the great organ, played by Mr. Wilcox. The stately old hymn, executed with perfect ensemble by this immense body of performers, produced a solemnly grand effect. The volume of sound was almost overwhelming. It is in slow movements that the Jubilee Concerts can best sustain the claim for superiority over any mass musical performances yet attempted. Mr. Gilmore was the conductor, and a more successful exhibition could not have been desired. His reception was enthusiastic. Round after round of applause greeted him as he passed through the long alley leading to the conductor's desk; and when he had reached it the waving of handkerchiefs and hats, rattling of bows upon fiddlebacks, and cheering of some forty thousand people, made an ovation such, perhaps, as no conductor ever received before. Richard Wagner's overture to *Rienzi* followed, with Herr Zerrahn as director. I wish I could say that it went well; but, despite all the vigilance and ability of Herr Zerrahn, the performance was at times painfully unsteady. Here the weak point of the orchestra was made apparent, and it was impossible not to recognise the insurmountable difficulty of keeping nearly one thousand players together in rapid or intricate passages.

Next came Sir Michael Costa's "Grand Triumphant March" ("Damasco"), from *Naaman*, conducted by Mr. Gilmore. The ensemble in this instance was perfect; but the tempo was not half so quick as the composer meant it to be. Immediately after this a German gentleman, Herr Bendel, sat down at a grand pianoforte, and began apparently to exert himself tremendously. On looking at the programme, I found that Liszt's *Prophecy* fantasia was the piece with which Herr Bendel was so fiercely engaged; and, judging by his action, I should be inclined to record that he was getting the best of it, the applause bestowed upon him by his countless compatriots in the orchestra giving me still further reason to believe that he had come off victorious. But, unfortunately, I happened to be about the centre of the vast hall, where not one note of the pianoforte could be distinctly heard. The following number, Mendelssohn's familiar unaccompanied four-part song, "Farewell to the Forest," almost faultlessly sung by the 20,000, was a triumph for the united choral societies. Here, again, as in the "Old Hundredth," a superb effect of ensemble was produced. Rossini's "Inflammatus" (*Stabat Mater*) immediately succeeded. The solo part was sung by Madame Rudersdorff, with her usual care and musicianly feeling, and she was well supported by the chorus. This, conducted by Herr Zerrahn, may also be set down as a success. The set of from *Lucia*, "Chi mi frena," sung by the so-called "Bouquet of Artists," also went very well, eliciting a merited "bis."

The second part began with a "grand selection" from the favourite airs of England and America, played by the United States Marine Band of Washington, under the direction of Mr. Henry Fries. Fine looking fellows, in brilliant scarlet uniforms, their execution was so good as to elicit hearty applause, and an encore for one piece. "Yankee Doodle," "God Save the Queen," and "The Star-spangled Banner," formed the selection—one verse of the latter being sung by Mrs. Houston West, a Boston amateur, who endeavoured to make artistic capital out of a high B flat *sostenuto*, after the manner of Mme. Parepa-Rosa at the last Boston Jubilee. The high soprano notes, I need scarcely say, are the most "telling" in a huge building like the Coliseum. The "Star-spangled Banner" was unanimously encored

and repeated from end to end. The "Marine Band," although it hails from Washington, must by no means be regarded as the representative military orchestra of America. It is good; but the bands of the New York Seventh and Ninth Regiments would have been more fit to cope with the English, Prussian, and French bands which subsequently appeared.

Herr Johann Strauss now followed with one of his waltzes. It was his first appearance in the States, and he was honoured with a warm reception. Directly after the Strauss waltz ("On the bright beautiful blue Danube"), which was encored, came the striking event of the morning—Verdi's chorus from *Il Trovatore*, accompanied by a hundred thumpers upon a hundred anvils, and the roar of a park of artillery outside, the whole going, under Mr. Gilmore's direction, like clock-work; but, strange to say, the audience received it coldly. This made the greatest "hit" of all at the last Jubilee. The taste of the New England people must be improving.

I have now only to speak as regards the first day of a clever chorus, "This is the witness of God," by Mr. Paine, a young American composer, and a hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee," a composition of a similar kind by Dr. Lowell Mason. In the latter, it should be stated, the audience were "respectfully requested to join." The second day brought us the first appearance of the Grenadier Band. The reception with which they met was almost indescribable. But details with respect to their performances, and the *début* of Madame Arabella Goddard on the same day, must be reserved for another dispatch.

## THE LATE MR. ANDREW NIMMO.

(From "The Era," June, 30.)

On Sunday week, at five o'clock p.m., died Mr. Andrew Nimmo, whose name is endeared to every member of the Theatrical Profession, and all connected with the amusements of the last quarter of a century. He died of apoplexy at his residence in Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, and was buried on Friday week in Brompton Cemetery, at the foot of the grave in which rest the remains of Alfred Mellon.

Among the representative men of his time Mr. Andrew Nimmo takes his place. He represented that useful fragment of society known as "the theatrical agent"—an official who has to combine the suavity of the courtier with the acuteness of the lawyer, the love of sociality with the clear-headedness of a judge. Mr. Nimmo was in his fifty-fifth year. He was born in Edinburgh, and educated at the High School, it being his mother's earnest desire that he should be a minister of the Church of Scotland. He became for a short time tutor in a noble Scottish family. But an irresistible desire for the stage induced him to accept the office of "call boy" at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, when Murray was lessee. Young Nimmo's talent for management soon attracted the notice of Murray, who raised him to the position of stage manager, which he held till 1842, when he came to London, to Mr. Mitchell of Bond Street, in whose well-known establishment he acted the part of a faithful servant for nearly twenty-five years. During this period he was entrusted with the negotiation of many enterprises. Amongst them may be enumerated the engagements of Rachel, Jenny Lind, the Bateman Children, the speculations of Barnum, and some enterprise or another at every Hall and Theatre throughout Great Britain and Ireland. It was a treat to hear Nimmo's imitations of the Scottish actors of his time, and no one had a greater fund of anecdote. The life of Mr. Nimmo would make an interesting story, in the course of which would figure nearly all the theatrical celebrities of the day. In later years he carried on a business of his own in Wigmore Street, and so much respected was he, that Mr. Mitchell himself assisted in arranging the pictures in the new home of his old assistant. The concerts of Sir Julius Benedict have nearly all been under Mr. Nimmo's management, and his last concert was that of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, at St. James's Hall. In the death of Andrew Nimmo the profession loses a friend, his Brethren of the Masonic Craft a good Brother, and the world in general a worthy man.

The funeral on Friday was numerously attended. Mr. Mitchell following to the grave the remains of his old and valued servant. The ceremony was conducted by Mr. Garstin, of Welbeck Street, and the service was performed by the rector of St. Thomas's. The mourners were Mr. Douglas Nimmo, the son of the deceased; Mrs. Nimmo, Miss Nimmo, Mr. T. Chapman, Mr. Masson, the Rev. Mr. Brooke, Professor Anderson, and Mr. J. Hurst. On the ground we noticed, among many others, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Land, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bateman, Mr. J. A. Shaw, Mr. W. R. Julian, Mr. J. F. Sutton, Mr. H. G. Jay, Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Nugent, Mr. Barry Sullivan, Mr. A. Austin, Mr. Waterman, Mr. Fredericks, Mr. H. Edmonds, Mr. Davis, Mr. E. G. Cutler, Mr. Buckenham, Mr. Bowen, Mr. Rouse, and Mr. Dyas. Had the funeral been widely notified few members of the Profession would have been absent.

\* Abridged from the correspondence of the *Daily Telegraph*.

MESSRS.

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## BIRTH.

July 1st, the wife of STROUD LINCOLN COCKS, Esq., of Harold House, Finchley Road, of a son.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR. QUILT.—Adelina Patti first appeared in England at the Royal Italian Opera, on May 14, 1861, as Amina, in the *Sonnambula*. Dr. Quilt is entirely wrong about Generali. For Generali he should read Mosca. Mosca was the real inventor.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1872.

AN American journal of our acquaintance always heads its column devoted to personalities and gossipings with the substantive "Spice." Our good cousins are very fond of Spice, and loud are their complaints of the flavourless English journals when condemned to the fare which satisfies John Bull. Spice, in fact, is one of the most remarkable institutions of the Great Republic, and without it, as some students of national ornithology affirm, the Bird of Freedom itself would fall into a condition of chronic moult. Very naturally and laudably, therefore, the editors of American papers constitute themselves the great purveyors of Spice, and in this capacity they set the spiciest reporters at work upon the World's Peace Jubilee. When all the materials are to hand, we hope to present our readers with samples labelled according to strength and character. Meanwhile it should be observed that there is Spice and Spice. For instance that which tickles the New York palate is absolutely offensive to Boston, and vice versa. Of course the New York reporters manufacture the article for home consumption, and, hence, the storm of ridicule which has made the Empire City roar with laughter at the "Hub of the Universe." Between these sister towns there is, we are sorry to say, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness; and it must be owned that if Boston looks down upon New York with the contempt felt by "sweetness and light" for rank Philistinism, New York has now had its revenge *à propos* of the great Gilmorean idea. We could multiply examples by the dozen, but enough for the present if we cite three, supplied by our potent contemporary, the *New York Herald*. The reporter of that journal had to describe M<sup>de</sup>. Arabella Goddard's first appearance, and this is how, while complimenting the performer, he "took it out of" the Bostonians:—

[No. 1.]

## "THE QUEEN OF PIANISTS."

"M<sup>de</sup>. Arabella Goddard, the acknowledged queen of pianists, played Thalberg's fantasia on the 'Last Rose of Summer.' She laboured under the frightful disadvantage of being compelled to play on the worst piano ever inflicted on any intelligent public, yet she made more out of it than the Hammer-and-Tongs, Bendel, who boasted yesterday, that at last he found a piano that he could not break. All that characteristic delicacy and poetry that has made the name of Arabella Goddard a tower of strength was there, but the confounded instrument would not respond. Imagine only playing upon a monster so hideous that a light touch produces the effect of the firemen in the anvil chorus and a heavy touch that of rivetters in a boiler shop! M<sup>de</sup>. Arabella Goddard must be heard on an instrument that can be

called a piano, and not on such a monstrosity as these Yankee speculators have concocted for the Jubilee."

[No. 2.]

"MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD

played Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," and Benedict's "Erin," and although labouring under the fearful disadvantage of playing on an instrument not worthy to be called a piano, yet her great reputation which has been acquired and built up during a long and brilliant career in Europe, made her one of the principal objects of interest on the occasion. The piano part of the Jubilee has been a cruel deception to this fair artist. The maker of the keyed abomination which figures on the stage of the Coliseum is a member of the Executive Committee, and he contrived to get the monopoly of the piano department into his hands. Therefore, every pianist taking part in the festival is obliged to use this piano, and the best firms in America are entirely excluded. Wehli-Wehli sat down to it yesterday, but as no one heard him play it is to be presumed that he was placed there more for ornament than for use."

The foregoing are not bad, but now for a masterpiece of spicy reporting, which we give without note or comment:—

[No. 3.]

"THE ENGLISH NATIONAL ANTHEM."

"'God Save the Queen,' solo, the third verse by Mdme Erminie Rudersdorff, with full chorus, band of the Grenadier Guards, organ, orchestra, military band, and cannon accompaniment. What a mountain, but what a small mouse! Some fiendish Fenian, envious of British glory, was at the organ, we believe; made a chargeon chorus, orchestra, and conductor, like an old-fashioned Stonewall Jackson flank movement, and knocked the British National anthem into "pie". (Excuse printers' language.) The entire thing became chaos and resembled more the stampede of the eleventh corps at Chancellorsville than a well-ordered body of musicians. Madame Rudersdorff shared in the panic, and gave forth the words and notes of the third verse like a dyspeptic automaton. She made an absolute *fiasco* on the occasion. Then to retrieve the honour of his country, Dan Godfrey mounted the dizzy heights of the rostrum, and repeated the anthem with his own incomparable band. The result was, the battle was not lost, notwithstanding the preceding stampede, and the red coats fought bravely. May they be soon decorated, and their shadows never grow less!"

"THE GREATEST SUCCESS OF ALL."

"A tumultuous encore brought the indomitable Dan again to the fore. This time he responded with the "Star-Spangled Banner." Here came in the artillery accompaniment; it was the mandate of the king of conductors:

'Let the kettle to the trumpet speak;  
The trumpet to the cannoniers without;  
The cannon to high heaven.'

"At this moment a general saturnalia was inaugurated. Every man, woman and child arose in a body, not only in the audience, but on the stage, waved handkerchiefs and acted as if each individual was demented."

After this, the reporter of the *Herald* may rest upon plentiful laurels. Like Sam Weller in the witness-box, he has done "Dodson and Fogg" as much harm as possible, tickled the New Yorkers, and cracked up the neutral party, "Indomitable Dan." But more of this anon.

We may just state, in conclusion, that the pianoforte used at the Boston Jubilee is from the manufactory of Messrs. Hallett and Davis, of Boston, who have no connection whatever with Chickering, or Steinway. *Hinc illa lachrymæ.* (Hence these tears).

THE *Ménistrel* of last week contained the following notice of the late well-known and popular M. Carré:—

"At a late hour we learn the death of Michael Carré, the fertile librettist, who has supplied our chief composers with so

many interesting poems. He was fifty-one years old, and had suffered for two years from a chest complaint, which carried him off on the night of Thursday, at his little villa at Argenteuil. His *début* was made with some volumes of romantic poems, which had little success; and his first *libretti* were scarcely more happy. His literary fortune dates only from 1850, when he collaborated with Jules Barbier. Here is a list of his principal works, for the most part in collaboration with the last-named author:—

*Les Contes d'Hoffmann, Un Drame en famille, Le Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène, Galathée, Les Noces de Jeannette, Les Saisons, Psyché, Valentine d'Aubigny, Miss Fauvette, Les Sabots de la marquise, Le Mariage aux lanternes, Les Trois Vatel, Quentin Durward, Le Pardon de Ploërmel, Les Papillottes de M. Benoit, Mignon, Lara, Hamlet, Lalla-Rouck, Le Jardinier galant, Fior d'Aliza, L'Éventail, La Colombe, Faust, Roméo et Juliette, Les Nuits d'Espagne, Le Médecin malgré lui, Les Noces de Figaro, La Statue, La Reine de Saba, Peines d'amour perdues, Gil Blas, Mireille, Jobin et Nanette, Le Furet des salons, Henriette Deschamps, etc.*

What will Jules Barbier do without his esteemed and long tried associate, Michael Carré? It was a veritable Erckmann-Chatrian alliance. Carré and Barbier were the Siamese Twins of the lyric drama.

## NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS.

June 30.

All we wish to say at this moment with reference to what may be called our Sydenham Eisteddfod is a word or two about the idea, which originated from Mr. Willert Beale, a gentleman who, for more than a quarter of a century, has zealously interested himself in matters connected with music, and on many occasions shown that he possesses no less talent and inventive genius than ability. Mr. Beale was lucky enough to find, in the directors and managers of the Crystal Palace, people able not only to sympathize with, but substantially to put his idea into practice. There is an essential difference between the Welsh Eisteddfodau and an institution which seems to have an excellent chance of being engrafted on the Crystal Palace; for, whereas the Welsh Eisteddfodau invite the competition indiscriminately of all workers in art, science, poetry, history, commerce, mechanics, &c., the Crystal Palace Eisteddfod applies itself exclusively to music. Certainly, there is no place we could name where the idea has a fairer chance than at the Crystal Palace of being effectively and impartially carried out. That we have a vast deal of musical talent in this country, only ignored because it is without a reasonable opportunity of ever seeing the light, is notorious. The scheme is, doubtless, experimental as well as novel, and, indeed, all novelties in design are inevitably more or less experimental. But its champions urge, we have no national opera, and we want one; we have no institutions for the exhibition of our national musical genius, such as it may happen to be, and we want such institutions; we have no means of discovering how much musical talent may absolutely exist *en herbe*, or otherwise, in this country, and we want such means of discovery. Other nations possess the advantages of which we are deprived. England, which as Mr. William Chappell informs us, on undoubted authority, has bequeathed hundreds upon hundreds of beautiful melodies to the world, which gave birth to Purcell, Locke, Arne, Gibbons, Wilbye, Webbe, Horsley, Bishop, the two Wesleys, J. Barnett, Loder, J. E. Hutton, Balfé, Wallace, Macfarren, Henry Smart, Sullivan, Sterndale Bennett, &c., besides a host of composers of music for the Church, and a host of composers of madrigals and glees, such as nowhere else can be matched; England, where Handel was acclimatized and passed the greater part of his life; where Weber and Mendelssohn were first unanimously recognized—is alleged to be less musical now than it was in the time of Elizabeth, when (as Mr. W. Chappell again tells us) a part of every gentleman and lady's education was to learn singing at sight. We do not believe it; nor can we see why an English national opera, with the English language as its exponent, should not be possible. We have two Italian operas and ever so many theatres for the performance of French burlesque music, the spirit at which, whatever that spirit may be, utterly evaporates in translation. But we have no English opera; we have no institution, even like the old Society of British Musicians, at which what

Englishmen are able to do in the shape of vocal and instrumental composition can be tried and judged. This, in so populous and art-loving a country, where painting and the other arts are eagerly appreciated, and their professors handsomely remunerated, seems monstrously absurd. It is argued that, if the "National Music Meetings" at the Crystal Palace can by any means be made perennial, carried on in the spirit with which the Crystal Palace directors have been long and deservedly credited in all their relations to music, they may be the means of promoting the advance of art in this country, of bringing forward a great deal of talent which might otherwise languish in obscurity, and thus of effecting a world of good.

The scheme of the National Music Meetings is already very generally circulated and known throughout the country. It is unnecessary, therefore, for us to describe it in detail. That competitions for prizes are the necessary means to a highly desirable end may be regretted; nevertheless, it would, under the circumstances, be difficult to suggest any other expedient. Of the unprejudiced fairness and competent authority with which the prizes are administered and withheld, the names of the judges in whom the trust has hitherto been placed is sufficient guarantee. Not to speak of several previous examinations in which out of a large number of candidates the majority have been eliminated, so as only to present those esteemed worthy for the competitions to which the public is invited, there have already been two trials. At one, the competition was limited to soprano and tenor singers, at the other to contraltos and basses. The trials are held in the Handel Orchestra of the Central Transept. The singers are accompanied by the ordinary Crystal Palace band, under the direction of the Crystal Palace conductor, Mr. Manns. The judges are accommodated on a raised platform, at convenient distance from the orchestra, where they can hear distinctly and decide accordingly. On the first day (Thursday), when sopranos and tenors were examined, the judges for sopranos—Sir Sterndale Bennett, Sir Julius Benedict, and Signor Arditì—awarded the prize (a purse of £80) to Miss Anna Williams, who sang "Hear ye, Israel," from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and was one of six chosen candidates. The judges for the tenors—Sir Sterndale Bennett, Sir Julius Benedict, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan—gave the prize to Mr. Dudley Thomas, who sang "Frapoco" (*Lucia*), and was one out of four chosen candidates. On the second day (Saturday) the judges for the contraltos—Signor Arditì, Mr. J. Barnby, and Dr. Wylde—awarded the prize (£80) to Miss Hancock, together with a marked commendation to Miss Emrick, who had three successive competitions with her successful rival (in the same songs too) before those with whom the decision rested could make up their minds. Miss Emrick may console herself with the conviction that, having been so near the goal, she will not long hence reach it. On the same day, the judges for the basses and baritones—Sir Sterndale Bennett, Signor Arditì, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan—gave the prize to Mr. J. L. Wadmore (pupil of the Royal Academy of Music)—accompanied by an emphatic commendation of Mr. Pope. After each competition there was a concert in which those singers to whom prizes had been adjudicated took part; and on Saturday the attractions of the concert were enhanced by the co-operation of Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, and Mr. Santley. The orchestra played the overtures to the *May Queen* (Bennett), and *Lily of Killarney* (Benedict).

A VERY interesting novelty is contained in the programme of the last Philharmonic concert of the season (Monday evening next), in the shape of a new overture, called *Ajaz*, the composition of Sir William Sterndale Bennett.

ABOUT the dinner in celebration of the Jubilee of the Royal Academy of Music, which took place on Thursday, in Willis's Rooms—Earl Derby in the chair—we shall speak next week. It was altogether a triumphant affair.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH has signified his intention to distribute the prizes gained in the National Music Competitions at the Crystal Palace to-day, at a quarter past six o'clock.

FEEST.—Great preparations are being made for the ensuing operatic season at the National Theatre. *Der Freischütz* will be revived, with an entirely new *mise-en-scène*. The novelties will be *Almos*, by the late M. Mosconi; *Bräukovics*, a new opera, by Herr Erkel; and *Der siegende Holländer*, by Wagner.

## M. GOUNOD AND HIS WRONGS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Will you kindly correct a letterpress mistake in the word "wherever," in the third paragraph in my letter of the 22nd inst. It should be "whenever," not "wherever." At any other theatre in Paris, except the Grand Opéra, authors are paid so much per cent. on the receipts, which is much more profitable.

I was kept in complete ignorance of my author's rights in this country till this year, and although there has been a law-suit between Messrs. Gye and Mapleson on the subject of *Faust*, I never knew till this year that, owing to Mr. Chappell's neglect, my legal claims to author's rights in this country had been forfeited, and that Mr. Gye had the right to say, as he did, that I had robbed him!

Had I ever been told that I might have received £20, or even £10, a night for each representation of any opera of mine, I should have gladly accepted the offer. I had a sort of idea it was very kind of Mr. Gye to pay me anything at all. In fact, my ideas on anything connected with business are very vague, as is well known.

I should be most happy to buy my songs back from Mr. Chappell on the terms he mentions, and should be still more glad if he would let me have *Faust* back on the same conditions; I would cheerfully give up all the gains he has made on that opera for the last ten or twelve years.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CH. GOUNOD.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square.  
29th, June, 1872.

## M. GOUNOD AND HIS WRONGS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I am sorry to trouble you further about our dealings with M. Gounod, but as he again insinuates a charge in regard to his Albert Hall music book, I would remark that the first 1,600 copies of which he speaks were to be supplied at cost price (or less) to the choir, and we had no expectation of making a profit, when we proposed to pay him threepence a copy on those sold. As I know well how few were sold and how many remained on hand, our expectations would have been fully realized.

M. Gounod says that £480 was a "wretched sum" for such an opera as *Mireille*, which was—withstanding Rossini's quoted opinion—a failure, and at that price (with attendant expenses) must have caused the publishers a not inconsiderable loss; but I suppose we ought to buy all M. Gounod's works at his own price, regardless of success or failure.

Messrs. Boosey must deem themselves fortunate that their over liberal offer for *Romeo e Giulietta* was not accepted, or they might have counted their loss by thousands instead of hundreds. Balfe, Wallace, and other popular composers, were content either to sell their songs, or to receive a royalty. M. Gounod likes to do both, as I was lately asked 25 guineas, and sixpence on each copy.

When M. Gounod has resided a little longer in England he will probably learn that works are worth simply their market price, and not the sum their authors may deem their due.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOS. CHAPPELL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—M. Gounod says "I never heard of Mr. Boosey's offer of £2000 for *Romeo and Juliet*, I am sure he never wrote to me on the subject."

I can prove this statement to be incorrect. Enclosed is a copy of a letter addressed to M. Gounod, in reply to one from him saying, he was prepared to receive offers for *Romeo and Juliet*. Both are now before me. M. Gounod must have received the letter. It contained a cheque for £80 (for the new pieces in *Mireille*), which cheque was duly cashed. Moreover, I was in Paris shortly afterwards, and M. Choudens (the publisher), told me that the terms I had offered were *too liberal*! For this reason, perhaps, they were not accepted. At all events, here is a proof that they were proposed. Now, as to *Mireille*. I find on referring to our books, that the sums quoted in my last letter (from memory), as to the cost of this opera, are quite below the mark. It appears that an additional sum of £200 was paid to M. Gounod on the first representation in England, and that a further sum of

£200 had been paid to Mr. Mapleson, as an inducement to him to produce *Mireille* in London. Consequently the entire cost of this opera was actually £880, instead of £480 as stated. We did not sell enough to pay the publishing expenses, and our loss, including advertising, &c., was not far short of a thousand pounds.

*Mireille* was purchased at M. Gounod's own price. When the transaction was completed he expressed himself particularly satisfied, gave me an autographic portrait of himself, and promised me all his future works. This promise was never kept, and I had no kind of communication with M. Gounod until the present year, when his agent proposed a song for the Ballad Concerts, to be sung by Mrs. Weldon. The terms were 15 guineas to Mrs. Weldon, £25 to M. Gounod, and a royalty of sixpence. I declined the song on these conditions. It is quite incorrect to say the proposal originated with me. It came from M. Gounod, or his advisers, and the terms are exactly as here quoted, and not as given from memory in my last letter. The same agent afterwards talked to me about a song for Mme. Patey; but while this negotiation was going on, M. Gounod suddenly turned his back upon the agent (in a manner usual with him), and so the negotiation fell to the ground.

This is an exact account of all our intercourse with M. Gounod. We have lost a considerable sum by his music. This I do not complain of, as we are accustomed to losses through publishing for men of genius. But M. Gounod has been so insincere in all his dealings with us, that I should not care to be included in his list of favoured publishers—I am Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN BOOSEY.

[COPY OF LETTER TO M. GOUNOD.]

(Translated).

MONSIEUR GOUNOD,—I accept your offer for the two new pieces in *Mireille*, for the sum of eighty pounds. As to *Romeo and Juliet*, we prefer to buy all the rights in a new opera, because the right of publication is not worth much until the work is played, and we would wish to have the power of giving the opera immediately in London. The propositions which we would therefore make to you are as follows:—

On the first production of the Opera in Paris .....	£1000
Do. do. at Covent Garden .....	500
Do. do. at Her Majesty's Theatre .....	500

Total £2000

This is the highest price we ever paid for an opera. It is understood that this includes all the composer's rights of representation, publication, and the right in the book of words, and a copy of the score.

If you accept these terms, the affair is settled until the opera is given, and you are relieved of further trouble with managers, publishers, &c. We beg you to send your answer as early as possible.—I am Sir, your devoted servant,

JOHN BOOSEY.

London, 14th December, 1864.

PAULINE LUCCA'S BENEFIT AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(From the "Morning Post," July 4th.)

The character of the entertainment decided upon for Madame Pauline Lucca's benefit last night was one which had its advantages as well as its disadvantages. The chief of the advantages consisted in the fact that a programme of so miscellaneous a nature was well calculated to please those lovers of operatic delights whose distant residences and local occupations preclude the possibility of their being able to remain for a long time in town during the operatic season, in order to enjoy the many pleasures offered; and, therefore, they possibly consider that the next best thing to hearing several operas on several nights is to have the opportunity of being present at a performance of the most favourite scenes from many works on one and the same night, collected and bound together as a sort of operatic bouquet, in which melodic flowers of various degrees of beauty and colour unite to form one harmonious whole. The disadvantages may be summed up in one, and that by no means an unimportant item—namely, that while visitors from a distance may be supposed to be attracted by such an *omnium gatherum*, residents in town would most likely be repelled by the same means, reasonably

preferring to hear a great artist like Madame Lucca in one entire opera, in which her genius makes the several situations in the working out of the story sufficiently varied and interesting, and as a whole decidedly more preferable and enjoyable. But whether the programme was advisable or not, there can be no doubt that it was most highly appreciated by the audience, if enthusiastic applause can be taken as a test of measurement of such a matter. The first of the selections in this dramatic concert was a portion of the second act of Weber's *Der Freischütz*. Bouquets and reiterated plaudits rewarded the magnificent singing of Madame Pauline Lucca, an *encore* was demanded and complied with, and the last part of the scene, best known here by its English title, "Softly sigh," was repeated. The whole of this selection was most admirably done, Madame Lucca singing and acting like one thoroughly inspired by the action of the drama. Then followed the garden scene in *Faust*, with Madame Lucca as Margherita. At the conclusion of the "Jewel Song" more bouquets were cast at the feet of the Margherita than twenty such gardens in which she was supposed to be singing could possibly have produced, and the applause was actually deafening. The whole entertainment concluded with the last act from Meyerbeer's *L'Africain*, Madame Pauline Lucca again appearing as Felika, and, swan-like, singing the last notes her many admirers will have the opportunity of hearing in London until another season returns. The three portions of operas in which she sang last night presented the most favourable evidence of her great versatility and extended and extensive genius, and also offered the best means of reminding the patrons of the opera of her great and valuable services rendered during the season now drawing to an end, and also how much and happily she has contributed towards the musical success of the operatic campaign now so soon to be finished.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Observer* of Sunday last thus speaks about Miss Kellogg's recent impersonation of Gilda at Her Majesty's opera:—

"One of the most enjoyable portions of the musical banquet furnished last week by Mr. Mapleson, was the performance of *Rigoletto*, with Miss Clara-Louise Kellogg as Gilda. Those among the audience who remembered Miss Kellogg's charming impersonation of Gilda at Her Majesty's opera, in 1868, could hardly have been prepared for the still more charming and finished representation of Tuesday last, and it says much for the standard of musical taste in America, when not only Miss Kellogg, but other artists also, return to us from America with largely increased dramatic powers, combined with increased vocal polish and refinement. Gifted by nature with a lovely voice, of pure sympathetic quality, Miss Kellogg has assiduously cultivated her natural endowments, and, producing her vocal effects without any exaggeration or needless introduction of *tours de force*, she infallibly gains the sympathies and the plaudits of her hearers. Whether in her 'Caro nome,' in the duets with Rigoletto and the Duke, or in the pathetic music of the last act, she was equally excellent, and fully merited the recalls, the bouquets, and the loud applause with which she was greeted."

On the same subject, the *Sunday Times* has the following:—

"Miss Clara-Louise Kellogg appeared on Tuesday night for the first time this season, as Gilda, in *Rigoletto*. She will be remembered as having played the part during her previous visit to this country; and as having shown in it all those qualities of high intelligence and sound artistic practice which have deservedly given her eminence on the lyric stage. But if Miss Kellogg was successful in *Rigoletto* four years ago, much more was she successful on Tuesday night. Indeed, for uniform excellence as regards conception of the character and rendering of the music, it would not be easy to match Miss Kellogg's latest Gilda. The performance was one of those which, without dazzling by means of erratic effort, thoroughly satisfy by means of a high average of artistic excellence. In such a case it is hard to select any part of her work for special commendation. Mention must be made, however, of Gilda's duet with the Duke in Act 1, of the duet with Rigoletto in Act 2, and of the episode with which the last act opens, as showing Miss Kellogg's powers, both vocal and dramatic, to great advantage. Her singing and acting, in each case, made the most lively impression, and many as well as hearty were the demonstrations of favour shown towards the American *prima donna*. Miss Kellogg was recalled after every act, and often applauded by the entire house."

The *Graphic*, of June 25th, thus records the failure (?) of Cherubini's *Deux Journées* at Her Majesty's Opera:—

"On Thursday week Mr. Mapleson redeemed one of the promises in his prospectus by bringing out Cherubini's *Les Deux Journées* in an Italian form, and with the Italian name, *Le Due Giornate*. It was played on this occasion for the first time, and we fear, as regards the present season, for the last also. The public must wholly bear the blame of such a disaster as the failure of such a work. Mr. Mapleson did his best by putting the opera into good hands; Sir Michael Costa did his best by writing recitatives, and generally preparing the music, in irreproachable style; and the press did its best by urging the

merit of the work in no measured terms. Yet the theatre was only half full, and very many who did attend were present in what the Americans style a 'dead-head capacity.' The conclusions to which this fact points are not agreeable, and we are loath to believe that opera in England has really nothing to do with art. Yet to that we must come if the logic of events be accepted. Given a famous work, written by one of the greatest masters, and played for the first time in England under circumstances eminently favourable, and it is hard not to associate with it a crowded house. An empty house means simply the humiliation of all those who have at any time contended for the existence of a genuine art-feeling among the opera-going classes. Henceforth that contention must cease.—'Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone.' True, there are intelligible, if not satisfactory, reasons why *Les Deux Journées* should be neglected by those who crowd to *Il Trovatore* and *Lucrezia Borgia*. Its libretto is not based upon lust or murder, but introduces a group of honest people engaged in the performance of honest acts; it has no show part for a fashionable *prima donna*, but subordinates the artists to the art they exemplify; and its music is not ear-catching, jingling themes which may be hummed in the lobbies, but rather that which seeks first to gratify the artistic soul. These are facts more than able, as things go, to explain why Cherubini's work commands but little favour, and gains that little only from the minority of earnest musicians. But what an effect must such a result have upon living composers, who are moved to attempt something higher and nobler than 'pot-boilers!' *Les Deux Journées*, written seventy years ago, and now first played in London to empty benches, may well make them pause, and send them back to pot-boiling. It certainly discourages others who have striven to propagate real musical taste, and tried hard to believe in partial success. Nevertheless, let us hope that the struggle will be continued, in the belief that ultimately a better time will come. The performance of *Les Deux Journées* by Mesdames Tietjens, Röze, and Bauermeister, Signori Vizzani, Agnesi, Foli, &c., was remarkable for smoothness and precision; while the *ensemble* left absolutely nothing to desire. We cannot too highly praise Sir Michael Costa for his masterly recitatives, and for the great care with which he brought out the work. *Les Deux Journées* has undoubtedly failed; but the representation was a success which will make the season of 1872 a pleasant remembrance."

#### CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Miss LIZZIE MOULDING's first pianoforte recital took place at St. George's Hall, on the afternoon of Monday the 1st inst., under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort and of several other most distinguished members of the nobility and gentry. Miss Moulding's first appearance as a public performer was at the Kisteddfod, held at Carmarthen in 1867, when she competed with four other young ladies for a prize given to the best pianoforte performer. Mr. Brifley Richards, as judge, awarded the prize to Miss Moulding, who, at that period, was some fourteen years of age, and the critics present upon that occasion prophesied a prosperous career for the young performer. Miss Moulding has not belied those early promises of success. Her playing is exceedingly good, and, although perhaps a little timidity was apparent, Miss Moulding had every reason to be satisfied with the applause which greeted her excellent performances. The first piece was Weber's Duo in E flat, for pianoforte and clarinet, in which she enjoyed the able assistance of Mr. Lazarus. She also played Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*, displaying great taste and feeling in the lovely *andante*, and giving the *rondo* with lightness and spirit. Her playing of the grand passage of octaves at the end was particularly clear, clean and crisp. A solo of Thalberg, and two smaller pieces of Bach and Chopin followed, which were encored, and Miss Moulding's long and varied contributions ended with Beethoven's trio in B flat for pianoforte, clarinet, and violoncello; M. Pague taking the last-named instrument and playing with his accustomed skill. The singers were Miss Annie Edmonds and Miss Marian Severn, the latter of whom was encored in Benedict's "Rock me to sleep." Both ladies sang all set down for them capitally, and were much and deservedly applauded. Herr Ganz was the conductor.—H. L.

At the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, Herr and Madame Henri Lutzen (from Paris), gave a *matinée musicale* on the 27th ultimo. The vocalists were Madame Conneau, Signor Francheschi, and Monsieur Valdec. The instrumentalists were Herr Stoeger and Mdlme. Lutzen, pianists, Herr Pollitzer, violinist, Mr. Willing, organist, and Herr Lutzen, violoncellist. Two compositions of Herr Lutzen were given, a trio in D for piano, violin, and violoncello, played by Herr and Mdlme. Lutzen and Herr Pollitzer, a spirited composition, exceedingly well played, and much applauded. The other composition was a quatuor for violin, violoncello, organ, and piano, entitled, "Meditation" (*melodie religieuse*)—dreamy and tuneful, and savouring of cathedral aisles and hooded monks. Herr Stoeger was encored in a piano solo (his own composition) which he replaced by another pleasing *morceau*. The fair singer and her compeers of the sterner sex met with the reception due to their talents, and more than once narrowly escaped encores. The boisterous weather, doubtless, was the cause of the Rooms not being so full as would in all probability otherwise have been the case.—H. L.

Mr. W. Beavan gave his annual concert at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, and was well supported by his numerous patrons and friends. The concert opened with Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, Miss Mathilda Scott, Miss E. Clifford, Miss Helen Muir, and Miss Margaret Hancock sustaining the solos. Miss Scott's beautiful voice and clear enunciation told with great effect. Miss Clifford sang very carefully; Miss Muir and Miss Hancock were happy in the music allotted to them. The choir was most efficient, attacking all the points with precision and evincing careful training. The band was excellent, Mr. Chatterton's harp accompaniment enhancing the effect considerably. The whole performance reflected the highest credit on the West London Amateur Orchestral and Choral Society. Madame Lancia's voice was heard with effect, in Rossini's "Sombre-Forêt." Mr. Buziau fairly brought down the house by his magnificent rendering of "Vieuxtemps's Reverie." Miss Katherine Poyntz contributed "Auld Robin Grey" (unaccompanied), and received an ovation. Miss Margaret Hancock gave Sullivan's "Sweet and Fair" most gracefully, and possesses a rich contralto voice. Mr. W. Beavan brought the final part to a conclusion by a solo on the grand organ, and proved himself a thorough master of the instrument. The second part opened with Rossini's overture to *Tancredi*, which was well played by the band. Miss Scott again delighted the audience by singing Venzano's "Ah che assorta;" Miss Isabel Weale gave satisfaction in Weber's "Softly sighs;" Mr. Chatterton received an encore for a prelude and rondo for the harp, of his own composition, and delighted all by his excellent playing; Mr. Albert James's tenor voice was heard with pleasure in Blumenthal's "Message;" Miss Katherine Poyntz was applauded in Gounod's "Ave Maria" (Mr. Henry Fogg playing the violin solo); Miss Helen Morris contributed Rossini's "Una voce poco fa," and sang artistically. Mozart's overture to *Figaro*, played with great spirit by the band, brought the concert to a close. Mr. Ogbourne was at the organ and contributed in no small measure to the success of the evening. Mr. John and Mr. W. Beavan accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte; and Mr. W. Beavan conducted throughout most ably.

The young violinist, Mdlle. Thérèse Liébé, gave a concert in Hanover Square Rooms on Monday, the interest of which was chiefly due to her own performances. Six years ago, when quite a child, Mdlle. Liébé visited this country, and excited admiration by her precocious gifts. Mdlle. Liébé, though still very young, is a mistress of her difficult instrument, in the handling of which she combines delicacy and refinement with breadth of style and power of tone. This was demonstrated at Monday's concert, by her playing of the *Andante con Variazioni* and *Finale* from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata (with Mr. F. H. Cowen) and a *Fantaisie* from the pen of her father, Herr L. Liébé. Beyond question, we have in this young lady not only a violinist, but an interpreter of classical music. The *fantaisie*, "L'Adieu, L'Absence, et le Retour," originally composed for one of the sisters Milanollo, is a good medium for the display of virtuosity. The young lady afterwards gave a "song without words," and an *Adagio* from her father's pen, in both of which mingled refinement and strength were conspicuous. The concert giver was assisted by Mdlle. Liebhart, who made a good effect with the song, "I love my love," composed for her by Pissuti; by Madame Conneau, Mdlle. Fanny Rubin, Miss Fairman, Madame Lancia, Mr. E. Lloyd, Signor Rizelli, Signor Frederici, M. Waldec, and the excellent harpist at Her Majesty's Opera, Mdlle. Elise Janson.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The students gave a concert on Thursday evening, July 4th, at the Hanover Square Rooms. The programme is as follows:—*Largo* and *finale*, from duet in F minor for pianoforte, (Miss Harper and Miss Juckins).—Onslow: Chamber duet, "Langue geine" (Miss Barkley and Miss Tibbs).—Handel: *Allegro grazioso*, pianoforte (Miss Blake).—W. Sterndale Bennett; Song, "Love and Courage" (Mr. Jopp).—Spohr: Air and Variations in A minor, pianoforte (Miss Whitaker).—Schubert: *Aria*, "Quando a te lieta," (*Ecst.*) (Miss William).—violoncello *obbligato*, (Mr. Griffiths).—Gounod: *Andante cantabile*, *Presto-scherzo*, *Rondo-allegro grazioso*, (from M.S. sonata) pianoforte (Mr. Eaton Fanning).—Eaton Fanning (student); Trio, "La grata al ciel" (*Fidelio*) (Miss Mayfield, Mr. Howells, and Mr. Price) (Potter Exhibitioner).—Beethoven: *Andante* and variations in B flat, for two pianofortes, (Miss Dickensson and Miss Younger).—Schubert; Duetto, "Le Zingare" (Miss Jessie Jones and Mrs. Marie Dolby).—Gabussi: *Sarabande* in E minor (fourth suite), sonata in A, pianoforte (Mdlle. Duprez).—Handel and Scarlatti; *Aria*, "Cangio d'aspetto" (*Admetus*) (Miss Bailey).—Handel; *Tarantelle* in C minor, pianoforte (Mr. L. Parker).—Thalberg; Trio, "Dichiaro e mi protesto" *Le Astuzie*

*Feminile* (Miss Jessie Jones, Miss Good, and Mr. Wadmore)—Cimarosa; Valse in A minor, pianoforte, (Miss Cook)—Chopin; Trio, "Turn on, old Time" (*Maritana*) (Miss Butterworth, Westmoreland scholar, Mr. Guy, and Mr. Pope.) The accompanists were Mr. Walter Fittion and Mr. Eaton Fanning.

### PROVINCIAL.

HARROW.—A concert took place on Friday last in aid of the Greenhill Road Church Organ, for which the use of the speech room was kindly permitted by the Head Master. The room was filled by a select and appreciative audience, and the programme was particularly attractive. Madame Pieczonska, the Misses Barker, Miss Dundas, Mr. Stedman, and Mr. H. W. Pyatt were the singers. The "Infant Pianists," the Misses Molyneux, and Herr Pieczonska, pianists; and Mr. Oberthur, Harp. Mr. Edgar Mills acted as conductor. The "Infant Pianists" had so great a success that they were encored after Mozart's piano duet (the sonata in D) which was the opening piece. They then gave Wallace's duet on *L'Elisir d'Amore*. They were equally successful afterwards in solos by MM. Blumenthal and Favarger. Madame Pieczonska was loudly applauded in Schubert's "Ave Maria" in which she was accompanied by Mr. Oberthur on the harp most effectively. The Misses Barker sang with taste several songs (including Henry Smart's "Lady of the Lea") and concerted pieces. Mrs. Dundas pleased greatly in Mercadante's "L' M'abbandoni." Mr. Pyatt's fine voice and artistic singing was brought out to great advantage in Mendelssohn's "O God have mercy" (*St. Paul*), and Wallace's "Bellringer." Mr. Stedman gave satisfaction by his singing Brahms' "The anchor's weighed," and Herr Reichardt's "Love's request." Mr. Oberthur played two of his harp solos "Meditation" and "La Cascade" with his usual success. Herr Pieczonska, who played Weber's *Concertstück*, and solos by Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Heller, proved himself a pianist of distinction. His execution was admirable, and he met with great and deserved success.

### THE PLOT OF "LES DEUX JOURNEES."

The little play which forms the groundwork for so much delightful music, is of a very simple kind, containing enough to interest our feelings without any highly-wrought and violent situations, such as we are daily treated to in modern opera. Count Armand, president of the Parliament of Paris during the Regency of Anne d'Autriche, 1647, is at loggerheads with Mazarin, who sets a price upon his head. Michael the water-carrier, real hero of the piece, from whom it takes its name (*Der Wasserträger*) in Germany, has generously resolved to save Armand, for whose virtues he has great admiration. The scene opens in the house of Michael, whose father, son, and daughter are present. The son is to be married on the morrow to a well-to-do farmer's daughter, who lives at a village in the environs of Paris. The water-carrier sends the two young people out to procure themselves a written permission to pass the city gates, and they take their grandfather with them by way of legitimization. During their absence Count Armand enters with his wife, Costanza, in great agitation, overflowing with thanks to Michael for his generosity. They are interrupted by a knocking at the door and demand for entrance in the name of the Queen. Michael hurries Arnold into old Daniel's bed, and Costanza into the adjoining room, where she puts on Marcellina's clothes, while the water-carrier succeeds in passing off the refugees as his father and daughter, to the soldiers, who come in, search his rooms and then depart. When Antony and his sister return, Michael discloses a plan of getting Costanza out of Paris with his son, by means of the pass just obtained for his daughter, and taking care of Armand himself. In the opening of the second act, Costanza and Antony are stopped at the city gates by the soldiers, who make some difficulty about the safe conduct, the features of the person described not agreeing with those of Costanza. Michael comes up during the altercation, pushing his water-cart before him, and clears matters so that the two are left to go their ways. He gets rid of the soldiers, and remaining alone with their captain, gives false news as to Armand's whereabouts. Whilst the captain enters the guard-house to collect his men, Michael pushes his watercart through the gate, as the sentinel's head is turned, Armand rushing off as fast as his legs can carry him.

In the third act, Armand, Costanza, and Antony arrive at the farmer's, where the wedding is to take place. The soldiers are still on Armand's track, and the Count hides in a hollow tree before the house, whilst the wedding goes on elsewhere. Two soldiers, quartered on the farmer, getting drunk, entertain a design upon Costanza. They place themselves behind the tree, and when she, thinking herself unobserved, comes out to hand Armand refreshments, they rush forward and assault her. Armand leaps out of his hiding place, and points a pair of pistols at the men.

Costanza faints, and the wedding guests and other soldiers arrive, attracted by her screams. The strange man with the pistols is surrounded, and Costanza regaining her senses, cries out "Armand," and embraces him forthwith. No sooner are they seized by the soldiers than Michael arrives with the news that there has been a revolt against the Queen Regent, who pardons and restores all honours to Armand. Thus things end happily.

### A NEW VIOLINIST AT BADEN-BADEN.

DEAR SIR!—I hate myself to state you in a few words, that in the last *Soirée Musical* a young Russian violinist, M. de Nagornoff—a first-rate musical talent—had an intirely success. M. de Nagornoff raises the greatest hopes, to rang in a short time, amongst our first German artists of this instrument.

I send you later a revue of all musical fêtes, which have taken place already here. You oblige me, if you take, for the next number of your paper, the short notice of the young Russian artist. Please send me a copy of it. Believe me, dear Sir, that I always remain, yours faithfully,

WILHELM WULFINGHOFF.

Baden-Baden, the 28th of June, 1872.

Rose Hotel.

[As the rest of our correspondent's news is not at all interesting we gladly comply with his request. Ed. M. W.]

### GLUCK'S OPERA, EZIO.\*

In a notice of Gluck's *Ezio*, some time since, I said, on the authority of a text-book then before me, that the opera was played in Leipsic as far back as 1751, and was, therefore, composed long before its production at Vienna, in 1763. But even the Leipsic performance was not the first, as is proved by a libretto which lately came into the possession of the Royal Musical Collection, Dresden, and bears the following title: *Ezio, Dramma per Musica da rappresentarsi nel nuovo teatro di Praga nell' anno del carnevale dell' Anno 1750. Dedicato alle dame protettrici dell' opera. In Praga, stampato da Ignatio Pruscha, in Citta Vecchia appresso 'l Paradiso nella casa di Hartmann.*

The manager of the operatic company then performing at Prague, was the well-known Giovanni Battista Locatelli, who subsequently visited Dresden and Hamburg.†

In the dedication forming part of the book, Locatelli lays particular stress upon the fact that the opera is a new work by the celebrated composer Gluck: "Nuova composizione del celebre e rinomato maestro Gluck." Further on we read: "La Musica è di vaghissima composizione del Signor Gluck, che bramerà le Arie in spartitura, o sole potrà informarsi dal Signor Giacomo Calandro primo Suonatore dell' Opera.]"

The following is the cast as given in the libretto:—

"Valentiniano	Antonio Francia detto il Pesellino.
Fulvia	...Elisabetta Ronchetti.§
Ezio	...Nicola Reginelli.
Onoria	...Leonilde Burgioni detta la Mantovanina.
Massimo	Settimio Canini.
Varo...	...Francesco Werner."

\* From the *Berlin Echo*.

† Thus quoted in the German article, but whether the orthography is that of the original libretto, or a variation by the modern compositor, is a fact we cannot decide. Ed.—M. W.

‡ Locatelli had led a chequered life. In 1733, he was in Russia, and, as a member of the learned travelling company of L. V. Croyceres, in Kasan, experienced bad treatment at the hands of the governor, being robbed and transported over the frontier. He found vent for his irritated feelings in the *Lettres Muscovites*, as they are called, which were published at Paris in 1736. He afterwards became manager of an Italian operatic company, which visited in turn Prague, Dresden, and Hamburg. In 1757, he was again at St. Petersburg, and, in 1762, at Moscow, where he was manager of an opera buffa company, and became a bankrupt. He then turned innkeeper, and under him, the historical Krasnokabah, the Red Tavern, in the neighbourhood of the Russian capital, grew to be a much frequented resort.

§ In the German translation of the libretto, we read: "Die Musik ist eine der der siegreichsten Kompositionen des Herrn Gluck." "The music is one of the most victorious compositions of Herr Gluck."

[The above ought undoubtedly to run thus: "La Musica è di vaghissima composizione del Signor Gluck. Chi bramerà etc," but here, as elsewhere, we have scrupulously followed the orthography and punctuation of the *Echo*. Ed.—M. W.]

§ E. Ronchetti sang, also, the part of Fulvia when the opera was produced at Leipsic.

The scenery was painted by Angiolo Carboni, of Bologna.

In my first notice, I endeavoured to prove that the *Ezio* score in the Royal Library, Berlin, a copy of which lay before me, was, as it did not invariably tally with the Leipzig libretto, a new arrangement of the older composition of 1751, and intended for the performance at Vienna, in 1763. After examining the Prague libretto, I am of a different opinion. As this version agrees completely with the Berlin score, I believe the latter contains the opera as composed in 1750. As I have already stated, the Leipzig libretto (1751) differs frequently from the Prague libretto, and likewise from the original by Metastasio. We learn from it also, that all the airs contained in it are not by Gluck: "La Musica del Signor Cristoforo Kluck, a riserva di qualche aria." For the performance at Leipzig the opera was, therefore, considerably altered.—As Gluck composed *Ezio* as far back as 1750, of course we can no longer assume that he borrowed the overture for it from his *Titus* (1751); on the contrary the overture to *Titus* is taken from *Ezio*.

The score of the Vienna *Ezio* of 1763 was undoubtedly, in all material respects, identical with the Prague edition of 1750. This point might probably be definitely settled by the score in the British Museum, as that score dates from 1764. The catalogue given by Schmid, in his book on Gluck (p.106), of the musical pieces in the second act, agrees with the Prague libretto, and the score belonging to it.

#### WAIFS.

The opera houses of Berlin and Vienna have shut for the season.

Mr. Lindsay Sloper will probably return to New York next autumn.

*La Reine Carotte* has not had at Lyons the success that was expected.

Mrs. Howard Paul continues to play M. Hervé's rôle of *Faust* at the Holborn Theatre.

A new opera, *La Paris*, by Signor Burgio, has been brought out at the Florence Pergola.

*Le Minstrel* speaks of a late musician at Schauenstein, whose will was found set to music.

M. Flaxland, the well known music publisher, has left Paris, and has taken up his residence in London.

The Dundee people are getting up a Fancy Bazaar to provide funds for their Annual Musical Festival.

It is reported that Herr Grau, the American *impresario*, has engaged Mlle. Liebhart for a tour in America.

*La Comédie* describes Mlle. Marimon as "a nightingale whom Mr. Mapleson imprisons in a cage of gold."

We understand that Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne* will actually be produced this season at Drury Lane.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to attend the Norwich Musical Festival in September.

An enthusiastic gentleman in Florence is raising subscriptions to give the *Messiah* in the Italian tongue, during the coming season.

Miss Glyn's course of Shakespearian readings, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, closed on Friday evening week with *Measure for Measure*.

There will be no Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden this autumn, owing to the occupation of the theatre by Mr. Boucicault.

Mlle. Rossetti, of the Théâtre des Italiens, Paris, will make her *début* in America, on the re-opening of Niblo's Theatre, New York, in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews, after their professional tour round the world, have arrived in town. Mr. Matthews will appear in London in October next.

The Dean and Chapter of Worcester have refused to allow the use of the cathedral for an evening performance in connection with the Festival of the Three Choirs.

We are glad to state that Mr. James Coward, the Crystal Palace organist, is much better, and, it is hoped, will shortly resume his professional duties.—*Musical Standard*.

Mdme. Parepa-Rosa played Norma, on Thursday night, at the Royal Italian Opera, with great and well-merited success. She was repeatedly called before the curtain and applauded.

By inadvertence, a notice of Mr. Ignace Gibson's Solo, "Marche Brésilienne," played with great success at Mr. Alfred Baylis's Concert, last week, at St. George's Hall, was omitted.

The death is announced of M. Michel Carré, aged 56, a well-known writer for the French stage, and author of the libretti of many of the most successful operas of the last twenty years.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Wigan will bid farewell to the public stage this evening at a benefit at Drury Lane Theatre. The programme comprises *The First Night* and *Still Waters Run Deep*.

It is said that M. Gounod will go to Spa to drink the waters in August. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Weldon and Mlle. Nita Gaetano, with whose assistance some concerts will be given.

M. Victorien Sardou, author of *Le Roi Carotte* and *Babagas*, was married on Wednesday week, in the chapel of the Versailles Palace, to Mlle. Soulie. Many dramatic authors and journalists were present.

Signor Gustave Garcia has returned to London, after his highly successful tour through France and Germany. The different local journals inform us that his success was worthy of one bearing the name of Garcia.

Dr. Baron Jules Cloquet has presented to the Conservatoire de Musique, at Paris, a Chinese album, in which are minutely depicted all the numerous musical instruments which charm the *dilettanti* of the Celestial Empire.

Signor Vianesi, orchestral conductor at the Royal Italian Opera, was honoured by an invitation from their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, for the Garden Party at Chiswick, on the 2nd July, and also for the evening party at Marlborough House, on the Thursday following.

At the Grand Opera, Mlle. Arnal has made her *début* as Valentine, in the *Huguenots*, and passed through the ordeal with applause. She is apparently not more than 21 or 22, and has hitherto only appeared on the stage at New Orleans and Rouen.

Mr. Max Maretzek started for New York on Wednesday, having completed his engagements for the ensuing operatic season at the Academy of Music, for which Mlle. Pauline Lucca and other celebrated artists are engaged.

A prospectus has been issued of Remy's Pianoforte and Organ Company (Limited), with a capital of 60,000*l.*, in shares of 5*l.*, to purchase the premises, stock, and goodwill of the business in France of M. Remy for 41,000*l.* (9,000*l.* in shares, and 32,000*l.* cash).

The artists of the Opéra Comique have written an indignant letter to their former colleague, Jules Stockhausen, *à propos* of a song he has recently published, entitled *L'Alsace Libre*, in which the transfer of Alsace to Germany is celebrated. Herr Stockhausen, says the *Gazette Musicale*, comes of an Alsatian family, and was born and educated in Paris.

If the Albert Hall is not made to pay it will certainly not be for want of enterprise. People seem determined to make it suit everything or to make everything suit it, and we should not be surprised to hear any day that some Professor, with a select band of performing bears, white mice, or canaries, had engaged the vast area for his microscopic or Lilliputian entertainment.—*Echo*.

Tamberlik, the tenor, has paid a short visit to Paris. He came in order to be present at the ceremony of his son's confirmation which took place in the distant regions of Vaucluse. No one had been invited to the celebration, during which the famous artist chanted and sang the principal vocal parts, and, after taking an affectionate leave of his boy, returned to Madrid. The Parisian *dilettanti* only heard of the great musical treat when it was too late to enjoy it.

At a public meeting held in St. James's Hall, to protest against changing of the hour of closing public-houses, contemplated in the Government Licensing Bill, Mr. Buckstone was one of the speakers, and in proposing a resolution to the effect that the present hours of closing are satisfactory, took occasion to ask what was to become of his audience "after the opera is over." Much disorder ensued when the chairman, Mr. Douglas Straight, M.P., was requested to sign a petition, embodying the resolutions passed.

The bass drum for the Boston Jubilee in 1869, was a child's plaything when compared with the one just completed at Farmington Falls, Me., for this year's festivity. The diameter of the first one was eight feet; that of this monster is twelve feet, while its circumference is thirty-seven feet eight inches, and its width five feet. It is made of maple, requires twelve boards, each fifteen feet long, and thirteen feet of timber. It is the largest drum in the world, and was taken from the factory only by tearing away a part of the building.

An interesting concert will take place on the 15th of July, in the Royal Albert Hall. There is in Brussels a society of working men who devote their hours of relaxation to evening practice of choral music; and such is the progress they have made, that they have competed with German and French choral associations, and carried off the prizes. The King of the Belgians is their President. His Majesty has invited them several times to sing at the Palace of Laeken, and presented them with a banner in token of his approval. The choir numbers 115 voices; the conductor is a retired professor, M. Lintermans. The "Société Royale des Artisans Réunis" (such is the title of the choir) are only to remain in London three days.

The newly-issued results of this year's examinations in Musical Theory and Composition, under Messrs. Hullah and G. A. Macfarren, show that of the eighty-seven certificates and three prizes, awarded by Mr. Hullah, Tonic Sol-fa pupils have taken the first prize and sixty-eight (more than three-fourths) of the certificates. Mr. Macfarren has awarded two prizes and thirty-six certificates, and Sol-faists have taken both the prizes, and thirty-one of the certificates. The Society has now relinquished its musical examinations, in which, during the last six years, 594 certificates have been issued, more than three-quarters (449) having been obtained by Tonic Sol-fa pupils. In Mr. Hullah's examination, the ordinary notation and nomenclature of music is strictly used; in Mr. Macfarren's, the exercises may be worked in either new or old notation, at the candidate's option. The Council of the Tonic Sol-fa College having tried in vain to induce the Science and Art Department, and the University of London to carry on these examinations, has determined as a provisional measure, to undertake the work, for three years at least.

The scene presented at Mdlle. Nilsson's concert on Tuesday afternoon, on the conclusion of Mr. Hullah's effective song, "The Storm," by Madame Patey, afforded a pleasant testimony to the power which a genuine English composition, interpreted by a native vocalist, exerts, even when it stands among a selection of popular foreign works sung by such a distinguished *prima donna* as Mdlle. Nilsson. The enthusiasm of the audience, although it consisted in the main of ladies of the "upper ten," who are seldom demonstrative in their applause, exceeded that produced even by the marvellous execution and charming voice of the Swedish singer, and the repetition of the song was an unavoidable necessity. Whether it was the touching pathos of the words, the expressive character of their musical setting, or the finished manner in which our great contralto sang, or a combination of the three causes, which led to this strong expression of feeling on the part of the audience, we cannot say, but certain it is that the English singer won the honours of the afternoon, and that the English composer carried off the laurels among the long list of foreign rivals.—*Choir.*

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### THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Intelligence, or, as it has been called, intellectuality, is an essential element of all Art, practical as well as creative, and of none more so than of Music. Its development should be zealously encouraged in this branch of education, which, however, can be, and often is, conducted without calling into action any of the higher attributes of the mind. The Rudiments of Music are generally learnt by rote; proficiency in singing or playing acquired by that which is equivalent to automatic action of the voice or fingers. This should not be. Students should be taught that all musical sound, whether vocal or instrumental, is intended to convey some definite meaning, they should be made to reflect upon every phrase they have to sing or play, and thoroughly to understand that intelligence is the very essence of our Art. Music can thus become an important means of mental training. It is in this respect that the system of instruction now published for the first time in a complete form will, I hope, be useful. The plan I have set forth seems to necessitate concentration of thought upon the subject of study; it affords assistance to the memory, and tends to cultivate habits of precision, observation, and comparison. These are advantages which speak for themselves. Experience has proved that by writing exercises, pupils make steadier and more rapid progress than by the most frequent oral repetition of rules or notes. The hand and pen assist the eye and ear, and the result is more satisfactory than when the voice or fingers are guided by the eye or ear alone. I do not, for a moment, assume that this method will dispense with the necessity of vocal or instrumental practice; but as such practice becomes less troublesome and laborious if pursued with intelligence, it is evidently desirable in teaching music, to stimulate the faculty of thought. And that is the object I have had in view while writing the present elementary work.—WALTER MAYNARD."

Parts I. and II. contain Rudiments of Music.

Part III. contains Instructions for the Pianoforte.

Parts IV. and V. contain the Rudiments of Harmony.

Part VI. contains Instructions in Vocalization, Part-Singing, and Singing at Sight.

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1. HYMN OF THE FISHERMEN'S CHILDREN. Adapted to a Melody from Herald's "Zampa."
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3. SPRING'S BRIGHT GLANCES (*In Elysia non v'ha*). From Bellini's "La Sonnambula."
4. FROM YONDER VALE AND HILL (*D'immenso giubilo*). From Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor."
5. HERE WE REST (*Qui la selva*). From Bellini's "La Sonnambula."
6. ONWARD TO BATTLE (*Squilli echeppi*). From Verdi's "Trovatore."
7. BATAPLAN (*Bataplan*). From Donizetti's "La Figlia del Reggimento."
8. THE GIPSY'S STAR (*Verdi's le fauche*). From Verdi's "Il Trovatore."
9. WAR SONG OF THE DRUIDS (*Dell'aura tua profetica*). From Bellini's "Norma."
10. IN MERCY, HEAR US! (*Cielo clemente*). From Donizetti's "La Figlia del Reggimento."
11. COME TO THE FAIR! (*Accorate, giovinette*). From Flotow's "Marta."
12. FRIENDSHIP (*Per te d'immenso giubilo*). From Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor."
13. AWAY, THE MORNING FRESHLY BREAKING (*The Chorus of Fishermen*). From Auber's "Marianello."
14. PRETTY VILLAGE MAIDEN (*Peasants' Serenade Chorus*). From Gounod's "Faust."
15. THE SOFT WINDS AROUND US (*The Gipsy Chorus*). From Weber's "Proserpine."
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18. ON YONDER ROCK RECLINING. From Auber's "Fra Diavolo."
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Vol. 50—No. 28.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1872.

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## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE. PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

Mdlle. Clara-Louise Kellogg—Signor Italo Campanini.  
**THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 13, Verdi's Opera,**  
"LA TRAVIATA." Alfredo, Signor Italo Campanini (his first appearance in that character); Germont Giorgio, Signor Mendicors; Gastone, Signor Rinaldini; Il Barone Duphol, Signor Singaglia; Marchese d'Obigny, Signor Casaboni; Medico, Signor Zoboli; Flora Bervoiz, Mdlle. Rita; Annina, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Violetta, Mdlle. Clara-Louise Kellogg (her first appearance in that character this season).

### LAST TWO WEEKS OF THE SEASON.

#### Next Week.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson—Madame Trebelli-Bettini—Signor Agnesi—Signor Italo Campanini.  
"MARTHA."

Monday Next, July 15 (for the last time this season), Flotow's Opera, "MARTHA." Lionello, Signor Italo Campanini; Lord Triestino, Signor Borella; Plunketto, Signor Agnesi; Un Scheriffo, Signor Casaboni; Un Servitore, Signor Salasco; Nancy, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Martha, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Rota, Signor Italo Campanini.

Tuesday Next, July 16 (last time this season), "LUCREZIA BORGIA." Gennaro, Signor Italo Campanini; Il Duca Alfonso, Signor Rota; Maffio Ordini, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mdlle. Tietjens.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Mdlle. Clara-Louise Kellogg,  
Mdlle. Tietjens.—Extra Night.

Wednesday Next, July 17, (first time this season), "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Cherubino (on this occasion), Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her last appearance but three this season); Il Conte, Signor Rota; Figaro, Signor Agnesi; Bartolo, Signor Borella; Basilio, Signor Rinaldini; Don Curzio, Signor Singaglia; Antonio, Signor Casaboni; Susanna, Mdlle. Clara-Louise Kellogg; Marcellina, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Tietjens.

#### Notice.

In active preparation, and will shortly be produced (for the first time on the Italian stage), Auber's celebrated opera, "LA CATHERINA." La Catherina, Mdlle. Marie Marimon.

The Opera will commence at half-past eight.  
Stalls, 41 1s.; Dress Circle, 10s. 6d.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s. and 5s.  
Amphitheatre, 2s.  
Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be obtained at the Box Office of Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, open daily from ten to five; also at the Music-sellers and Librarians.

**MDLLE. MARIE MARIMON, MDLLE. MARIE ROZE, AND MADAME TREBELLI-BETTINI.**

**SIGNOR FANCELLI, SIGNOR FOLI, AND M. CAPOUL.**

**IN THE GRAND OPERA CONCERT, CRYSTAL PALACE, THIS DAY.**

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY, July 13th, SEVENTH GRAND SUMMER CONCERT.** Mdlle. Marie Marimon, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, Mdlle. Marie Rose; Signor Fancelli, Signor Foli, Signor Rota, Signor Borella, Signor Zoboli, and M. Capoul. The Crystal Palace Choir—Conductor, Mr. MANN. Reserved Stalls for the Concert, 5s., and 2s. 6d. Admission, Five Shillings, or by ticket purchased before the day, Half-a-Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

#### MONDAY JULY 15th.

**M. BERGSON**, from Paris (late Principal at the Conservatoire de Genere), has the honour to announce that his **GRAND MORNING CONCERT** will take place at St. George's Hall, on Monday, July 15th, at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Madame Rita, Mdlle. Jimia, and Miss A. Fairman; Messieurs J. Lafort, Risselli, Franceschi, and M. Badia. Instrumentalists—Herr Pollitzer, Herr Lutzen, and M. Bergson (who will perform his Concerto Symphonique, Op. 63, pour piano et orchestre). Conductor—Signor Campanini. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., and 2s., at all the principal Music-sellers.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN. PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

The Opera will positively Close next Saturday, the theatre being required for the preparations of Mr. Boucicault's Autumn and Winter Season.

**THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 13,** will be produced Gomez's New Opera, "IL GUARANY," with new scenery, costumes, and appointments. Emilia, Mdlle. Sessi; Il Caeico, M. Faure; Gonzales, Signor Cotogni; Don Antonio de Maria, Signor Bagariolo; Don Alvaro, Signor Manfredi; Alonso, Signor Raguer; and Pery, Signor Nicolini. The Divertissement will be supported by Mdlle. Girod and the Corps de Ballet. The mise-en-scene by Mr. A. Harris. On this occasion the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock.

On Monday next July 15, for the benefit of Mdme. Adeline Patti, when she will perform (for the second time in England), the part of Valentine in "LES HUGUENOTS."

The Box-Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from ten till five.  
Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.  
The opera commences at half-past Eight.

### GRAND EVENING CONCERT.

A **GRAND CONCERT** will be given in the Operahouse on Wednesday Evening next, July 17, supported by the principal artists of the Royal Italian Opera.  
Stalls, 10s. 6.; boxes (to hold 500 persons), 21 1s., 21 11s. 6d., and 21 12s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. To be had of Mr. Edward Hall, at the Box-office of the Royal Italian Operahouse.

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The **PUBLIC CONCERT** of the Institution will take place at the **HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS**, on Monday Morning, July 23, commencing at Half-past One o'clock. There will be a complete Orchestra and Chorus, formed by the Professors and the late and present Students of the Academy.

Conductor—Mr. JOHN HULLAH.

Single Tickets, 5s.; Family Tickets, to admit four persons, 10s.; to be had of the Music-sellers; at the Hanover Square Rooms; and at the Academy, 4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square. By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

### ST. JAMES'S HALL.

**A GRAND MORNING CONCERT** will take place on Tuesday next, at Half-past Two o'clock, when will be performed, for the last time, "THE FIRE OF HEAVEN" (Le Feu du Ciel, de V. Hugo), a grand Oriental Orpheonic Symphony. The music by Mons. Emile Guinet. Principal Vocalists—Mr. Maas, Mr. Percy Rivers, Signor Celli, Mr. E. Connell. A full Choir, under the direction of Sig. Lago. Orchestra of 50 Performers, and Military Band. The incidental verses will be recited by Mrs. Danneoy Maskell. Conducted by the Composer. Tickets, 5s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., and 1s. To be had at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

### THIS DAY, UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

**ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.**

## HERR LEHMEYER'S ANNUAL EVENING

**CONCERT** will take place **THIS DAY, SATURDAY, July 13th**, at Eight o'clock precisely, on which occasion he will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Vocalists—Mdlle. Isabella Lima and Miss Alice Fairman; Mr. Nelson Varley and Signor Caravoglia. Instrumentalists—Viola—Signor Sanderi; Violoncello—Mons. Albert; Harp—Mr. F. Chatterton; Piano—Mdlle. Seeger Oswald, Le Chevalier de Koniski, Herr Henseler, Herr Ganz, and Herr Lehmeier. Conductors—Herr Henseler, Signor Campanini, and Herr W. Ganz. Tickets—5s. 6d., 5s., 3s., and 1s., to be had of Herr Lehmeier, 3; Great Russell Street; and of Messrs. Schott & Co., 150 Regent Street.

**SIGNOR CAMPOBELLO** has the honour to announce that his **MORNING CONCERT** will take place, under distinguished patronage, at 28, ASHLEY PLACE, VICTORIA STREET (by kind permission of Major Wallace Carpenter), on **MONDAY, July the 16th**, commencing at Four P.M. Signor Campobello will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—**Mdlle. Marie Rome** (by kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.), **Mdlle. Roseili**, and **Mdlle. Bartkowska**; **Signor Gardoni**, **Signor Danielli**, and **Signor Faneselli** (by kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.), **Le Chevalier de Kontaki**, **Signor Campobello**, and **Mr. Santley**. Conductors—**Signor Arditi**, **Signor Romili**, and **Sir Julius Benedict**. Tickets, One Guinea, to be had of Signor Campobello, 132, Piccadilly. An early application is requested.

**SIGNOR TARTAGLIONE** begs to announce that his **MATINEE MUSICALE** will take place at 19, HANS PLACE, SLOANE STREET (by kind permission), on **SATURDAY, July 30th**, to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists—**Madame Conneau**, **Miss Alice Fairman**, **Madame Rita**, **Mdlle. Moreni**, **Signor Gardoni**, **Signor Caravoglia**, **Signor Rissell**, **Signor Monari-Rocca**. Conductors—**Prince Poniatowski**, **Sir Julius Benedict**, **Signor Visetti**, **Signor Tartaglione**. Tickets, Half-a-guinea each; to be obtained at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street; and of Mrs. Compton, 19, Hans Place.

**MR. SANTLEY'S PROVINCIAL TOUR.**—**Mr. Santley**, accompanied by the following distinguished Artists, will make a Tour of the Provinces during the coming autumn:—Vocalists—**Madame Florence Lancini**, **Miss Caffarata**, **Miss Enriquez**, **Mr. Edward Lloyd**, and **Mr. Maybrick**. Violin—**M. Salton**. Pianoforte—**Mr. Lindsay Sloper**. All communications, respecting Engagements, to be made to **Mr. George Dolby**, 52, New Bond Street, London, W.

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERT TOUR** in the PROVINCES, in October next, under the direction of **Mr. John Boosey**. Artists—**Miss Edith Wynne** and **Madame Patey**. Mr. Arthur Byron, and Mr. Patey. Pianoforte—**Mr. George Forbes**. Applications should be made immediately to **Mr. Cunningham Boosey**, 2, Little Argyll Street, Regent Street, London.

**MOZART AND BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.**—President—**The Right Hon. the Earl Vane**. Vice-President—**Herr Schumann**. **SECOND SEASON, 1872.**—The **SECOND GRAND CONCERT** will take place at **St. George's Hall**, on **TUESDAY, 16th July, 1872**.

#### "A SUITOR AT SEA."

**MISS BLANCHE REIVES'S LONDON COMIC OPERA COMPANY.**—**Miss Beryl** (the new contralto); **Mdlle. Marie D'Annetta**, R.A.M.; **Mr. Suchet Champyon**, **Mr. E. J. Wilmet**, F.C.O. (Mus. Director); **Mr. H. C. Sanders**, **Mr. Theodore Distin**, and **Miss Blanche Reives**. Acting Manager—**Mr. Distin**. Secretary—**Mr. V. Roberts**, jun., 244, Regent Street, W. Midland Counties, July and August.

#### "LORELEY."

**MISS MARIAN ROCK** will perform **E. SAUERBREY'S** New Transcription of "LORELEY," on Messrs. Hopkinson's Metalle Grand Piano-forte, at the International Exhibition, This Day, Saturday, July 13th, at Three o'clock.

#### "ALICE."

**MISS MARIAN ROCK** will perform **ASCHER'S** Transcription of "ALICE," on Messrs. Hopkinson's Metalle Grand Piano-forte, at the International Exhibition, This Day, Saturday, July 13th, at Three o'clock.

#### "TE NE RICORDI."

**MADAME CONNEAU** will sing **Signor Tartaglione's** new Song, "TE NE RICORDI," at the Composer's Concert, on Saturday, July 20.

#### "VOI SIETE BELLA."

**SIGNOR GARDONI** will sing **Signor Tartaglione's** new Chanson, "VOI SIETE BELLA," at the Composer's Concert, on Saturday, July 20.

**MISS LETIZIA FRENIE** (the new Soprano) will sing **Eisold's** favourite Spinning Song, "THE SNAPPED THREAD," accompanied by the Composer, at **Mr. Chatterton's Grand Evening Concert**, July the 16th.

#### "MARCHE BRESILLENNE" and "STELLA WALTZ."

**MR. IGNACE GIBSONE** will play, every **WEDNESDAY** and **SAUNDAY**, at the **INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION**, his "MARCHE BRESILLENNE" and "STELLA WALTZ," on Messrs. P. J. Smith & Sons' Patent Iron Strutted Pianos.

**MDLLE. ANNA RENZI** (Pupil of Signor Graffigna, of Milan), having just arrived in London from Italy, is open to receive Engagements. Address, 19A, Golden Square.

**MADAME LAURA BAXTER** begs to request that letters respecting Engagements and Pupils may be addressed to her new residence, 53, Bedford Square, W. C.

#### 22A, DORSET STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, W.

**MDME. SIDNEY PRATTEN** begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she has removed to the above address, and that she continues to give Lessons on the Guitar and Concertina.

#### NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

**MR. E. CUNNINGHAM BOOSEY** begs to announce that he has removed from Argyll Place to No. 2, Little Argyll Street, Regent Street, W., where he will continue to carry on his Musical Agency.

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| Echoes from the Highlands.      | Watch by the Rhine.      |

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# REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY.

## BELLICOSE ADVENTURES OF A PEACEABLE PRIMA DONNA.

On the 18th August, 1870, the Berliners again flocked at the double quick to the pillars erected along the streets. They wanted to see the despatches announcing a victory, and stuck up on the pillars.

About fifty persons, young and old, of both sexes, and belonging to the most different classes of society, were pressing round a pillar near the Victoria Strasse. Of course, those standing at a distance could make nothing of the despatch, which was printed on orange-coloured paper.

"Read it out!" cried a voice from the background.

"Aye! aye! read it out!" hallooed a whole chorus simultaneously.

"Don't shove so, my good woman! what can that despatch interest you?" exclaimed a burly *Bezirksvorsteher* (district inspector) to a young woman who, with an infant in her arms, was endeavouring, by the help of her elbows, to make her way through the crowd.

"What can that despatch interest me!" replied the young woman thus reprimanded, and looking at her questioner with a defiant glance; "My husband is with the *Landwehr*, lying before Metz; so I thought I might!"

"Make way for a *Landwehr*-man's wife," was heard on all sides, and a narrow passage was instantly formed, through which the young woman and her child could easily reach the despatch.

A portly gentleman, with a rather sparse head of hair, and a pair of gold spectacles upon his slightly flattened nose, begged for silence; when his request was granted, he read out, in a loud, full voice, the despatch. The latter, dated from Pont-à-Mousson, was to the effect that, on the 16th, the enemy had made a sortie from Metz, but, despite their superiority in numbers, had, after a hot engagement of twelve hours, been beaten back into the fortress. "Losses in all branches of the services very considerable on both sides," was the damper to the joyous message.

"Hurrah for the army! Long live Prince Friedrich Karl!" shouted the crowd, waving their hats with delight.

The confused mass of human beings was just on the point of dispersing when an open carriage drove up. A lady dressed with great taste was sitting in it. Ordering the coachman to stop close by the pillar, she directed the Yager, who had sprung down quickly from his seat, to inform her what was the purport of the latest despatch.

"Your Ladyship's Yager may save himself the trouble," said the reader of a few minutes previous, stepping up to the carriage-door, and bowing politely to the lady.

"Ah! good day, my dear Doctor!" exclaimed the lady, evidently gratified. "I have not seen you for a long time; just make haste and tell me, please, where we have been victorious again."

The person, thus addressed, replied laughingly: "You feel sure beforehand that we have been victorious; the only question for you is: where? Well, then; there has been a decisive battle near Metz, and the French have been driven back into the town, but there has been no lack of broken heads on both sides."

"Mary and Joseph!" exclaimed the lady, with an unmistakable touch of the Austrian dialect; "why, the army of His Royal Highness, Prince Friedrich Karl, in which my husband serves, is stationed there. Oh! Heaven! I trust nothing has happened to my Adolph! I have not heard a word about him. Are none of the killed and wounded specially mentioned in the despatch?"

"Generals von Döring and von Wedel have fallen; von Rauch and von Grüter are wounded," answered the Doctor.

"Is there no mention of Lieutenant von Rhaden?" continued the lady in an anxious voice.

"Your husband is not mentioned in the despatch," replied the Doctor, laughing at the naïve question.

"Then I must at once enquire by telegraph. Will you see about the telegram for me, Doctor? I shall not have a moment's peace till I know my husband is safe and sound. We are close to the house. O, do stand by me in my forsaken state!"

The person thus appealed to willingly assented, and followed the carriage, which drew up before No. 30, Victoria Strasse.

"Who was that interesting lady?" enquired a gentleman who was a stranger, to judge from the number of objects used in travelling he carried with him.

"I presume you do not belong here," said the town-official in reply.

"No; I am from Dantzic."

"A stranger, eh? I should just think you were, otherwise you must have known 'our Pauline.'" With these words he went on his way without vouchsafing the stranger any further answer.

The Dantzicker, quite taken aback, looked after him, and then turned to go on himself. An elegantly dressed man who had heard his question, stepping up, said to him: "The little lady, with the intelligent face and the lively eyes, is the Court Chamber-Singer, and *prima donna* of the Grand Opera, M<sup>me</sup>. Pauline Lucca, wife of the Baron von Rhaden, now on active service in the field. She is very popular here, and is generally not known otherwise, among high and low, than as 'our Pauline.'"

Thanking his informant politely, the stranger went his way.

M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca had scarcely entered the house before the porter followed her and said: "This despatch has just arrived, your ladyship."

Hastily breaking open the envelope, she read: "Lieutenant von Rhaden wounded, but not mortally."

"I had a presentiment of this!" she cried with anguish. "I have dreamt three nights running of snakes! Wounded, but not mortally! So says the message; he wants nursing though, and I am hundreds of miles away!" Greatly excited, she continued, still speaking to herself: "No! no! I know my duty and will perform it! John shall not take out the horses; I shall require them at once. Where is my maid? You are the very person I wanted, Editha. Get everything ready directly—we are going on a journey. Put nothing except the necessary linen in the little trunk; other clothes are not needed; here is some money; purchase whatever your master, who is ill, requires to strengthen him; pigeons, young chickens in tin cases, extract of meat, and preserves; if there is any good caviar, bring a little tubful of it from the Russian's in the Charlotten Strasse. And don't forget some of the finest cigars; and fetch a dozen of the best wine from the cellar. I must have a pass though; the first thing I must do, therefore, is to go to Count Eulenburg, the Minister of the Interior. Mind and be quick, Editha. Have everything packed in a large chest and sent on to the Anhalt Railway. When you have got everything ready we will set out!"

"Where," now said the Doctor, interrupting her, "does your Ladyship intend going, if I may be allowed to put the question?"

"Where? Into the enemy's country. I mean to go and fetch my husband, for I shall be able to attend to him better here than there."

"But in the despatch it is not said in what place the Baron now is, and, in the great confusion reigning before Metz, it will be no easy task to find out."

"I will search all through Alsace and Lorraine till I have found him!"

"Your maid should purchase poultry; the patient will not for the present be able to take meat."

"He must eat, must he not, Doctor?"

"Certainly, but only the diet prescribed for him."

"And what will that be? hospital soup? skillet made in the trenches? My Adolph is not used to that sort of thing. He must have something nourishing."

"You are putting yourself to needless trouble and expense, I can assure you," said the Doctor. "If you will take something with you, let it be compressed vegetables, consolidated milk, Liebig's extract of meat, coffee, tea, and sugar; these are things a patient may touch. I will make the requisite purchases."

"Doctor, you are an angel; I could kiss you, that I could!"

"Oh! pray do what you like, *sans gêne*."

After the question of provisions for the sick man had been settled, M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca got in her carriage again and drove to the Count von Eulenburg's. With impressive eloquence she implored the Minister to give her a pass to the seat of war for her and her maid. The Minister of the Interior was not a little astounded at the demand, and urged the most cogent reasons to

dissuade her from undertaking the journey. He dwelt particularly on the fact that the railways were nearly all laid under requisition for the transport of troops, and that it was almost impossible to procure at that time any private conveyance.

"Your Excellency," replied the fair petitioner, "I am daunted by no risk, and I know how to surmount difficulties. If there are no railways, no coaches, and no horses to be had, I will look out for some other mode of conveyance. Go I must, even though I am obliged to have a cow saddled for me to ride."

"If you insist with such energy and such resolution," said the Minister of the Interior, smiling, "I must do as you desire. I will have the pass made out for you in German and French, and in it beg the various authorities to aid you, as far as they possibly can, in carrying out your project."

"Your Excellency, I thank you in my own name and in my husband's. Be sure that I will make the best use of the pass. But please put it rather strongly to the authorities that they must afford me the assistance I require; it will be necessary—especially in a strange country."

(To be continued.)

### NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS.

It must be owned that the scheme of these National Music Meetings, originally invented and submitted to the Crystal Palace directors by Mr. Willert Beale, and up to this point so zealously and energetically carried out by Mr. George Grove, secretary, and joint manager with Mr. Wilkinson of the institution since the regretted death of Mr. Bowley, has proved a complete success. If Mr. Beale was the man to invent, Mr. Grove was just the man to understand and to put the invention into practice. Thus the honours of an experiment which has met with general approval are fairly divided.

The proceedings of the first and second days have been already noticed. Those of the third and fourth may be described in very few words. On the third day there were competitions among choral societies, not exceeding 200 in number. A prize of £100, competed for by the South London Choral Association, the Brixton Choral Society, and the Tonic Sol-fa Association—after each choir had been heard in Mendelssohn's well-known psalm, "Judge me, O Lord," and the madrigal of Orlando Gibbons, "The Silver Swan," the first and third in Mozart's "Ave Verum," and the second in the chorus, "How soon our towering hopes," from Handel's *Joshua*—was awarded by the judges (Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Barnby, and Mr. Arthur. S. Sullivan) to the Tonic Sol-fa Association, accompanied by marked approval of the other competing choirs. To the Brixton Choral Society a diploma was also awarded for sight-singing—the piece submitted to them being "Grant us, O Lord," a four-part anthem by Mr. Barnby. The next performance was by military bands—one of them being the band of the Royal Engineers, conductor, Mr. Sawerthal, the other the band of St. George's Rifle Corps, conductor, Mr. Phasey, to each of whom, as there was no contest, the judges (Sir Julius Benedict, Signor Randegger, and Mr. F. Godfrey in one case, Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. W. G. Cousins, and Dr. Rimbault in the other) awarded the prize of £50. It is not in our province to criticise these performances, and all we need say is that, in our opinion, nothing could be more impartial and correct than the decision of the judges.

The fourth performance was more interesting than any of its predecessors; and that such had been the expectation of the public generally was proved by the vastly increased attendance. Proceedings were begun by the Bristol Choral Union, a splendid body of men's voices, who sang a chorus from Mendelssohn's *Edipus*, a serenade ("the Gondolier") by Schubert, &c., in such a manner that a prize of 50*l.* was readily awarded to them by the judges (Messrs. Henry Smart, Henry Leslie, and J. L. Hatton), although there were no opponents to contest it. The Bristol Choral Union, like the Brixton Choral Society, was also tested in sight singing, and came forth from the ordeal with equal success, the piece chosen for the occasion being a four-part song for men's voices ("The Homeward Watch"), the composition of Mr. Henry Smart. Then came a real contest between two well-trained military bands, the band of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade,

\* Verbatim.

and that of the 93rd Regiment, each of whom played Weber's *Jubilee* overture and a march by Gung'l, called the *Rekrut*. The judges (Sir Sterndale Bennett, Messrs. J. L. Hatton, and Arthur Sullivan,) awarded the prize to the band of the 93rd Regiment, accompanied by a high commendation of that of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade. What ensued was the most striking feature of the day, although not a competition. Nevertheless, it was a trial of merit, for the award of the "Challenge Prize" for choral societies not exceeding 500 in number—the prize being estimated at a value of 1,000*l.* This was readily awarded by the judges (Sir Sterndale Bennett, Messrs. J. Hullah, and Brinley Richards,) to the South Wales Choral Union, one of the freshest, most powerful, best balanced, and musical body of voices to which we can remember at any time to have listened. With such voices as these to help them out, only provided that Handel's oratorios and other "Saxon" music be admitted at their anniversary celebrations, the Welsh Eisteddfodau might be perennial. When it is remembered that this large chorus is almost entirely drawn from the labouring classes of the "principality"—miners, colliers, &c., their wives, daughters, and relatives—we cannot but wonder at the excellence they have attained—an excellence unattainable except through assiduous and continued study. The result is satisfactory beyond measure. The pieces selected for the South Wales Choral Union were of no ordinary difficulty—which, when we name the final chorus from J. S. Bach's *Passion of St. Matthew*, "In tears of grief," "Round about the starry throne," from Handel's *Samson*, and "The night is departing," from Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, will readily be understood. To these were added the national Welsh air "The Men of Harlech" (Mr. John Thomas's arrangement), and "God bless the Prince of Wales," by Mr. Brinley Richards, both of which, sung in the Welsh tongue, were received with the utmost possible enthusiasm. This exhibition of Welsh choral singing was decidedly the feature of the National Music Meetings, and alone sufficient to render them memorable.

After the competitions and adjudication of prizes, on the third and fourth days, as had been the case at the first and second, there was a miscellaneous concert, the winners of prizes and diplomas exhibiting their talents, combined with performances by the Crystal Palace orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Manns, &c. On Saturday afternoon the first Sydenham Eisteddfod may be said to have culminated with a grand concert, in which almost all remarkable during the foregoing proceedings was re-introduced—the choral societies, military and volunteer bands, and solo vocalists, each taking a part in it. The proceedings require no detailed description. It will suffice to add that what had pleased before, pleased again; and that the administrations of the judges were, for the greater part, with the aid of increased experience, unanimously admitted to be impartial. At the end of the concert the National Anthem was performed, by the combined chorus and orchestra; and, shortly afterwards, the prizes were distributed by H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who, with characteristic good taste, refrained from a long preliminary address, leaving explanations to Mr. Thomas Hughes, chairman of the Crystal Palace, and simply addressing a word or two of congratulation to each of the successful candidates. Previous to his departure three hearty and unanimous cheers were raised for the Duke of Edinburgh, which were graciously acknowledged. The attendance on Saturday was larger than on any previous occasion, thus showing plainly that the public have become interested in the National Music Meetings, which, if carried on next year with the same spirit and with such improvements as time and reflection suggest, and as the Crystal Palace alone possesses the means of giving to them, may not only become a permanent institution, but a real public benefit.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Mme. Henrietta Nissen-Saloman, Professress at the Conservatory of Music, has received a gold medal from the Emperor Alexander, with a portrait of his Imperial Majesty set in diamonds. On the back are the words in Russian: "For Zeal." The medal is fixed in a beautifully elaborate bracelet, from which it may be removed, however, and worn as a brooch. The value of this flattering mark of Imperial appreciation was greatly enhanced by the medal being presented, together with a diploma relating to it, by her Imperial Highness, the Grand Princess Helena Pawlowna. The entire setting, together with the Crown over the Emperor's portrait, is in large diamonds.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Last week were presented *Il Trovatore*, with Mdle Tietjens and Signor Campanini; *Lucia Di Lammermoor*, with Mdle. Christine Nilsson; *Semiramide*, with Mdle. Tietjens; *Faust*, with Mdle. Nilsson, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, M. Capoul, Signori Rota and Mendioroz, and *Rigoletto*, with Miss Clara-Louise Kellogg, Signor Campanini, &c. As all these were repetitions, the bare record of their having been given is sufficient. Nevertheless, it may not be out of the way to add that the performance of *Semiramide*, Rossini's last grand Italian opera, with its admirable "ensemble," under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, and the no less admirable impersonations of the three chief characters—by Mdle. Tietjens, the only *Semiramide* now on the stage, Mdle. Trebelli-Bettini, than whom a better Arsace since the incomparable Alboni has not appeared, and Signor Agnesi, now as good and effective an Assur as could be witnessed, the best Assur in all probability since Tamburini retired—continues, notwithstanding the fact that the *Semiramide* is German, the Arsace, French, and the Assur also French (*mirabile dictu*!), to be one of the most attractive exhibitions of the season. The American *prima donna*, Miss Kellogg, may also be complimented on the steady progress she is making in public favour, her second appearance as Gilda, in *Rigoletto*, having created even a greater impression than her first. This young lady has already taken a high position in her art, and wants nothing but opportunity and encouragement to reach the highest—even in this capital, so *biase* about Italian opera and all its appurtenances.

The operas during the present week have been *Martha*—with Mdle. Christine Nilsson as the heroine; *Rigoletto*, with Mdle. Kellogg and Signor Campanini, in lieu of *Lucrezia Borgia*, Mdle. Tietjens, being indisposed; *La Sonnambula*—with Mdle. Marimon; and *Lucia di Lammermoor*—with Mdle. Nilsson. *La Traviata* is announced for this evening—in all five representations; so that London amateurs have enjoyed no less than eleven opportunities of listening to Italian operatic performances in the brief space of six days. The engagement of Mdle. Nilsson which was originally limited to 12 nights, has been prolonged.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The operas performed last week were the *Sonnambula*, the *Nozze di Figaro*, *Norma*, the *Barbieri*, and a miscellaneous selection of extracts from various well known works, for the "benefit" and last appearance of Mdme. Pauline Lucca.

That Mdme. Patti should, at least once in the season, assume the part of Amina, in which, eleven years ago, she made her first *début* before a London audience, was only to be expected; and that she should be received with enthusiasm in the character which she has fairly made her own ever since her first appearance among us, and which she has sustained, year after year, reminding opera-goers of Malibran in the same part more than any of Malibran's successors, might have been taken for granted. To enter into a description of Mdme. Patti's dramatic and musical realization of the most engaging of all Bellini's heroines would be superfluous. Enough that she was all herself, and made every point tell—from "Come per me sereno" to "Ah, non credea," and its brilliant sequel, "Ah, non giunge"—with the old effect, fully justifying the frequent applause and "recalls" of a crowded audience. The Elvino of the evening (M. Naudin being indisposed), was Signor Nicolini; and Count Rodolpho was represented by M. Faure, who has now no equal in the character.

The "combined entertainments" for the "benefit" and last appearance of Madame Pauline Lucca attracted unusual attention; for, though real amateurs do not greatly care about fragments from popular works, the scenes chosen respectively from *Der Freischütz*, *Faust*, *Margherita*, and the *Africaine* served to display to eminent advantage the versatility of this, in her way, unique artist, who, no matter what she undertakes, whether in high lyric tragedy, melodramatic opera, sentimental opera, or "opera comique," possesses the secret of winning the sympathies of her audience. Of this versatility the selected passages from the operas we have enumerated afforded ample proofs. As Selika, in the *Africaine*, which Madame Lucca first played in London, at Covent Garden Theatre, and afterwards at Berlin, in accordance with a desire frequently expressed by Meyerbeer, that she should

be the heroine of his last *chef d'œuvre* (which he did not live to see produced in public), and as the love-stricken Margaret, in the garden scene in *Faust*, Madame Lucca has been seen over and over again. Her Selika is a genuine creation; her Margaret is no less piquant and touching than it is original—a Margaret of her own conception. In *Der Freischütz*, however, she has deserved and gained her chief laurels this year, and it seems surprising that the part of Agatha should never have been allotted to her till now. This, too, however, has been described, and it is unnecessary to say more than that in each of the scenes allotted to her Madame Lucca raised the enthusiasm of the house. That the last movement of the *scena* in *Der Freischütz* was encored and repeated, will be as easily understood as that the "recalls" were frequent, and the bouquets without number. A scene from *La Figlia*, with Mdle. Sesi, and another from *Lucia*, with Mdle. Albani (a great success) completed the programme.

The first performance of *Norma* this season brought forward Madame Parepa in a character for which she is in every way fitted. We have but one great *Norma* now, and she is not at Covent Garden. To witness, therefore, so thoughtful, dignified, and spirited an impersonation at the theatre in which the Druid Priestess has been immortalized by the genius of Gisi, was a real satisfaction to amateurs. Madame Parepa knows the music thoroughly, and shows also a thorough knowledge of the dramatic requirements of the character. She was warmly received throughout, and most deservedly so. "Casta Diva," with its sequel, was sung with the facility and correctness of a practised artist; the emphatic solo "Ah non tremare," in the well-known trio with Pollio (Signor Naudin) and Adalgisa (Madame Sinico), was delivered with extraordinary energy; the famous duet, "Deh conte," in which Adalgisa fairly divided the applause with Norma, was everything that could be wished,—and so on, without further detail, to the duet in which Norma reproaches and threatens Pollio, and the pathetic sequel in the last scene, after the supplication to Oroveso (Signor Capponi), where the sublime resignation of Norma induces Pollio voluntarily to share the sacrifice to which she is condemned. All was both legitimately good and effective. Madame Parepa was heartily received, and repeatedly applauded and recalled.

The old folk-saying, "Better late than never," was well illustrated on Tuesday night, when Mdle. Smeroschi made her *début* as Adina in *L'Elisir d'Amore*. Twice before had this young lady been announced, and twice had the usual reason for disappointment been assigned; so that, if the public subsequently thought at all of a strange artist, unheralded by report, it was only to infer that the chances of her actual appearance this season were slight. The third time Mdle. Smeroschi proved more successful; and we may say at once that her performance made a highly-favourable impression. Adina is not a character affected by *débutantes*; and its selection by Mdle. Smeroschi must, perhaps, be attributed to the difficulty of finding a character not sacred to one or other of the "light sopranos" in Mr. Gye's troupe. There was, however, no reason for anybody to complain. The new *prima donna* appeared to advantage, and the public had an opportunity of hearing Donizetti's charming opera—a work which, though written in fifteen days, is an exception to the rule that things of quick growth as quickly fade away. Mdle. Smeroschi had one of the chilling receptions usually given by our operatic audiences to a new-comer who appears without an acknowledged reputation, not a "hand" greeting her as the curtain rose and showed Adina seated among the reposing peasants. But her recital of the story of Isotta, with its interlude, "Elisir di si perfetta," and, still more, her singing in the duet with Nemorino, which follows the advent of the soldiers, arrested general attention. From this point, indeed, Mdle. Smeroschi kept the ear of the house; and, if the demonstrations in her favour were not enthusiastic, they were unmistakably genuine. We endorse without reserve the favourable verdict passed upon the new-comer's efforts. Personally, she is well-fitted for light soprano parts, and her natural advantages are set off by a self command which does not involve self-assertion. Hence, while looking Adina to the life, she represented the character with entire propriety of demeanour. Mdle. Smeroschi is at home on the stage, and did not fail to make use of such oppor-

tunities as were afforded her histrionic powers. The full extent of those powers has yet to be ascertained. As a vocalist, the new *prima donna* made decided claims upon our admiration. Her voice is of pleasing quality, and she uses it, both in *legato* and *bravura* passages, like an artist of experience. That Mdlle. Smeroschi has attained perfection must not be supposed, but there are exhibited in her singing both intelligence and artistic purport. The success of the *début* was assured by "Quanto amore," which led to a warm recall; and by "Prende per me sei libero," with the time-honoured *cabaletta* of De Beriot and Benedict. Mdlle. Smeroschi was summoned before the curtain after each act, and may congratulate herself on having conquered the good opinion of a Covent Garden audience at nearly the end of the season. Were such a feeling likely to be gratified, we should curiously await the young lady's appearance in a second part before the house closes. The other characters in Donizetti's opera need not be discussed at length. Signor Cotogni was a tolerable Belcore; but Signor Bettini mistook Nemorino altogether. That rustic lover is simple, no doubt; but simplicity does not involve a condition between a "natural" and a buffoon. Moreover, Nemorino should always be represented as worthy the love of Adina. Signor Ciampi may be numbered among those about whom a royal French critic observed, "Je n'aime pas les bouffes qui ne me font pas rire." Shade of Ronconi!—when will a real Dulcamara again cry "Udite, udite, o rustici!"

The operas during the present week (last but one of the present season), have been *Il Trovatore*—with Mdlle. Adelina Patti as Leonora; *L'Elisir d'Amore*, for the long-expected and more than once postponed *début* of Mdlle. Smeroschi; *Lucia di Lammermoor*—with Mdlle. Albani; and again *L'Elisir d'Amore* (Thursday). *Don Giovanni* was to be given last night. *Il Guarany*, the new opera by M. Gomes—first time, with Mdlle. Sessi, M. Faure, Signora Nicolini, Cotogni, and Bagagiolo in the chief parts, is announced for this evening—again six performances.

For her "benefit," on Monday, Mdlle. Patti has once more selected the *Huguenots*, in which she will play Valentine, with Signor Nicolini, in lieu of Signor Mario, as her Raoul. This, we need scarcely add, will be her second appearance as Valentine before a London audience.

### THE BOSTON INTERNATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE.

(Telegrams.)

Boston, July 8.

The Jubilee was largely attended to-day. Mr. Greeley was present, and was heartily cheered.

The French band will give six concerts in New York, and three in Philadelphia, and will possibly visit Chicago.

New York, July 6.

The British band, which assisted at the Boston Jubilee, has sailed for England in the City of Antwerp.

Boston, July 6.

The British band gave a concert at the Academy of Music last evening, and played several operatic selections, also English, Scotch, Irish, and American airs. The audience rose and cheered enthusiastically when "God save the Queen" was played. The house was crowded. The press compliment the band for averting a panic at the Boston Coliseum by playing the "Star Spangled Banner" upon a false alarm of fire being raised.

COLOGNE.—Herr Gustav Jensen has been appointed a teacher at the Conservatory of Music.

GERA.—The members of the Musikverein lately gave a grand soirée to celebrate their hundredth concert. It may be mentioned that Herr W. Tschirch, their director, conducted all the hundred concerts. The Association was founded in 1852, and has given every year five grand concerts besides several musical soirées. For the gratification of those who delight in musical statistics, we may state that the programmes of the hundred concerts comprised: 37 symphonies; 18 oratorios; 75 compositions in the oratorio style, ballads, and dramatic works; 53 overtures; 23 other grand orchestral works; 55 solos by professional virtuosi; 57 airs from operas; 162 songs with piano; and 32 pieces for the piano alone. Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St Paul*, was the work selected for performance on the anniversary of the 100th concert. In consideration of the services rendered by Herr W. Tschirch to the Association, and art generally, the Reigning Prince conferred on him the Civilian Cross of Honour.

### THADDEUS EGG ON THE FOURTH DAY.

On Thursday, when the competitions ended, the business done reached the climax of interest. In the first instance, Messrs. H. Leslie, H. Smart, and J. L. Hatton were called upon to hear the Bristol Choral Union (male voices), and, there being no rivals in the lists, to say whether that body should carry back with them a prize of 50*l*. We congratulate the Western men upon the success they achieved—a success eminently deserved by good voices and excellent training. Under the careful guidance of a conductor, whose name we regret not to know, the Bristol choir sang "Thou comest here," from Mendelssohn's *Edipus*, and Schubert's "Gondolier's Serenade," evincing in each merits of a high order. The voices were well balanced, the tone of singular sweetness, and the style thoroughly refined. Unquestionably, the 50*l*. was deserved; and will supplement that higher reward of public approval due to the spirit which brought so good a choir into the Sydenham lists. The next contest—judges, Sir J. Benedict, Mr. Hatton, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan—lay between the band of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, and that of the 33rd Regiment, for a prize of 50*l*. Each band played Weber's *Jubilee* overture (ending with the tune of our National Anthem) and Gung'l's *Rekrut* march; after which the award was made in favour of the red-coats. It may be presumption on our part to question the verdict of an official tribunal, but we shall do so in this case with all possible emphasis. No decision ever more surprised us, and it seemed as though the judges had solely considered the question of comparative noisiness. That the 33rd men made the greatest atmospheric disturbance is true; but their playing was far behind the playing of the Rifles in refinement, taste, and agreeable effect. We have rarely heard the clarionets of a regimental band to greater advantage than in this particular case. After the military musicians had disappeared came the great event of the day, a "walk over" by the South Wales Choral Union (500 voices) for the Challenge Prize, worth 1,000*l*. We will not now express wonder that no body of English amateurs came forward in hope of achieving this trophy. There are reasons which have been pointed out in our columns why the Saxon temperament should not take fire at the prospect of depositing a piece of plate with the particular cheesemonger or wine merchant who happens to be mayor of the winning town. But these considerations have little weight with our enthusiastic Cambrian neighbours; and anybody who has attended a Welsh Eisteddfod can imagine how eagerly the music-loving Welshmen cast about for the means of winning a triumph not only "in the face of the sun, the eye of light," but in full view of the entire Saxon metropolis. South Wales at once resolved on action, and the hardworking mechanics and miners of Aberdare, Merthyr, &c., soon made up 350 voices under the direction of Mr. Griffiths Jones, a working blacksmith. Of course it was no easy matter to bring 350 people to London from such a distance, to maintain them here and take them back. But the intense national feeling of Wales came to the rescue, and on Thursday Welsh was the prevailing tongue of the Crystal Palace. It is to be regretted that the Cambrian choir met no rival, but their performance showed that only a very formidable rival could have beaten them. They sang first, accompanied by an inadequate band, the final chorus, "In tears of grief," from Bach's *Matthew Passion*, and took it far too slowly, next they gave "Then, round about the starry throne" (*Samson*); and next, the grand chorus, "The night is departing," from Mendelssohn's *Loheengrin*. The last was a severe test, and Mr. Jones, finding the music not going to his satisfaction, stopped the performance, saying to the judges, with delightful naïveté, "Give me another chance." A second effort succeeded admirably, and the trying chorus was fairly mastered by these earnest Welsh folk, whose noble voices, frank bearing, and remarkable skill will not soon be forgotten. The audience, among whom were Cambrians in plenty, cheered the choir with enthusiasm, and the choir, in return, gave "The Men of Harlech" and "God bless the Prince of Wales," using their native language with great effect. Of course the Challenge Prize was awarded them without a dissentient voice. All honour to the little principality, whose sons and daughters have a feeling for art not necessarily connected with *£ s. d.*, and have, besides, a noble ambition for distinction in its pursuit. THADDEUS EGG.

COPENHAGEN.—Herr Gung'l and his celebrated band have been playing at Tivoli, where they have met with a very favourable reception. As this capital is, at present, extremely full, in consequence of the recent opening of the Scandinavian Exhibition of Art and Industry, Tivoli is remarkably well-attended. There are two concerts every day. Lumbye's band performing in the morning, and Gung'l's in the evening.

INNSBRUCK.—The Musikverein lately got up two grand musical performances. At the first, the work selected was Handel's *Messiah*, executed by more than 300 performers. At the second, the programme was more varied, including vocal compositions by Haydn and Schubert; Beethoven's Symphony in C minor and the "Zring overture," by Herr L. Deppe, of Berlin. Both performances went off very brilliantly.

## LUCCA'S BENEFIT AT COVENT GARDEN.

(From the "Observer," July 7th.)

Madame Pauline Lucca's benefit, on Wednesday, attracted a crowded house; and she was enthusiastically applauded throughout the evening. Her scene from *Der Freischütz* ("Softly Sighs") was splendidly sung, and nothing could be finer than her singing in the subsequent trio. Then the third act of *Faust*, with Madame Lucca as Marguerite, Faure as Mephistophiles, and Nicolini as Faust, was another triumph for Madame Lucca. Last of all came the concluding act of *L'Africaine*, sung by Madame Lucca with such dramatic pathos and expression that the audience listened as if spell-bound, and, when at last the hapless Selika lay dead under the Upas tree, broke forth in rounds of applause, and recalled her again and again to receive their endless vocal and floral tributes.

(From the "London Standard," July 5th.)

Madame Pauline Lucca's "benefit," which took place on Wednesday evening, at the Royal Italian Opera, afforded the admirers of this fascinating artiste an opportunity of expressing the gratification which her charming impersonations have afforded throughout the season, and of showing the estimation in which her talents are held. The popular *prima donna* appeared on the occasion in three of her most attractive characters, and thus afforded her numerous supporters an opportunity of appreciating the versatility as well as excellence of her remarkable talents. It is only necessary to mention the titles of the operas, *Der Freischütz*, *Faust*, and *Margherita*, and *L'Africaine*, to recall to our readers some of the most delightful performances of the season, and some of the most charming impersonations ever witnessed on the Anglo-Italian stage. The reception recorded to Madame Lucca, and the ovations she received in the course of the evening, were enthusiastic, and last Wednesday may be chronicled as a memorial evening at the Royal Italian Opera.

(From the "Sunday Times.")

Though Mr. Gye's house has been open every night during the past week, we need only mention one performance—that for the benefit of Madame Pauline Lucca on Wednesday. This was a miscellaneous entertainment, comprising the second act of *Der Freischütz*, the garden act of *Faust*, and the last act of *L'Africaine*. In these Madame Lucca took the chief part with unwonted distinction because of the light in which her versatile powers are exhibited. She achieved a very great success in Weber's music, singing Agatha's popular scene with marvellous power of voice and dramatic propriety. So much was the audience excited that the recalls of the artist at the close seemed as though they would go on *ad infinitum*. We need not dwell for the hundredth time upon the charm of Madame Lucca's Marguerite. That charm is so much a thing by itself that everybody has made acquaintance with it, and can enjoy the effect. Enough that on no previous occasions has Madame Lucca more conclusively proved her right to a place amongst the foremost of dramatic singers. The death scene of the unfortunate *Africaine* was a still greater triumph for the richly-gifted artist. Nothing could exceed it in pathos, the singing being wonderfully sympathetic, the acting full of that apparently wayward impulse which, being the outcome of genius, satisfies more than cut-and-dried propriety. All Madame Lucca's appearances, in short, were successes; and the farewell between her and her audience lacked nothing of the warmth springing from genuine admiration. She was called for over and over again, applauded with genuine enthusiasm, and after each scene overwhelmed with bouquets.

**BADEN.**—At the second Matinée for Classical Music, Professor Cossmann played Schumann's Violoncello Concerto; a Romance of his own composition; and Popper's "Papillon." Mdlle. A. Chazrés, a very youthful pianist, performed the first movement from Beethoven's Sonata, and Weber's E flat major Polonaise. The orchestral pieces were a Symphony in four movements, a work but little known, by Joseph Haydn, Op. 66, in E flat major; Prelude and Final Movement of *Tristan und Isolde*; and Wallace's overture to *Lurley*.—At the Chamber Concert, two days afterwards, there was no lack of solo artists. Mdlle. Caussemille, pianiste, played Heller's Transcription of Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," an Etude by Chopin; Thalberg's arrangement of the Sextet from *Lucia*; and a "Concert-waltz," by Wieniawsky. Herr Ely sang Raoul's Romance, from the first act of *Les Huguenots*, and the Duke's Canzone, from *Rigoletto*. Madame Reboux gave the grand cavatina from *Semiramide*; "Le petit Dieu," a song by Tessier; and Arditi's waltz, "L'Estas," besides taking part, with Herr Ely, in the grand duet from *Faust*. Herr von Nagornoff, a gentleman not previously known here, played a Violin Fantasia by Viouxtemps. Lastly, Herr Demunck executed the grand Fantasia, by Servais, on the "Schnuchtswalzer."

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Saturday Review* of the 25th ult., thus speaks, in the course of a very long and exhaustive article upon the Italian Opera, London, of Madame Pauline Lucca at Covent Garden:—

"Madame Pauline Lucca, Mr. Gye's other 'first lady,' and Madame Patti's most formidable rival, has equally been limited to a series of characters in which she is seen and heard over and over again—such, for example, as Zerlina (*Fra Diavolo*), Valentine (*Huguenots*), Leonora (*Favorita*), Cherubino (*Nozze di Figaro*), Selika (*Africaine*), and Margaret (*Faust e Marguerite*). To these she has been allowed to add Pamina (*Flauto Magico*), in which she has no great chance of distinction in her peculiar way, and Agatha, in *Der Freischütz* (with M. Faure, as Caspar), in which, fortunately, she has several chances of distinction, of every one of which she avails herself. We cannot remember, often as we have heard Weber's most characteristic opera, any representation of the part, all its requirements taken into consideration, more original, more full of genuine sentiment, and more complete than the Agatha of Madame Lucca. It is a creation of the rarest type. Madame Lucca has every essential, it is true. She looks the character to perfection; her voice enables her to give all effect to the music; and her dramatic genius stands her equally in good stead. She is so much the Agatha of the poet and the Agatha of the composer, that she rivets attention from the commencement of her first scene to the termination of her last. Her delivery of the scene in Act II., where Agatha awaits the return of her lover, is a striking example of musical declamation, and the enthusiasm it excites is fully accounted for. In this, the only opportunity accorded to Madame Lucca of earning fresh laurels during the season, she has earned them, and legitimately. Indeed, her performance in *Der Freischütz* has been the memorable event of this year's opera season."

The *Observer* of last Sunday speaks as follows about Miss Clara-Louise Kellogg's second performance in *Rigoletto*:—

"Last night the opera of *Rigoletto* was repeated, and Miss Kellogg, by her admirable performance as Gilda, established herself still more firmly in the notice of all lovers of art. A more conscientious rendering of the music, a more unaffected, natural, and pathetic embodiment of the character it would be difficult to conceive."

## AN AMATEUR OF OPERA IN COURT.

Mary Anne Ford, a flower-girl, was charged before Mr. Vaughan with being concerned with others, not in custody, in stealing a watch from Robert Smith, a well-dressed man, who said he was the parish clerk at Eton. The complainant said:—Your worship, I came up to town to see that charming opera of *Faust*, and paid 10s. for my seat. I bought a bottle of lemonade and gave a sovereign for it, and received the change. I bought a bouquet of a flower-girl in Covent-Garden, to throw at the feet of the *prima donna*. The girl asked a shilling for it, but I gave her half-a-crown. I then went into a recess. The fat man there charged me 4d. for attendance, and said to me, "For God's sake get out as soon as possible; you are being surrounded." I went out, and found all the flower-girls waiting for me. They made me buy roses, and almost took the money out of my pockets. There were also some horrible men there. I can assure you, your worship, old Quilp was an angel in comparison to one of the blackguards. They pushed me about, and I ran away. The prisoner knocked me down and rifled my pockets, took my money, and used me in a fearful manner. The crowd, of course, sympathised with her, just the same as they do with that blackguard Tichborne, who ought to be hung. He is not the man at all. Mr. Vaughan: I cannot allow you to make these observations in Court. The complainant continued:—At last a policeman came, and I saw my watch and chain hanging down, and my watch gone; and all night long I have been walking about with only 4d. in my pocket, and had to have a saveloy for my breakfast. Mr. Vaughan:—Were you sober?—Complainant:—Oh, yes; I was only drunk once in my life, and that was when our clergyman got married, and then, of course, I was drunk. I am well known, your worship; I have sung "Come into the garden, Maud," at the Crystal Palace. Charming song that! Mr. Vaughan:—Would you be able to identify any of the others who were there?—Complainant:—Oh, yes, your worship; they were perfect demons. A constable in the E division, who took the prisoner in custody, deposed that the prosecutor took 12s 6d out of his pocket, saying, "This is all I have." Mr. Vaughan: I thought you said you only had 4d. in your pocket all night. The complainant:—Yes, but I went to the Opera, and bought books. I saw *Faust*. The music is grand. I saw *Der Freischütz* on Wednesday. It is a very good opera. Mr. Vaughan seemed to be in doubt as to whether the complainant was in his right mind; and, in answer to some questions put to him, the complainant admitted that he had been confined in a lunatic asylum, but that he was all right now. Mr. Vaughan adjourned the case, in order that a telegram might be sent to Eton. There was, however, no response, and Mr. Vaughan remanded the prisoner.

MESSRS.

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## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1872.

STERNDALE BENNETT AND ENGLISH MUSIC  
IN PARTICULAR, WITH OTHER SUBJECTS.  
IN GENERAL.

(To the Editor of the "Daily News.")

SIR,—In your leading article about the Jubilee dinner of the Royal Academy of Music there is a passage, which I ask your permission to be allowed to correct. The passage is as subjoined:—

"Perhaps it is as a favourite pupil of Mendelssohn that the reputation of Sir Sterndale Bennett has arrived at Leipzig, rather than on account of the true and serious merit of his works."

I will not ask you how Sir Sterndale Bennett could have been "a favourite pupil of Mendelssohn" had there been no "true and serious merit" in his works; but I wish, through the publicity of your columns, to let those know who care to be informed about the matter, that Sterndale Bennett was never, at any time a pupil of Mendelssohn's, but on the contrary, was always regarded by Mendelssohn, during their years of intimacy, as a brother master, which can be proved by Mendelssohn's own writing and printed words. With respect to Leipzig you are also in error. Bennett, who resided in Leipzig, more than once, for a considerable period, there first became known to Germany, by his overtures, concertos, and other works. About "Paris, Vienna, and Berlin" I have nothing to say, except that at the last two named cities I have frequently heard Bennett's music played by the first societies; but, with regard to Leipzig, as a mere glance at the collected critical essays (*Gesammelte Schriften*) of Robert Schumann will show, Bennett was looked upon, even in his early youth, as a master; and not only played himself, but composed for, and directed the concerts at the famous Gewandhaus, even sometimes when Mendelssohn was performing his own pianoforte concertos.

Allow me a word or two more.—What you have uttered, *quoad* Paris and its late estimation of Beethoven, is quite wrong. You say:—"Fifty years after the London Philharmonic Society had possessed and performed the masterpieces of Beethoven, that stupendous genius was almost a barbarian to the Conservatoire." I must inform you that, on the contrary, Beethoven was never, any more than he is now, "a barbarian to the Conservatoire." Long before the death of Beethoven, which occurred in 1827 (not quite fifty years ago), the majority of the Nine Symphonies were—thanks to the enthusiastic appreciation of the late and justly famous Habeneck—performed at the Conservatoire concerts, admired and extolled also by the Conservatoire audience. You are again in error with regard to Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," when you assert that, "a quarter of a century after Mendelssohn had conducted his *Elvira* at Birmingham, an enthusiastic conductor of popular concerts ventured upon the experiment of playing the Italian symphony before a public who believed that Gluck was a Frenchman, and Meyerbeer a native of the Boulevards, and Rossini, the 'swan,' not of Pesaro, but of Passy." Now—passing over the fact that no such

"public" ever existed in Paris, where Meyerbeer, Rossini, &c., were just as well-known to be foreigners as Weber, Spohr, &c., here, in London—Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony was first produced in the French capital at the Conservatoire concerts, in the year 1864 (when M. Girard was conductor). I can answer personally for this, as I heard the performance myself, in company with a musician of no less repute than Auber (whom you playfully put side by side with Offenbach!);—and a wonderful performance it was. Moreover, in 1847, I heard, also at the Conservatoire concerts, the "Scotch Symphony," with several other works—the whole concert, in honour of Mendelssohn's memory, being devoted to Mendelssohn's music. You are, of course (are you, by the way?), aware that *Elijah* was first given at the Birmingham Festival, (for which it was expressly written), under Mendelssohn's own direction, towards the end of August, 1846, and that the composer of *Elijah* died on Nov. 4, the year following. So that your "quarter of a century," in respect of Mendelssohn, holds no more than your "50 years," in respect of Beethoven. As for your "enthusiastic conductor of popular concerts," unless you mean M. Padeloup of the "Cirque," I am at a loss to conjecture whom you can possibly mean; but I know enough of M. Padeloup to be quite sure that he would on no account claim for himself what was not his due; and the contrary would certainly be the case if he claimed the honour of having been the first to introduce the "Italian Symphony" to the Parisians, seeing that the "Italian Symphony" was played by the *Société des Concerts* ("Conservatoire Concerts," as they are called in England) years before the performances in the Champs Elysées were set on foot.—What Sir John Coleridge "had the courage to avow," on the occasion of the testimonial presented to Sir Sterndale Bennett, some time since, at St. James's Hall, as to there being "always something provincial about the English school of music, if indeed a school could be said to exist," I am unable to understand, being ignorant of the precise signification attached by the honourable Attorney-General to the word "provincial." Does he mean Indian, Canadian, or Australian? We have no "provinces" in these islands, which are fairly divided into counties, one county being just as important and conducive to the common welfare as another. This statement of Sir John's was quite as odd as another statement, made in another speech, by Mr. Macfarren, who endeavoured to show that, the honour of knighthood having been conferred upon Sterndale Bennett, all musicians from that moment were "gentlemen"—a conclusion which might, without difficulty, be disproved.

Excuse me, Mr. Editor, for troubling you thus far; but on second thoughts, instead of forwarding my letter to the office of the *Daily News*, with a tolerable uncertainty of its being admitted into their over-crowded columns, I shall forward it to the office of the *Musical World*, the professional advocate of music and musicians, with a tolerable certainty of seeing it printed in the next issue. I could point to other misrepresentations in their leading article of Friday, July 6, but sufficient for the day are the pointings out of the mistakes thereof.—Your obedient servant,

OPTIMUS BLACK.

July 8, 1872.

IN noticing one of the performances of the Boston Peace Jubilee, the correspondent of the *New York Herald* writes as follows about Madame Arabella Goddard:—

"Madame Arabella Goddard gave a solo on the piano, in the middle of the programme. Her selection was a Fantasia on

themes from Mozart's opera of *Don Giovanni*, a selection which gave the attentive audience an excellent opportunity to judge of the carefully trained hand, natural musical taste, and fine artistic culture of this celebrated artist. There was almost perfect silence during the rendering of the solo, and therefore every ear could appreciate the nicety of touch which produced such an exquisite delicacy of expression. In response to repeated applause Madame Goddard returned to the piano and favoured the audience with the "Harmonious Blacksmith," by Handel. This called forth renewed applause, to which the lady gracefully bowed her acknowledgements."

It seems curious that, at these monster performances, where there are unlimited orchestral resources, no chance seems to be given to our English pianist of playing a concerto by one of the great masters, and thus of showing the Bostonians that she has both a soul and fingers above "*fantasias*."

#### AN INCIDENT OF THE BOSTON JUBILEE.

On Saturday evening, at Tremont House, the band of the Grenadier Guards, in connection with some of the English residents in Boston, gave a reception, and presented addresses of welcome and congratulation to Madame Arabella Goddard and Madame Rudersdorff. Madame Goddard was escorted to the reception-room by Lieut.-Col. Fludyer, and Madame Rudersdorff by Mr. Dan Godfrey. The Grenadier Guards were in plain dress. It was their great wish to serenade the ladies, but they were bound by contract with the Jubilee Committee not to play anywhere in Boston but at the Coliseum. Madame Goddard and Madame Rudersdorff having entered, were greeted with loud cheering from the men, and took their seats in great state on the sofa.

Mr. J. M. Smith delivered the presentation addresses. Turning to Madame Goddard, he said:—

"MADAME GODDARD,

"In behalf of the British residents and citizens of British birth in Boston, I have the honour to tender you their congratulations on your appearance for the first time in this country, and their recognition of your extraordinary gifts. We have long been familiar with your name, as connected with the highest achievements of musical power, but only within a few days has it been our pleasure to be delighted with your melodious execution on the pianoforte, than which no other instrument finds its way into so many homes. Now it cannot but be more prized than ever, and the thousands you have this week charmed will treasure you in their memory long after you have returned to your English home. Accept this bouquet, and the cordial greeting which we, and the Grenadier Guards Band, tender you. It comes from hearts anxious to do you honour. A few days and this bouquet will fade, and be cast away; but not so our memories. May you ever retain pleasant recollections of your visit to America."

Madame Goddard then bowed her most graceful acknowledgments, and Mr. Smith turned to Madame Rudersdorff:—

"MADAME RUDERSDORFF,

"I have the pleasure, in behalf of the British residents of the city of Boston and citizens of British birth, to extend to you a cordial greeting. More than any other City of America, this is the home of music, and though you are sure of a greeting in any city, here are you more welcome. We are honoured that we can claim you as under our flag, and we know it is an English heart which prompts you to do many acts of kindness; and though not born under the British flag you can sing more sweetly than any of us, and as heartily as we all, "God save the Queen." We tender you this bouquet, and the homage of your own Grenadier Guards Band, as a slight token of our appreciation of you as an artist and a lady."

The band then sang the National Anthem, and Colonel Fludyer proposed three cheers for "the Queen of England, the Queen of Pianists, and the Queen of Song."

Mdme. Rudersdorff then rose, and in a short speech, congratulated the band on their great success.

The whole deputation then gave a round of cheers for Colonel Fludyer and Mr. Godfrey, after which the proceedings terminated, and the ladies were escorted back to their apartments.

Outside the building, a large crowd was gathered, in expectation of hearing the announced serenade.

## M. GOUNOD AND HIS WRONGS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—It is evident I cannot control what my English agent may have proposed, and I know as little of what he did, as I knew for twelve years what my French publisher and agent did. Mr. Chappell is mistaken in thinking I am not satisfied with the result of my arrangement with Messrs. Goddard on the sale of the Albert Hall music, and if the music and concerts had been well advertised, which was to have been the case (as was promised), when it was supposed Mr. Chappell would succeed in obtaining the publication thereof, I have no doubt it would have been still more satisfactory!

As for Mr. Boosey's letter, I know nothing about *Romeo and Juliet*; had I ever been allowed to understand his offer (I did not know a word of English in those days), it is easy to understand I and Messrs. Barbier and Carré would not have accepted M. Choudens' offer of £2000 for copyright in all countries.

I need hardly repeat my statement that I knew nothing about a song for Mr. Boosey, except through Mr. Carte, who said he wished me to write one for Mrs. Patey. I did not wish to write one which I knew would be on the system of royalty for the singer; so I dare say a price I knew I should not get was asked. What I asked was 20 guineas and 6d. royalty.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CH. GOUNOD.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, 6th June, 1872.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I should feel obliged to Mr. Boosey if he would produce any proof that Mr. D'Oyley Carte ever proposed such terms as he states in his letter of this day's impression. Being paid to sing songs is a system I unhesitatingly condemn, and I believe Mr. D'Oyley Carte to have been incapable of proposing such a humiliating bargain for me.

My terms are 20 guineas for singing in public, and I never sang for less.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGINA WELDON.

Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, 6th July, 1872.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I am ashamed again to trouble you with another answer to M. Gounod's charges, having already explained that the dramatic right in *Faust* was lost by his own (or his French agent's) omission to send the necessary papers for entry at Stationers' Hall, no great wonder, however, neither Anber nor Meyerbeer having ever previously secured rights which, in England, were then thought of no marketable value. Perhaps M. Gounod will at last understand that the acting-right requires a distinct entry, the necessary forms of which can be obtained at the Hall, and that he alone could sign such an entry. He well knows that I was never asked to do anything on his behalf, except to enter the papers in regard to *Copyright*. If, therefore, he continues to lay the unfounded charge against me, that he lost his acting-right "through my neglect," I shall be reluctantly compelled to bring an action against him for libel. M. Gounod has apparently a very short memory, and very bad advisers.—Your obedient servant,

THOS. CHAPPELL.

WE invite the particular attention of our readers to a feature in the concert intended to be given in St. James's Hall on Wednesday next, by Mr. F. A. Cowen. It is not often that an English symphony is produced; still less often does an English composer produce a second after writing a first of rare merit and enormous promise. Therefore the symphony in F, of Mr. F. H. Cowen, which is the feature above referred to, should excite no ordinary interest, and bring together all to whom the fortunes of native talent are a matter of concern. The concert will, in other respects, be one of an attractive sort.

THE competition for the Sterndale Bennett Prize took place on Saturday, the 6th inst., at the Royal Academy of Music in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, the examiners being Mr. G. A. Macfarren (chairman), Mr. H. C. Lunn, Mr. Frank R. Cox, Dr. Charles Steggall, Mr. Frederick Bowen Jewson, Mr. W. Dorrell, and Mr. Walter Macfarren. The prize was awarded to Miss Florence Baglehole, pianist—pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, one of our most accomplished professors; Miss Florence Green being highly commended,

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THERE is a ghastly story told by *Le Figaro*;—A Bernese gentleman made a present to his wife of a fauteuil which, when sat upon, played "*La donna è mobile*." It amused for a while, and was then consigned to the lumber-room by the husband, who had taken a strong objection to it, in spite of his young wife's entreaties. M. Berchod having occasion to leave the city, Madame bethought her of the toy, and it was reinstalled in the drawing-room, where her husband returning, unexpectedly, found it. A scene followed, M. Berchod becoming more enraged, till seizing a weapon, he struck his wife dead. The body fell across the fatal chair, which, answering the pressure, played "*La donna è mobile*." Horror-stricken, M. Berchod threw himself from the window, and his corpse was carried up stairs just as the last strains of Verdi's air were heard.

[BOUCAULT (DION) please note.]

AN attractive feature in the programme of the Boston Peace Jubilee was the cannon accompaniment to certain pieces. The idea was worthy the occasion; but, relative advantages considered, it was outdone by an organist in a small New England village. The choir had to sing the anthem in which the lines occur—"He gave them hailstones for fire; fire mingled with hail ran along the ground." The occasion was a great one, and the organist was desirous that the choir should prove equal to it. The anthem was specially adapted for effect, but the resources at command precluded anything that would cost much. After anxious meditation the organist hit upon dried beans and gunpowder. The latter he laid in a train under the walls outside the building, the former he committed to the charge of youths with instructions how to act at a signal. The result was success. The anthem opened, the organ-blower rose to the occasion, the organist played, the choir rolled forth "*He gave them hailstones*," &c., and, as the shout rose to the roof, there came rattling against the windows a shower of dried beans, and flashed from the ground the train of gunpowder.

AN English clergyman, pronouncing a condemnation on modern burlesques, argued that if we introduced heathen deities we should, centuries hence, be paid out by dramatists of a new order, who would treat our sacred personages as we treat those of Greece and Rome. A German author has made a collection of "*Christian legends*," some of which, not too coarsely treated, may serve the purpose of this burlesque writer of the future, held out as a menace to burlesque writers of the present day. In one of the "*legends*," for the most part of German mediæval origin, a knight has sold his wife to the devil. The devil, of chivalrous appearance, who, but for a sinister look about the eyes and mouth, would be handsome, comes to claim his bargain. The wife, being devout, prays to the Virgin. During her prayer she falls asleep, and while still unconscious, the Virgin appears and takes her place. The devil behaves with gallantry, and the Virgin encourages his attentions, saying to herself that she will take him to the gates of heaven, nail him against a doorpost, and expose him to ridicule of the blessed. To improve his personal appearance the devil plucks a violet, which restores the angelic lineaments of the period before the fall. The Virgin employs a counter charm, and the struggle is continued until the personification of evil gets free, but bears away some marks of the contest. In another legend, a nun prays to the Virgin for relief from the monotony of her duties. The Virgin appears, and tells the poor nun to go out and amuse herself, promising to assume her appearance and replace her in the convent while she remains away. The nun takes very long leave, goes into society, falls in love, marries a German knight, and has children; until at last she feels the bitterness of existence, returns to the convent, and finds the Virgin, who says to her: "What a time you have been, my child; I thought you would have been back before."

LEIPZIG.—Herr Raimund Hartel, member of the Town Council, and of the firm of Breitkopf and Hartel, is engaged to Mlle. Louise Hanff, the pianist.

NAPLES. Hérold's *Pré aux Clercs*, under the title of *Il Duetta*, was produced, a short time since, at the Teatro Filarmonico, for the first time in this city, and in Italy.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS ALICE RYALL collected together a large number of friends at her second annual morning concert, held at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 6th inst., under the distinguished patronage, among others, of the Countess of Eglington, Lady Charlotte Wentworth Fitzwilliam, Lady Mary Thompson, Lady Monson, &c. The array of artists gave promise of a highly pleasing entertainment, as may readily be surmised, when it is stated that, in addition to Miss Ryall, Mdlle. Anna Regan, Madame Patey, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Patey, Mr. Walter Macfarren, (pianoforte), and Mr. Henry Holmes (violin), appeared. The conductors were Messrs. Macfarren and Stephen Kemp. Miss Ryall sang several times, both in solos and concerted pieces. Her voice, very clear in the upper notes, was heard to great advantage in Mr. G. A. Macfarren's "Pack clouds away," (violin *obbligato*, Mr. Henry Holmes,) which was encored and repeated. Miss Ryall's singing of "Home, sweet home" was excellent; and although the chief singers of all lands appropriate this melody, Miss Ryall has no occasion to fear "odorous comparisons." To say that Madame Patey sang splendidly is sufficient, as also Mr. Cummings and Mdlle. Regan. Mr. Holmes sustained his reputation as a violinist so well as to make us regret not to hear him oftener. Mr. Macfarren played the "Moonlight" sonata (Beethoven), and "The Harmonious Blacksmith," in place of the "Lieder ohne Worte" which he had been announced to play. The concert was one of the most agreeable of the season.

H. L.

SIGNOR AND MDLLE. RUBINI gave a morning concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday week. The young lady's singing of the air, "O luce di quest' anima" from *Linda di Chamouni*, was one of the features of the concert, and deserved the applause given by the audience. Mdlle. Rubini was assisted by artists of eminence—Signor Gardoni among the number, who gave "La Mandolinata" with all his old charm. Mdlle. Liebhart sang "I love my love," composed expressly for her by Signor Pissuti, and Signor Celli gave an effective reading of Prince Poniatowski's "Yeoman's Wedding Song." M. Jules Lefort, Signor Caravoglia, Signor Tito Mattet, Mdlle. Demerit-Lablache, Signor Danielli, and Mdlle. Lieba, the violinist, all artists of repute, were among the performers.

The annual grand concert of Mr. Ganz took place in St. James's Hall on Wednesday week, attracting, as usual, a crowded audience. Mr. Ganz took his share of the programme by playing the pianoforte part in the first movement of Schumann's Quintet in E flat (Op. 41), following this up with Mendelssohn's *Capriccio Brillante* in B minor; Dussak's *Adagio* and *Rondo* in B flat for piano and violin (Mdlle. Urso); and a solo of his own composition. A professor so highly reputed could not fail to please his audience, and Mr. Ganz had every reason for satisfaction with the effect of his admirable playing. The bulk of the entertainment fell to artists from Her Majesty's Opera, including Mesdames Kellogg, Marimon, Tietjens, Trabelli, Marie Roze, M.M. Campanini, Fancelli, Mendiroos, Viziani, Foll, &c., who sang a number of more or less well-known selections, quite unnecessary to mention in detail. Mr. Santley also took part, and gave Hattori's songs, "Voice of the western wind" and "To Anthea"—the latter being one of the finest things of its kind ever written. Both were sung to perfection by our great baritone. It may be mentioned as a remarkable fact that the quartet from *Rigoletto* was not in the programme; the prayer from *Moses* was so, however, and kept up the tradition which insists upon one or other or both. The concert was wholly and deservedly successful.

MR. JOHN THOMAS'S CONCERT.—Justice is said to have feet of lead, and this is, perhaps, why our justice has not till now overtaken the concert given by Mr. John Thomas at the residence of the Marquis of Downshire, in Belgrave Square. The details of that concert were unusually interesting, as may be gathered from a brief mention of its principal features. In the first place, Mr. Thomas played, with the rare skill and artistic feeling which invariably distinguish his efforts, his own harp solo, *The Seasons*, a musical sketch, illustrated in the programme by poetical selections. This was very warmly received, and richly deserved all the applause bestowed on it. Next came a selection from the concert-giver's dramatic cantata, *Llewellyn*; including a *terzetto*, a recitative, a war song, a legendary ballad, and a duet, in the rendering of which Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas were engaged. We prefer to hear the entire work before forming any estimate of its merits; but there can be no doubt that, judging from the examples adduced, it is worthy the composer of *The Bride of Neath Valley*. How the admirable artists just named acquitted themselves need not be said. Other features of the concert were the violin solos, finely played, of Mdlle. Castellani; Mr. Thomas's remarkable performance of the "Moonlight Sonata;" Mr. Cusins' pianoforte solos; and the singing of Miss Angèle, M. Jules Lefort, and Mr. E. Lloyd. The entertainment was, in all respects, a great success.

MISS KATE MARIE NOTT gave her first evening concert on Wednesday, July 10th, when she was assisted by the following artists. Vocalists—Miss Banks, Miss Kate Marie Nott, and Miss Lucy Franklein; Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. W. F. Enderby, and Mr. Wallworth. Harp—Mr. John Thomas (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen). Solo Pianoforte—Mr. Brinley Richards, and Mr. H. Parker. Miss Nott sang Donizetti's "La Zingara." Meyerbeer's *Roberto tu che adoro*, the duets, "Quante amore" (with Mr. Wallworth), and "Tel rammenti," (with Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Enderby), and Bishop's "Love has eyes," and joined Miss Lucy Franklein and Mr. Wallworth in a trio by Mr. G. A. Macfarren. Miss Nott gave evident pleasure to her friends, and acquitted herself remarkably well for so young a public artist. Among other pieces that were given during the course of the evening were "Looking Back," by Miss Lucy Franklein, a new song, "At last," (Francesco Berger), by Mr. Cummings; "Alice, where art thou?" by Mr. Enderby; Parish Alvars' Solo for the Harp, "The Mandoline," by Mr. John Thomas. A selection of Welsh Melodies for the Pianoforte, by Mr. Brinley Richards. "Deh Vieni" by Mr. Wallworth, and a pianoforte piece composed and played by Mr. Henry Parker. The Conductors were Mr. H. Parker and Mr. J. Harrison. The concert altogether went off capitally.

MADAME LOUISA KAPP YOUNG gave her morning concert at the Marchioness of Townshend's residence in Dover Street, on Wednesday, before a large and aristocratic audience, and under the immediate patronage of H. R. H. the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Teck, &c. Madame Kapp Young sang "Come è bello," Signor Gardoni's popular canzone, "La Mandolinata," M. Alabiéff's "L'Uguignolo" ("Nightingale, my Nightingale,"), joined Signor Rizzelli in a *duo* by Verdi, and Miss Wells, Signor Rizzelli and Signor Caravoglia in the well-known quartet from *Martha*, "Mezza notte." In all of these Madame Young evidently satisfied her numerous friends. Besides the three artists who sang the concerted pieces we have named, Madame Young was assisted by Miss Kate Morensi, M.M. Emile Sauvet, Herr Adolph Stiehle (violin); M. Kontaki (pianoforte); and M. Paque (violoncello). The latter artist played one of his most favourite solos and was warmly applauded. Signor Caravoglia made quite an impression on the fair portion of the audience by his expressive singing of a romanza, by Signor Mazzoni, "Sogni d'amore," and obtained considerable applause for the animated style in which he gave "Largo al factotum." The conductors were Herr Ganz, Signor Vera, M. de Kontaki and Sir Julius Benedict.

A concert was given by Miss Elcho in the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday, July 2, and attracted an audience both large and fashionable. The *beneficitaire* was ably assisted by a number of fellow-artists, but her own performances naturally excited the greatest amount of interest. She played, first, a movement from Mozart's pianoforte sonata in C minor; next, a transcription of Asher's "Alice, where art thou?" which was much applauded; and ended the first part with Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo*. Miss Elcho subsequently gave Sydney Smith's duet on *Les Huguenots* (with Miss S. Evans), Dussak's *Consolation*, and (with Mr. N. Mori), Beethoven's *Kreutzer* sonata. This was a heavy evening's work, and one adapted to try the executant's powers very severely in various ways, but Miss Elcho went through it in a manner that reflected upon her the highest credit. Her command of the instrument is great; and in all she does a true artistic feeling is made manifest. We anticipate for her a good position among lady pianists. The more prominent features of the evening, apart from Miss Elcho's performances, were Miss A. Dwight's rendering of "La Fioraja"; Mr. Bell's singing of "Hybris, the Cretan," and the excellent delivery by Miss Regan, of "Una voce" (encored). The accompanists were Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, Mr. C. F. Webb, and Herr Eusian.

DRESDEN.—Herr Scaria, having sent in his resignation as a member of the company at the Royal Operahouse, has ceased to belong to that body. He will sing in one more concert at Wiesbaden, and then proceed to Italy, where he proposes devoting himself, for some time to come, entirely to the serious study of his art. Herr Ducarli, from the Ducal Theatre, Brunswick, takes his place.—Herr Lorenzo Riese, a tenor from the Stadttheater, Nuremberg, has been singing in a round of characters with extraordinary success at the Royal Operahouse. Public and critics are equally pleased with him. As a proof how highly a good tenor is appreciated, now-a-days, and—paid, in Germany, we may mention that from a provincial theatre like that at Nuremberg, Herr Riese receives 12,000 florins, that is, 1200 pounds sterling per annum.—The Baron Franz Friedrich von Nass, well-known in musical circles, died here on the 9th June. Born in 1791, at Johannisberg, in Silesia, he soon gave evidence of his talent for music. He became a pupil of Spohr, whom he heard for the first time in Breslau, in 1810. He made rapid progress, and was ere long so accomplished a violinist as to meet with great success even in Vienna, where he resided for a considerable period. His peculiarity as a violinist consisted in his power of imitating Spohr's manner.

## PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The last concert of the sixtieth season took place in St. James's Hall, on Monday night, and was very fully attended; the musicians, properly so called, being present in great force, attracted by two novelties—Brahms' Serenade in D for orchestra, and Sir Sterndale Bennett's prelude, *Ajazz*. To explain an extra large gathering of the general public, it will be enough if we state that the programme included Beethoven's C minor Symphony, and songs for Madame Parepa-Rosa and Mr. Santley. The concert was a model thing in its way, presenting something good for every variety of cultured taste. There even appeared something good in Brahms' Serenade, notwithstanding that, when heard at the Crystal Palace years ago, it excited no interest, and never gained a repetition. We shall not stop to inquire why a work in six movements, for full orchestra, taking fifty minutes to play, is called a Serenade—the application of the term to Beethoven's "Serenade Trio" is a different matter—nor need we say more of the history of the composition than that it was written in 1868, when Brahms had reached his twenty-fourth year. There is a good deal in it of youthful freshness. The first minuet is a gem in its way. But it is the misfortune of modern German composers that their real flights of genius are few and short, always requiring to be eked out by crawlings on the level of absolute dullness, or by getting a "lift" from some stronger wing. This is exemplified in Brahms' Serenade; the *adagio*, for instance, being a thing of dullness unutterable, and much of the other movements serving only to bring up recollections of music not from Herr Brahms' pen. On the whole, we fear, that the Society made a mistake, if the intention, when producing this serenade, was to help the composer to fame. Sir Sterndale Bennett's work is described as an "Orchestral Prelude to the music of Sophocles' *Ajazz*," and the distinction between a prelude and an overture has been well observed. It consists of a few introductory chords in B flat major, leading to a short *allegro* in the minor of the same key. We recognise the composer at once by the gracefulness of his themes, their clear, artistic treatment, and the general masterful effect. Mr. Hallé played Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor well enough to obtain a faint recall; and the Symphony of Beethoven, effectively rendered under Mr. Cusins' baton, gave general satisfaction. Madame Parepa's singing of Beethoven's "Ah! perfido"—a work which tries the artist's powers as few others do—was highly effective, and it would be hard to say whether her dramatic enunciation of the recitative or her very sympathetic rendering of the lovely aria, "Per pietà," was more deserving of praise. At any rate, Madame Parepa's reappearance at the Philharmonic achieved a marked success. To complete the vocal excellence of this concert, Mr. Santley acquitted himself in Rossini's early aria, "Alle voci della gloria," with a perfection rare even for him. This effort of our English baritone was nothing short of masterly. Such perfect phrasing, delivery of tone, fluency, and general artistic skill are rare indeed, and if any *laudator temporis acti* were present, even he must have admitted that we have still great singers among us. The concert concluded, as usual at the end of the season, with Weber's *Jubel Overture*.

It may be instructive to add that the sixtieth course of Philharmonic Concerts introduced the following English works:—Bennett's Symphony in G minor and *Ajazz* Prelude, Cusins' Pianoforte Concerto in A minor, and Potter's Symphony in D.

T. E.

ROME.—*L'Assedio di Brescia*, by Signor Pontoglio, has been successfully produced at the Politeama.

BAYREUTH.—Some short time since a letter, said to be written by Victor Hugo to Herr R. Wagner, made the round of the continental press. In the most bombastic style, Victor Hugo sang the praises of the "tone-hero, Wagner;" promised to be present at the Festival-Stage-Play, &c. A friend of Wagner's has now published in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* a letter he has received from the Musician of the Future. It runs thus:—"My dear friend, until even you addressed me your doubting interrogatory, I considered it more than superfluous to enter into an explanation concerning the bungling production entitled a 'Letter from Victor Hugo,' and emanating from the pen of some witting of the Vienna or Munich press. If, however, it is necessary for your satisfaction, as well as for that of other similarly anxious friends, I must, in the first place, observe that an educated Frenchman, (and no one, I suppose, will deny that Victor Hugo is to be regarded as such), would never reproach a German author with 'Bavarian florins,' and indulge in disrespectful jokes on that author's relation towards his illustrious benefactor. As every statement of the kind against me which has ever crept into the French press came most assuredly from the organs of public opinion in Germany, as is sufficiently evident from the originals, I heartily regret to have been under the necessity of alluding, in this particular case, to the doubt in question. Yours truly,

RICHARD WAGNER.

"Bayreuth, 22nd June, 1872."

## WAIFS.

Herr Stephen Heller has left Paris for Lucerne.

They say that Peace Jubilee Gilmore hasn't slept for thirteen weeks. Don Carlos has had a great success in Madrid if report may be trusted.

Mr. Wehl, the famous pianist, has arrived in London from the United States of America.

Mad. Pauline Lucca left London for Berlin on Friday evening week. She will pass the summer at Ischl (Austria).

M. Faure has sent 1200 francs as a contribution to the funds of the *Société Philanthropique des Artistes de l'Opera*.

Thirty six new Italian Operas were produced during the first six months of the present year. How many were still-born?

The *Gazette Musicale* says that *Le Cid*, an opera by a Spanish composer, Señor Valenti, will shortly be produced in London!

Signor Ardit had the honour of being invited to the Prince and Princess of Wales' Garden Party at Chiswick, on Tuesday.

*Le Ménestrel* announces that the Duchess de Galliera has sent a present to Mdle. Nilsson *à propos* of her approaching marriage.

Carlotta Marchisio, one of the famous sisters whose singing in *Semiramide* will be remembered, has just died at Turin, aged 36.

M. Arthur Heulhard has written a history of the club formed by the musical critics of Paris, and known as *La Fourchette Harmonique*.

The Municipality of Paris has voted 85,000 francs towards the reparation of the Théâtre Lyrique, which will cost 500,000 francs.

There is a rumour that a man has been discovered in this city, who never heard of P. S. Gilmore. Barnum is negotiating. No other need apply.

The Emperor Alexander was so pleased with a performance of Gluck's *Orfeo*, by the pupils of the Moscow Conservatoire, that he granted the establishment an important subvention.

A German musician has discovered that the tone of a violin can be greatly improved by immersing the instrument in lager beer, and leaving it there until it becomes thoroughly saturated.

We regret to hear that Mr. Tom Taylor, secretary to the Local Government Act Office, the well known dramatic author and contributor to *Punch*, was taken suddenly ill after receiving a deputation last week, and has not been able to resume his official duties since.

Miss Lina Glover, daughter of Professor Glover of Dublin, sang on Tuesday evening last, (at the concert given in Albert Hall,) a new ballad "The Pet Linnnet," by her father, in which she was warmly encoored. The Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur were present.

Wachtel, the German tenor, was more favourably impressed with Boston than any other American city. He said:—"If I ever leave Germany I shall reside in the United States, and Boston is the city I shall select for my new home. It is the only thoroughly artistic city in America."—*Dexter Smith*.

The annual meeting of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society was held at Bumstead Hall, May 27th. The total expenses for the past year have been 7495 dols. 26 cents.; total receipts, 8186 dols. 75 cents.; balance, 461 dols. 49 cents. A legacy of 1,000 dols. will soon be received from the estate of Mr. Eben Dale.

Major Gleig, inventor of the piano now on exhibition among the musical instruments at the International Exhibition, is son-in-law of Mr. Charles Collard, senior partner of the firm of Collard and Collard, from whose experience Major Gleig has derived considerable advantages in the development of his new system.

Mr. E. Sothern, accompanied by his son, Mr. Litton S. thern, arrived in the Mersey on Tuesday week from New York in the White Star steamer Oceanic. A variety of entertainments were given on board during the voyage, which realised about 80% for the training ship Indefatigable. Mr. Sothern left for London on Wednesday morning week.

A tamer of animals in New York has trained ten thousand frogs to croak in concert. They will be transported here with the greatest care in honour of the "world at peace." A ditch will be dug completely surrounding the Coliseum for their reception. Then all who croak at the success of the Jubilee will be croaked out of hearing.—*Boston Paper*.

The mails having for a week failed to come to time in an Arkansas town, the local paper says it has been forced to draw heavily on the almanacs for "copy," and if communication with the outer world should be still longer cut off, "we shall be obliged, next week, to make extracts from the Bible; thus supplying some of our readers, at least, with matter entirely new to them."

Extensive preparations are said to be on foot for the marriage of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson to M. Rozoand, appointed to take place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 27th inst. The bridal costume of the Swedish diva will be one of Worth's *chefs d'œuvre*, and the bridesmaids are to be attired in the style of Louis XIV., white and pale coral pink being the prevailing colours.

A beautifully painted harpsichord, made by "Pascal Taskin, à Paris, 1774," has been lent for exhibition at South Kensington Museum by Viscount Powerscourt, at the suggestion of the Duke of Edinburgh, during his recent visit to Ireland. The inside and outside of the case are covered with oil paintings of landscapes, &c., of a finish and delicacy equal to those of many of the old Dutch pictures.

Burlington, Iowa, boasts the parental authors of the following terse epitaph:—

"Beneath this stone our baby lays—  
He neither cries nor hollers;  
He lived just one and-twenty days,  
And cost us forty dollars."

A Nashvillian who went to serenade his lady love, and was driven up a tree by her pa's bob-tailed brindled bull-dog, has written a poem to his Julia, in which he advises her to "sleep sweetly." "Ay," says he in a sudden burst of fury,

"And if you never wake unfil  
My soft guitar you hear,  
You'll slumber till old Gabriel's horn  
Shall break your sleep, my dear!"

A Welsh Choir of 500 voices, mostly working men, have visited London, and competed for the £1,000 Challenge Prize at the "National Music Meetings." A few Welsh gentlemen met at No. 6, Strand, a short time since, Mr. Brinley Richards in the chair, when it was resolved to give their countrymen a suitable reception at the Crystal Palace on the day of competition (Thursday), to which ladies and gentlemen, resident in London and connected with Wales, were to be invited. A committee was formed, and a subscription list was opened for the purpose.

*Apropos* of the Peace Jubilee, we read in the N. Y. *Fifth Avenue Journal*:—

"Among the soloists are Madame Peachka-Leutner, Madame Ruderodoff, Madame Arabella Goddard, Herr Franz Bendel, etc. Now while we do not question the ability of these artists, we do not believe that any soloist can do justice to herself or himself in such a building. In our opinion, all the performances of soloists will be for the benefit of only a few acres of auditors, while those a quarter of a mile away will lose every note. No human being can fill such an immensity of space."

The death is announced of Mr. Benjamin Oliver Conquest, long known in association with the Grecian Theatre and Eagle Tavern, of which he became proprietor on the retirement of Mr. Thomas Rouse, in 1851. Mr. Benjamin Oliver, who assumed the name of Conquest when he came upon the stage, was previously lessee of the Garrick Theatre, Leman Street, Whitechapel, and for some years occupied a position as comedian at the Olympic, Astley's, and Sadler's Wells. Mr. Conquest died on Friday night week, at his residence, New North Road. He was in his 68th year.

Weber has made a new upright piano of such amazing beauty that life is too short to admire it in. Every pianist in town has been to see it, from Mills to Wehl. None of them could keep their fingers off it. Gurney and Sarony have photographed it. Mackays has been heard to say it comes nearer to Delarte's system of expression than anything he ever heard. The new museum of art tried to buy it, and couldn't get money enough. Watson has been employed by the year to write a description of it, and Arabella Goddard has telegraphed over to keep it in a glass case till she gets here."—*New York "Stage."*

A grand choral festival was held on Tuesday evening week in the nave of Westminster Abbey, in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. There was a large congregation, including members of both Houses of Convocation. The west door was besieged by a large crowd for some time before the church was opened. The choir numbered about 200 men and boys, consisting almost entirely of Westminster choirists. The Rev. A. E. Symonds, M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, for 27 years secretary of the society at Madras, preached the sermon. The society has been in operation for 171 years.

The following is taken from the most recent number of the *Swiss Times*:—

"VALAIS—We are glad to hear that Professor H. S. Oakeley, an account of whose fearful accident we published in our paper of the 19th inst., is going on as well as can be expected, under the care of Dr. Metcalfe, of Geneva. The injuries are a badly fractured hip, and a fractured knee-cap, besides bruises. The Professor's brother, Sir Charles Oakeley, Bart., and Lady Oakeley are with him, having come out immediately on receipt of the news of the accident, and are staying with Professor Oakeley at the St. Nicholas Hotel, St. Nicholas."

Miss Sophie Ferrari has been appointed teacher of singing to their Royal Highnesses the Princess Louise and the Princess Beatrice, a position ably and conscientiously held by her lamented mother, the late Mdme. Ferrari.

ROYAL VISIT TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales have signified their intention of honouring the Crystal Palace with their presence at a grand *fête* and concert, on Thursday, the 15th inst. The second half of the concert will consist, by command, of the *Te Deum* specially composed by Mr. Sullivan in celebration of the Prince's recovery; the solo by Mdme. Parepa. It will be followed by a grand display of waterworks, and there will be fireworks at 10.

A musical exercise for the degree of Doctor in Music, composed by Mr. John Naylor, Mus. Bac., Magdalen Hall, was performed in the Sheldonian Theatre on Friday afternoon week, before the rector of Exeter College (officiating for the vice-chancellor), and Dr. Corfe (Choragus of the University). The exercise comprised the words of the *Te Deum*. Mr. Naylor himself conducted; Mr. Shaw, of Scarborough, acted as leader; and Mr. Taylor, of New College, presided at the harmonium. There was a full band and chorus, the former from Birmingham, the vocalists being from the Christ Church, New College, and Magdalen choirs. The quartet was sung by Messrs. Meadley, Robson, Farley-Sinkins, and Roebuck; the soloists were Mr. Hunt, of St. George's Chapel Royal, Windsor, and Messrs. Newman, Farley-Sinkins, and Thorpe.

It has been conjectured that the reason why we do not hear "the music of the spheres" is because it is ceaseless, and being always present to our senses, as a natural consequence, imperceptible; or because it is so overpowering that our faculties are unable to take cognizance of it. If this last theory be correct, the Boston Jubilee furnishes us with a reasonable conjecture as to why things should be so. The effect of the gigantic concerts upon the language of the local papers may be inferred from the following extract from the *Boston Transcript*:—

"Calm good sense, therefore, deprecates irrelevant objections uncalled for in the case; and clearly sees a great deal that is desirable ministered to in the Coliseum, besides a love of novelty and mere curiosity to witness how something quite stupendous in the way of intercommunication and concord of multifarious abilities has been accomplished."

If like causes produce like effects, and this is the language produced by Mr. Gilmore's concerts, we may judge what conversation should become if our faculties were not too weak to take in the music of the spheres.

"Knox v. Gye" was before House of Lords on Monday. Appeal from decree of Chelmsford, when Lord Chancellor, reversing decree of present Lord Chancellor (then Vice-Chancellor Sir William Page Wood). Questions raised were—whether appellant was to be repaid by respondent out of profits of Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, 1851 to 1855 (inclusive), at old Operahouse, Covent Garden, 1856 and 1857, at Lyceum Theatre, 1858 to 1864 (inclusive), and in subsequent seasons at new Operahouse, Covent Garden, 5,000*l.* advanced and paid appellant for purposes of that undertaking, pursuant to agreement between him and respondent, with interest at rate of five per cent, if such profits sufficient to pay interest, or without interest if such profits insufficient to pay interest, and to consequential relief in that respect. Secondly, whether appellant, as executor and co-legatee with respondent under will of late Arthur Henry Thistlethwaite, Esq., partner with respondent, is entitled to one-half of share of Thistlethwaite, of capital and property of partnership, and in consequential relief in that respect. Their Lordships decided that question before them was simply question under Statute of Limitations, nevertheless, most important question. Westbury, Colonsay, and Chelmsford were in favour of dismissing appeal. Lord Chancellor dissented. Appeal dismissed with costs. E. Duff Short.

CURIOUS PEOPLE.—In his notice of the concert given under Herr Wagner's direction of Vienna, Herr Hanalick draws attention to the luck enjoyed by the Musician of the Future, and adds: "He begins by raging against all monarchs; a magnanimous king exhibits the most enthusiastic partiality for him, and places him for life in a position which is not simply above want, but brilliant. He then writes a libel on the Jews: Judaism, both within and without the domain of music, only pays him homage all the more zealously in newspaper criticism, and by the purchase of Bayreuth promissory notes." The sharp-sighted critic is satisfied with speaking about Wagner's good fortune; he should have glanced also at the strange people who allow themselves to be blackguarded, and yet cling reverentially to the man who blackguards them. It is easy to perceive in them that want of self-respect, which vainly attempts to disguise itself in the garb of a certain cosmopolitan spirit, while it is in truth nothing but an entire absence of the quality in question. If the Jews who support in any way Wagner's

monstrous enterprise wish to prove, by so doing, that Jews are not yet quite lost for music, after all, it strikes us very forcibly that they are proving just the contrary. What a strange world, by the way, is this modern world of ours! Mozart and Schubert died in the midst of misery and privation; Lortzing was allowed to starve in the very heart of Germany; Beethoven was so situated that he was obliged to ask alms in his old days, of the English; while, at the cost of hundreds of thousands of thalers, we build Richard Wagner a theatre of his own, because his *Nibelungen-Trilogy* could not otherwise be performed! The democratic composer has produced a number of extravagant creations, welded together, in the sweat of his brow, for the delectation of extravagant amateurs. Richard Wagner, who has insulted everyone, and for whom people lay out so much in return, furnishes a fresh proof that presumption and impudence, provided only they are not totally devoid of talent, get on better than anything else in the world, which, though it be but for a time, they govern. Goethe says: "The modest man is a poor contemptible creature." It strikes us that, under the circumstances to which we have been referring, he ought to have said: "The modest man is, and will always remain, a poor contemptible creature."—*Berlin Echo*.

MUNICH.—The first of this year's Model Performances came off on the 21st June, in the Court and National Theatre, every place in which was occupied. Most of our readers know that these performances, got up with more than ordinary care, have, since 1865, been repeated every two years, and always in the month of June. This month was chosen firstly because the influx of visitors is then greater than at any other time, and secondly from motives of respect, on the part of the Wagner worshippers, towards their god. It was in the month of June that the first performances of *Tristan und Isolde* (1865) and of the *Meistersinger* (1868) were given. It is in commemoration of these two events, that these "Festival Performances" are got up by the management of the Theatres Royal. The first performance of *Die Walküre* occurred two years ago. This year it was intended to give the third part of the *Nibelungenring*, namely, *Siegfried*. As the entire *Nibelungen-Tetralogy* belongs to the King of Bavaria and the Court Theatre, steps had already been taken to carry out the above purpose, when the event proved that Herr von Perfall proposes but Herr R. Wagner disposes. The latter begged his Royal patron very earnestly to defer bringing out *Siegfried*, on the perfectly intelligible ground that its production now would lessen the public interest in the Bayreuth performances. His Majesty complied with the request, *Die fliegende Holländer* and *Tristan und Isolde* being substituted for *Siegfried*. The first-named opera was performed, as already stated, on the 22nd June. By his Majesty's express command, Herr von Bülow was engaged to direct the musical part of the work. On appearing in the orchestra, he was greeted with great applause, while numerous wreaths and bouquets were flung down from all parts of the house. The cast of the principal parts was the same as when the work was first brought out in December, 1864. *Tristan und Isolde* was announced for the 28th and 30th. The King was not present at the first performance of the *Der fliegende Holländer*, but was expected to attend the second. His Bavarian Majesty had better mind what he is about, or Herr Wagner will be angry, and not allow him to see the Grand Festival-Stage-Play at Bayreuth.

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"The new song by Diehl, which Signor Foli introduced at a later hour, possesses every element of wide popularity, including, of course, conventionality; and as it was really well sung, its re-demand, which was not complied with, was only natural."—*Birmingham Daily Post*, Thursday, January 18, 1872.

"In Diehl's song of 'The Mariner,' Signor Foli fairly brought down the house."—*Belfast Daily Telegraph*, January 13th, 1872.

"Signor Foli sang the song, 'The Mariner,' in such a manner that he was obliged to repeat it, the audience forgetting his indisposition in their enthusiasm."—*Belfast Times*, January 13th, 1872.

"A new song, 'The Mariner,' was introduced by Signor Foli, who achieved an unqualified success. The execution and manner were so well adapted to the music and words (both of a high character), that the singer fairly won the hearts of his hearers, but the well-merited encoire was courteously but firmly declined. We have to thank Signor Foli for introducing this song to our notice: it will form a very pleasing addition to the repertoire of every baritone."—*Derby Mercury*, January 24th.

"A vigorous attempt was made to encoire Signor Foli in a capital new song, 'The Mariner,' by Diehl, but without success."—*Bath Chronicle*, February 1.

"In the second part, Signor Foli gave 'The Mariner,' a new song, which is likely to become as favourite a piece as 'The Village Blacksmith.' So far as demonstrative public favour is concerned, Signor Foli carried away the honours of the night, for the encoire which followed 'The Mariner' was a thorough storm. The Signor was literally taken by storm, too, for three times bowing of acknowledgment, with a shake of the head, meant to be a decisive negating of the re-demand, would not satisfy the audience, and at last another song was elicited."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*, January 27th.

"The piece which secured Signor Foli most applause was Diehl's 'Mariner.' This called forth such loud and prolonged applause that he was compelled to repeat it—two re-appearances on the stage, in response to the recall, being insufficient to satisfy the audience."—*Cardiff Times*, February 3rd.

"The new song, 'The Mariner,' was vociferously re-demanded. Signor Foli declined the honour of a recall, but after twice bowing his acknowledgments, the clamour, in which some part of the audience chose to indulge forced from him another song."—*Bradford Observer*, January 20th.

"Signor Foli's powerful and rich voice was heard to great advantage in 'The Mariner,' which elicited an encoire."—*Leeds Mercury*, January 25th.

"In 'The Mariner,' a new song by Diehl, Signor Foli so gratified his audience that he was recalled three times, and eventually yielded to the encoire."—*Birmingham Daily Guardian*, Saturday, January 20th, 1872.

# BELLICOSE ADVENTURES OF A PEACEABLE PRIMA DONNA.

(Concluded from page 487.)

One day, Mdme. Lucca observed to the Surgeon, who was sitting with her by the bedside of the patient, that she should like to visit the outposts. "How can I do so?"

"The only person"—said the Surgeon—"who can grant you the permission, is Captain St. — of the Uhlans, who is charged with command in places where the troops halt on the line of march."

"Is he Herr St. —, the Privy Councillor of Trade, to whom the great iron and coal works near Saarbruck belong?"

"Yes, he is."

"He is a millionaire twice over."

"In time of peace—quite right. But, in war, he is a simple Captain of Uhlans, and is at present in command of the halting places on the line of march."

"Where are his quarters?" she enquired pressingly.

"He has fixed his head quarters in the house on the hill."

"So, the Captain's quarters are up on the hill yonder, eh? I will go and beg him to give me a pass, and perhaps an escort as well."

"I doubt his doing it," said the Doctor interrupting her.

"Ah! I will get on his blind side. Good bye, my dear Doctor. I shall be back in time for coffee;—I will tell the maid to have it ready. You shall keep me company in a cup. *Addio!*"

With the agility of a fawn, she hurried out. Shaking his head, as he looked after her, the Surgeon smiled and said to himself: "she has a childlike disposition, but she is a determined little body for all that."

The Captain had just received from a patrol of Uhlans the report that there was a battle imminent around Sedan. An adjutant had brought him the order to keep a sharp eye, by means of his outposts, on the heights near Pont-à-Mousson, and to prevent, as far as lay in his power, the enemy from re-assembling at this spot.

An orderly officer entered the room and said: "Captain, a lady from Berlin desires to speak with you."

"A visit from a lady?" replied the Captain in astonishment—"in this place, reeking with gunpowder! Did not the lady give her name?"

"She said it was Madame von Rhaden, known, also, by the more simple appellation of 'Pauline.'"

"Madame Lucca!" cried the Captain, jumping up, and opening the door himself.

"Madame," he said bowing as she came in, "I am astonished, but, at the same time, delighted, at this honour. I was informed that you had come from Berlin, but, unfortunately, I have not been able to find time to wait upon you."

"If the mountain will not come to me I must go to the mountain, and so I have adopted the Turkish fashion"—the fair artist replied, sitting down.

"In the first place, how is the Baron, your husband?"

"Thank you for your kind inquiry; he is improving, though not sufficiently recovered to support the journey home. He will be strong enough in a few days; then I leave with him."

"Madame—but before I proceed allow me to put a question. How must I address you after your marriage? Madame von Rhaden? Mrs. Lieutenant? Madame the Baroness? or Your Ladyship?"

"Call me," she replied with comic grandeur, "simply, and without any fuss, 'Your Ladyship.' It sounds well, and there is something in it. In the bills I stick to Madame Lucca."

"I will obey your Ladyship's commands. Well, and what are the worthy Berliners doing?"

"Drinking coffee, dining, supping, and sleeping before the street-pillars, in order not to lose a second when a dispatch from the seat of war is posted up. But, not to detain you any longer, Captain, I will at once inform you that I have come to beg a favour. I should like to go to the outposts, and have a view of the enemy."

"You want to go to the outposts?" said the Captain, in blank astonishment.

"Yes."

"Your Ladyship cannot be in earnest. The theatre of war differs materially from your theatre at Berlin."

"Oh, I know all about that. In the theatre of war, the chassepot bullets take the soprano part; the mitrailleuses gurgled forth barytone; and the bombs bellow out the bass. I should like to hear a concert of this description. I can enjoy Beethoven's Symphonies at home every day."

"But supposing a bullet hit you?"

"Ah, but it would not; French bullets are too polite. Oh, do, Captain, I beg of you. Give me a pass and a couple of lancers. Oh, please, do! I have not much time. At four o'clock, I am expected to coffee, and then my husband will want to know where I am."

"My Lady, however much I may regret it, I cannot accede to this request. I will never assume the responsibility."

"Oh, if that is all the objection, I will give you a declaration in writing that I assume all responsibility myself."

Taking a sheet of paper, she wrote as she had proposed, and handed the Captain the document, with the words:

"There—there's a release for you; if that is not sufficient, here is my pass, in which his Excellency the Minister calls upon all persons holding authority to comply with my wishes as far as lies in their power."

I, too, will willingly obey the command, though I yield more to force"—

"To force?"

"Yes; to the force of your amiability!"

"Oh, pooh, pooh. Come, let us go."

After giving her a pass, the Captain ordered a serjeant and ten Uhlans to attend her, and the cavalcade started off to the heights where the outposts were stationed.

It was the 30th August. The sun was darting his hottest rays upon the earth. Mdme. Lucca, with her parasol in her right hand, and a revolver in her left, trudged sturdily forward, singing to herself the two lines:—

"Dort vergiss leises Flehn, süßes Wimmern,  
Da wo Lanzen und Schwerter dir schimmern,"

from the German libretto of *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

The Uhlans trotted cheerily behind her. After about half an hour's march through hedges and over ditches, the procession reached the first line of outposts, where the sentries had buried themselves in the earth, like so many moles, in order to be protected, in some degree, from the enemy's bullets.

In the first pit near which the "excursion party" halted, were some Saxons posted. One of the latter, staring with curiosity at the elegant woman of fashion, who must have thought her parasol intended to play at cup-and-ball with, broke out into the following words:

"Well! If this does not beat all creation hollow! If the women of Prussia are so plucky, it's no wonder that their husbands are invincible."

The fair artist replied in the purest Vienna dialect:

"You've not hit the right nail upon the head, my hero from Berne; I am no Prussian, but just a born Austrian; by inclination I am Prussian, but, all in all, a true German."

On the party's outward march, some few rifle balls had come "from over the way," but they had flown high above their heads. Now, that the party had halted, the French seemed to have secured a better target, for the bullets grew more numerous and nearer together, and one Uhlan's pennon was very cleanly shaved off his lance. The horses began to be uneasy.

"What is going on?" enquired Mdme. Lucca.

The serjeant rode up, gave a military salute and made his report as follows:

"My Lady, if I stop here another quarter of an hour with my men, I shall not take a single one of them home uninjured. The enemy can look quietly at anything, save and except a Uhlan's pennon. Directly they see one they indulge in an extravagant expenditure of ammunition."

A chestnut reared. A bullet had whistled close past his head.

"For Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Madame Lucca, alarmed, "do not risk anyone's life for my gratification. Right about face, gentlemen, and go home at a gallop. Present my compliments to the Captain, and say I am very much obliged to him."

She did not require to repeat the word of command. The Uhlans, who had been ordered by the Captain to obey the lady in everything, were soon out of sight. After they had gone, the firing ceased.

Looking about her, right and left, Mdme. Lucca now strolled fearlessly forward, and soon reached one of the most advanced pickets. She here found the isolated stump of a tree, riddled with balls. Being somewhat tired, she used it for an arm-chair. From this spot she really could see the glistening of the French bayonets at no very great distance off. The ground between the German and French outposts was completely bare. A soldier of the Forty-Eighth, a thoroughbred Berliner, looked in astonishment at the solitary fair one, without knowing what to make of her.

"Madame," he began, "what do you want here?"

"I want to have a near view," she replied.

"Humph!" muttered the soldier. "Be kind enough to look at that tree-stump on which you are sitting."

"I did so before sitting down."

"By what do you suppose it is so cut about?"

"I suppose by the enemy's bullets."

"And yet you have seated yourself on it."

"I should certainly have preferred a sofa."

This answer made a deep impression on the member of the Forty-Eighth.

"Because you have been so plucky," he said, in a sturdy and soldier-like tone, "you shall have some plums."

With these words, he felt in his recently washed havresack, and, pulling out a handful of the finest golden plums, threw them into her lap.

"Thank you! I am very much obliged," said Madame Lucca laughing. She was just going to try one of the plums, when the soldier cried out:

"A bomb!—duck!"

Instead, however, of ducking, as she was told, Madame Lucca gazed in the air, and asked with curiosity: "Where? Eh?"

At that moment, a grenade exploded at about a hundred paces from her seat.

"I would advise you now," said the soldier, in an impressive tone, "to get away from here as quickly as you can. The French seem to be making a target of you."

While speaking, he retired rapidly behind his earthen mound again, and, at his urgent solicitation, Madame Lucca followed him, though unwillingly. After waiting another quarter of an hour—

"I have seen enough of war, and will go back"—said she—"but there is one request you must grant me first."

"What is that, may I ask?"

"I should like two or three fragments of the grenade which burst near me, so as to take them home, as a souvenir."

"Fragments of the grenade? You shall have some!" said the member of the Forty-Eighth. Ten minutes barely elapsed before he had cautiously picked up several fragments, which, packed in a bon-bon cornet, he presented with chivalrous politeness to his fair visitor, who exhibited them with a triumphant mien, to the writer of these lines.

On her way back to Pont-à-Mousson, Madame Lucca heard a soldier say in a half whisper: "She is bullet-proof; she is a witch!"

Her husband, who had awoke in the interim, was awaiting her with feverish anxiety.

"Really, Pauline"—said the patient, beginning a sermon; but she quickly interrupted him.

"My dear Adolphe, you must rest; the Doctor said so—did you not, Doctor?"

"Yes, yes," replied the latter, smiling. "But just reflect, Madame, what jubilation there would be in Paris on the reception of a dispatch to the effect that the Germans have no longer a Lucca, and the Berlin *emballeurs de meubles* no longer a Pauline!"

"Yes, Pauline," added Von Rhaden—

"Editha, the coffee!" cried Madame Lucca, in a tone of impatience. The sick man made no further attempt to continue his lecture. He knew he was only wasting breath, for whenever "little Pauline" sets her mind on anything she always carries it through, no matter what the consequences.

A few days after the battle of Sedan, we find Lieutenant von Rhaden journeying back to Berlin with his wife and her Maid.

A Berlin banker who asked Madame Lucca, at Neundorf, near Mannheim, what had brought her there in such perilous times, received from her the following answer:

"I have been myself to fetch my husband from the seat of war, so that I may play the sister of charity at home, and help to get him sooner cured."

How well and zealously, with what skill and exemplary patience, she did actually perform the duties of a Sister of Charity is known to many in the Prussian capital. Some twenty to thirty wounded soldiers, French and German, were accommodated at her own residence, and sedulously tended by her, till such among them as were not incurable had regained health and strength. These had, indeed, good cause to bless the name of "Pauline Lucca."

A. HOFF.

#### MOZART'S "STRINASACCHI" SONATA.

The manuscript which was sold at the recent sale at Sotheby's, and chronicled lately in the *Athenæum*, as "a sonata in B flat major, for violin and pianoforte, fourteen pages, in the autograph of Mozart, £10 10s.," deserves fuller mention, for it is, if I am not wrong, one of the most interesting manuscripts in existence. The sonata is the well-known one so often played by Mdme. Arabella Goddard, with Herr Joachim and others, at the Monday Popular Concerts. It was written in 1784, for Regina Strinasacchi, the Norman-Néruda of her day, and was first played at her concert, in the Vienna Theatre, on the 24th of April of the year just named. The circumstances of its composition disclose a *tour de force* sufficiently remarkable in itself, and rendered more so by the particulars which I shall state later. The facts are thus related by Otto Jahn (vol. iii., p. 292,) on the authority of Mozart's widow, and of Rochlitz:—

"Mozart, in writing to his father about the new player, after saying how much he hears of her taste and expression, goes on to say—'I am now writing a sonata, which we are to play together at her concert on Thursday in the theatre.' But the sonata was not ready in time, and it was only with great difficulty that Signora Strinasacchi obtained the violin part from Mozart on the evening before the concert. She had only the following morning to practise it, and that by herself, for the composer and she first saw one another at the concert itself. The performance was magnificent on both sides, and was received with the greatest applause. But the Emperor Joseph, who was in his box opposite the piano, thinking that he detected through his opera-glass that Mozart had no notes before him, sent for him to bring the sonata. What Mozart brought him was a blank piece of paper, with merely the bars drawn upon it, for he had not found time to write down the piano part, and played the sonata—no part of which he had ever even heard—from memory."

So far Otto Jahn. The manuscript sold at Sotheby's for ten guineas, though now containing the complete work, was the identical paper which Mozart had before him on the desk; and the sight of it shows that Jahn's account is not absolutely correct. It was not blank paper with the mere bars, but contained the violin part, carefully written by Mozart himself throughout, and below in the staves for the pianoforte, with here and there a bit of accompaniment-figure or modulation, to guide him as he went along. These can be perfectly well made out, from the simple circumstance that the ink with which Mozart afterwards filled in the pianoforte part is much blacker than that in which the violin part and the scattered memoranda just mentioned were written; so that it is easy to see exactly how the paper was when the Emperor looked down upon it from his box. The writing of the violin part is as graceful and easy as Mozart's ordinary hand; but, owing to the accompaniment being sometimes florid, the notes of the piano part have often had to be crammed and squeezed in between the bars.

While the autograph was in the hands of its late possessor, I enjoyed more than one opportunity of examining it. As I am not aware that it has been already described in print, and as it is seldom that such an impromptu performance has the chance of being, as it were, caught in the act and perpetuated as this has been, I could not resist the opportunity of saying a few words about it.

G. GROVE.

[Mozart could easily have improvised a dozen such sonatas as the sonata for Strinasacchi, in just so many hours. Too much stress, by a great deal, has been laid upon this feat. If Mozart had done nothing more extraordinary than play a pianoforte part to the "Strinasacchi Sonata," à l'improviste, he would hardly have been Mozart.—DISHLEY PETERS.]

COLOGNE.—The musicians have joined the ranks of those persons who demand increased remuneration for their exertions. They lately held a large meeting on the subject.

## A FIRST APPEARANCE.\*

On the 19th March, that is, the festival of St. Joseph, 1799, Haydn's *Creation* was performed for the first time in Vienna. The emotion and delight of the assembled multitude knew no bounds. The famous composer himself, already a man of sixty-seven, a modest, good-natured patriarch, would almost have been overwhelmed, at the conclusion of the concert, by admiration, and affection, had his friends not protected and taken him to a place of safety. They conducted him through a side-door to his coach, but even here a dense group of human beings had collected, and he had to make his way past them. After taking the first step, he stood still involuntarily. A violent sobbing, with which was combined a scolding female voice, struck his ear. By the light of the lantern, he perceived a young girl's face, that still almost resembled that of a child. It was encircled by a dark fur cap, and turned towards him. The girl's cheeks were flooded with tears; glistening drops hung on her dark eyelashes; her charming lips quivered with emotion; and her breast heaved convulsively.

"What is the matter, my dear?" enquired Haydn, in his soft voice.—"Oh, my mother says I shall never learn enough to sing such music, and wants to have me taught dancing instead of singing! But I don't want to learn dancing! I want to learn singing till I can sing the airs I have just heard."—These words were ejaculated in the strangest medley of German, French, and Italian.—"Have you a voice?" the composer of the *Creation* enquired further.—"I think I have."—"Ask your mother to come with you to-morrow morning to my house, that I may hear what you can do."—"Do you understand anything about music?" now enquired, in her turn, a tall woman, looking down suspiciously at him.

"I hope I do!" he answered smiling. "But it is a long distance to my villa—though, if you happened to live anywhere near—"

"For whom must we ask?"—"For Joseph Haydn."

There was a scream, and Haydn's hand was kissed with the most passionate fervour by two girlish lips. "Oh, what a piece of good fortune!" exclaimed the young thing. "You, the man who has written the most beautiful music I ever heard! All will now be right! We would come, though you lived at the end of the world!"

The sunshine of the brightest joy lighted up the speaker's girlish face as suddenly as Rubens once turned the weeping child into the laughing child with one touch of the brush. It was really a most charming fair enthusiast, Haydn thought to himself, with good humoured gratification, who had thus come across his path. She no longer looked so much of a child, and he felt some slight uneasiness at recollecting how familiarly he had at first addressed her. . . . . How could he have done such a thing!

"What is your name?" he now asked.—"Anna Milder."—"Well, good-bye till we meet again." Bowing to the two females and the persons with them, Joseph Haydn stepped into his coach.

The next day the mother and daughter went down to Haydn's villa. His favourite pupil, young Neukomm was sitting at the piano, and Anna Milder took up her position near him to sing a simple scale. Leaning back in his arm-chair, Haydn followed with anxious attention the sounds. When they had died away, he arose, and laying his hand, with a certain degree of solemnity, on the maiden's shoulder, said: "My dear, you have a voice as strong as Samson! It would be a crime against the spirit of art for your parents to oppose your studying to become a singer. I think my young friend Neukomm will be glad to take you as a pupil, and under such guidance you will very soon be able to sing the airs that so pleased you, and to transport my old heart. Bravely to work therefore!"

Anna Milder really did become Neukomm's pupil. A confectioner's daughter, born and brought up at Constantinople, she found, when her parents moved to Vienna, the study of German fearfully difficult; it was only her ardent desire to become a singer which enabled her to surmount her antipathy. Neukomm encouraged her in every way. He was, at one and the same time, the most patient and the strictest master. He assisted

her likewise in her linguistic studies, cultivating meanwhile a golden treasure of a voice such as the world has but rarely heard. The course of instruction lasted for three years, during which period the faithful master guarded his fair pupil like a most precious jewel. No one was permitted to hear her, till one day he said: "We will go and call upon Joseph Haydn. We will give him and his friends a sample of what we have taught and learnt. You must be courageous, my dear Anna, for a great deal depends upon the experiment! I believe that Schickaneder, the theatrical manager, will be one of the auditors; your immediate future is in his hands. If you sing as you have now sung to me, you will gain his suffrage; be calm, therefore, and courageous."

The fair young singer trembled, however, when accompanied by her master and her mother, she entered on the evening of that same day the music-room of her celebrated patron. A small circle of gentlemen, friends of Haydn, were awaiting her arrival.

"Which is Schickaneder?" she asked her master, in a low and anxious voice.—"I don't see him."—"Thank God!" gasped Anna with a lighter heart.

How the little enthusiast had grown in the three years! How splendid was her figure; how noble and imposing her head; how charming the outline of her neck and shoulders! Joseph Haydn was almost astounded as he gazed up at her. Her plain, white dress, falling to her feet, left, according to the fashion of the day, her haughty neck, together with her wondrously beautiful shoulders and arms, exposed to view. Around her rich dark hair, rolled up like that of the women of Greece, twined a blue ribbon; all her movements were full of grace. The composer of the *Creation* scarcely recognized his protégé. Her mother, dressed somewhat glaringly, indulged in a fit of exceedingly bad humour on being informed, in reply to her impatient questions, that the mighty ruler of the Theater an der Wien was not present.

At length the company took their seats. The eyes of all were directed, full of curiosity, towards the young singer, who now followed her master to the piano. No one, consequently, remarked the entrance of a man, dressed in a very slovenly manner, with an exceedingly high toupee and a rumpled shirt front, who, in a most off-hand manner, took up his position near the arm-chair occupied by Mme. Milder. Anna made a low bow, and then, fetching a deep breath, prepared to begin Zingarelli's "*Ombra adorata, aspetta*," from *Romeo e Giulietta*.—During the *ritornello*, her mother, turning round to the individual with the shirt-frill, said indignantly: "My good man, you had better retire into the ante-room; your master cannot wish you to prevent the company from having a full view of the singer."

"Well, as yet there is not much to admire in the way of skill," was the reply; "if her voice is not something better, the most eligible place would be the ante-room after all."

So saying, he disappeared behind the dark curtains separating the music-room from the little room in which Haydn used to work.

"What an impertinent servant!" observed Mme. Milder, highly incensed, to her neighbour.—"Are you referring to the gentleman who has just left, Madame?"—"To whom else should I refer?"—"That was Herr Schickaneder, the manager."

It was lucky the chair was an arm-chair; otherwise Mme. Milder would have fallen on the floor. Her head drooped heavily against the back of her seat. The dreaded name sounded like a thunderclap in her ear! What an unfortunate thing! All was lost, even though her daughter were to sing like an angel! Mme. Milder would have liked to sink into the earth! Her heart swelled with resentment against herself, against Haydn, against those near her, against her daughter, and, above all, against the manager! Why did he look like a supernumerary, and not like a manager? She did not hear her daughter sing; she did not know that her magnificent voice rolled like a broad stream through the air; she did not see the wondering faces, with an expression on them of gratified surprise, or Haydn's smile; she did not recover her consciousness till the gentlemen began all talking together, and crowding round her daughter; then she felt the latter had achieved her first triumph. Alas! there were bitter drops in the cup of the joyous fact. What good

\* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

could all those who stood by and said pleasant things do her daughter? One nod of Schickaneder's head outweighed them all put together! At last, Mdma. Milder ventured, in fear and trembling, to look towards the dark curtain. Ah! it did not move; the manager had not heard her daughter, and she, the mother, was to blame!

"Where is Schickaneder?" asked Neukomm; "he promised me faithfully he would come!"—"At the commencement he was standing close by the curtain," said Hadyn; "Perhaps he has been called away, or is sitting at my writing-table. Let us go and see!"

They went into the ante-room. Anna was pale and trembling. What was the meaning of this disappearance? Had she failed to please him? There was no one to be seen, but upon Haydn's writing-table lay a scrap of paper, with the following words, which Haydn read out loud, traced upon it in pencil: "We will give your singer a trial. She can appear in a week as Juno, in Süssmeier's *Spiegel von Arkadien*. Her *début* will decide the question. If she will do for Iphigenia and other haughty female parts, later—we shall see. Another time, however, my dear friend, Haydn, just prevent those you invite from turning each other out of the room.—Schickaneder."

Anna cast a glance at her mother and screamed. Mdma. Milder, almost fainting, and overcome by indignation and shame, leaned against the wall. Thus the solution to the riddle was made known.

A week afterwards, Mdlle. Milder really did appear as Juno. How her *début* went off will be seen from the following picture.

It is the morning after the performance. The fair young singer is about to grant her first audience, but still with maidenly bashfulness, and not with the bearing of a *prima donna assoluta*. In all the charm of the freshest bloom of youth, she advances to meet Schickaneder, the manager, who has just entered; he is no longer a tyrant, however, but a slave. In the most careful toilet, with faultless shirt-frill, most wonderful toupees, and entrancing side-curls, with a large nosegay in his hand, he kisses, as daintily as the most elegant cavalier would kiss them, the lovely fingers extended to him. That he brings not only a nosegay, but also an—engagement, to secure at once the fair young artist, who has been enthusiastically received by the public, causes a thrill of joyous presentiment to flash through the heart of the mother, and nearly makes her forget her resentment and her—pinch of snuff.

Even the cat appears to sniff great things for the future; and steals curiously up to the spot. The most striking notification of the ecstasy of the public is furnished, however, by the appearance at the door of a wingless Mercury. He enters with delicate little boxes, and cases, full of gorgeous flowers and verses upon rose-tinted paper, but only the eye of the mother spies him out with a feeling of the profoundest satisfaction.

Oh, how sweet is a first triumph such as this! There is never afterwards such another. How full we are of childlike joy, and of childlike faith; how life lies in the golden sheen of eternal happiness before us! How earnest we are in our resolutions; for us art is something lofty and heavenly; how beautiful are the first verses of admiration; how unfading the first flowers and wreaths of fame! What remains of all these feelings a few years later?

A few years later the fair artist will receive a manager in a different fashion. Then, no little awkward page dares to make his way through the open door into the boudoir of the popular idol. The entrance is closed with velvet hangings against the slightest breath of air; a dapper maid is the bearer of all the mysterious packets and cases, and witnesses the pitiless annihilation of innumerable little notes of every possible hue; the mother is playing patience in the next room; round the fireplace stand deep arm-chairs, and in these arm-chairs are ensconced as many admirers. And she, the Queen, to whom all their homage is rendered, where is she?

Well, she is reclining upon a couch, and enveloped in a cloud of silk and lace; she chats, laughs, and is silent; she jokes and pouts, just as the fit takes her. Instead of the old big cat, you perceive, as in Kaulbach's masterly picture of the lovely "Adelheid" from *Götz von Berlichingen*, an elegant and carefully

educated kitten, with claws drawn in, and a dainty collar. It is allowed to lie in its mistress's lap, and blinks, from time to time, with its green eyes, at the visitors. The beautiful creature's cats have long since forgotten anything like curiosity.

Anna Milder really did afterwards transport the heart of her old friend, for she sang the soprano part at the last performance he ever attended of the *Creation*. It was a touching sight, of which contemporary writers have left an interesting account.

In March, 1808—one year before his birth—Haydn was conducted to an arm-chair adorned with flowers, while kettle-drums and trumpets sounded a loud inspiring flourish. Surrounded by his admirers and pupils, by artists and beautiful women, with his amiable friend, the Princess Esterhazy at his side, he listened to a singularly excellent performance of his masterpiece. "On mighty pinion" did the eagle voice of Anna Milder soar aloft, and when subsequently, at the wondrous passage: "And there was light," the multitude arose and broke out into one unanimous shout of joy, Joseph Haydn, raising his hands towards Heaven, and smiling, as though transfigured, said: "Es kommt von Oben!"

He did not live to hear that Anna Milder had sung at Schönbrunn before the greatest potentate of the earth, the Emperor Napoleon, and been invited by him to visit Paris.

## ORGANS IN MANCHESTER.\*

(Concluded from page 392.)

The great, choir, and solo organs will be placed on the old position over the screen, and though to this extent the acquirement of a commanding situation must be considered "a triumph in these days" of stone or brick closets about the size of a dust-bin, and placed just where such holes for odds and ends might be supposed to be appropriately located, which are dignified with the name of organ chambers, it would have been a greater triumph could the whole instrument have been thus advantageously situated. Unfortunately, the pedal organ is to be thrust behind pillars, walls, and stalls on one side and the swell on the other, and it is to be feared that the arrangement may interfere with the homogeneity of the whole. Instead of separate sets of manuals and pedals for east and west sides, the organist will sit at the south side, as at Snetsler's organ in Beverley Minster, where he can hear the choir, whether it be in the choir or nave, equally well, so that one set will suffice. We are glad to see that the design of the case, which, with the new portions of the screen, have been executed by Messrs. Farmer & Brindley, of London, has been intrusted to the experienced hand of Mr. Gilbert Scott—his success in this department at Ely Cathedral and elsewhere warranting the expectation that it will form an ornament to the church. In this respect the authorities at St. Peter's Church were also fortunate, the organ case, designed by Mr. E. Salomons, in accordance with the architecture of the church, presenting a combination of massiveness and elegance we have nowhere seen surpassed, certainly not in Great Britain.

As many incorrect reports have been circulated with regard to the comparative size of the new organ for the Cathedral and that in St. Peter's Church, we place the specification side by side, so that it will be easy to compare their relative proportions.

CATHEDRAL.		ST. PETER'S.	
GREAT ORGAN.		GREAT ORGAN.	
Double open diapason, m. and w.	16	Double open diapason, m. and w.	16
		Grand open diapason, tin	8
Open diapason, m.	8	Open diapason, tin	8
Gamba, m.	8	Gamba, tin	8
		Flute à pavillon, m.	8
Stopped diapason, w.	8	Stopped diapason, m. and w.	8
Harmonic flute, m.	8		
		Quint, w.	5½
		Grand principal, m.	4
Principal, m.	4	Principal, m.	4
Harmonic flute, m. and w.	4	Orchestral flute, w.	4
Twelfth, m.	8	Twelfth, m.	2½
Fifteenth, m.	2	Fifteenth, m.	2
Mixture, 4 ranks, m.		Full mixture 4 and 5 ranks, m.	2
Mixture, 8 ranks, m.		Sharp mixture, 3 and 4 ranks, m.	1½
		Double trumpet, m.	16
Poasane, m.	8	Trompette harmonique, m.	8
Clarion, m.	4	Clarion, m.	4

\* From the "Manchester Courier."

CHOIR ORGAN.		CHOIR ORGAN.	
Open diapason, m. ....	8	Bourdon, w. ....	16
Scalcial, m. ....	8	Open diapason, tin. ....	8
Dulciana, m. ....	8	Scalcial, m. ....	8
Stopped diapason, w. ....	8	Viola di gamba, m. ....	8
Principal, m. ....	4	Dulciana, m. ....	8
Wald flute, w. ....	4	*Vox angelica, m. ....	8
Flautina, m. ....	4	Liebligh Gedackt, m. and w. ....	8
Clarinet, m. ....	8	*Vox celeste, m. ....	8
		Spitz flûte, m. ....	4
		Flauto traverso (harm.) w. ....	4
		Rohr flûte, m. ....	4
		*Flute à bec, w. ....	4
		Gemshorn, m. ....	2
		Mixture, 4 ranks, m. ....	1
		Euphone and Bassoon, m. ....	16
		Trumpet, m. ....	8
		*Vox humana, tin. ....	8
		Carillon, bell metal ....	8
		* These stops in a swell box.	
SWELL ORGAN.		SWELL ORGAN.	
Liebligh bourdon, w. ....	16	Double stopped diapason, w. ....	16
Open diapason, m. ....	8	Open diapason, m. ....	8
Keraulophon, m. ....	8	Hohl flûte, w. ....	8
Stopped diapason, w. ....	8	Stopped diapason, w. ....	8
Principal, m. ....	4	Principal, m. ....	4
Dulciana, m. ....(?)	8		
Dulcet, m. ....	4	Gedackt flûte, m. and w. ....	4
Suabe flute, w. ....	4	Twelfth, m. ....	2½
Gemshorn, m. ....	4	Fifteenth, m. ....	2
		Clear mixture, 4 and 5 ranks, m. ....	2
Mixture, 3 ranks, m. ....		Contra fagotto, m. ....	16
Double trumpet, m. ....	16	Corno pean, m. ....	8
Corno pean, m. ....	8	Hautboy, m. ....	8
Oboe, m. ....	8	Cor anglais, tin. ....	8
Clarion, m. ....	4	Clarion, m. ....	4
SOLO.		SOLO.	
*Vox angelica, m. ....	8	Open diapason (harmonic), m. ....	8
Harmonic flûte, m. ....	4	Concert flûte (harmonic), m. ....	4
Tuba, m. ....	8	Flageolet (harmonic), w. ....	2
*Orchestral oboe, m. ....	8	Tromba, m. ....	8
* These stops in a swell box.		Corno bassetto and clarinet, m. ....	8
PEDAL ORGAN.		The whole in a swell box.	
Double open diapason, w. ....	32	PEDAL ORGAN.	
Open diapason, m. ....	16	Double open diapason (lowest 8ve closed), w. ....	32
Open diapason, w. ....	16	Grand open, w. ....	16
Violon, w. ....	16	Open, w. ....	16
Stopped diapason, w. ....	16	Violon, tin. ....	16
Principal, m. ....	8	Grosse quint, w. ....	10½
Violoncello, w. ....	8	Principal, m. ....	8
Fifteenth, m. ....	4	Violoncello, w. ....	8
Trombone, w. ....	16	Twelfth, w. ....	5½
Clarion (?), m. ....	8	Fifteenth, m. ....	4
		Posaune, m. and w. ....	16
		Trumpet, m. ....	8

## SUMMARY OF REGISTERS.

Great .....	13	Great .....	17
Swell .....	15	Swell } .....	14
Solo .....	4	Solo } .....	5
Choir .....	8	Choir .....	18
Pedal .....	10	Pedal .....	11
Accessory draw stops .....	11	Accessory draw stops .....	13
	61		78

## ANALYSIS.

FLUEWORK.	Ranks.	FLUEWORK.	Ranks.
32 feet tone .....	1	32 feet tone .....	1
16 " .....	6	16 " .....	6
8 " .....	15	10½ " .....	1
4 " .....	9	8 " .....	18
2 " .....	1	5½ " .....	2
2 &c. " .....	16	4 " .....	11
		2½ " .....	2
		2 &c. " .....	22

## REEDWORK.

## REEDWORK.

16 feet tone .....	2	16 feet tone .....	4
8 " .....	7	8 " .....	9
4 " .....	2	4 " .....	2
	59		78
Wind pressures .....	2	Wind pressures .....	6
Tremulants .....	1	Tremulants .....	2
Bellows .....	3	Bellows .....	4
Pedals for expression ..	8	Pedals for expression ..	8

In the above specifications the letter "w" indicates wood, and "m" the compound which is commonly called organ metal; this mixture contains much less tin than was formerly used by the most celebrated organ builders on the continent, who frequently made the whole of their metal pipes of pure tin. But quantity rather than quality is aimed at now-a-days. It will, however, be seen that there are several stops at St. Peter's made of this expensive material, notably the pipes of the pedal open, which, with those of the basses of the great organ open diapasons, stand in front of the case, and form what the Germans call a 16-feet speaking front. They are allowed to retain their natural lustre, and present a far finer and far more beautiful appearance than if they were made of an inferior compound, and gilt or diapered, as they are to be at the cathedral. The expense, of course, is greater, the pipes which stand in the front at St. Peter's being worth, at the present price of tin, about £300.

In one point a superiority over St. Peter's organ has been very confidently claimed for the Cathedral organ; this is the carrying down of the pedal double open to the lowest C C C. With regard to this stop, however, Mr. Hopkins, in his masterly work, expressly says:—"In instruments of larger dimensions a 32ft. sounding stop may be added; and in those of the first magnitude (and in those only) should a 32ft. open stop appear." Besides, were it really true that the Cathedral possessed a point of superiority in this one particular, it would be far more than counterbalanced by the great quint bass of 10½-ft., which, with the 16-ft., produces the effect of a second 32-ft. Advantage of this acoustical property has in the St. Peter's organ been taken in the great organ as well as the pedal. Both organs appear equal in 16ft. flue-work, but St. Peter's organ has twice as many 16-ft. reeds as the Cathedral; in every department of the smaller work St. Peter's is superior, and, in the aggregate, 19 pipes more can be brought upon one key.

By the introduction at St. Peter's of the Abbé Vogler's system in the disposal of the pipes the mechanism is so much simplified that it has not been found requisite to employ the Pneumatic Lever, which in other large organs is now considered a necessity, and will always be a necessity where the situation involves complicated mechanism. A double set of shutters at the back and front of the swell has been described as a "feature" in the Cathedral organ; it may be a feature, but it is no novelty. To name one example only, we may refer to the organ built by Lewis & Co., for St. Mary's, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The large swell box at St. Peter's has three sets of louvres, one in front and one at each side.

In the printed scheme of the Cathedral organ we notice some anomalies in the nomenclature of the draw stops. For instance, the coupling stop called "Great to Swell," should be Swell to Great, and that called "Great to Swell, super-octave," should evidently be Swell to Great, octave. By the Vox angelica is apparently intended the Vox celestis, and if the last stop in the pedal organ is of eight feet pitch it certainly should not be called a clarion.

From a list appended to Mr. Joule's description of the organ at St. Peter's, it appears that that instrument ranks as the fourth church organ in this country—the organs in York Minster and in the parish churches of Doncaster and Leeds only having in the aggregate a larger number of stops, but not anything like so complete a choir organ (being exceeded in this department by the instrument in the Royal Albert Hall alone)—and that only seven organs in the United Kingdom, and only 27 organs in the world, exceed it in number of sounding stops. The new organ at the Cathedral ranks as the tenth church organ in the country, and stands nineteenth among British organs and sixtieth in the general list.

It is matter for regret that neither the organ at the Cathedral nor that at St. Peter's is situated in a position altogether satisfactory. At the Cathedral we should have recommended that a choir organ should be placed in each side of the chancel, and that the great, swell, solo, and pedal organs should be located at the east side of the tower, extending to each side and reaching up to the roof of the nave. It must be admitted that the narrow, low arch above the rood screen does not afford proper space for a central organ. The instrument at St. Peter's should have been placed at one end of the church, not in a recess at the side, where the direct distance the tone has to travel is rendered as short instead of as long as possible.

MESSRS.

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## EYLES' FUND.

THE SUB-COMMITTEE appointed to carry out the above object having resolved now to wind up this matter as expeditiously as possible, owing to the lamented decease of Miss EYLES, would feel obliged by your kindly remitting your promised Subscription to the undersigned, at your early convenience, if you have not already done so.

Immediately the total is realised, it will be applied in payment of Miss EYLES' debts (including her funeral expenses), according to the assurance given her; and any surplus will be divided amongst, and returned to, the Subscribers in proportion to the amount of their Subscriptions.

I am, yours faithfully,  
EDWARD LAND, Treasurer.

P.S.—The accounts will be made up by the Treasurer as soon as possible, and a Statement, with List of Subscriptions, forwarded to the donors.

4, Cambridge Place, Regent's Park, N.W.,  
July, 1872.

## MARRIAGE.

On July 27, at Westminster Abbey, Mdle. CHRISTINE NILSON to Monsieur AUGUSTE ROUZAUD.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SHERIDAN SMOOT.—No. The famous overture of which our correspondent speaks—to *Alessandro nel Indis*—was by Piccini—not by Jomelli.

W. G.—Miss Blanche Ellerman (if you mean the young vocalist formerly of the Royalty Theatre) is married, and is residing in Philadelphia. We believe she still follows her profession.

C. CREEVES.—Mr. Creeves mistakes one paper for another—the *Globe* for the *Daily Telegraph*. Having the article which appeared in the latter sheet in our possession, we print it for the edification of Mr. Creeves:—

"The appearance of Drury Lane Theatre (Her Majesty's Opera) last night was an answer to those who condemn operatic managers for slackness in bringing out novelties of classic rank. From stalls to gallery the house presented a beggarly array of half-empty benches; and this was the welcome given by London, in the height of its musical season, to a masterpiece of art. The *Deux Journées* of Cherubini is no obscure work, and Cherubini himself is not unknown to fame. The cast was good; and Sir Michael Costa's reputation guaranteed a complete *ensemble*. But spite of all these things, the regular operatic goers turned their backs with wonderful unanimity, and Mr. Mapleson received a warning to abide by the 'ancient lines.' Here is a text for the cynic to preach from, and say, 'what other result could be expected?' *Les Deux Journées* does not rest upon *tour de force*. It was not written to show off a fashionable *soprano*, to supply tunes for barrel organs, or set light heads a-nodding. It disdains sensation, and, so far from having to do with violations of the Decalogue, glorifies an honest and manly act. Moreover, its music is an exemplification of pure and noble art. Such a thing has no chance in these days. We should be sorry to argue thus; but musical Philistines will triumph when it is known in Gath and Ascalon that Cherubini's comic masterpiece was played to a handful of people. Our own course is clear with regard to last night's work, which will be the season's chief claim to remembrance, and therefore we do not mean to dismiss the production of *Les Deux Journées* in such few words as are possible now. But, while reserving the opera for a time when it may be discussed more adequately, the merit of its performance must have prompt recognition. So much is English music affected by insufficient rehearsal that, with the best material in the world, we rarely obtain anything like the highest results. To this rule Sir Michael Costa has now supplied a very notable exception. Recognising the fact that Cherubini's work is, to a special extent, one of *ensemble*, he presented it almost in perfection. From beginning to end *Les Deux Journées* ran with delightful smoothness, principals, band, and chorus knowing not only what to do, but when and how to do it with the best effect. All honour to a conductor who thus shows the respect he has for his art, and the reverence he feels for a great master. As regards such a man, Captain Cuttle's advice applies with emphasis: 'when found, make a note of.'"

Nevertheless, our contemporary never wrote a second article on the subject.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1872.

A CONCURRENCE of opinion among those best qualified to judge establishes as a fact that the big chorus of the Boston Jubilee was an utter failure. Allowance must be made, no doubt, for a considerable proportion of "dummies," and of careless or incompetent singers, in so vast a host; but, after doing this, it is clear that neither as regards volume of sound nor general effect was the result equal to anticipation. On this point an intelligent writer in the Boston *Metronome* says:—

"The efforts of the chorus, numbering about 18,000, fell far short of our expectations. In fact it was from this feature of the Jubilee that we expected to derive our greatest enjoyment. During the festival of 1869 the chorus did fine work, rendering the various chorals and choruses in a most effective manner, their success in reality being the principal feature of the Jubilee. At the Festival just closed the choral singing, generally speaking, was a failure, and a bad failure, considering the amount of time spent in rehearsing the music, and the number of singers engaged in its rendering."

The friendly critic we have quoted goes on to mention causes, more or less preventible under better conditions, for the disappointment he records—among them being "the remote situation of many of the chorus seats from the conductor's stand;" but he emphatically hits the right nail on the head when observing:—

"There are natural laws which cannot be overstepped and the laws of acoustics forbid the possibility of getting any satisfactory results from such an extended radius of sound. Sound travels 1500 feet per second. Let all interested reckon accordingly. This failure should serve as a bit of experience to be used to the best advantage in arranging the choral affairs in all future festivals. Six or eight thousand singers thoroughly tested as to their ability to sustain their parts, well drilled, properly located and depending entirely upon their own vocal ability, would be about the right quantity and quality. This body with the assistance of an orchestra, together with a prompt well managed pedal bass from the organ, would produce the desired effect."

We will not stop to discuss, with the Boston writer, his estimate of the biggest manageable, and, at the same time, effective chorus; but it is clear that he is right in showing up the "18,000," as opposed to rigid and unconquerable natural laws. Even if every man and woman in the Jubilee chorus had been willing and competent, the result could hardly have turned out better than it did. Mr. Gilmore might say, with Professor Porson, "Confound the nature of things;" for the nature of things is certainly against such gigantic schemes as that which failed on Boston Common.

We are glad of it, and not less glad that the rage for bigness in musical matters has had a conspicuous check. Henceforth, mayhap, we shall hear no more about acres of choristers and armies of instrumentalists. Let us hope, also, that a healthy reaction will take place in all quarters where a tendency exists to mistake noise for genuine musical effect. This consideration brings us a good deal nearer home than Boston Common. We English, certainly cannot throw stones at our Yankee cousins, *à propos* of their recent "hullabaloo," for, if we have not gone so far as they, we travel the same road; and are ever striving how to accumulate noise-making means, rather than to secure the best results from means which are just adequate. Hence our combined military bands; our choirs of "1000 voices;" our Handel orchestras, and what not beside of a like sort. The apotheosis of all this has just been reached across the Atlantic, and we have before us a timely and terrible example. Let

us take warning by it, and, giving up the sensational, cultivate the artistic, finding enjoyment in music rather than in noise, and not estimating as the greatest executive triumph the most violent atmospheric disturbance.

### ENGLISH MUSICIANS AND THEIR WRONGS.

WE allow this controversy to have its full swing, hoping against hope that something may come out of it.

(To the Editor of the "Sunday Times.")

DEAR SIR,—The letter signed "A Foreign Musician," which appeared in the last issue of your invaluable journal, would lead the musical public to suppose that he and his countrymen are the prop and mainstay of musical affairs in this country, when he must be fully aware that the contrary is the case. I will allow that the foreigners in the musical profession in London possess one advantage (and, as matters at present stand, a very important one), over the English musician, and that is cool impudence and a total disregard of the rules and principles of honour, which should exist between man and man. I could relate a hundred instances of this from my personal experience but for encroaching too much on your valuable space; suffice to say that there is scarcely an English artist who has not at some period or other been made the victim of their treachery and unscrupulous conduct, and it is time something effectual was done to protect our interests from the encroachments and contemptible actions of the swarms of unprincipled adventurers who are in our midst, ruining our prospects and degrading the profession we have the misfortune to belong to, men who crawl on their hands and knees (literally), and fawn upon a leader or conductor of an orchestra for the sake of securing an engagement at any price. This is the sad, sad fact, and which I challenge a denial of. Thus it is at the present moment with hundreds of the musical profession; English artists, well educated, accomplished performers of unblemished reputation, are in an almost destitute condition, while the position they have a perfect right to hold are monopolized by foreign conductors, foreign leaders, and foreign bands; and it is only by making known the glaring injustice done to us that we can hope for any redress or remedy for this scandalous state of things, and I hope and trust, through your kindness in opening your columns to us, that we shall ultimately obtain the sympathy and help of the music-loving community in this country in putting an end to this disgraceful state of things, when made acquainted with the real facts of the case.—With grateful acknowledgments for your generosity, I beg to subscribe myself  
AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

We should like to have two or three of the "hundred instances," of which "An English Musician" speaks, particularised, with all necessary incidents. Vague talking amounts to simply nothing.

SIR,—Having read "A Foreign Musician's" letter in your last Sunday's edition, and his presuming (by his language), that your correspondent, T. O. E., is a fiddler, and his recommendation to T. O. E. to make himself proficient. I beg to say that every three English violinists in the profession are equal to five, if not six, foreigners, both in quality of tone and execution. My own and other experience in orchestras leads me to the above conclusion. With respect to "Constant Reader's" idea of emigrating, were it carried out, it must be admitted that the foreigners would have the laugh of us, as it would be literally turning us out of our native land, and their usurping our positions. It is quite time, sir, that the English musicians roused themselves, and became unanimous in their endeavours to protect themselves in the present state of affairs in the musical profession. Apologising for the length of my letter, but pleased to find that you open the columns of your valuable journal on behalf of your native musicians, I remain, yours, &c.,  
A BRITISH MUSICIAN.

About every three English violinists being "equal to five, if not six foreigners, &c." we have nothing to say, except that the asseveration of "A British Musician" is nonsense.

SIR,—As it appears from M. Rivière's letter in your esteemed journal of yesterday that I was in error when I made the assertion that he was a recent importation, I hasten to retract this statement, and, at the same time, express my regret for having done so, for I was in perfect ignorance at the time that he was, as he informs you, "an Englishman by naturalisation." Nevertheless, this does not alter the case nor lessen the injustice done to the members of the Covent Garden orchestra, who are turned out to make room for his Cremorne band. He asserts that forty or more of the members of the orchestra who are engaged to play with him in the forthcoming season at Covent Garden

Theatre are Englishmen. Courtesy will not permit me to dispute this assertion. I shall, however, in justice to myself and him, make inquiries, and if it is as he states, I shall gladly give him all the credit due to his magnanimity, the more so, as it will be the first time that such a thing has been done.—I am, &c., T. O. E.

Let "T. O. E." keep his word, and important revelations may be made. Meantime, it cannot be fairly denied that the best orchestral player is he who plays best—foreign or English,—and of such our orchestras ought to be composed.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTE.

We read the following in the last number of *Punch* :—

"*G. Gint.*"

"A fund is being raised for an arrangement with the creditors of Signor Mario, who is inconvenienced by them. Mr. *Punch* trusts that a handsome subscription will be made. Nothing can be grudged that ministers to the comfort of one whose talents have given pleasure to thousands. But Mr. *Punch* wonders whether bad singers, music-hall folks, and the rest of the class which is, in the musical world, what bad writers and obscure little critics are in literature, will raise a howl at the proposal to help Mario, and will say, 'He has earned plenty of money for years, what did he do with it?' If so, right-minded people will have another opportunity for the display of two things—excellent in their place—namely, liberality and contempt."

A sermon (and a good one) might be preached upon this—aye, and it be reverentially spoken from the pulpit too.

#### CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE International Exhibition at Kensington, like its precursors in Hyde Park, is rich in the display of musical instruments. Pianofortes abound in every department. In room 15 are exhibited some of Messrs. Smith and Sons' iron-strutted pianofortes, and upon one of these Mr. Ignace Gibeone gave, last week, an interesting "recital." The manufacturers claim for their pianofortes the advantage of direct resistance between the extremes of tension. Mr. Gibeone performed, among other pieces, his *Marche Breillienne*, and *Thème Militaire*, with several *morceaux de salon*, such as *La Fontaine*, *The dancing water*, a *polonaise*, and "Cradle song," and other no less effective compositions.

A performance of Irish melodies, interspersed with appropriate remarks, was given on Friday week in St. George's Hall. Miss Emilie Glover, a lady harpist of considerable ability and musical attainments, was the *beneficiaire*. Miss Glover is known in the Irish capital by her expressive rendering of those national melodies so intimately associated with her instrument, and she has, on previous occasions in London, justified the opinion expressed of her talents. Miss Glover executed several brilliant solos, and took part in *concertante* duets for harp and piano, and harp and harmonium, displaying a thorough command and great musical taste, delighting an audience which, although not numerous, was appreciative. Several solos were encored. Mr. George Perren's rendering of the "Minstrel Boy," and "Eily Mavourneen," was alike excellent and successful. Some vocal music by Miss Lina Glover and Miss Annie Brooks added to the attractions.

#### PROVINCIAL.

Buxton.—We find the following remarks on Mr. Julian Adams' concert in the *Buxton Advertiser* :—

"Another very charming concert was given in the Pavilion last evening, by Mr. Julian Adams, the indefatigable conductor of the Pavilion band. The special attractions were Miss Armitage (Mrs. Saunders), soprano; Miss Eliza Heywood, contralto; and Mr. Lazarus, of Her Majesty's Opera, formerly a member of the late Duke of Devonshire's private band. There was a good attendance, and the programme gave general satisfaction. Mr. Lazarus again charmed all who heard him. Time has dealt gently and kindly with him, and his clarinet had as much sweetness, compass, and expression, as in the old days. The singing of Miss Armitage and Miss Heywood gave great pleasure, and they were loudly applauded. The violin performances of Mr. Otto Bernard also contributed much to the success of the concert, while the presiding genius, Mr. Adams, with piano, concertina, and *baton*, made everything go well. Our readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Lazarus is again engaged for the concert on Thursday evening next."

Mdme. Peschka-Leutner recently sang "the Star-spangled banner" on the top of Bunker Hill Monument, to please a party. It was distinctly heard in Springfield, Lowell, Providence, and Concord.

#### ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

A very successful "Bank Holiday Concert" was given in the Albert Hall on Monday last, under Sir Julius Benedict's direction, and supported by Mdme. Parepa-Rosa, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Foli. As might have been expected, the eminent vocalists just-named gratified their holiday audience immensely; song after song being encored or received with tremendous applause. Mdme. Parepa led off with "Cease, rude Boreas," which she gave with rare power; and, in response to a *bis*, substituted "The Last Rose of Summer." She was also encored in Ganz's "Sing, Birdie, sing," and "Oh! say not woman's heart is bought;" but, instead of repeating the latter, "Coming through the rye" was given. Mr. Reeves, who was in fine voice, and never sang better, resisted a determined effort to make him repeat "The Requital;" but the enthusiasm excited by his splendid delivery of "The Bay of Biscay" could not be withstood, and the fine old sea-song, which always stirs the blood of the vikings, was repeated with equal effect. Signor Foli made a "hit" by an emphatic delivery of "The brave old Oak" and was not less fortunate with a new song, by Sir J. Benedict, entitled "Labour and Rest." An early opportunity will, doubtless, be afforded us of noticing this composition in such detail as its merits deserve. The balance of the programme was made up of selections for the organ, played by the Masters Le Jeune, and by popular music, arranged for military bands, under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, who received an "ovation" on appearing fresh from his American triumphs.

#### STRAUSS AND ALBERT WEBER.

(From the "New York Evening Mail.")

Strauss's enthusiasm in regard to New York pianos was very great, and culminated in the purchase of a Weber upright piano, which accompanies him for his music-room in Vienna, in order to show his musical friends the best piano in the New World! In a letter he says :—

"MY DEAR MR. WEBER.—Many thanks, in which my wife joins, for the beautiful upright piano you were kind enough to send to my room during my stay in your city. It has astonished me beyond measure. The fulness of its tone, its thorough musical quality, so even throughout, and the easiness and compactness of its touch, I have never before met. How so small an instrument can contain a perfect orchestra surprises me. The grand piano used at the Academy at my concerts only heightens my opinion of your work. My heartiest wishes for your health and success. JOHANN STRAUSS.

"Clarendon Hotel, July 21, 1872."

Such testimony is certainly a great compliment to our American pianoforte manufacturers in general, and Mr. Weber in particular.

#### WAGNER'S INFLUENCE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—A perusal of the score of *Aida* has convinced me that Verdi is fast becoming a Wagnerite—his ideas falling him; Ambroise Thomas, do; E. Reyer, do; Gounod (*Romeo et Juliette*—last act), do. (Gounod, too, who was "Meyerbeer le Petit).—Your obedient servant, THEOPHILUS QUAKER, M. D.

P. S.—Why does Richard Wagner never mention, in his books, Marie Louis Charles Zenobi Salvador Cherubini?—T. Q.

#### "RALPH THE HEIR."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—My attention has just been drawn to a letter from Mr. Anthony Trollope, in which he objects to his name being connected with the drama, *Shilly Shally*, on the ground that, if it succeeds, I shall take all the money, and, if it fail, he will take half the discredit. Permit me to say this is pure chimeria. Before I ventured, under advice, to put his name to the drama, I had secured actors who could make his exquiste characters and dialogue safe, even though I strung the scenes together. His share of the receipts in town and country will be faithfully paid him; and I am amazed he could know me so little as to assume the contrary. My subsequent letters must have removed that droll notion from his mind, I think. I have only to add that henceforth his connection with the drama shall be purely commercial, and that I will submit to his wishes and rob him of all the credit due to him in theatres for those excellent characters and natural dialogues whose dramatic value his modesty has so undervalued.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, CHARLES READE.

July 24.

# MUSIC FOR THE BLIND.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Having read, in reference to the proposed "Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind," I have waited for some comment from the authorities of some of the existing institutions before venturing some remarks upon the subject.

The article was based upon the assumption that only a "superficial tuition in music" is given to the blind at any of the institutions already existing. Not only is this erroneous in regard to the institution from which I write, but also, I believe, as regards more than one other. Here we have, under a competent instructor, a band of musicians, male and female, instrumentalists and vocalists, able to carry out regular services of Gregorian and Anglican music, anthems, &c., in a manner that would do no discredit to any parish church in the kingdom, together with concerts of oratorio and other selected music, of which I will only say that it is a matter for regret that they are not more public than they have been heretofore. Many qualified musicians have gone out from this place who have held, and still hold, by positions of prominence and responsibility as organists, teachers, and tuners, and others are prepared to go out so soon as the necessary openings can be found.

I do not pretend that all that possibly can be done for the blind is done, either here or elsewhere, to enable us to compete for position and place in the outside world on anything like equal terms with others. Committees may do much in imparting knowledge or improving talents, but they cannot manufacture positions for us in which our knowledge and talents can be utilized. Very rare is it to find an opportunity for a blind person entering into life to prove his powers unless supported by a weight of influence which few of us can command. He may be quite as skilled a musician as nine in ten of those who hold similar posts to that he seeks; a facile accompanist, a painstaking teacher, exact and correct in time and tune, but, being blind, all his skill, all his study, counts for nothing. His applications for posts which he knows himself able to fill, are coolly answered with a regret that in his peculiar circumstances it cannot be entertained. This being the difficulty with which the blind are met—and not only is it the case with the blind musician, but to a greater or less extent, with blind workers of every class—it is not to be wondered at that it reacts with a most powerfully depressing influence upon all those who have charge of their training; discouraging them from attempting anything in their behalf beyond the usual handicrafts. There can be no doubt that the difficulty which exists of finding anything like compensating employment for blind musicians has a most deterrent effect in existing institutions upon the encouragement of musical talents and abilities. Whether the difficulty will be diminished or otherwise by the establishment of an Academy of Music for the Blind, whose *raison d'être* is the superficiality of musical instruction in existing schools, I am much inclined to doubt. The great need seems to be, not to multiply organizations for "teaching" the blind, beyond those already existing, but so to influence the minds and hearts of the public, that they may be able to utilise for the public good the knowledge they already have the means of acquiring.

For the generality of my fellow-sufferers, I may say that, while we are far from wishing incompetency to be pardoned on the plea of affliction, we protest against having our affliction increased by being treated as hopeless disabilities.—I remain, Sir, &c.

A BLIND MUSICAL STUDENT.

## ANOTHER QUEER NOTION ABOUT ENGLISH PATRONAGE.

SIR,—I thank you for allowing me to expose my weakness in your widely circulated journal, and again offer you and your readers an opportunity of having a hearty laugh over my "queer notion"—that the swarm of foreign pretenders would be soon silenced if the leading gentlemen in the musical profession would set to work in earnest and take the matter up. We all require encouragement, but what encouragement is there for the young English singer? He works hard, gains the prize at the Royal Academy of Music, and, with careful study, would become eminent in his profession; but he soon finds that he has no chance of being heard, only occasionally at a concert given for some charity or benefit. The press next day lauds him with praise,\* which makes him more disheartened; he ceases to study, and makes no further progress in his art. Now I have a queer notion all this can be changed, and will be changed, and "English opera" and "English singers" be something for Englishmen to be proud of. If our leading musicians will throw the same energy, carefully drill the young recruit, and boldly face the "swarm of foreign pretenders," as the "Great Duke" did—success must follow!—and we shall have the Royal family and the nobility acknowledging it by their presence at the "English Operahouse," and engaging English singers for their private concerts. Yours &c.—B. C. [\* Do they?—A. S. S.] Baywater.

## AN APOLOGY FOR THE JUBILEE.

A correspondent of the New York *Musical Review* thus concludes a series of letters on the "big shout" at Boston:—

"In bringing these necessarily extended remarks on the Jubilee to a close I cannot forbear to touch upon the conduct of the New York critics upon the result of the enterprise, which has provoked considerable comment in this city. Some of these knights of the stylus have wielded that weapon dipped in honey, others have used it dipped in gall. With the 'Sir Oracles' who have used the latter kind of ink, it only need be said that they must have been actuated by other motives than those of strict justice in giving the world the benefit of their descriptions. It is with the more courteous and kindly disposed that I have now to deal. These gentlemen while rendering us fair justice in regard to the impressive features of the festival, have generally assumed that the sensational element was predominant, and have regarded it as an attempt to accomplish impossibilities, particularly in the choral department. They have designated the chorus as an unwieldy body, too large for proper control, and have spoken of the impossibility of annihilating time and space and other kindred arguments. Now it is admitted that light and superficial music, with sensational accompaniments, entered largely into the composition of the Jubilee, but it was by no means the predominating feature as I have endeavoured to show. In respect to the impossibility of accomplishing certain choral effects with so large a body of singers, do not these gentlemen judge from a mistaken standpoint? It is true we have to some extent failed in bringing out the requisite qualities in some of the oratorio selections; that we have failed in all, if you will, in regard to absolute accuracy; but it was not because it was impossible to succeed, but was owing to a combination of local and accidental circumstances which could have been easily controlled. All students of music know, and none better than New York critics, that in order to produce the qualities of power, grandeur, and sublimity, to their fullest extent, in the grand chorals of Mendelssohn, Handel, Mozart and Haydn a vast chorus is required. Now if, such a chorus as our Jubilee presented the first week of its progress, is properly and sufficiently trained *en masse*, and at the performances formed in divisions, each under competent sub-conductors, who shall take the time beat, with precision, from the principal conductor, there is no reason why these qualities cannot be developed, and a chorus of twenty thousand sing as accurately as one of five hundred. We are yet infants in America in regard to the proper training of large choruses, as well as in our appreciation of classical music, but if our Jubilee has only taught the country this experience, and nothing else, it will not have been held in vain."

ST. PETERSBURG.—Signor Merelli seems to have found the management of Italian opera rather more lucrative than it is in some other European cities. He is about to open a bank with a capital of half a million of roubles, and intends transferring the operatic business to his *alter ego*, Signor Ferri.—According to the *Firenze Artistica*, Signor Usiglio will be the new conductor of the Italian Opera.—There is no truth in the report that the Censure has prohibited the *Hamlet* of M. Ambroise Thomas. Mdle. Nilsson (Madame Rouzand) will make her *début* here in it, as will also Cotogni, who will sustain the part of Hamlet. Gardoni will be Laertes; Bagagiolo, the King; and Capponi, the Ghost. Signora Merson-Ferrucci will, probably, be the Queen.

SIXTY BARS REST.—The performer on the kettle-drums at a certain Stadttheater in Saxony was very fond of doing a dram now and then. During the representation of a grand five-act opera one evening, he felt a craving for a little drop; he smacked his tongue again and again against the roof of his mouth without having a chance for two long hours of satisfying his inclination. At length, he saw an opportunity in the fourth act, where he had a rest of sixty bars. The temptation was too great; he could not resist it, for the wine shop was only a few paces from the Theatre. Scarcely had he finished his last roll upon his drums, ere he laid down his drum-stick, and, as if he had been shot, rushed out of the theatre towards the wine shop counting all the while: One, two, three, four, seven, eight, nine—he enters—eleven, twelve—the shop. Thirteen—Good evening—fourteen, fifteen—small go of brandy—sixteen—but quick—seven—teen, eighteen, nineteen—here I—thank you (drinks)—twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three—(drinks)—twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six—(drinks, "A-a-h!")—twenty-seven, twenty-eight—here is—twenty-nine—the money!—thirty, thirty-one—another, please!—thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four—(go is brought)—thirty-five—(he drinks)—thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty—here is—forty-one—the money—forty-two, forty-three—Good evening—forty-four—Landlord—forty-five, forty-six—I'm rather—forty-seven—pressed for time—fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two—He again wends his way to his place in the orchestra, is ready, as he counts fifty-nine, and—bang! as he counts sixty, he joins in the *tutti*. If that is not making the best use of one's time, it would be difficult to say what is.

## REVIEWS.

ASHDOWN &amp; PARRY.

*Waiting.* Song. Words by E. H. FLAGG. Music by H. MILLARD.

THE public have almost had enough of songs wherein voice and instrument set up a feeble and unsatisfactory imitation of birds. Apart from this, there is little to be said against the example before us, which is, indeed, somewhat ambitious in style, and by no means ineffective. Mr. Millard writes with fluency, and considerable skill. It is evident, also, that he feels what he writes; in other words, that his music is the outcome of emotion, not merely the creation of the brain. This is an advantage to be cherished, and we think that with a little present abatement of pretence, the composer of "Waiting" may make his mark. He should wait.

*The Song of the Robin.* Romance for the pianoforte. By G. W. WARREN. A PLEASANT little effusion in F major, easy enough for very moderate ability, and sure to give satisfaction to an average home audience.

*Operatic Trios for three Performers on one Pianoforte*, Nos. 7 and 8. By MICHAEL WATSON.

THE well-arranged and effective series of trios named as above is now enriched by themes from *Fra Diavolo* and *La Sonnambula*, the most familiar and popular subjects being chosen in each case. Few difficulties are presented, and we make no doubt that the new numbers will be as largely patronised as their predecessors.

*Gounod's Serenade.* Arranged for the Pianoforte by EDWARD HOFFMAN.

WE can only guess what M. Gounod would say were he to hear his serenade accompanied by the transcriber's arpeggios, &c. But the popularity of the subject will reconcile the public at large to the liberties taken, and, after all, the effect of the arrangement is good in its way. The piece is not difficult.

*Air Irlandais*, ("Believe me if all those endearing young charms.") Varié pour piano—par SYDNEY SMITH.

MR. SMITH, whose skill in treating themes in the manner now fashionable, knows no superior, has put forth his utmost power in this case. His transcription is unusually brilliant, while the theme is kept prominently forward, instead of being hidden in a mass of decorative appliances.

*Fête Militaire.* Morceau Brillant pour piano—par SYDNEY SMITH.

A BUSTLING and animated piece of characteristic music in the somewhat unusual key of G flat major, with an episode in B major. It shows much fancy, and all that knowledge of easy effect for which Mr. Smith is remarkable. The music will demand some attention from all but pianists of more than average ability.

*L'Ange du Berceau.* Romance pour piano—par A. GODWIN FOWLES.

THIS piece is like so many hundred others that there is no need for us to describe it. All our readers know the average treatment with arpeggios, &c., of a sentimental theme.

*Gossamer Wings.* Legend for piano—by JOHN OLD.

WE like this piece. It is marked by ingenuity and fancy; it has pleasant themes, and it is not too difficult for the average amateur. The first movement is specially attractive, and aptly illustrates the motto chosen, "Fairies small, two feet tall, with capers on their head, dance round on the ground." The key is D flat major. Moreover, "Old" is not afraid to put his title-page in plain vernacular. Bravo, Old!

*Recollections of Gluck*, No. 1. The celebrated Gavotte. Arranged for the piano by EDWIN M. LOTT.

THE sudden and extreme popularity of the Gavotte, played last season by Madame Schumann, has suggested this series of "Recollections"—a series which we hope, will be an extended and successful one. Mr. Lott has arranged the now famous piece in good taste and with a due regard to average ability.

*Recollections of Mendelssohn*, No. 3. *Andante from the First Symphony*, No. 4. *The Ninety-Fifth Psalm*. Transcribed for the pianoforte by EDWIN M. LOTT.

WE can hardly bring ourselves to approve of these transcriptions, which necessarily involve more or less change, of great orchestral and choral works. They are ever unsatisfactory, and do no manner of good which may not be accomplished in a more legitimate manner.

BOOSEY &amp; Co.

*Apart.* Song. The words by L. L. B. Music by COMYN VAUGHAN.

A VERY simple song in E flat, adapted for mezzo-soprano or baritone. There is but little to say about it, save that the words are sentimental and the music easy.

HOPWOOD &amp; CREW.

*Coote's Masquerade Lancers.*

THE themes here employed are those of such popular songs as "A starry night for a ramble." They are adapted with Mr. Coote's usual skill, and make a good set. The title-page is gorgeous in gold and colours.

*Coote's Burlesque Valse.*

IN this case also Mr. Coote has used popular melodies, and with equally as good a result. Title-page less gorgeous than that of the "Lancers," but pretty, nevertheless.

WEEKES &amp; Co.

*Melodious and Characteristic.* Piano Studies by HORTON C. ALLISON. Books 1 and 2.

THESE studies, which are of progressive difficulty, combine the interest of descriptive music with the advantage of music which is educational in a remarkable degree. Thus the composer has taken ideas such as "The Brook," "The Chamois," "The Volunteers," "The Minox," and others equally suggestive; illustrating each by music which we are bound to say has great merit. A good deal is sometimes said about the "royal road" to excellence; and, if Mr. Allison has not discovered it as regards piano playing, he has certainly made the task of getting along much of the ordinary road an easy one. We almost envy the student who will use these exercises. They can hardly resist the temptation to become perfect as far as means allow.

DUNCAN DAVIDSON &amp; Co.

*The Seasons.* Duet for Soprano and Baritone. Composed by DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

THIS is likely to become a favourite duet for home use, especially as the baritone part can be taken by a mezzo-soprano without loss of effect. Dr. Rahles writes pretty themes, and treats them like a musician. Moreover, in the example before us, we see evidence of that poetic taste which discerns exactly by what means music can best be made to assist poetic ideas. The duet is in G major, and the compass of each part brings it within ordinary means.

*Christ is Risen from the Dead.* Anthem for Easter; for trebles, tenors, and basses (alto ad lib.), with organ accompaniment. Composed by B. T. GIBBONS, Organist and Choirmaster of All Saints', Sutton.

THIS anthem begins with a full chorus, *maestoso* in C major—a broad emphatic strain suited to the great announcement made. Then comes a semi-chorus (which may be sung as a trio), in the relative minor, and in well-studied relief to the opening movement. A final chorus in the original key, and of the original character, concludes an anthem well and carefully written, without pretence of any kind—good solid and satisfactory church music.

*The Rover.* Song. Words and music by R. T. GIBBONS.

THIS is a song of the sea, adapted for gentlemen amateurs who prefer a "rousing ditty" of the kind sampled by "A life on the ocean wave." Mr. Gibbons writes well, and has reflected the true spirit of verses which suggest very strongly the joys of a free life. We have not seen of late a song more deserving attention by those who affect its species. The key is G major; compass moderate enough to suit most male voices.

*Do not Wound the Heart that Loves Thee.* Song. Words by DEXTER SMITH. Music by SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

IN this song Sir Julius Benedict appears to special advantage as a writer of graceful and tender music. The first theme (D major) is marked by elegance of melody and accompaniment, as well as by those minute touches which show the hand of a master even more conclusively than merits of an obvious kind. The second movement, in B flat, is charming; and its close, where a return is made to the opening theme, cannot fail to delight every cultivated ear. Sir Julius must be congratulated upon having added another to his many successes in the department of song composition.

BADEN.—The last grand concert given by the Administration was extraordinarily successful, and the large room crowded to suffocation. The great attraction was that exerted by the names of Madame Mallinger and Herr Hill. Both these artists are special favourites here. Madame Mallinger was enthusiastically applauded in Agatha's grand *scena* and air from *Der Freischütz*; in Herr Taubert's two songs, "Wiegenlied" and "Der Vogel im Walde," and (with Herr Hill) in the duet from *Don Juan*. Herr Hill sang the air from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*; "Der futhenreiche Ebro," and "Die Widmung," by Schumann, together with a song by Abt. Herr Edmund Singer, from Stuttgart, played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. The pianist was Madlle. Amalie Grund, who performed the Romance and Rondo from Chopin's Concerto in E minor.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard returned to England, from America, on Saturday, by the *Java*, the same boat in which she sailed for New York, on the 1st of June.

The latest term for the Jubilee is "that Boston Disturbance."

The cost of importing the Garde Republicaine band, to the Boston Festival, was £12,000.

Mr. Francesco Berger and Madame Berger-Lascelles have left town to pay a series of visits in Ireland.

Spontini's *La Vestale* is to be produced at Bologna, by way of contrast to *Lohengrin*, we may presume.

The "Turk," Haseim Pacha, who has lately written an opera for Constantinople, turns out to be no Turk, but an Italian.

A daughter of Signor Tamberlick, having been preserved from threatened blindness by the skill of a young oculist, is about to marry her preserver.

M. Victor Massé's new opera, *Paul et Virginie*, will be produced at the Gaîté, with M. Capoul as the hero. The representative of the heroine is not yet named.

Mr. John Thomas (harpist to Her Majesty) is engaged to perform and to adjudicate at the Eisteddfod to be held at Portmadoc on the 28th, 29th, and 30th inst. He will also conduct his cantata, *The Bride of Neath Valley*, in which Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Lewis Thomas will sing the principal solos.

Madame Peschka-Leutner—says an American reporter—has been captured by a Brooklyn manager, who has announced one concert at the Rink. It isn't big enough. Peschka was specially built, or her voice was, for the Boston Jubilee, and that being over she should be allowed to retire again into obscurity.

During the visit of the American fleet at Southampton, the admiral gave a "dance" on board his magnificent ship, and, when the guests were taking their departure, the officers escorted them to the gangway. The American band then struck up the National Anthem, and its now unanimously accepted pendant, "God bless the Prince of Wales."

The last time Joe Jefferson was in St. Louis, Judge Joseph Gillespie was prevailed upon to go and see *Rip Van Winkle*. This was the first play the Judge had ever witnessed. When asked what he thought about it, he replied: "Hem! hem! confounded ridiculous. The idea of a poor Dutch woman over the wash-tub with diamond rings on her fingers." The Judge has never been to a play since.

Madame Parepa-Rosa left London on Thursday, en route to Cairo, where she is to make her *début* in October. Madame Parepa will go through France, Switzerland, and Italy, and remain some time at Ischia, for the baths. Madame Parepa will also visit Malta, where she made her first appearance on the operatic stage, and thence proceed to Cairo, *via* Alexandria. She is not going to St. Petersburg this season.

A gentleman who does the "personals" for an American paper, says:—

"Wehli, the pianist, appears to have been unfortunate at the Boston Festival. The Wehli pants were overlooked. This is the first time in a long experience that his trousers failed him, and he is said to have attributed it to the size of the building. One would have supposed that a man of Wehli's shrewdness would have had Jubilee trousers for the occasion."

An American poet thus begins a parody of Tennyson:—

"Come into the garden, Mand,  
With a brickbat and a stone;  
Here's the biggest cat you ever 'saw'd'  
A-gnawing a chicken bone!  
Run like the mischief, Mand—  
I'm here with the beast alone."

The General commanding at Marseilles has published an announcement that during the representation of *Rabagas* any person who applauds or hisses will be brought before a Council of War. The tumults to which M. Sardou's play have given rise seem to justify an order which would not be tolerated under any less advanced form of government than that which in France goes by the name of a "Republic," and for which we are indebted to the "Glorious Revolution" of 1789.

We quote as follows from an American correspondent:—

"Gilmore is arranging a series of Festivals for all the American cities. Let us calm ourselves. The city which produces the biggest drum is to be awarded a premium. This is in the true spirit of art. Chicago has already proposed to combine the drum and the Coliseum in one masterly effort of architecture, and actually hold its festival in its drum, and let the 200,000 chorus singers beat it while they sing. There is no end to our progress now. The foreign bands don't want to go home. Baked beans and enthusiasm have utterly demoralized them. More anon. My feelings overpower me, and the twenty thousand are now singing 'Tommy Dodd.' Its ponderous waves roll through my soul with the majesty of eternity."

In a recent number of the *People's Magazine* it is said with truth that there can be no doubt that music exerts a wondrous and mysteriously potent Christian influence. Not only have all the great musicians been born in the Christian era, and within the sphere of the Christian Church, but their mightiest efforts have been evoked by Christian themes and dedicated to spiritual ends. It was a great mistake in the old Puritans to attempt to banish organs and "curious singing," on the ground of being only "proper for Popish dens," because, in so doing, they were divesting their praise and prayer of the most beautiful and edifying portion of Christian worship. And on the other hand, those who exhibit the very antithesis to Puritanism frequently set whole parishes in a ferment because they will not temper their zeal with discretion, sobriety, or decorum, but seizing upon the one pretext of their "heartiness," yell like savages, and call it "making melody in hearts."

A correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* writes of the leader of the Prussian band at Boston:—

"I was much interested in the history given us yesterday from Herr Saro, concerning his numerous orders. The first is the iron cross, given only for bravery in the field. This he wears for the whole band, which distinguished itself. The second medal is the military mark of honour for twenty-five year's services in the army. The third was bestowed in the late war with France, 1870-1; every one of the band wears this medal. The fourth is in remembrance of the campaign against Austria in 1866; several of the band wear it. The fifth is the Hohenzollern medal given in the campaign against Denmark. The sixth is the Austrian bravery medal, bestowed in 1863, at the reunion celebrating the fiftieth birthday of the Kaiser Franz Regiment; the Emperor of Austria personally bestowing it. The seventh is the French military medal, ranking second to the legion of honour, which holds the highest place of merit. Napoleon the Third gave it in person, in 1867, as first prize for the best music at the National Exhibition. Herr Saro wears also a gold buckle, given him for twenty years' active service."

The action of the South Kensington authorities in the matter of the Albert Hall Choral Society has resulted in the formation of a new association which is to be named after its conductor and is to be termed "Gounod's Choir." The number of voices is to be limited to 240, divided as follows: seventy sopranos, forty altos, sixty tenors, and seventy basses. The conductor is to possess sole administrative authority, but he is to be aided in the general business arrangements by a committee of members. The season extending from November to May will include a weekly rehearsal on Tuesday evening, and a series of Saturday evening concerts at St. James's Hall. All the proceeds arising from the regular concerts will be devoted to a fund for organizing an orchestra. M. Gounod, in his announcement of the project, says that his sole object in entering upon it is the advancement of art, and that Mrs. Weldon has promised to aid him in the instruction of the choir in the art of English pronunciation. As an addition to our metropolitan vocal societies, the new choir will doubtless be welcomed in the musical world, and there can be little question that if the promise of the prospectus is fulfilled it will be able to pursue its way with success.—*Choir.*

Mendelssohn killed himself with overworking his excitable brain. His premature death was as complete a case of suicide as if he had daily opened a vein in his arm and deprived himself of an ounce of blood. That his brain was premature in its physical growth cannot be doubted. The Otlet in E flat, which he wrote at the age of sixteen, is the work of an experienced and thoroughly trained musician; and the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which he wrote at eighteen, is not only as thoroughly original a composition as any that he ever afterwards produced, but it can not be matched for originality by any other work of genius produced by one so young. What Mendelssohn needed, therefore, was a clear conviction that the indulgence of his excitable temperament, whether in work or in mere pleasure, was equivalent to self-destruction. Whereas, from the first, he seems never to have dreamed for a moment that for himself the one grand duty was the cultivation of a certain amount of idleness *per diem*. So far from this, he lived at high-pressure speed wherever he was and whatever he was doing. When he was paying his addresses to the lady whom he soon after married, he was so ill through excitement that his doctor sent him off for a course of sea-bathing, in order to strengthen his nerves before he made the lady the offer he was contemplating. After the death of his sister Fanny, which told so heavily upon him, he resumed his labours with eager haste and burning zeal, in spite of repeated headaches and attacks of faintness. His wife in vain intreated him to spare himself. "Let me work on," he said; "for me, too, the hour of rest will come." When his friends assailed him with similar remonstrances, he replied, "Let me work while it is yet day. Who can tell how soon the bell may toll?" Who, indeed, they might have added, when the first laws of nature are violated? All this while the increase in his nervous irritability never suggested to him the mischief that was going on. It showed itself in listening to music, or in playing himself.

An organ-grinder, an old veteran, who understands the power of printers' ink, lately paid the editor of a down East paper twenty-five cents for a puff. The newspaper man, who had not made a cash entry in his books for a week, responded promptly in his next issue with the following:—

"Mr. Kubini Likwisky, an Italian nobleman, arrived in this city yesterday with one of the finest hand-organs we have ever seen since we were in Rome. During the afternoon he moved through the streets, discoursing rich music, attracting large numbers of listeners among the *états* of our village. We have heard the music of all nations, and a thousand organ-grinders, but none in our judgment could throw such pathos and subtle expression into the machine as does Mr. Likwisky. His rendition of the popular air, 'Bully for me,' was simply superb. He will remain in town for a few days, and families wishing his services by the day can procure them at twenty-five cents. His instrument is set for six tunes, but he can sing and do a very fair jig. Try him a whack!"

CAIRO.—It is said that Madame Artôt will replace Signora Galletti at the Vice-Regal Theatre, as the latter lady will be prevented by circumstances from fulfilling her engagement. Other authorities assert that Madame Parepa-Rosa will be Signora Galletti's substitute.

KARLSRUHE.—It is said that Herr Max Zenger, second or third *Capellmeister* at the Theatre Royal, Munich, will succeed Herr Levi here. Herr Zenger is favourably known for his opera of *Eury Blas*, and his oratorio of *Kain*, the former work having been successfully produced in Mannheim and the latter at Stuttgart.

MILAN.—Signor Cagnoni's latest opera, *Papa Martin*, which was a novelty here, has been successfully produced at the Politeama. Signor Braga's opera, *Gli Avventurieri*, and an entirely new work, *Gara d'Amore*, by Signor Bianchi, are announced at the same theatre.—When the two new theatres, the Teatro dal Verme, otherwise Teatro Donizetti, and the Teatro della Commedia, otherwise the Teatro Goldoni, are completed, as they shortly will be, this city will contain fourteen theatres, namely: the Scala, the Cannobiana, the Carcano, the Santa Radegonda, the Fossati, the Nuovo Rè, the Milanese, the Teatro d'Estate, the Fiando, the Goldoni, and the Donizetti.

STRASSBURG.—The Municipal Council decided that no grant should be allowed the new theatre, and that the Apfel subsidy should be devoted exclusively to the Municipal Conservatory of Music. This decision did not meet with the approval of the superior Administration, who refused to agree to the budget of the Corporation. The Municipal Council were consequently obliged to yield, and allow the theatre a grant. The question now was under what form it should be given. Herr Stockhausen proposed a plan which was unanimously adopted. His idea was that the Corporation shall pay a complete orchestra, and place it gratuitously at the service of the Theatre. This will be equivalent to an annual grant of at least 50,000 francs, but, as a set-off, the members of the band, when not engaged in evening performances or rehearsals, will be at the service of the town. The professors of the Conservatory will be members. The town will thus be enabled to give concerts for artistic and charitable purposes, and continue the series of Conservatory Concerts for which the place has long been famous. The Director of the Conservatory will not conduct at the Theatre.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.—In No. 29 of the *Gartenlaube* we read an account of certain musical doings which strongly suggest a comparison with the late grand Peace Jubilee at Boston. Unique in the annals of music, observes our German contemporary, was the concert given in Dresden on the 13th July, 1615, at the wish of George, Elector of Saxony. The entire concert was to constitute a sort of oratorio, treating of the history of Holofernes. The book was written by a certain Mathæus Pflaumenkern, and the music composed by Hilarius Grundmans, *Hofcantor*. After submitting his plan to the Elector, Grundmans not only obtained the latter's consent, but a present of five barrels of beer from the Electoral brewery, with an order to do something special and extraordinary, the Elector engaging to pay all expenses. On the strength of this, all the musicians of Germany, Switzerland, of the canton of Vaud, of Poland, and of Italy, were invited, with their pupils, to the Grand Musical Festival at Dresden. On the day of St. Cyrillus, the 9th July, 1615, there were 576 instrumentalists, and 990 vocalists in the city. The former had brought with them not only known instruments, but others which were very rare, and which people had never seen before. The monster double-bass of a certain Rapotzky, from Cracow, in Poland, attracted especial attention. It was packed in a waggon drawn by eight mules, and was seven ells high. A short ladder was fitted in a very clever and artistic manner to the instrument, and by means of this ladder Rapotzky produced at pleasure the high and low notes, flying quickly up and down it, bow in hand. A student of the name of Rumpier, from Wittemberg, undertook the part of Holofernes, having previously obtained from Court the special permission to strengthen and moisten,

free of cost, his tremendously powerful bass voice at the tavern. On the appointed day the concert took place behind the Finkenbusch, round a hill, after the necessary scaffolding and stands had been raised for the spectators in front, as well as for the musicians and the Court. For fear Rapotzky's monster double-bass might not be strong enough for the mass of other instruments, the Cantor had a thick ship's cable made fast to the four sweeps of a windmill upon the hill; the cable had to represent the notes of the tenors, and was played on with a blunted wood-saw. Near the semicircle formed by the musicians stood a large organ, which Pater Serapion managed with his fists. Instead of kettle-drums, brewing coppers were substituted, but, as it struck the Cantor that even these might be too weak, the Elector ordered some pieces of ordnance to be brought to the spot; these were kept constantly charged, and let off by the Chief-Court-Cannonier, in strict accordance with the score. This exceedingly strange musical festival was, extraordinarily successful, and excited the admiration of all present.—Among the vocalists, Donna Bigozzi, from Milan, especially distinguished herself, but what with shakes, runs, quavers, specimens of *bravura*, and all sorts of other adornments, she so overtaxed her strength that she died three days afterwards. Rumpier, the student, seconded by the monster double-bass, sang an air with so fearfully fine a voice that every one trembled. The whole wound up with a highly artistic double fugue, during which the two choruses came to blows in all seriousness, for the foreign singers, who represented the flying Assyrians, were pelted with unripe fruit and clods of earth by the Dresden choristers, who had assumed the part of the triumphant Israelites. The Elector was highly amused with this incident, at which he laughed heartily. It was with great difficulty that the strangers could be prevented from paying their adversaries back in their own coin; if they had done so the festival might have come to a mournful termination. Grundmans, the *Hofcantor*, was rewarded with a cask of Niersteiner and fifty Meissner florins.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

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"The manner in which Signor Foli sang Diehl's new song, 'The Mariner,' elicited immense applause; and though the Signor appeared twice on the platform to bow his acknowledgments, the audience would not be content, and he eventually responded to their demands."—*The Nottingham Journal*, Saturday, January 20th, 1872.

"The new song by Diehl, which Signor Foli introduced at a later hour, possesses every element of wide popularity, including, of course, conventionality; and as it was really well sung, its re-demand, which was not complied with, was only natural."—*Birmingham Daily Post*, Thursday, January 18, 1872.

"In Diehl's song of 'The Mariner,' Signor Foli fairly brought down the house."—*Belfast Daily Telegraph*, January 13th, 1872.

"Signor Foli sang the song, 'The Mariner,' in such a manner that he was obliged to repeat it, the audience forgetting his indisposition in their enthusiasm."—*Belfast Times*, January 13th, 1872.

"A new song, 'The Mariner,' was introduced by Signor Foli, who achieved an unqualified success. The execution and manner were so well adapted to the music and words (both of a high character), that the singer fairly won the hearts of his hearers, but the well-merited encore was courteously but firmly declined. We have to thank Signor Foli for introducing this song to our notice: it will form a very pleasing addition to the repertoire of every baritone."—*Derby Mercury*, January 24th.

"A vigorous attempt was made to encore Signor Foli in a capital new song, 'The Mariner,' by Diehl, but without success."—*Bath Chronicle*, February 1.

"In the second part, Signor Foli gave 'The Mariner,' a new song, which is likely to become as favourite a piece as 'The Village Blacksmith.' So far as demonstrative public favour is concerned, Signor Foli carried away the honours of the night, for the encore which followed 'The Mariner' was a thorough storm. The Signor was literally taken by storm, too, for three times bowing of acknowledgment, with a shake of the head, meant to be a decisive negating of the re-demand, would not satisfy the audience, and at last another song was elicited."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*, January 27th.

"The piece which secured Signor Foli most applause was Diehl's 'Mariner.' This called forth such loud and prolonged applause that he was compelled to repeat it—two re-appearances on the stage, in response to the recall, being insufficient to satisfy the audience."—*Cardiff Times*, February 3rd.

"The new song, 'The Mariner,' was vociferously re-demanded. Signor Foli declined the honour of a recall, but after twice bowing his acknowledgments, the clamour, in which some part of the audience chose to indulge forced from him another song."—*Bradford Observer*, January 28th.

"Signor Foli's powerful and rich voice was heard to great advantage in 'The Mariner,' which elicited an encore."—*Leeds Mercury*, January 25th.

"In 'The Mariner,' a new song by Diehl, Signor Foli so gratified his audiences that he was recalled three times, and eventually yielded to the encore."—*Nottingham Daily Guardian*, Saturday, January 20th, 1872.

## PAULINE LUCCA.

BY G. HACKLÄNDER.

"Have you heard Lucca?"

This question is now the welcome and rallying word heard in the grand and fine city of Berlin. If you are a stranger just arrived in an hotel, "Unter den Linden," or anywhere else, if you have just settled nicely down in a comfortable room, and if the waiter appears, in consequence of a rap at the door, followed by a vigorous: "come in," on your side, his first question will be:

"Have you heard Mdme. Lucca?"

You deliver your letters of introduction in the hospitable capital, and are invited to a dinner such as can now be enjoyed in Berlin only; you sit down to table; you spread out your napkin, and you are about to begin your soup, when your host, turning towards you with an air of importance, says:

"Have you heard Mdme. Lucca?"

You want to escape the spell of this fatal question which pursues you everywhere, even at Court; you wish to be spared the nervous effect which the repetition of it produces on you, so you run down into the country, on a visit to some amiable family you are very fond of, and who pass their days in the deepest retirement of rustic life. A fair and charming cousin advances and greets you with: "My dear cousin, I am so glad to see you. Where do you come from?"—"From Berlin,"—"From Berlin? Oh! how delightful!"

"Have you heard Mdme. Lucca?"

Yes, the Berliners must always have some one or other, with whom they can do a little bit of idolatry. The idol was once Henriette Sontag, then Charlotte von Hagen, and afterwards Johanna Wagner; the last, beautiful, bewitching little idol, a sylph, hobgoblin, demon, and flibbertygibbet all in one, is called Pauline Lucca.

But really and truly the Berliners are not to blame.

The bills announce one of the four operas, *Les Huguenots*, *Faust*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *La Figlia del Reggimento*, in which the Berliners like best to see their pet; before the theatre the public maintain order; inside, the magnificent house is full up to the springers of the ceiling; representatives of Royalty, and members of the highest aristocracy, are visible in the stage boxes; in the boxes on the pit-tier you behold old and young European diplomatists in the most touching concord with each other; the pit is occupied by persons of the well-to-do middle class, and by those individuals who have built themselves a cupola pointing upwards to the sky at Berlin, as well as elsewhere—we mean a synagogue; on the first tier, sit the mass of the nobility, the officers, and the higher officials, the other gradations of government *employés* following in due succession, up to the regions where milliners' girls, apprentices, and porters, jostle, push, and crush each other.

The curtain has been up some time, but no interest is manifested till she comes; then there are flowers, bravos, and thunders of applause from the front, and from her large, half blue, half grey, eyes, with their long black eyelashes, surmounted by finely arched brows, there is one glance—not the rapid, gracious glance of a *prima donna*—the thanks of a gentle, roguish, and somewhat spoilt child. Every person present in the immense house fancies the glance was directed at him, and those indescribable eyes exercise a dreamy fascination. She sings. There have been, perhaps, fuller, more powerful, and more extensive voices; other singers may have been more accomplished *virtuoses*, and more correct in the production of quavers and shakes, but the sounds which flow from her lips seem the only real singing; no one but Pauline Lucca can sing like it; there is nothing acquired, nothing premeditated about it; so, too, must the personage represented have looked; so must he or she have moved; any other supposition is the supposition of an impossibility. Everything wells up from the springs of a grand and fertile nature. Heaven first gave her the voice of a nightingale, and then said: "Now sing!"—and she sang like the bird in the sunshine of spring; she sang with every sense, with every thought, with every emotion of her soul. You may call it the artless art of nature; genial caprice, and so on; but there is one thing you must admit: it produces its effect; it inspires, it carries you away—it imposes its influence on you. And in what does her secret consist? In her wondrous and peculiar ways.

Most persons never succeed, properly speaking, in having any ways of their own, our modern system of education being so admirably calculated to nip in the bud anything of the kind. In saying this, we do not mean to insinuate that Pauline had no education; we merely desire to imply that favourable circumstances were at work to maintain uninjured her peculiar disposition. But would not our readers like to hear the celebrated singer herself speak?—Here is an episode out of her early youth, related in her own words:—

"When I was sent to a boarding school I was not nine; I had previously been to a day-school, but as a rich man's child, and as such no one ever learned anything. I soon found out how bitter was the change. It was long before I could silence my childish heart, and put up quietly with all the humiliations and slights to which I was subjected; although, however, I managed to do so. But I was destined to achieve a triumph even here. About a year and a half elapsed, and an examination was fast drawing near. Everyone else looked forward to it on the tiptoe of excitement, but I awaited it with perfect indifference. I knew very well that no questions would be put to me. Every day a master used to give us lessons in singing from twelve to about one. The reader must not imagine, however, that there was any regular course of instruction; the girls had to sing to a violin, and were mechanically drilled, like so many canary birds. The lesson was attended by only a few, because it had to be paid for extra. I was permitted to take part in it, not as a favour, for I was never to sing; but, in the absence of a desk, I served to hold the music for the others. Previous to the examination, my schoolmates had a number of songs drilled into them, which songs they were to sing to the Examiner and the general public. I recollect this striking me at the time as indescribably absurd. The examination approached nearer and nearer. We were all admirably prepared. The mistress of the school, an old maid, got ready her best cap, which never failed to inspire us with a feeling of reverential awe. At last, the grand day came. We had all been ordered to wear a certain toilet, a command which placed my poor mother in a state of no slight embarrassment. As we had been told, too, we put on the most solemn, anxious faces, and awaited, with beating hearts, the course of events. Gradually the room was filled with parents, guardians, brothers and sisters, who, of course, brought with them a swarm of friends and acquaintances. 'He' only, the great, the deeply feared man, the Examiner, was still wanting. As a matter of course, I was placed on the last bench, in order, as I was laughingly, and thereby consolingly, informed, that I might look like a 'big girl,' though I was a bit of a thing hardly as tall as the bench on which I sat. The examination went off very well. I was called on once, at the very moment I was not thinking the least of such a thing, and had just made myself as comfortable as possible. Of course, I could not answer a word. Indeed, I had scarcely heard the question. I quickly sat down again amid the derisive laughter of the other girls, while the mistress frowned severely. The Examiner, however, put on a most knowing look, as if he considered my answer extremely clever. So things proceeded very satisfactorily. When the examination was nearly over, those girls rose who were to be examined in singing. I was involuntarily brought back by the rustling to the Present; and, on looking up, beheld, two paces off, my mother, who, quite pale, and with tears in her eyes, was gazing at me reproachfully. This affected me more than derision, or the severity of my teachers. I felt ashamed. The thought: 'How can you make amends for your fault?' flashed through my brain like lightning. I had been told not to play the part of the desk during the examination; I was to sit still while the others were singing. Suddenly I thought—'You shall sing.' I knew all the songs by heart, but how was I to manage so as to be allowed to sing one? However, the idea of pleasing my mother did not permit me take account of any obstacles. When the signal for standing up was given, I rose too, and went forward with the others. The mistress cast a furious, and, at the same time, astounded, look at me. I did not observe it. In order not to make a disturbance, nothing was said. When all the others had sung in turn, each her particular piece, the master was about to get up. But the Examiner, whom I had kept staring at throughout the proceedings, turned suddenly to me. 'Well, and what

"can you sing for us?" he asked. "Anything," I answered boldly. "Oh—indeed! Well, then, sing the last little song!" I turned up my nose somewhat, for the song was a very insignificant one, and I wanted to sing the 'Ave, Maria,' which one of the girls, who was ill, had learnt. I took the music, and sang it right to the end without a fault, and with so clear and bell-like a voice, that most of those present literally opened their eyes and mouths as wide as they could. Appetite comes with eating, we are told. When I had finished, I was exceedingly vexed that there were not at least ten verses more. I looked round. My mother was smiling through her tears. My little girlish heart swelled high. I recollected the humiliations to which I had been subjected, and I resolved to take a brilliant revenge. Stepping forward, and casting one look more at my mother to gain courage, I begged the Examiner to let me sing something else. He consented, and I chose the 'Ave, Maria,' a simple, but indescribably touching composition, which I can never sing even now without the tears coming into my eyes. I sang it—but how? I do not know. All I recollect is that, when I had finished, I felt the breath from a pair of lips, and warm drops on my forehead. It was the Examiner. "My dear, you have sung like a little angel," he said, with a voice full of emotion, as he kept embracing me. I turned towards the other girls, but saw only long faces. One alone, the young Baroness von H—, flung her arms round my neck, and congratulated me on my success. My mother was in raptures; she could not look at me enough. Again and again did she ask me with amazement where I had learnt to sing so beautifully. I told her laughingly I did not know."

Pauline Lucca commenced her professional career by entering the chorus of the Kärntnertheater. She showed what she could do when she sang one of the Bridesmaids in *Der Freischütz*. She would willingly have remained for a salary of 600 florins a year, had not Herr Eckert, the then conductor, who is now at Stuttgart, said she had no voice, and was of no use. This man made her fortune. She went as *prima donna* to Olmütz, where she studied eighteen new parts in one winter. Here her reputation began to spread; in Prague, it was established. In the latter city she was heard by the Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal, Berlin. Herr von Hülsen is always a good judge of what he sees and hears, no matter what others may say against it; he secured Madame Lucca for the Royal Operahouse Berlin, of which she has now been the pride and glory for three years. Her reputation and artistic development may now be regarded as at their culminating point. Even the extraordinary richness of her natural gifts could hardly promise more magnificent results.

If we direct our attention to her private life, we find in it two things eminently touching and deserving of respect: the first is her love for her mother, who is, and has always been, her inseparable counsellor and companion; the second is the fact that she, the spoilt favourite of a large capital, surrounded by the homage of the fashionable world, in the midst of satin-covered furniture, cashmeres, and costly carpets, does not forget that she was not brought up among such objects; that her youth was rich only in privations. She has a fine residence, and she dresses well, because her social position requires it, but she became acquainted too soon with the serious side of life for her heart to cling to such outward things; she regards them with a certain melancholy. Indeed, there is in her nature a profundity unknown, perhaps, to herself. This is manifested in sudden astonishing notions; in a laughing remark behind which deep earnestness lies concealed; and in the rapid transition from melancholy to roguishness, and *vice versa*. To the persons, or most of the persons, belonging to the theatre, except when her art forms the subject of discussion, and sometimes not even then, she has but little to say. Pauline Lucca is never at a loss. However foreign a subject may be to her, she will quickly master it intellectually in the course of conversation, and her opinion will always be to the point. Though most zealous and industrious in filling up the gaps in her education, she still finds time for doing some most beautiful embroidery work. It is true that she is a great gainer by declining nearly every invitation, and by not condescending to sing in a drawing-room, and thus enlist hands ready to applaud her on the stage, and to get up a family clacque of her own—a kind of clacque very prevalent abroad. She does not require it; she leaves it for artists of small talent who

do; she can occupy her time better with some manual occupation or interesting book. It is immaterial to her whether she is speaking to a reigning sovereign or to some plain individual like herself; she indulges in no twisting of phrases, no clever lip-salve; she is always simple and unconstrained, always suggestive and interesting; she bewitches one without being aware she is doing so. Without having learnt, she knows everything, with one exception, and that is dancing; but this very fact is, perhaps, a proof that she is artistically and intellectually gifted by nature, and that such is the case, may not surprise the reader when we inform him that Pauline Lucca was born on a "golden Sunday," as the Germans call it—that is on one of the four Sundays of Ordination.

#### A NEW MUSICAL TERM.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Not long ago Dr. Rahles was asked by a musical friend to be so good as to give him an explanation of the expression, a "Tonic Sol-faist," or "Tonic Sol-fa Singer," which he had read so much of lately in different journals. After having properly discussed the subject, *in toto*, to his friend, the Doctor added:—"Is it not a strange idea at the present time to substitute and use foreign names, when we may easily find equivalents in English, which will not only better explain, and give force to, but also designate the subject at once, and more clearly? Why not use for 'Tonic Sol-faist,' or 'Tonic Sol-fa Singer,' the word, 'Musicmonger,' and for 'Tonic Sol-fa system,' 'Musicmongery system,' including, also, in the meaning of them, the '*Bouche Fermée*,' or 'Nose music,' which the adherents of this system so much admire and support, and which most likely will form a new feature in the course of instruction in those schools where they teach singing and tend to show off the superiority of musical notation? And how musical would it sound in reading an advertisement—viz: "On such a day there will take place a concert, under the conductorship of Mr. A. or P., in which 2000 young 'Musicmongers' will assist in the performance of Beethoven's Grand Mass." It is to be hoped that in future our musical dictionaries may adopt the more graphic and descriptive terms of "Musicmonger" and "Musicmongery;" the first as substitute for "Tonic Sol-faist," the second for the Instruction of Notation in the same system, and in both together the "*Bouche Fermée*," or "Nose singing!"—and how grand it would appear when the ardent admirers of their particular system read or heard of a "Musicmonger College," or a yearly "International Musicmonger Meeting."

FAIRPLAY.

#### STORY'S BUST OF BEETHOVEN.

The following is an extract from a letter addressed to the *Evening Bulletin* of Philadelphia:—

"Story is now modelling a bust of Beethoven. He owns the mask of the great composer, which was taken during life (?) for Stryker. I went into Story's studio, on Saturday, to see the Electra at the tomb of Agamemnon, which is finished, and was cast yesterday. I found Story as gay and chirrupy as a boy, at work on the Beethoven. He was rumbling over in his throat and chest the motive of the 7th Symphony—symphony in *La*—and imitating playfully, the various instruments, especially the passage where the strings reply to the wind instruments, a sort of musical declamation. Story is not making an ideal, handsome portrait of Beethoven. He is copying the mask exactly in all its homely fidelity giving it vitality through expression.

"It is a grim ugly face, with a decided mulatto type, especially in the nose. Thayer, the biographer of Beethoven, was in Rome this spring. I saw and talked a great deal with him. He says Beethoven looked like a little ugly mulatto, he was very short, had a yellow skin, broad spread out nose, and projecting teeth, over which his heavy lips shut. The mask gives all this faithfully, with a slight Indian look about the cheekbone. Beethoven had, also, that concentrated expression in the eyes, brow, and mouth, of morbid discontent, which a face of mixed blood is apt to wear when part of the blood is ignoble and the brains akin to divinity.

"In Story's bust the scar on the chin is evident. The under lip is placed firmly, viciously up against the upper, and this gives a sort of leonine muzzle, quite in keeping with the lion look of the head. Some human heads seem to have the rudiments of the ape; some of the bull-dog and horse; Beethoven's had the lion. In Story's conception, eyes and mouth make you think instantly of the composer's mind, delving away, deep down, for richer and fuller harmonies and rhythmical developments. No wonder Story's memory brought to him the *allegretto* of the seventh Symphony, as his imagination, or "*L'Autre* within him," as De Maistre said, modelled in the clay that bold, grim, almost savage expression of the bust. When Beethoven composed the Symphony in *La*, he was standing on a bridge which led to a great realm that he afterwards explored, and brought from it what some of his contemporaries called Madness in Music. From that moment he laboured in a sphere where, mortal hearing was of no use—his guides were profound harmonic science and deep thought."

## THE PAST DRAMATIC SEASON.

Opportunity is offered by the slackness now existing at the theatres to turn our regard from the new pieces which generally monopolise the attention of the critics to certain matters connected with the theatres, to which in busier seasons we are not able to direct our regards. Seldom has a season more prosperous than that just closed filled the pockets of managers. Every concurrent sign of success has met together, and the result has been a general burst of triumph. Scarcely an entertainment of any kind which has not come in for the smiles of fortune, and there is no reason to doubt that twice the number of theatres now open could have succeeded during recent weeks in attracting overflowing audiences. Not wholly satisfactory is, perhaps, the lesson to be learnt from the past season's experience. It is, however, still far from hopeless. One class of entertainment, alone, has found no patronage or next to none. A sort of attempt to keep before the public Shaksperian performances has been made at one or two houses, and notoriously, at the Queen's, whereat a certain measure of popularity has attended the production of *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, and other important works. Very small, however, is the allowance of dramatic bread to the prodigious quantity of dramatic sack. Neither was there any representative character about the performances at this house, which, though fairly satisfactory in one or two important instances, could not pretend to a cast that could compare with those which playgoers have been accustomed to witness on like occasions. Leaving on one side Shakspera, however, (and we are not so foolish as to recommend managers to endeavour to coerce or compel the tastes of audiences,) little for which to be sorry presents itself. Pieces of sterling merit have been presented at different theatres, and always with a success that holds out ample encouragement to future experiments in the same direction. Almost all, if not all, the poetical plays which have been written of late years—and the true poetical play includes such productions as Mr. Gilbert's fairy comedies—have been triumphs. One piece, of an eminently poetic character, has been withdrawn from the Lyceum, not on account of any failure of attraction, but because the season is at an end. This is the version of *Medea*, extracted by Mr. W. G. Wills, from Euripides and M. Legouvé, and presented recently, with Miss Bateman in the great central character. So soon as people return from mountain, lake, sea-side, and river-side, this piece will, doubtless, be replaced upon the stage, and will be seen by such amateurs of high art as have not hitherto had the opportunity of witnessing it. Of play and performance we have spoken so recently, that there is no excuse for recurring to either. It is still satisfactory and edifying to find that the public can be drawn in crowds to an entertainment of this kind. Shakspeare's best known plays, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*, are not better known than this often-treated Euripidean fable, which is a text book at most schools. Its performance, however, in the sultriest weather was witnessed by applauding thousands, and its revival will be a matter of general interest. The coming work of Mr. Wills will be looked for with interest by all who care for the future of dramatic art in England. In a previous experiment of this gentleman—the drama of *Broken Spells*, produced at the Court Theatre—he had the advantage of association with the most experienced of those of our dramatists who aim at highest art, the play being written in collaboration with Dr. Westland Marston. That a piece composed under such auspices should be a success was a foregone conclusion. Among the pieces which stand on the border line of the poetical drama, may be included *The Belle*, as the masterly version, by Mr. Leopold Lewis, of the dramatic study of MM. Ereckmann-Chatrain, *Le Juif Polonais*, is called. For many a month to come the minds of playgoers will be haunted by recollections of the figure of Mathias, as presented with terrible force by Mr. Irving. To the marvellous power of this representation no small share of the great success of the piece must be accorded. Mr. Irving is, however, not free from the vice of all English actors—that of being played upon by their audiences to whom they yield so far as to spoil by exaggeration performances which at first are good. In front of the actor is a public which applauds always at the wrong place, and mistakes, and will continue to mistake, noise for passion and vehemence for effect. To resist so dangerously seductive an influence as the cheers of these groundlings requires the forbearance, resolution, and self-denial of a great artist. Almost all English representations which start by being fine, end by being exaggerated, thanks to this most dangerous and deplorable of influences. In comedy and in tragedy it is alike felt, and the Lord Dundreary of Mr. Sothorn has suffered as much from its influence as the Macbeth of Mr. Phelps. It certainly has exercised most damaging influence upon Mr. Irving, whose later representations of Mathias could not for artistic value be compared with the earlier. One felt in seeing the later presentation of this character that it was a marvellous display of power. Our sense, however, that no other actor except Mr. Irving could have given it, was near being accompanied by a wish that he could not. Mr. Taylor's recently produced play of *Dead or Alive*, at the Queen's Theatre, may

also claim to belong to the imaginative drama. Balzac, from whom, as we showed, the principal facts of the story are taken, though a writer of the realistic school, imbued all things he touched with most powerful psychological interest. The struggle in the mind of the old man, who feels himself shorn of the rewards of a life of honour, and who watches with dismay his daughter used as a means of decoying him into the loss of his liberty, is powerfully conceived; and the entire play may rank as work of an order much higher than the average.

Little of interest at other theatres belongs especially to the present season. Mr. Gilbert's comedy at the Haymarket, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, belongs rather to the penultimate season than to that with which we are more immediately concerned. Its continued prosperity is a sign, however, that the public is not indifferent to good art when it can get it. Distinct specialities of the past season have been the French performances. The success of the Comédie Française has led to a visit from other companies, and these have come down upon us in a swarm. It may be said of them that those with most genuine merit have been most successful. It is satisfactory to note that the reception awarded to performances of this class is almost always in proportion to their merit. The lees of a company have no chance in London. Its full wine is gladly welcomed. That siren, Madame Chaumont, has taken all hearts by storm, and has raised the fortune of the St. James's Theatre to the highest point. It has, indeed, in all respects of price and fashion been like a second, or rather a third opera, during the stay of this most vivacious of actresses. How far her performances will bear mature consideration may be questioned; but their immediate influence upon an audience is not easy to resist or to over-estimate. Beside this enchantress, we have had the popular favourite, Mdle. Schneider. In the early part of the season some excellent plays were performed, *L'Aigle* being presented by M. Maurier Coste and Madame Crosnier, and the *Camaraderie* of M. Scribe, the *Filles de Marbre* of M. Barriere, the *Dalila* of M. Octave Feuillet, and *Nos Intimes* and *Pattes de Mouches* of M. Sardou exhibiting the acting of many excellent comedians, and some of the highest rank, among whom may be counted M. Brindeau, M. Parade, and Madame Farguill. It is satisfactory to know that the gratification afforded by this entertainment will not be lost through the untoward death of M. Felix. Arrangements have been made to continue the programme under a committee of management of which Mdme. Felix, and that excellent artist, M. Schey, are members.

At the Globe, the company of the Folies Marigny, headed by Mdle. Paola Marié, MM. Lucas and Milher, have given opera bouffe with encouraging success. The performance of *Le Canard à Trois Bees* was excellent, and the whole entertainment has been of an exceptionally high order. A less toward fate has been that of a portion of the Opera Comique company, which took possession of the house named after itself, but did not long retain it. On the cause of the failures of this experiment it is needless to say more than that London requires the best company to make an enterprise remunerative. Mr. J. S. Clarke has continued at the Strand his representation of the characters of a past day, appearing in plays of Colman, and subsequently as the hero of Poole's comedy, *Paul Pry*. Another revival has been the younger Colman's play of *John Bull* given for a very brief period at the Gaiety. At this same theatre a dramatic version, by Mr. Charles Reade, of Mr. Antony Trollope's novel, *Ralph the Heir*, had a fair success under the name of *Shilly Shally*. A letter from Mr. Trollope shows that the play to which his name was appended appeared without his consent or authority.

At other theatres little of interest has been done. Comedies of the past generation have proved remunerative at the Prince of Wales's, Vaudeville, and the Court, and melodrama has flourished at its customary house, the Adelphi. Mr. Fechter's short re-appearance at the Princess's is also an event of importance.—J. K.

WIESBADEN.—Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* was given by special desire, with Mdle. Vlass as the heroine, the Emperor of Germany being present at the performance.—Herr Theodor Wachtel is at his villa, near here, resting from the fatigues of his American tour. He seems, however, to have strange ideas about rest, for he is being coached by Dr. Jahn in the part of Lohengrin. Of course, he will now become a great favourite with the Wagnerites.

MUNICH.—There has been a report lately to the effect that the Baron von Perfall was about to retire, and be succeeded as Intendant General by Herr Hans von Balow; there is, however, no truth in it.—A certain Herr Ludwig van Beethoven, from Vienna, and his wife have been swindling here for some time past to the tune of some ten thousand florins or more. Finding the place was at length growing rather too hot to be pleasant, the worthy couple decamped, leaving their victims the rather unsatisfactory satisfaction of having them tried criminally in their absence. The man, it appears, as a descendant of the great composer, obtained a thousand florins from the King.

## THADDEUS EGG ON DIVIDING THE SPOILS.

"Mein Gott! what a city to sack"—said the old Prussian warrior, whilst passing in procession through Chesapeake. May not the goddess of music utter some such exclamation as she alights upon the fashionable "West-end" for the season? Blucher knew that the valour of his soldiers needed the stimulants of food and gold; and the vast hosts the goddess of music summons from every region of the earth require such billettages as London alone can give. There she always keeps a large army of occupation, but, for the season-campaign, conscriptions from every tribe of the civilised world are made. What a cosmopolitan crowd they are!—and how cheerfully they flock to be her ministrants! No nationality is proclaimed; the German and French, so recently locked in a death's-struggle, are billing and cooing, the Italian and Australian are in unison, the Russian and Pole are harmonious, while the English and Yankee sink all claims but those made by art. The cynic may say that the Muse is not of heavenly form, that her accents are ever modulated to tickle the sensuous ear of such a fickle patroness, that the musician is even as the milliner, the poor slave of society's caprices, and that the multitudes of artists are but the hangers-on of the rich who congregate at the "West-end" in early summer. From the lap, however, of the wanton Mistress Fashion the goddess of music snatches piles of gold and scatters them amongst her followers. "Live and enjoy," says she, "the rewards of my service, all ye that sing, and pipe, and play at my command." Unfortunately she is not a *Communist*, but is, invariably, unequal in the distribution of her favours. To some she gives a hundredfold, to others ten, and there are those who rarely catch but the meanest thing she showers abroad. The poor English musician sends forth, from time to time, sad wailings at her injustice, protesting that his German, French, and Italian brethren grasp well nigh all the treasures that should be his. England's gold for the English is his cry. Are we not constrained to pity his complainings, although we may not admit the justice of his claims? Piteously he urges:—"Have I not spent my youth and means to obtain proficiency in my art? Have I not a home, a wife and family to keep? Do I not pay rent and taxes, which the foreigner evades? Yet an undue preference is at all times given to the stranger. In the fields in which I have sown I am but a poor gleaner after the foreign harvestman."—Too true it is that in all branches of art home produce is at a discount. The usual British boast of being *naïve* born proves in music a badge of inferiority and a brand of humiliation. The English for many generations have held the art to be entirely an exotic; and fashion patronizes nothing unless labelled "foreign." Vain would it be to attempt to guide the erratic councils of Mistress Fashion; but we may appeal to the good sense and justice of our countrymen for those gifted minstrels amongst us who never rise to the surface in that vortex—the London season. Not only would we plead for the neglected *artist*, but also for the many honest and industrious *labourers* in the field of art. Those performers in our orchestras, whose individuality is merged in the bands of which they form component parts—for those we claim equal justice with the foreigner. We ask not mercy but fair play, that merit alone should turn the scale when they are put in competition with their continental rivals. We fear, however, no interest, be it ever so languid, can be excited in their cause. Their wailings of distress at the inundation of strangers are unheeded; for the Englishman generally careth for none of those things, and his notions of free trade would induce him to open wider the ports, rather than to shut them against musical merchandise. In commercial language, he would say—"we are consumers, not producers; a music-loving people, but not creators or cultivators of the art."

The special claims of the English musician are difficult to enforce by the fact that music is cosmopolitan; its language is universal; its prophets discourse in like accents to all nations; the barriers of speech which divide race from race, and tribe from tribe are not known in the realm of Music; and all speak the same tongue, as did the human family before turning builders of Babel's tower. Therefore the pretensions and passions of patriotism have but little force. Would, for the sake of the English musician, that Music were international with him in its dealings and advantages, as well as cosmopolitan in its nature: then he would be enabled to return the visits so abundantly paid him by his foreign brethren. But our musician, contrary to the instincts of other Britons, has no faculty for emigration. Continental cities know him not, his talents find no appreciation either in France, Italy, or Germany. Only as a student with well lined pockets is he ever welcomed by the fellow-countrymen of those who swarm our streets, fill our orchestras, and take possession, as professors and teachers, of our schools.

We would counsel our musicians to inquire into the causes of this depreciation, at home and abroad. Is there none other cause than the prejudice of fashion? The foreigner impertinently and contemptuously declares that a superiority of education, and a greater love for the art secure him success over the stupid, English—the native rival.

He boasts the power of speaking in two or three languages, and is, consequently, in some degree familiar with continental literature. Now we must candidly admit he has great advantages thereby in his relations with the educated classes of this country. The English instrumentalist although fairly educated, can seldom utter an intelligible sentence in any other tongue than his own. He may have waded through the drudgery and have conquered all the difficulties of his art, and have become master in his special department, yet he almost invariably neglects to acquire those essential accomplishments of language which a professor of a fine art should command. In a performer this gift of tongues evidences travel and culture, and secures approbation and popularity; in a teacher it proves a far greater recommendation than any technical ability in music. A pianist who speaks German and French with fluency is sure to become a favourite master in the fashionable circle, private family, and public school.

It is also alleged by the boastful foreigner that the Englishman loves art less than himself. This we doubt. Though we may not possess the talent of our neighbours, we are a music-loving people; and our professors have devotion, if not passion, for their calling. True it is, an Englishman is not demonstrative; on all occasions, and to all persons, he is in manner cold; and often where he loves the more he shows the less. This national characteristic, so estimable in many things, is detrimental and well nigh fatal in matters musical. To love and appear indifferent, at times, may be dignified: to feel acutely and hide all emotion may often be noble and stoical; but to excite passion in others, to command interest, to move the sympathies, and to quicken the feelings of an audience, an enthusiasm of manner, a warmth of utterance, and even an exaggeration of expression are necessary. To make others enjoy melodious strains the performer must appear to delight in the theme. To kindle rapture the soul's earnestness must be manifest and communicated. How often do we see in our countrymen and women merits of a high order perish by being conveyed in a lifeless form? The English artist rarely can break through the stiffness that cripples him. A certain feeling of false shame prevents him pouring forth his heart's emotion. To assume the varied passions of his theme he feels to be weak and unmanly. Like Snug, he wants to make an apology that he is not really a lion, but only Snug. The Englishman's natural timidity in public, and his education that trains him to affect insensibility before strangers, doubtless are the causes of the frigidity of our public performers. In the private practice of the profession, there is also a crudeness of manner in the English teacher. He may be painstaking, conscientious, and industrious in his lessons, but to succeed he must interest; and although he may feel his daily task a drudgery, yet he should strive to delight and amuse, as well as instruct. The sturdy, blunt independence of the Briton is sure to fail against the grace and polish of address, and the courtier-like flattery of the Italian or German; with the one a music lesson is a grave surgical operation, with the other a painless "blood letting." The Englishman revolts against being hypocrite or "flunkey." The foreigner lives to please, and prospers. If an executant, our foreigner is rarely seen to be oppressed by any "cloud of witnesses," never to crouch in the rear, but to struggle to the front; and we should not condemn him too severely if he trample upon the weak-nerved and bashful native in the scramble for the spoils.

THADDEUS EGG.

## Our Flag.

Flag of our ancestors!  
Flag of our pride,  
Guarding thee royally,  
Heroes have died;  
We who would die for thee  
Proudly as they,  
Proudly, in choral song,  
Hail thee to-day!

Need for no vaunting cry,—  
Thou art unfurled!  
Bright beams the heraldry  
Known to a world.  
Wing of the strong eagle,  
Flung on the blast,  
Stilled are earth's strongest ones  
Till thou hast passed!

Peace, with sweet liberty  
Dearer than life,  
These thou hast won for us,—  
Sign of red strife!  
These thou hast held for us,—  
Long shalt thou hold,—  
These are thy blazonries,  
Banner of gold!

Let battle signal come,  
Thou shalt be there;  
There,—with the thunder-drum,  
Wild trumpet-blare,—  
We, as our fathers stood,  
Stern by thy side;  
Flag of our ancestors!  
Flag of our pride!

Shirley Brooks.

[These vigorous, poetical, and admirable stanzas have been set to congenial music, by Mr. Frederic Clay.—ED.]

### Shaber Silber at the Brighton Aquarium.

It was interesting to notice that, with the exception of the indispensable lobster, not one of the numerous kinds of fish for which such admirable accommodation has been provided at the Brighton Aquarium was represented at the banquet by which the opening of the institution, on Saturday, was celebrated. The Mayor of Brighton had, in his initiatory speech, laid so much stress on the intelligence and good feeling displayed by fishes, that to have presented too many specimens on the dinner table might have seemed bad taste. The fact, too, is that scarcely any of the fish we are in the habit of meeting in a cooked condition are as yet to be found in the magnificent submarine hotel, prepared by the Brighton Company for the reception of fish in general. Probably the difficult tastes and habits of the salmon will render it impossible to furnish him with a suitable residence in the Brighton Aquarium, which has been arranged with a special view to the requirements of purely salt water fish. Nevertheless, salmon-trout are in rough weather caught on the Brighton beach, just beneath the Aquarium walls, and might, we should think, be easily brought to live a resigned if not a contented life in one of its elaborately fitted up and carefully guarded cells. Mackerel abound off the south coast, and are caught by the Brighton fishermen in myriads during the summer and autumn months; but no mackerel seems hitherto to have found its way to the Brighton Aquarium. Soles and whittings, turbot and cod are equally absent. We thought that we recognized a Russian sterlet, which, in its own country, is supposed to be unable to live out of the waters of the Volga; and numbers of odd fish were to be seen, with names and peculiarities better known to naturalists than to diners out. What we took to be "gurnards," who have already acquired a sort of celebrity among the inmates of the Aquarium, have queer shaped heads and beautifully bright blue eyes, which, under the influence of emotion (as from the bite of a fellow gurnard), acquire a deeper and more intense hue. Shell fish apart, the only fish domiciled at the Brighton Aquarium who can be said to enjoy a kitchen reputation is the eel—so unprepossessing in appearance as he slips and wriggles about on the marble slab of the fishmonger's shop, but full of grace when he is seen gliding through the water with the ease and buoyancy of a bird in the air. Indeed, the only objection that a hypercritic would make to its truly poetical movement is a certain touch of affectation in the complacency with which, peacock-like, the eel displays and gently curls the tail which is to him both an ornament and a rudder. The conger eel (happily a stranger to our tables, but, in France, sometimes made into soup) winds his way through the unresisting water with a calm majesty which is very imposing; but the silvery eel of commerce and of the cuisine is the more attractive animal of the two, and his brightness and transparency are such that they might reconcile the most prejudiced of his too numerous enemies to a belief in the delicacy of his flavour.

Shell-fish are plentiful enough at the Aquarium, and no cell seems to be considered complete without a certain number of oysters and crabs, who occupy the lowest position in submarine society, and, both from their station and from the nature of their occupations, may be looked upon as the plebeians of the sea. They cannot swim—which, in their ocean world, means they cannot rise. Worse than that, they perform useful offices for their fellow fish, the crabs clearing up impurities, while the oysters absorb lime. Meantime, fishes of the nobler, gentler kind, who would be ashamed to clear up impurities, and cannot absorb lime, float, dive, ascend and descend, exhibit themselves in the best light, and amuse themselves in every possible way. Between the aristocratic fish, who pass their lives swimmingly, and the democratic fish, who labour ignobly, pick up their insufficient, unwholesome food as best they can, and when they are neither feeding nor working, quarrel and fight among themselves, may be placed the turtles, who, now crawling at the bottom, now sailing about with the freedom and elegance of animated ironclads, may be compared to fat, well-to-do members of the middle class, aiming at the habits of the class above them, while preserving, to some extent, those of the class below them.

It has been said that shell-fish are quarrelsome; and persons of weak digestion will, no doubt, take a malicious pleasure in reflecting that they cannot agree even with one another. The fights between the crabs are something terrible to witness—terrible, however, rather from the fury with which the fighting is carried on, than from any perceptibly tragic results. Each combatant being cased in armour, the blows, however well directed, fall harmless. But sometimes one crab tries to run another down—and when crab meets crab the tug of war is fearful.

The struggles between crab and oyster are not perfectly intelligible. One such contest, conducted on both sides with determination and, of course, in death-like silence, lasted on Saturday for at least two hours. It was going on when the Aquarium was officially opened, and it had not ceased when the Aquarium was deserted for the dinner in the Pavilion. "Going on," however, is scarcely the word; for if it was puzzling to make out how the duel had begun, it was still more

difficult to understand how it was being continued, and impossible to form any notion as to how it would terminate. Some thought the crab, catching the oyster with his mouth open, had thrust in one of his feelers with the view of scooping him out and devouring him. Others were confident that the oyster, lying as if in ambush for the crab, and pretending, as the crab passed, to be fast asleep, had suddenly opened upon him, seized him by the leg, and was now holding him as in a vice. Whether the crab was endeavouring to pick out the oyster, or the oyster trying to suck in the crab, was a problem which it was not given to the unscientific mind to solve. Nor was it possible to say which of the two combatants was having the best of the fight. Each seemed perfectly passive; and a gentleman who looked in on his way to Lewes races, when the fight was at its coldest, declared himself willing to lay even money against either.

Whether the Aquarium will be one of the permanent attractions of Brighton remains to be seen. Every one speaks against Brighton, on the ground that it presents "a sea without ships," "a shore without sand," "a country without trees," and for other curious reasons (as, for instance, that you can get everything you want there, and that it is "so like London"); but every one goes to Brighton. Every one, on the other hand, praises the Aquarium, and it is quite possible that, when the first novelty of the thing has worn off, it will be somewhat neglected. The most interesting thing in it just now is, no doubt, the fish. But if the fish should some day lose their charm for the public, the Aquarium (like the Crystal Palace, when the first attractiveness of the Courts had passed away), ought still to be a favourite place of resort. It is a subterranean hall, or rather a subterranean succession of arched chambers, beautiful by their architecture, beautiful also by their decoration, and where, however little interest an exhibition of fish may possess for the public from a purely scientific point of view, the fish, in their large glass cases, must still be looked upon with admiration, as living, glittering, ever-shifting ornaments.

Shaber Silber.

### AMUSEMENTS AT MADRID.

(Extract from a letter.)

While everything goes on so ill in the world of politics, the world of nature is kind to this race. The harvest is excellent, the vintage will rival it. Spaniards still date from Saints' days, even when the *fiestas* has ceased to be a legal one; and as bathing begins on the day of John the Baptist, so grapes are supposed to be ripe to-morrow, the day of St. James, the patron of Spain. The markets are full of fruit—figs of deep purple black, melons of bright yellow (to be had for three-half-pence, if you want a cheap one), tender plums, and peaches darkly ruddy, like the cheeks of the gipsies of Andalusia. It is the season of linen garments, straw hats, white shoes, and cool drinks—cooled with the snow from the Sierras. The delicious *agraz* made from the unripe grape—

Tolle cupidinem

Immitis uis—

and be moderate with him, "for thy stomach's sake," the syrups of pomegranate, currant, almond, pine; the *granizados de chufa*, water-ices, flavoured with certain Valencian berries—all are now popular in the cafés where Spaniards spend so much of their time. The sun is very fierce some days, an "atrocious sun—*sol atroz*," say the people of Spain—burning up roses, drying up rivers, shooting fiery arrows, out of the range of which everybody runs into the cool shade of lofty houses or of the dusty trees of the Alameda. Business is done in the early morning, amusement is taken in the balmy night. The favourite evening places are the garden-theatres in the suburbs of cities, airy structures of wood—out of which at the end of every act, the spectator runs to solace himself in the air with the indispensable weed. Imitative farce is the staple of the present Spanish drama. Recently, indeed, Calderon's famous *La Vida es Sueno* has been revived, and has had something like a run at Madrid, the chief personage, Ségismundo, being played by Don Raphael Caloo, an actor of some genuine force. I went to hear him for the sake of the beautiful old Castilian—so stately in its dignity, so tenderly musical in its playfulness. But he was badly supported, and the play itself had been cut down in some places, and polluted by interpolations in others, till one could not help thinking that Calderon's genius had been almost as unlucky as Calderon's country. The poverty of Spanish literature is now not less marked than the misery of Spanish politics.

Madrid, July 23.

PARIS.—Extensive preparations are being made for the re-opening of the Nationaltheater. Two Hungarian operas, and one German opera are promised as novelties: *Almos*, by the deceased composer, Mosonji; *Brankowicz*, Erkel's last work; and *Der fliegende Holländer*, by Herr Richard Wagner. The Abbate Franz Liszt will be here about the end of next month, and spend the winter in Hungary.

## EYLES' FUND.

**THE SUB-COMMITTEE** appointed to carry out the above object having resolved now to wind up this matter as expeditiously as possible, owing to the lamented decease of Miss EYLES, would feel obliged by your kindly remitting your promised Subscription to the undersigned, at your early convenience, if you have not already done so.

Immediately the total is realised, it will be applied in payment of Miss EYLES' debts (including her funeral expenses), according to the assurance given her; and any surplus will be divided amongst, and returned to, the Subscribers in proportion to the amount of their Subscriptions.

I am, yours faithfully,  
EDWARD LAND, Treasurer.

P.S.—The accounts will be made up by the Treasurer as soon as possible, and a Statement, with List of Subscriptions, forwarded to the donors.

4, Cambridge Place, Regent's Park, N.W.,  
July, 1872.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**JOHN FITT WEAKBODY.**—No.—When we said "written," we meant composed. The words were from the pen—feather from the wing of—an "owl," who is not an owl, but an angel. Anything more like Homer, Pindar, and Shelley we never read—and probably shall not, for months.

**MARK BLOTT (M.D.)**—A better chorus than the voices placed under Sir Michael Costa is conceivable; and the *mise-en-scène* was often very inadequate to the claims of "Her Majesty's Opera;" but against these things must be set an orchestra of rare merit. Playing more fully up to the highest standard than that of the Drury Lane band, it would be absurd to desire; and the skill of Sir Michael Costa, as well as the capacity of those under his *bâton*, deserves warmest recognition. Here, in point of fact, was the greatest feature of the operatic season; nor is the greatness of it lessened by the degree in which it asserts, trumpet-tongued, the advantage of government by one will, and the triumph of discipline. In all other respects Dr. Blott is radically abroad.

**EPHRAIM BUTLOOK.**—M. Jules de Soria did not sing at the concert given by M. Gounod at St. James's Hall, on Monday evening, July 15. His substitute was M. Gustave Garcia. The letter addressed by M. Gounod to his publisher, *à propos* of his new setting of the "Maid of Athens," was as below:—

"MONSIEUR,—J'apprends par les journaux que Mrs. Black, l'héroïne de la célèbre poésie de Byron, "Maid of Athens," se trouve dans un état de dénue-ment que son grand âge rend plus douloureux encore, et qu'un appel public a été fait, pour lui venir en aide, à la bienfaisance des admirateurs du génie de Byron. A ce titre, aussi bien que pour donner à Mrs. Black un témoignage de l'intérêt que m'inspire sa situation, j'ai mis en musique cette belle poésie, et je viens vous prier de vouloir bien informer Mrs. Black que je lui offre, *pour sa vie durant*, le profit qui pourra résulter pour moi de la vente de cette chanson. Je serai trop heureux de contribuer ainsi (quoique pour une part bien modeste) à l'adoucissement des souffrances de Mrs. Black que le grand nom de Byron aurait dû suffire à préserver de l'infortune.

"Tavistock House, Tavistock Square,  
"14th April 1872."  
CH. GOUNOD.

## MARRIAGE.

(On July 23rd, EDWARD AUGUSTUS SYDENHAM, Esq., Organist of St. Martin's, Dorking, to Miss MARY ANN COOK, also of Dorking.

## DEATH.

On July 30th, at his residence, in Philadelphia, (U. S., America), Mr. HENRI DEATON, the well known bass singer.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1872.

**M. JULES SIMON**, the French Minister of Public Instruction, has got himself into trouble. It happened in this wise:—

By virtue of his office, M. Simon was called upon to distribute the prizes recently awarded to successful pupils of the Conservatoire, and a speech from him was a matter of course. No occasion could have been more appropriate for graceful words adapted to send everybody away in good humour, and no orator could desire a better chance of distinguishing himself. The themes available were inviting and suggestive; the audience was sympathetic and distinguished; and there seemed to be no chance of stumbling, even by accident, upon a topic of dissension. But M. Simon is one of those unfortunates who have a special faculty for getting into hot water. At every turn he provokes the wrath or the ridicule of his countrymen, and were he not what is sometimes called a tough subject, he would long ago have succumbed. M. Simon, however, has rarely shown greater ingenuity in his particular vocation of stirring up strife than at the time to which we now refer. Will it be credited that this Minister, speaking to an audience of musicians in the French Conservatoire, fell tooth and nail upon Auber, and did his little best to annihilate the reputation of the man who wrote *Masaniello* and *Fra Diavolo*? For ourselves, we were at first disposed to look upon M. Simon's reported speech as "an invention of the enemy." But there is no doubt at all of its authenticity; and the historic muse must record, for the disgust of coming generations, that a French Minister of Instruction abused Auber in the very institution which so long knew that illustrious master as chief. We would not wrong M. Simon in the smallest degree with reference to this matter, and hence, we reproduce his attack upon Auber in the original:—

"Je dirai sans détour qu'il ne fallait pas le donner pour maître à la jeunesse studieuse. Lisez-le d'un bout à l'autre; suivez son histoire depuis le commencement: Son nom est facilité. Tout lui a réussi dans l'art et dans la vie. Les moins musiciens l'aimaient à première vue, et l'on sentait que les airs lui venaient tout seuls et ne lui coûtaient aucun effort. Il y a plus de travail dans la plus courte scène des *Huguenots* que dans toute la *Muette*, qui pourtant est un chef-d'œuvre. Oui, cet homme a produit plus que personne, et il est certain qu'il n'a jamais travaillé. On a dit qu'il était ignorant; pas du tout, mais il fallait qu'il sût sans avoir appris; car Auber prenant de la peine est aussi impossible à imaginer qu'Auber faisant de la musique grossière ou de la musique ennuyeuse. C'est une exception magnifique, dont la place n'a jamais été ici. Le directeur du Conservatoire, c'est Chérubini, Gluck, Beethoven, le génie fortifié par le travail et agrandi par la science."

It may be imagined that these unfortunate words fell like a bomb among the audience, many of whom were Auber's colleagues, and most of whom knew his genius well. It may be imagined, also, that, the stupor of consternation passed, M. Simon was assailed on every hand with gibes or indignant remonstrances. *Le Figaro* opened fire upon the unhappy Minister in its peculiar vein; but did more damage by inserting a long and serious letter addressed to Ambroise Thomas by M. Jouvin. Considerations of space alone prevent the reproduction here of that admirable epistle, which has only one fault—it is *de trop*. Auber needs no defence; above all when assailed by a man who, like M. Simon, has no *connaissance de cause*. His works speak more eloquently and convincingly in refutation of such charges as those brought against him than even the indignant rhetoric of M. Jouvin. Nevertheless, it could hardly be expected that Auber's admirers would permit the dictum of a man holding M. Simon's position to pass unchallenged. On this point, M. Jouvin expressly says that he esteems little the musical opinions of Simon the philosopher, but, when Simon the minister speaks, the conditions are wholly changed. To this fact we

owe some interesting details respecting Auber, specially as to his alleged want of scientific knowledge. Here, for example, are remarks once made to M. Jouvin by the master himself:—"It is to my excellent studies under Cherubini that I attribute the ability to commit my ideas to paper with rapidity. My father having consulted the illustrious master as to my vocation, it was decided that I should atone for my *succès de salon*, by going through 'B-A—Ba' under the high priest of musical science. Cherubini, just returned from Vienna, where his *Fantasia* had but a half-success, was afflicted with a nervous malady. His doctors had prohibited composition, and the lessons he gave me were his only distraction. \* \* \* I fancy I still see him seated at his little table, where I took my place opposite to him. This rigorous education lasted three years." "Behold," exclaims M. Jouvin, after quoting these words, "the frivolous artist whose name is facility! Behold the ignorant musician, finding, perhaps by instinct, without having sought, because he had never worked!" Auber's champion then goes on to say:—"I formed one of the jury for each member present to propose a subject; the best being selected. Auber's subject was always the happiest; allowing better developments, and the most interesting *stretto*. It was certainly not out of deference to the high position of the chief of the French school that we preferred the theme proposed by Auber. Deference had little place in a matter where artistic self-love was concerned, and among us there was neither first nor last. The jury contained men of undoubted science, such as Ambroise Thomas, Barbereau, Benoist, &c. They yielded to their president not as the eldest; they bowed before the learning of the pupil of Cherubini."

For the details here given, and for many others equally interesting, M. Jules Simon may be thanked. Meanwhile, if that unlucky official keeps a conscience, his feelings are not to be envied. The chances are, however, that an amateur with "brass" enough to assail Auber has no sensibility. In this case, M. Simon's astonishment at the result of his speech will perhaps set him thinking, and the cogitations of even such a man may end in the revelation that he has made a fool of himself.

### THE BOSTON JUBILEE.

**A**N American paper gives the following account of the pay of the foreign musicians who attended the Boston Jubilee:—

"As evidence of the remunerativeness of the musical profession to those artists who have achieved great success the salaries paid in connection with the recent World's Peace Jubilee are to the point. Strauss was the best paid of any of the foreign artists. He received 17,500 dols. for the season besides a guaranteed 2,500 dols. (gold) benefit, together with travelling expenses for himself, wife, and two servants. In addition to this he received 3,300 dols. (gold) for his three New York concerts, and sold his 'Jubilee Waltz' for 550 dols.; so that he went back to Europe, after his three weeks' visit, with about 25,000 dols. in his pocket. Madame Peschka Leutner received for her season of 18 concerts 10,000 dols. Franz Abt who conducted one of his own compositions at four concerts, received 1,200 dols.—300 dols. for each. Arabella Goddard received 5,000 dols.; Franz Bendel 2,000 dols. and Wehli 1,250 dols. for two appearances. The sums paid to the bands and orchestra were also enormous. The great orchestra drew 72,000 dols. out of the treasury for their first week's salary. The musicians from other cities than Boston drew 10 dols. a day per man and travelling expenses, and the Boston players 8 dols. per day. The home brass bands received on an average 25 dols. per man per week. The foreign bands cost

about 5 dols. per man a day, exclusive of travelling expenses, board alone averaging about 3 dols. a day. The Irish band cost, relatively, more than the rest, inasmuch as they did not appear until the last week of the festival, although they were under pay for the whole time. The total expenses of the four foreign bands was about 100,000 dols."

We have no doubt as to the correctness of these details; but it is only fair to state that M<sup>me</sup>. Goddard received 5,000 dollars, together with travelling and hotel expenses for herself and friend—and this for *three* performances on a pianoforte from the manufactory of Messrs. Hallett & Davis, of Boston. So that, all things considered, she was more liberally paid by a good deal than Madame Leutner. Herr Strauss must be congratulated upon his luck. In no city of Europe would he have earned so much money in twenty years. The Americans are doubtless a great people, but easily humbugged. Who, for example, is Herr Strauss?—Who, but a miserable shadow of his father? Oh! Jonathan!!!

### ARABELLA GODDARD AT THE BOSTON JUBILEE.

(From Watson's "New York Art Journal.")

Our only regret for the departed soloists is that Madame Arabella Goddard did not have the chance of developing her brilliant talents to the American public. Only once were we able to say that we heard her, and that was at one of the evening concerts devoted to the band of the English Grenadiers. A small audience was present, and there was perfect stillness in the Coliseum. She played the *Don Giovanni Fantasia* in a broad and brilliant manner, with a technique which seemed to us perfect. But her interpretation of the "Harmonious Blacksmith" was one of the rarest gems of pianism we ever listened to. The delicacy, the refinement, the fineness of her execution, could not be surpassed; while in phrasing and accent, and in the beautiful feeling of rhythm, which is made apparent rather through the sentiment of the player than by any marked manner, she has had no superior within our memory. It was a purely intellectual effort—the mechanical, by its perfection, being lost sight of—and its supreme beauty, at once impressed every one present. A burst of hearty and genuine applause, such as we only hear when the electricity of genius has passed from the player to the hearer, greeted its close and compelled its repetition. So much and no more did we hear of Arabella Goddard, and our regret is greater than we can express. But we have faith in her coming to us again, perhaps in the fall of 1878. This we can say, that the wretched circumstances which surrounded her at the World's Jubilee have only added keenness to the desire of our people to hear her; and she can feel assured that, when she does come, she will meet with as brilliant and as cordial a reception as her high and acknowledged talent deserves.

To Shirley Bracks, Esq.

Tempora mutantur,  
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

SIGNOR RANDEGGER is engaged in the composition of a new dramatic *Cantata* for the Birmingham Festival of 1879. It is entitled "*Fridolin*," and the libretto is adapted from Schiller's poem, "The walk to the forge" (*Der Gang Zum Eisenhammer*.)

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.—The musical public will be glad to hear that Madame Arabella Goddard, the acknowledged queen of pianists, has returned to London, having completed her engagement at the late Boston Festival. The American papers speak in the most enthusiastic terms of Madame Goddard's performances. Her visit seems to have given rise to a series of brilliant demonstrations. Innumerable testimonials and addresses were presented previous to the embarkation of this gifted lady for England, and great regret expressed that her sojourn had been so limited.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

*Demorest's Monthly*, for August, in an admirable article on the Boston Jubilee, thus refers to Mdme. Arabella Goddard:—

"Of the pianists who contributed to the grand sum total, we turn at once, of course, to Mdme. Arabella Goddard, as pre-eminently worthy the most distinguished consideration; for, although the instrument upon which she performed may not have had the power and capacity of the monster organ which some seemed to have expected from it, it responded to her magic fingers with sufficient significance and distinctness to place her in the foremost ranks of the first artists of the age, and to insure to her ovation upon ovation whenever she revisits our shores."

I CUT out of a Shropshire paper, many years ago, the following epitaph, stated to be found in Ercall Magna Churchyard:—

*Elizabeth,  
The wife of Richard Barklamb,  
Passed to Eternity on Sunday, 21st May, 1797,  
in the 71st year of her age.  
Richard Barklamb,  
The Anti-spouse uxorious,  
Was interred here, 27th January, 1806,  
in his 84th year.  
William Barklamb,  
Brother to the preceding,  
September 6th, 1779, aged 68 years.*

When terrestrial all in chaos shall exhibit effervescent,  
Then celestial virtues with their full, effulgent, brilliant essence,  
Shall, with beaming beauteous radiance, through the ebullition shine,  
Transcending to glorious regions, beatific, sublime;  
Then human power absorbed, deficient to delineate such effulgent lasting sparks,  
Where honest plebeians ever will have precedence over ambiguous great monarchs.

If any reader of *Bye-gones* can match this by a contribution from a Salopian or North Wales tombstone, it is his duty to do so, that the contribution may not be lost.—*Tell*.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

HERR LEHMEYER's concert afforded a numerous circle of friends and supporters an opportunity of testifying their appreciation of the musical ability displayed by this well-known pianist. Opening the concert with Beethoven's pianoforte trio in D, Herr Lehmeier subsequently favoured his audience with Herr Alfred Jaell's paraphrase on Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, a *Nocturne* by Chopin, one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder*, and a value of his own composition. Herr Lehmeier also took part with the Chevalier de Kontaki, in a grand duo, and joined Miss Lilly Oswald, Herr Henseler, and Herr Ganz, in Moscheles' "Les Contrastes." The admirable way in which Herr Lehmeier executed the Beethoven trio, and gave effect to his various pianoforte solos, called forth repeated tokens of approval. Herr Lehmeier was assisted by many talented artists, and his concert gave general satisfaction.

M. BERGSON, from Paris (late principal of the Conservatoire de Genève), gave a morning concert on the 15th ult., establishing his reputation as a gifted composer and clever pianist. M. Bergson introduced a *concerto symphonique* of his own, remarkable for its construction and instrumentation, for ingenious passages and pleasing effects, for poetic beauty and originality. The concerto was finely played by the composer, and the accompaniments, allotted to a small band and Mr. A. Barth's harmonium, were directed with great skill by Herr Pollitzer. All three movements were listened to with interest. The opening *Allegro* satisfied the audience that M. Bergson was no ordinary composer. The *Andante*, full of charming effects, was received with still greater favour, whilst the *Finale* created real enthusiasm. On the conclusion of the concerto M. Bergson had to re-appear and acknowledge the flattering demonstration excited by his composition and performance. A varied selection followed, in which Mdme. Limia, Miss Alice Fairman, Signor Rizzelli, and M. Jules Lefort took part.

A CONCERT was given on Thursday, August 8, at the Bijou Theatre, Baywater, on behalf of "The Ladies Industrial Society," which numbers amongst its patrons Her Grace the Duchess of Richmond, the Lady Lindsay, the Lady Northwick, Lady Coleridge, and others. A committee of ladies initiated preliminaries and selected the performers, who were partly professional and partly amateur, Mr. C. G. Verrinder, Mus. Bac., Oxon., being the conductor. It would be invidious to criticise such a miscellaneous collection of "aspirants to musical fame." Some persons would take exception to the mixture of the theatrical with the musical element, but it must be borne in mind that

the object was to increase the funds of the society, and all were ready to help with a willing hand so excellent an institution; indeed, Mrs. Friend and the rest of the committee were compelled, reluctantly, to decline many offers of assistance. The programme was very long, so we cannot enumerate the doings of all the artists, but select those most worthy of remark. Miss E. Fishbourne and the Miss Ehrenbergs played pianoforte solos and duets with much taste. Miss Grace Lindo (whom we should like to hear more frequently,) besides taking part in some concerted music, contributed two songs, "Sognai" (Schira), which was deservedly encored, and "Evening Song" (Blumenthal), which was given with great feeling. Mdme. Frances received the honour of an encore for "Wont you tell me why, Robin?" and Miss Leing, Miss Fishbourne, and Miss Schiff all did good service. Mr. Edward Murray in "The Vagabond" and "The Yeoman's Wedding," obtained genuine applause; Mr. Lionel Brough recited, amid roars of laughter, the experiences of "Robert Roberts, Policeman X. 24;" and Miss Schiff spoke an address, composed by her expressly for the occasion, describing the doings of the Society, and asking the sympathy of the audience for those "who were willing to help themselves." The accompaniments to the vocal pieces were played by Mr. C. G. Verrinder.

## PROVINCIAL.

VENTNOR (Isle of Wight).—In the *Isle of Wight Advertiser*, August 3rd, we read the following.

"On Wednesday evening the members of the Ventnor Choral Society met at the residence of the Rev. A. L. B. Pelle, for the purpose of presenting their conductor (Mr. E. Lemare) with a token of the esteem in which he is held by them. The testimonial, which consisted of four handsomely-bound volumes of 'Bach's Organ Music,' was presented by the Rev. A. L. B. Pelle, who expressed, on behalf of the subscribers, their appreciation of Mr. Lemare's untiring zeal and patience since the formation of the Class.—Mrs. Lemare was presented, at the same time, with a silver fruit knife."

## MARRIAGE OF MISS ANNIE EDMONDS.

Miss Annie Edmonds, the fair Cambrian songstress, whose name is now pretty well known not only throughout Wales, but in London and the provinces, and whose friends reside at Swansea, was lately married, at St. James's Church, Swansea, by the Rev. J. G. Gauntlett, to Mr. James A. Barton, son of Mr. Barton, of Birmingham, merchant. The church was crowded by friends who had assembled to witness the introduction of their musical favourite into a new sphere of life, and the greatest interest was manifested in the proceedings. The bride, who looked charming, was attired in a white satin dress, trimmed with French lace, and on her head she wore a white veil and wreath of orange blossom and pearls. She was accompanied by seven bridesmaids. These were: Miss Somerton, of London; Miss Maggie Jenkins, of Swansea; Miss Gertie Barton and Miss Edie Barton, sisters of the bridegroom; Miss Lizzie Moulding, of Swansea; Miss Annie Maud Davies, of Aberdare; and Miss Effie Short, of Birmingham. The bridesmaids were dressed in white organdy muslin, trimmed with pink faille, and veils and wreaths. After the ceremony, the party sat down to a wedding breakfast at the residence of Mr. Frederic Jenkins, Grove Place. The health of bride and husband was proposed and received with enthusiasm; and the repeat over, the happy pair, saluted with a shower of rice and old slippers, proceeded by train to Tenby, en route to North Devon, where they spend their honeymoon. The best wishes of hundreds, to whom the bride has endeared herself by sterling worth, will go with them, and the hope is uppermost that this change will not lead to her withdrawal from a profession of which she has been so bright an ornament.—*Local Paper*.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The choral rehearsals of *Hamlet* were to commence on the 15th inst., and the orchestral rehearsals soon afterwards.

THEBAPTA (near Constantinople).—A *Matinee Musicale* was given a short time since, at the residence of Count Barbolani, the Italian ambassador. The artists were Mdme. Fiorentini, Signor Consolo, and, though last not least, Signor Bottesini.

HOMBURG.—The Italian operatic season, under the new manager, Signor Franchi, was inaugurated by *Lucia*, the principal artists being Mdme. Adelina Patti, Signori Stagno, Verger, and Caffoni. The secondary parts were sung by the artists from Covent Garden. The chorus, also, was the same as at that establishment. The prices of admission were raised, but the theatre was crammed notwithstanding. Mdme. Patti was greeted with enthusiastic applause. The *Finale* to the second act was encored, and, after the mad scene, the orchestra, urged thereto by the audience, played a *Twink*, or "flourish," in honour of the lady.

## THE BLAGROVE TESTIMONIAL.

Minutes of a meeting of the Committee, held at the Royal Academy of Music, July 4th, 1872:—Present—Mr. Charles E. Sparrow (in the chair), Messrs. Otto Goldschmidt, G. A. Macfarren, John D. Pawle, Ridley Prentice, S. W. Waley, Edward Thurnam (Hon. Treasurer), and Mr. Robert Read (Hon. Secretary).

The Treasurer's account to this day, showing a balance in hand amounting to £1,225 7s. 8d., having been audited and laid before this meeting, the same was received and adopted. The question as to the best mode of disposing of the balance was then considered; and finally, it was proposed by Mr. Waley and seconded by Mr. Goldschmidt—

1. That a sum of about £1,050\* of said balance be expended in the purchase of a Government Annuity of £100 for the benefit of Mr. Blagrove, and that the remainder, after deducting incidental expenses, be presented to Mr. Blagrove. Carried unanimously.

The following resolutions were likewise unanimously passed:—

2. That the Committee desire to renew their expression of sympathy with Mr. Blagrove in his long-continued illness, and trust that he will accept the testimonial in the form proposed, as tending to alleviate the weight of his affliction, and as evidence of the estimation in which his character and abilities are held, not only by professional and amateur musicians, but by lovers of music throughout the country.

3. That a copy of the two foregoing resolutions, signed by the chairman, be forwarded to Mr. Blagrove by the secretary, and that Mr. Blagrove's reply be printed, together with the list of subscribers, the treasurer's balance-sheet, and the proceedings of this meeting; and that a copy of the same be sent to every subscriber.

4. That the Committee gratefully acknowledge the liberal response which has been made to their appeal on behalf of Mr. Blagrove, accompanied in so many instances by expressions of great regard and sympathy. They desire further to record their sense of obligation to all those subscribers who have made the case known amongst their friends, and have received and remitted subscriptions.

5. That the cordial thanks of the Committee, and of the subscribers generally, are specially due to Mr. Thurnam, the honorary treasurer, who, by his kindness in originating this testimonial, has afforded to so many the pleasure of contributing to it; and, by his constant efforts, has been instrumental in attaining a result worthy the admirable artist and amiable gentleman on whose behalf he has laboured.

6. That the Committee tender their best thanks to Mr. Read, the honorary secretary, for having undertaken that office, and for the satisfactory manner in which he has discharged its duties.

7. That the secretary convey the thanks of this meeting to the Committee of Management of the Royal Academy of Music for their kindness in allowing this Committee to hold its meetings there.

8. The thanks of the Committee were likewise voted to Mr. C. E. Sparrow and to Mr. J. D. Pawle, for auditing the treasurer's account; and again to the former gentleman, not only for taking the chair, but for the valuable assistance he has rendered at all times.

CHARLES E. SPARROW (Chairman).

A copy of the first and second resolutions, signed by the Chairman was forwarded to Mr. Blagrove, whose reply is as follows:—

"To ROBERT READ, Esq., *Honorary Secretary.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have duly received your kind communication, informing me that the Committee of the Testimonial Fund have decided on purchasing a Government Annuity of £100 in my behalf, and to hand me a purse containing the residue of the Fund. I can assure you I feel that no better arrangement could have been made to promote my comfort and happiness. I beg to tender my most sincere thanks to the Committee, the treasurer, and yourself; and my grateful acknowledgments to the contributors to the Fund for this most flattering and distinguished mark of their kindness to me, and of their appreciation of my devotion to the art in which my life has been passed; and, coming, as it does, during my long protracted illness, it is a still greater proof of their warm sympathy and regard. So much kindness I shall ever remember with gratitude and pride. I am, my dear sir, faithfully yours,

"224, Marylebone Road, London,

HENRY G. BLAGROVE.

"July 8th, 1872."

At Wallack's Theatre, New York, the Lydia Thompson burlesque company, having undergone re-organisation, continues its hold on the summer fancy of the public, and *Robin Hood* is re-becoming the proverb it used to be in the days of the lion-hearted Plantagenet.

WEIMAR.—There is to be a grand Court Concert on the 8th September, to celebrate the return, from St. Petersburg, of the Crown Prince and his bride. The Intendant wrote, in the first instance, to Madame Adelina Patti, asking her if she would sing. This she could not do, as she was already engaged for Homburg. The Intendant then entered into negotiations with Madame Artôt and Mlle. Orgeni.

\* Exact sum—£1,059 12s. 7d.

## Tines for Music.

## ARE THE CHIDREN AT HOME?

Each day when the glow of sunset  
Fades in the western sky,  
And the wee ones, tired of playing,  
Go tripping lightly by,  
I steal away from my husband,  
Asleep in his easy chair,  
And watch from the open door-way  
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead  
That once was full of life,  
Ringing with girlish laughter,  
Echoing boyish strife,  
We two are waiting together;  
And oft, as the shadows come,  
With a tremulous voice he calls me,  
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love," I answer him gently,  
"They're all home long ago;"  
And I sing in my quivering treble,  
A song so soft and low,  
Till the old man drops to slumber,  
With his head upon his hand,  
And I tell to myself the number  
Home in a better land.

Home, where never a sorrow  
Shall dim their eyes with tears!  
Where the smile of God is on them  
Through all the summer years!  
I know!—yet my arms are empty  
That fondly folded seven,  
And the mother heart within me  
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening,  
I only shut my eyes,  
And the children are all about me,  
A vision from the skies;  
The babes whose dimpled fingers  
Lost the way to my breast,  
And the beautiful ones, the angels  
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them,  
I see their radiant brows;  
My boys that I gave to freedom—  
The red sword sealed their vows!  
In a tangled southern forest,  
Twin brothers, bold and brave,  
They fell; and the flag they died for,  
Thank God, floats o'er their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted  
Away on wings of light,  
And again we two are together,  
All alone in the night.  
They tell me his mind is failing,  
But I smile at idle fears;  
He is only back with the children,  
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset  
Fades away in the west,  
And the wee ones, tired of playing,  
Go trooping home to rest,  
My husband calls from his corner,  
"Say, love! have the children come?"  
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,  
"Yes, dear! they are all at home!"

To Arthur S. Sullivan.

Atlantic Monthly.

VIENNA.—The season has commenced at the new Imperial Opera-house. It was to have been inaugurated by Herr Betz, from Berlin. Unfortunately, that gentleman has been obliged, by indisposition, to put off his appearance for a short time.—Herr Sulzer has obtained permission to open a Comic Operahouse during the approaching International Exhibition.—Herr Johann Strauss has just completed a new operetta: *Der Karnival von Venedig*.

## VERDI'S AIDA.

We take the following from a letter which recently appeared in the *Boston Orpheus* :—

"Verdi has been accused of plagiarism—in purloining from himself and others. It is easy to make an accusation when similar ideas are found in two different works. But what musician, artist, literary author, or philosopher, who has become famous, has not been accused of the same thing. A certain Florentine critic, Tommaseo, pretends to have found in the *Divine Comedy* of Dante the imitation of the conception, figures and style of Homer's *Iliad*, Virgil's *Æneid*, and of the writings of Orazio, Seneca, Lucano, and other authors. In Rossini's works are combined the schools of Monteverdi, Palestrina, Marcello, Cimarosa, Mozart, Haydn, Handel, and even that of Beethoven. Yet who will say that Dante and Rossini have not an original and individualised style. The critic who has not the brains to create finds an author whose genius and skill enable him to write in various styles, and at once accuses him of plagiarism. The critic adopts a literary style which is the result of his schooling, his education, and which may be similar to that of a thousand others, yet he does not consider himself a plagiarist. The style of a musical work is the result of the author's study and observation. If he studies many authors he may imitate various styles, which, however, may all be stamped with his own individuality. The mind grows by what it feeds on, and like cause will always produce like results. Here, those who assume the rôle of critic often do authors a great injustice by mistaking eclecticism for plagiarism. An author is not to be condemned, but rather praised, for changing his style if the times and circumstances demand it. The man who never changed his opinion, probably never had one. By taking a retrospective view of Verdi's musical career it will be seen that he is an eclectic in music, as Gounin was in philosophy. In *Nabucca* he is grand, though somewhat Rossinian. The *Lombardi* is inclined towards the romantic school, while in *Ernani* the style is divided. In the *Due Foscari* he abandons to the singing melody. *Giovanni d'Aro*, *Alzira*, and *Attila* are works of ordinary merit. In *Macbeth* Meyerbeer and Weber are discerned, and here Verdi exhibits his first tendency towards the music of the future—his first "new departure" always retaining, however, his national characteristic style. *Masnadieri* is rich in melody, as is *Gerusalemme*. In the *Corvaro* and *Battaglia di Legnano* there is little originality. *Luina Miller* is a return to former style. *Rigoletto*, *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, and the *Ballo in Maschera* are the culmination of Verdian inspiration. In the *Vespri Siciliani* there is a tendency towards the French school. In *Simon Boccanegra* there is a tint of the German school; in *La Forza del Destino* a return to the past.

"Thus Verdi has vacillated between the old and the new schools. Two ways were open before him, and he seemed undecided which one to follow. In *Don Carlos* there is a fusion of the two—an amalgamation of the old with the new. But in *Aida* the fusion is complete. There is a combination of the melodic, the ideal, and the intellectual. In it the author has abandoned such conventionalisms as broken accompaniments in eighth notes, arpeggios, the cavatina, the air, and similar antique forms. But *Aida* is rich in beautiful melodies. There are the motive, beginning, middle and end—well-defined musical proportions. There are elegant rhythmical and melodic effects joined with dramatic colouring and a faithful interpretation of the libretto. Too much cannot be said in praise of the orchestration. In my letter on *Lohengrin* I ventured to say that "Italian authors may profit by a lesson from Wagner in the matter of orchestration." I was not then aware that Verdi had already done so, as I had not then seen or heard *Aida*. Verdi has, in former times, offended as many ears with his brass, as he has pleased with his melodies. He has been the means of splitting more throats in the attempt to be heard above the unearthly din of the orchestra, than any other two operatic writers. He may now cry "Eureka!" He has here abandoned the excessive use of brass, making it prominent only in the war hymn, triumphal march, *ensemble*, &c. He has given more prominence to the strings, especially to the 'cellos, than in any of his previous works. He has elaborated his themes in a masterly manner, and in such a way as to give a charming musical effect, and, at the same time, afford an admirable though not overwrought support to the voices. The works of Meyerbeer, Gounod, and others of their stamp have had a tendency to change somewhat the taste of the Italian people, and Verdi has only followed in the path laid out for him in writing in a style that accords with modern ideal and taste. If Victor Emmanuel wishes to retain the throne of Italy he must rule in accordance with modern ideas. If Giuseppe Verdi would retain his position in operatic Italy, and the world, he must write in accordance with modern taste. Italians will not, however, accept the Wagnerian school. It is impossible. Wagner has been educated in a transcendental school of philosophy which the Italians cannot accept, and his music leads them into a labyrinth of German metaphysics which they cannot fathom or understand.

"So, while Verdi has incorporated much that is German into his new opera (not a new thing with him), he still retains enough of the Verdian-Italian to individualize it. A work should not be approved or condemned, however, because it belongs to this school or to that, or to none. Art is cosmopolitan. Truth, beauty, merit should be recognized wherever found; and he who would judge an opera from the standpoint of any school is a musical bigot, whose judgment cannot be relied upon. *Aida* is the result of a long life of successful experience, by one of Italy's most successful masters, and for which the impartial critic must render him much credit."

## "SWEET AND LOW."

We take the following from an American journal, *Hearth and Home*, its utility need not be limited to our friends across the water :—

"We hear a great deal about the American voice as well as a great deal from it! Foreigners who come here have a great deal to say about its peculiarity. We ourselves, when we go into other countries, find that no people speak as we speak. When we come home we are shocked at our instinctive dislike of our countrymen's tones. We feel as if universal catarrh had seized the nation; everybody sounds as if he were haunted by an uncanny demon of a steam-engine, and were trying to out-scream it; and we, too, begin to bemoan ourselves over the 'American voice.' There is no such thing as the American voice. People may talk as much and learnedly as they please and can, about the thinness of our air, its stimulating quality, the prevalence of disorders of the mucous membrane of American heads and noses, and so on. This is all nonsense. It is only the American habit of speaking which is at fault. It is our national misuse of organs which are just as good as any organs of speech. Three facts, open to every one's observation, prove this. First—all little children, beginning to speak, speak in low, sweet voices. No observant person familiar with children can fail to find this out. Secondly—a large proportion of the Americans who spend a year or two in Europe return with the fixed habit of speaking in a much lower key than that they used before. Thirdly—there are some of our country-women and a few of our country-men, who, without ever having been abroad, and without any other training than that resulting of necessity from a fastidious, sensitive, impressionable nature, born to culture and breeding, do habitually speak in a low and well-modulated voice, with articulations which are a pleasure and not a perplexity to hear. But the fact still remains, glaring, indisputable, mortifying, that the average American has a voice and intonation which torture sensitive ears, which identify him instantly and unmistakably in any quarter of the globe, and which go very far, much further than his self-esteem lets him suspect, to stamp him as a barbarian in the eyes of refined and courteous people of all nations. 'I heard American voices in this room, and came in to see if you were here'—said a kindly English woman to us, once, in a room of the Vatican, little dreaming of the stab concealed under her cordial words. In fact, it was probably so fixed a point of distinction and recognition in her mind that she had no consciousness of having said an unpleasant thing.

"There is no reason, not the least reason, why, in a single generation, this national fault should not be cured. If people would only take half the pains to teach their children to speak in proper and pleasing tones of voice that they do to teach them to use correct language, it would be accomplished; for all the forces of nature are arrayed on the side of the low and gentle tone. It is positively a wonder that so sweet an instrument as the human voice can be, in so many instances, made harsh and dissonant. But nature does not recognise grammar. Screeching outrages her. Talking through the nose is an impudent violation of her plain intent; but double negatives do not offend her, and of nominative cases she takes small heed. A child's habitual tone and articulation become fixed much earlier than parents realize. Very often a mother wakes up to the realization of the fault after it is almost impossible to correct it. But in this, as in all things, mere precept is of small account. Not long since, a lady said to us, apologetically, of her little son—'I can't imagine where Charles gets this horrid habit of screaming so. I suppose all the boys at school must do it.' We embraced the opportunity to speak vigorously and at length on the subject of the careless, slipshod, noisy, disagreeable speech so universal in America. But if we had been absolutely truthful, and restrained by no fear, we should have replied :—'Dear madam! what could you expect? You yourself and your husband speak habitually in just as false a key. You do not speak very loudly, to be sure, because you are pretty old, and very often tired, and you have been told that it is vulgar to speak too loud. But the voice which you call a scream in your son is only your own voice with the animal spirits and strength of a robust boy added to it!' There are some things, many things, which we cannot have in America—not yet, at any rate. We have not leisure, and our roots have not struck deep enough; but low, gentle, pleasing tones we can have. We come of the stock which has the lowest tones and sweetest voices in the world. We breathe better air than we left behind. Let us put it to better use, and remove from us this unnecessary but too well justified reproach as to our speech."

"We have"—says "*Watson's Art Journal*" in summing up its account of the Boston Jubilee—"sufficiently described the glorification of Herr Straune. No one could be more astounded at it than himself. He says he will never come back to America. He is right. He has had his whirlwind of popularity—thanks to the great Orchestra of the Jubilee; if he returned, he would find that calm which succeeds the whirlwind by no means as inspiring as he might wish."

BRUSSELS.—The Monnaie will re-open on the 1st or the 5th Sept., with *Guillaume Tell*.—*La Tymbale d'Argent*, such a hit in Paris, has been produced with but only moderate success at the Théâtre des Galeries St. Hubert.—M. Duprez has been staying here some little time.—Mme. Adeline Patti passed through here on her way from London to Homburg. She has promised M. Gevaert to sing at a concert to be given at the Conservatory in the Spring.

### Cheek and Charity.

(From the "New York Fifth-Avenue Journal," August 8.)

Mr. Cheek is the philanthropist, *par excellence*, of the nineteenth century. He is as full of charity as an egg is of lobster salad. He has an uncontrollable mania for getting up charity concerts. He went to Boston to see the Jubilee. He has registered his name on the visitors' book at the press headquarters in letters that would have made John Hancock blush with envy to look upon, had he been alive. He engaged Leutner and the German band, including the fellow who plays the flageolet in the middle of the German band, who ventured to visit our hospitable shores during the absence of Tony Pastor, for his usual summer provincial tour, and could not, therefore, punch his head for running away with his wife, about whom he had so dolefully sung so many times during the last ten or fifteen years to pitying and sympathising listeners. Having captured these eminent artists, Mr. Cheek sailed for New York with his prizes, and forthwith organized and perfected his scheme for a monster charity concert, which came off, according to programme, at the Rink, some time last week, or the week before, if my memory serves me.

The night was hot and the Rink was jammed. Some went to hear Leutner, some went to see the fellow that played the flageolet in the middle of the German band, but the majority of the great sweltering mass, who cared nothing for music, and had no interest in the German band, went there solely for sweet charity's sake. The trombones perspired, the post-horns puffed and wheezed, the flageolets squeaked, the five thousand fans rustled in the air, the singers warbled and wiped their brows, and all went merry as a junkman's bell. Madame Leutner eclipsed all her former efforts, for all her songs were for charity. The intensely laudable purpose of the concert seemed to electrify all the musicians, and it is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Cheek was almost delirious with joy over the great success of his enterprise. The music was good, and the success of the concert was beyond question; and everybody was "so glad" they had gone and contributed two dollars a-piece to so deserving an object. When the charitable institution saw the unprecedented crush their hearts were filled with gratitude to Mr. Cheek, whom they regarded as a most unmitigated angel in disguise.

After the opera comes the summing up and the liquidation of bills. For the edification of the public Mr. Cheek has prepared an elaborate balance sheet, which is duly published in the papers, but as some sneaky news-thief has stolen the only copy I had I have not the figures before me; however, having a most remarkable memory, I can produce the statement with every detail of dollars and cents. *Voici!*—

	Dols.
Total receipts (not counting the "dead heads") .....	4,789 00
<b>DISBURSEMENTS.</b>	
To the German Band, including the feller in the middle with the flageolet .....	2,500 00
To Madame Leutner, to sing to G flat .....	1,000 00
To Madame Somebody else, &c. ....	66 00
To Mr. Canfield, to play the piano .....	20 00
For advertising in the <i>Daily Varden</i> , posters, programmes, &c. &c. ....	132 80
For advertising in the <i>Daily Buzzard</i> , more posters, tickets, &c., ..	164 58
Mr. Cheek's pleasure trip to the Boston Jubilee .....	86 00
Transportation of the German Band .....	71 00
Rent of the Rink .....	125 00
Rent of Seats, numbering, carting, &c. ....	145 00
Orchestra, music, &c., &c. ....	200 00
Brooklyn Jubilee Society .....	00 00
Rent of piano .....	10 00
Ferriages over the ferries and up to Prospect Park .....	68 00
Cartage and freight on Madame Leutner's baggage .....	57 00
Express on the feller's flageolet .....	1 00
Ticket sellers, ushers, door keepers, &c. ....	37 50
Boot black for the feller who played the flageolet .....	50
Bonus to charitable ticket vendors .....	15 00
For decorating the Rink with decorations .....	10 00
Labour (performed by Mr. Cheek) .....	49 00
Lager beer for the German Band .....	50 00
Telegraphy, postage stamps, &c. ....	11 00
Lager beer for the feller who played the flageolet .....	15 68
Sundry other drinks, Greeley fans, &c. ....	17 88
Total .....	Dols. 4,787 28

The glorious balance for the charitable institution ..... Dols. 2 72

Happy charitable institution! How they must bless the charitable Prussian German band now for consenting to blow and sweat for their benefit for the insignificant sum of 2,500 dols. and their expenses. How they must adore Madame Leutner for her charitable kindness in condescending to go up to G flat this hot weather for the mere

trifle of 1,000 dols. Had it not been for charitable purposes she would, no doubt, have demanded seven or nine thousand dollars.

All this is very well, but the extravagance exhibited in the rest of the bill is heart-rending. Ten dollars for the rent of a piano, when there was a feller with a flageolet to play accompaniments. Sixty-six dollars for the expenses and services of Madame Barry (or somebody else) when Madame Leutner gave hers for only 1,000 dols. and ferriage from Boston. Ten dollars for decorating the Rink, and thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents for ticket sellers, door-keepers, ushers, &c. But notwithstanding so reckless an expenditure of money, the enterprise was a glorious success, and netted for the charitable institution the magnificent sum of two dollars and seventy-two cents, for which they should not only be thankful, but they should be grateful as well, and at once tender Mr. Cheek a present worth from ten to fifteen thousand dollars, as some slight testimonial of their appreciation of his disinterested labours in their behalf. Long live cheap music! Yours charitably,

Epbraim Duggins.

### WAIFS.

The death is announced of Emile Devrient.

The Holborn Theatre re-opens in September.

The French government have decreed the formation of singing classes throughout the army.

Madame Marie Sass has been engaged at the Apollo Theatre, Rome, for the coming winter season.

M. and Madame Sainton are enjoying their *otium cum dignitate* at their villa near Boulogne-sur-Mer.

ORGAN APPOINTMENT.—Miss Florence de Pothonier has been appointed organist of Dalkey Church, near Dublin.

A new tenor has been engaged by M. Halansier, for the Grand Opera in Paris—a young Lyonnese, named Salomon.

Signor Mario and Mdle. Carlotta Patti were expected in town on Thursday, en route for the United States of America.

*Le Figaro* suggests that the Grand Opéra and the Italian should jointly engage Mdle. Sessi for the approaching season.

MM. Verger, Lemaire, and Mare have formed a society to carry on the Théâtre Italien, with a capital of a million francs.

The *Evenement* announces the arrival in Paris of another tenor, a Russian, named Mariewitch, "with a magnificent voice."

The Reading Committee of the Théâtre Français has accepted a piece in three acts, *Les Enfants*, by M. Richard, actor at the Cluny.

An Italian journal announces that M. Merelli, the Russian impresario, is about to establish a bank, with a capital of half a million roubles.

It is positively announced that Mdme. Nilsson will play the chief part in the forthcoming revival of Ambroise Thomas's *Psyche* at the Grand Opéra.

Mr. Wehli, the brilliant pianist, has returned to London, from America, after playing at the great International Peace Jubilee held at Boston, Massachusetts.

The concerts at the New York Central Park Garden continue with unabated interest, the admirable selections of Mr. Theodore Thomas contributing to their attraction.

There is a talk of constructing, between the avenue Trudaine and the boulevard des Martyrs, a theatre after the style of the Alhambra, London, to which will be added a concert hall and two ball rooms.

M. Halansier, director of the Paris Opera, was lately in Padua, at a representation of Verdi's *Aida*. He is reported to have been struck with many beauties, but did not manifest any intention of bringing out the work in Paris.

Two more Parisian theatres have just closed their doors—the Ambigu, and the Folies-Dramatiques. The only houses open are the Français, Opéra, Gymnase, Vaudeville, Palais Royal, Châtelet, and Cluny. Sixteen theatrical establishments are now shut up.

Probably in the history of the theatrical profession there is no fact more extraordinary or more honourable than the appearance of Mr. Sothorn on Wednesday night, July 24, at Drury Lane Theatre. In the middle of an American engagement, he crossed the Atlantic for the express purpose of representing his great part, Lord Dundreary, for the benefit of the Royal General Theatrical Fund. Of course, everybody was delighted with an exhibition of character which bears witness to an original genius worthy of Rabelais; but the cheers which welcomed his graceful words of farewell were given not merely to the great actor, but to the generous benefactor. The deed of charity done, Mr. Sothorn re-crosses the Atlantic, and pursues the course of his engagement. In the spring of next year, it is said, he will reappear at the Haymarket.

Mdme. Anna Bishop has been engaged to sing at the musical festival, to take place at Syracuse, on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of August. "Messrs. Muth and Goodrich, Directors of the Syracuse Conservatory, are fortunate"—says the *New York Home Journal*—"in securing the services of that distinguished lady."

With reference to the German musician who is said to be composing a new *Der Freischütz*, a correspondent of *Le Figaro* points out that M. Gounod has reset *Polauto*, and suggests that we should also laugh at him. Nevertheless, *Der Freischütz* is one thing, and the *Martyrs*, one of the weakest of Donizetti's many weak operas, is another.

A meeting of the committee of management of the Royal Albert Hall Amateur Orchestral Society was held on Friday week, at Clarence House. The Duke of Edinburgh presided, and there were present Mr. F. Clay, Major Donnelly, and Mr. Alan S. Cole, Secretary. Mr. Arthur Sullivan, also attended. The committee received the report of the conductors, Messrs. Sullivan and George Mount, who have examined upwards of 380 candidates. The band at present numbers 156 performers. The number of double bass players not being finally determined, applications from competent professors may be sent in for consideration. The society will commence its weekly practices on the first Wednesday in November at Albert Hall.

"The Peschka-Leutner Concerts at the Academy of Music"—says *Watson's New York Art Journal*—"were a decided failure. Notwithstanding the management engaged the 'Strauss Orchestra'—Oh!—to support the great Jubilee singer, the people would not go, and a beggarly account of empty boxes was the result. We had no faith in Leutner from the first, and this New York fiasco proves that our judgment of her was correct. She received the preposterous sum of one thousand dollars a night for three nights, thus pocketing, of good American money, for six hours' performance, nearly as much as she receives in her own country for a whole year's labour! Is not this preposterous and scandalous? These singers are the most exacting, the most grasping, and the most selfish of all public performers. Their greed for money is insatiable, and they hold on to every dollar they get with wonderful tenacity. When will Americans refuse to pander to the ravenous appetites of these musical cormorants?"

The annual recitations and distribution of prizes for St. John's Wood Collegiate School took place on the 23rd ult., in the assembly rooms of the Eyre Arms. The Rev. Robinson Duckworth, M.A., vicar of St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, was in the chair. The pupils, previous to the distribution of the prizes, performed in their original languages, selections from *Phormio* (Terence), *L'ours et le Pacha* (Scribe), *Paganstrelche* (Kotzebue), *The Rivals* (Sheridan), *Much ado about Nothing* (Shakespeare). The recitations were interspersed with some choral pieces by the singing class, and a movement from one of Beethoven's sonatas, by Master F. H. Berridge, a very young and promising pianist. The youthful "Thespians" showed talent in their delineation of the characters allotted to them. Fletcher's "Dogberry" was quite amusing, and Fletcher was well backed up by his "fellows." Bob Acres, being a country bumpkin, was not suited to Lyons, who is too gentlemanly for Sheridan's booby, although his delivery was pointed enough. In *L'ours et le Pacha* Brandus carried off the honours, not only for his perfect way of pronouncing the French language, but for his "make up," and for the genuine comic humour he threw into the part of Langingcole. The Sultana (Berridge), her maid (Todd), and the Ladies of the Harem were all elegantly dressed, and entered well into the spirit of the characters assigned to them. The audience were highly pleased, and Mr. Berridge, head-master of the school, may be congratulated on the success of his undertaking.

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A. CALKIN LEWIS, Esq., 7, Furnival's Inn, E.C., has kindly consented to act as Treasurer, and any subscriptions forwarded to him, or to the undersigned, will be gratefully acknowledged:—

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"Signor Foli obtained an encore for a capital song, 'The Mariner,' by Herr Louis Diehl."—*The Graphic*.

"Signor Foli sang Herr Diehl's new song 'The Mariner' (at the Philharmonic Concert, Liverpool). It is an excellent and spirited piece of music, and was encored."—*Liverpool Courier*.

"Signor Foli has proved himself worthy of the title of best of bass singers known in this country. In every piece he sang he was at once the man of superb natural gift and admirable power of interpretation; but it was in the very genuine song of 'The Mariner'—a class of music and sentiment peculiarly well suited to his powers—that his rich, deep, strong basso and hearty delivery told with most success. It was very heartily applauded and encored."—*York Examiner*.

"The manner in which Signor Foli sang Diehl's new song, 'The Mariner,' elicited immense applause; and though the Signor appeared twice on the platform to bow his acknowledgments, the audience would not be content, and he eventually responded to their demands."—*The Nottingham Journal*, Saturday, January 20th, 1872.

"The new song by Diehl, which Signor Foli introduced at a later hour, possesses every element of wide popularity, including, of course, conventionalities; and as it was really well sung, its re-demand, which was not complied with, was only natural."—*Birmingham Daily Post*, Thursday, January 18, 1872.

"In Diehl's song of 'The Mariner,' Signor Foli fairly brought down the house."—*Belfast Daily Telegraph*, January 13th, 1872.

"Signor Foli sang the song, 'The Mariner,' in such a manner that he was obliged to repeat it, the audience forgetting his indisposition in their enthusiasm."—*Belfast Times*, January 13th, 1872.

"A new song, 'The Mariner,' was introduced by Signor Foli, who achieved an unqualified success. The execution and manner were so well adapted to the musical words (both of a high character), that the singer fairly won the hearts of his hearers, but the well-merited encore was courteously but firmly declined. We have to thank Signor Foli for introducing this song to our notice: it will form a very pleasing addition to the repertoire of every baritone."—*Derby Mercury*, January 24th.

"A vigorous attempt was made to encore Signor Foli in a capital new song, 'The Mariner,' by Diehl, but without success."—*Bath Chronicle*, February 1.

"In the second part, Signor Foli gave 'The Mariner,' a new song, which is likely to become as favourite a piece as 'The Village Blacksmith.' So far as demonstrative public favour is concerned, Signor Foli carried away the honours of the night, for the encore which followed 'The Mariner' was a thorough storm. The Signor was literally taken by storm, too, for three times bowing of acknowledgment, with a shake of the head, meant to be a decisive negating of the re-demand, would not satisfy the audience, and at last another song was elicited."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*, January 27th.

"The piece which secured Signor Foli most applause was Diehl's 'Mariner.' This called forth such loud and prolonged applause that he was compelled to repeat it—two re-appearances on the stage, in response to the recall, being insufficient to satisfy the audience."—*Cardiff Times*, February 3rd.

"The new song, 'The Mariner,' was vociferously re-demanded. Signor Foli declined the honour of a recall, but after twice bowing his acknowledgments, the clamour, in which some part of the audience chose to indulge forced from him another song."—*Bradford Observer*, January 29th.

"Signor Foli's powerful and rich voice was heard to great advantage in 'The Mariner,' which elicited an encore."—*Leeds Mercury*, January 25th.

"In 'The Mariner,' a new song by Diehl, Signor Foli so gratified his audiences that he was recalled three times, and eventually yielded to the encore."—*Nottingham Daily Guardian*, Saturday, January 20th, 1872.

**SPECIAL PROGRAMME FOR THE EXHIBITION OF CREMONA INSTRUMENTS AT THE UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION IN VIENNA, 1873.**

The name and reputation of Cremona instruments are known to everyone; they are the envy of all musicians, and an object of investigation for all violinists; the eagerness for collecting them even is as great as that for collecting pictures and other works of art. And still how little is known about the origin and development of this profession, or rather, it may be said with truth in a certain sense, about the professional art, which produced these highly appreciated instruments, and about the men who forwarded their perfection. It ought to be just as attractive and instructive to study the origin of an art which flourished during three centuries, and the productions of which art are appreciated more every day, and to follow it through its different phases! But besides the historical interest it has many practical purposes. It is already some hundred years since the Cremona violin manufactory, under which name all the works of the best Italian masters of the old times are included, cease to serve as a model. The manufacturing of violins ceased soon after the death of the two great masters, Stradivarius and Guarnerius, which happened in about the 30th year of the last century. In the meantime it had begun in other countries, and some masters followed still the rules of the Cremona school, as they were manifested in the productions of that school. But, upon the whole, the good maxims which the Italian masters had followed in small details, and in the outer appearance, like a holy tradition, went out of practice, and were finally forgotten. It was commonly believed that they could be better made. There were manufactured imperfect instruments, which, it is true, was not discovered at once, because stringed instruments have the peculiarity of reaching their full ripeness only after a certain number of years, they can only then be judged at their full value. The worst of this rage for making things better was that people insisted on also making the good old instruments better, by making the belly thinner, and thus they spoiled many of the most precious instruments. In consequence, as there were, with a few exceptions, no more good instruments manufactured, and as many of the old ones had been spoiled by want of sense, the fabrication diminished, and the consequence of it was that the old Italian violins were exclusively sought after. Even good new instruments, artistically manufactured, could no longer acquire a respectable value.

The prices of the genuine old Cremona instruments became, in consequence, higher and higher, all the more, because the best of them were taken out of circulation by rich amateurs, who began to make collections of these articles, which had now become rarities. It is no wonder, therefore, that the instrument makers at last followed the prevailing tendency, and sought, in the fabrication of imitation, for that good luck, which was refused to them when manufacturing on their own account. As long as imitation only works on the outer parts (varnish, shape of the instrument, *ff* holes, scrolls, etc.) without spoiling the inner construction, and the soundness of the wood, it is not to be called objectionable. However, this imitating has the disadvantage of confirming the prejudices of the purchasing public, if not at the first sale out of the hands of the manufacturer, at least at all subsequent changes of ownership, which give easy opportunities for deception. The only way of obviating this error, and of rendering again the fabrication of stringed instruments what it ought to be, is to show to the public who take an interest in the matter the conditions which cause the real value of Cremona instruments, and the method followed by the maker in producing them.

The acoustic laws which bring it to pass that the model violin, already discovered empirically, and no other, fulfil to perfection the requirements of art, seem still to remain unknown, in spite of the numerous researches made notably by the natural philosopher, Savart, with the greatest sagacity. But just as it was empirically that we arrived at the model of Stradivarius and Guarnerius, which has not been surpassed, and will be difficult to surpass, so it may be that we may again discover the right path empirically. Any thinking master who studies such types of original instruments in all their essential parts, and takes into consideration the wood used in them, and their shape and size, knows already the conditions required to obtain the beautiful, noble, and

powerful tone, which is peculiar to them, and may, in all modesty, have the confidence, that he will be able to make just as good instruments, as soon as he possesses equally good wood. How would it be now, if it were proved by competent judges and many examples, that in the fabrication of violins, and other similar instruments, one has only to proceed like the Italian masters, to produce just as good instruments, for the present and future generations? Would it not help to bring the manufacturing of violins once more into repute, by delivering its representatives from the humiliation of being obliged to use the name of a foreign firm, to sell their products at a respectable price? Would it not help to remedy the already felt want of violins, and still more, to protect the coming generation from the want, who, by the remarkable nature of stringed instruments, have also a claim on the production of the previous period? Such a public competition would, at the same time, give an opportunity for solving the other more scientifically important problem, of the historical development of Italian violin making. Through the zeal of some masters and amateurs, essays have already been published on the subject, which furnish much valuable information, and many explanations for future inquiry. Still, the actual materials are so deficient, as to cause a desire for more complete data.

The collection of a great number of the best and most characteristic instruments, on a particular spot, would be a great step made towards our aim. By the judgment of experienced men, the peculiarities of the different schools and masters, the connexion of the former, and the gradual improvement of the latter would be shown. It would help more especially, to find out how the violin model, beginning with the oldest productions known of a certain Pietro Dardelli and Duiffoprugar, after many successive changes of the outlines, of the curves, of the breadth, of the form of the *ff* holes, has developed into the perfect creations of Stradivarius and Giuseppe Guarnerius. Such a collection of instruments would be conducive to the definite determination of the principles of violin manufacturing. It would, undoubtedly, aid the discovery of the time and place of the fabrication of those masters, as the labels in the instruments are almost the only source to be relied upon, when other information fails, and when the genuineness of the instruments is certain.

The Programme of this Exhibition is, therefore, as follows:—

1.—The Exhibition of Cremona instruments forms an annex to the Universal Exhibition of 1873.

2.—It comprises violins, and all other instruments of the same family, as tenors and violoncellos, as well as double-basses. Even single parts undoubtedly genuine as:—

Scrolls, base-bars, bridges, sound posts are desired, &c.

3.—As this Exhibition must have certain limits, it will only include the masters who have worked in Italy from the most ancient times, when this art began, up to the end of the 18th century, therefore, about from Pietro Dardelli and Gaspare Duiffoprugar, up to Lorenzo Storioni. The Tyrolean school of the 17th century being in the closest connexion with that of Cremona, Jacob Stainer, the two Albanis, and Mathias Klotz will also be included.

4.—The admission to this Exhibition depends upon the judgment of a section of the Imperial Commission of the Exhibition, and some of the best connoisseurs of different nations will be invited to assist.

[The principle will be, that all works which are not genuine, that is to say, not of Italian or Tyrolean origin, and all those which, even if genuine in some of their parts, have lost their original character by repairs, are to be altogether excluded. On the other hand, all works will be put into the division of uncertain, when their Italian origin is certain, but when, at the same time, the name of the master is not ascertainable, or when the name declared by the Exhibitor is evidently wrong.]

5.—The instruments will be exposed on tables, and under securely locked glass covers, so that they may be examined from every side. The upper parts of these tables will consist of boxes with locks, in order carefully to preserve the cases of the instruments during the exhibition.

6.—Concerning the arrangement, we can only give very few regulations at present. We will only be able to fix the conditions, when we know the approximate number of instruments to be exposed. The section of the commission which has to decide upon the admission (Art. 4), will also decide upon the disposition or arrangement.

[Violins and tenors will most likely be separated from violoncellos and double-basses, as to the other arrangements, they will be according to the place of fabrication, or to the schools. The

town of Brescia, for instance, with the old masters of that place, Peregrino, Zanetto, Gaspara di Salo, Giovanni Paolo Magini, etc., who are otherwise not connected together, will form one group; whereas for numerous other masters, Andrea Amati and Antonio Stradivarius, as founders of their own schools, will have their own group, even if one school or the other spreads its branches from the original seat of manufacture through many other towns, as: Piacenza, Milan, Turin, Brescia, Mantua, Verona, Padua, Venice, Treviso, Ferrara, Bologna, Lucca, Livorno, Florence, Pesaro, Rome, Naples.

7.—The Jury will be formed of connoisseurs of instruments, and it is expected that the Exhibitors will propose members for it, who will be taken into consideration as far as possible. The members of the section, which has to decide about the admission, will also be Members of the Jury. The object of the examination is not to give any rank to the instruments, but to decide for each of them the qualities which make the value of the stringed instruments, or to give any information on the subject of the history of the manufacturing of violins.

[The jury will express, in a *résumé*, its opinion about the qualities required to protect good new instruments, and about the rules to be kept to, on the one hand, to apply to modern fabrication the method of the old Italians, especially of those who are exemplary, and on the other hand to cause the public to have no longer a prejudice against new instruments, because they are new.]

8.—Exhibitors are requested to annex to their instruments descriptive and historical notes, as well as any information which can help to give a sound knowledge of the history of violins. A report will be written from this information; the records of the Jury, and the former researches, and will be printed and published. Illustrations will also be annexed, wherever they may be of any use.

9.—The names of the Exhibitors will be published in the Catalogue, unless the Exhibitor especially wishes it to remain unknown.

10.—Exhibitors have the right to annex the price in case any of them would be inclined to sell their instruments.

11.—The Exhibition will last at least six weeks, and will take place in the course of the summer months of 1873.

[Other detailed regulations, as far as possible in agreement with the interested parties, will, if necessary, be published hereafter.]

It is not so much the charm of novelty, as the want of bringing together, in one representation of classical violin making, the works of the Italian masters scattered over the world, or locked up in the cabinets of amateurs and collectors, where they are more or less inaccessible, and thus to give a firm direction to modern fabrication, for its own advantage, and for the profit of art, which induces us to hope, that our project will be accepted in a friendly manner, and supported by the interested parties.

President of the Imperial Commission,  
ARCHDUKE REGNIER,

Chief Manager, BARON DE SCHWARZ-SENBORN.

42, Praterstrasse, October 1st, 1871, Vienna.

#### WANTED: A NATIONAL HYMN.\*

That for which the German people yearned during long, long years, has been accomplished; we again possess a German Fatherland, existing no longer merely in lays and songs; it is really and truly an established fact. If the rejoicing over the work, at length successful and crowned with victory, is not so loudly manifested as might have been expected, it is because our sorrow is still too fresh; it is because the sanguinary struggle, out of which the new German Empire has arisen, has already cost, and is still costing, too many tears.

The awaking of Barbarossa is no longer a hope of the Future, and the ravens no longer fly around the mist-enveloped mountain; the hero has taken up his sword and shield, and come forward before the people that have had solely their want of unity and their dismemberment to thank for their unhappy fate, and who, if only combined in an offensive and defensive alliance, are unconquerable. The terrible time when Germany knew no Emperor is at present past; the German eagle has again raised its head, and with its mighty pinions will protect all its children as it never protected them before.

\* "Ein Wort zur Zeit," by W. Lackowitz. *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

The German Empire went to rack and ruin, and nothing remained of its prodigious grandeur but the name; even this became the subject of ridicule. New life can never be infused into a corpse; the utmost science can do, is to cause the corpse to appear alive by a series of galvanic twitches. Just in the same way, the new Germany can never, never arise from out the ruins of the old. It must be built afresh from the very foundations; it can retain none of the ancient combinations and compacts with which such unutterable humiliation and shame were connected. It is not the two-headed eagle, decked out in vain array, and which first sprang up in the course of the fourteenth century, that can be the symbol of the new Empire; it is the original black one-headed king of birds, on the silver field, that must lead the empire on its new career of glory.

We have again a German Emperor; but the new German Empire is as yet deficient in its outer symbols as in other things. Centuries ago, the old and venerable town of Aix-la-Chapelle, where the Emperors used to be crowned, was changed for Frankfort-on-the-Maine, it being the custom to place the effigy of the newly crowned sovereign in a niche of the *Römer*. Now it is a remarkable fact that the effigy of the Emperor Franz, the last German Emperor previous to the long, long interregnum, now at an end, was destined to fill the last niche then in the building. It was certainly a strange freak of chance, or, rather, a significant hint of Fate, who, even in this purely accidental accessory, appears to recommend a complete rupture with the past. The pure gold crown of eight fields richly adorned with precious stones; the Gospel upon which the Roman-German Emperors were sworn; the magnificent sword of Charlemagne, a Moorish-Norman work of art of the first class; the coronation mantle, originally made by Moorish artists for the Norman, Robert Guiscard; and, lastly, the sword of St. Mauritius, which, even now, at the solemn reception of the members of both Houses, on the opening of the *Reichsrath*, is borne before the Austrian Sovereign by the Lord Chamberlain-in-Chief—will these old and venerable insignia be claimed by the new German Empire from those who now hold them? We cannot say, and must leave the question to be decided by others very different to ourselves.

But what is the meaning of all this in this place?—I hear many of my readers enquire. Have a little patience; it is most intimately connected with what follows, and for that this is certainly the fitting place. The German Empire must be reconstructed from its very foundations; there is one thing, therefore, in which it must not be behind other nations, and that one thing is—a German National Song. This may strike many as a trifle not worth talking of; to many it may even appear ridiculous; yet it is of such importance as to be, at any rate, worth a few words.

The Frenchman has his: "Allons, enfants de la patrie!" The Englishman has his "Rule Britannia!" The German has—Nothing!

It is a well known fact that the world-historical battle-song of the French was written by an officer of engineers, Claude Jos. Rouget de L'Isle, in 1792, before the departure of the French volunteers from Strasbourg for the army of the Rhine. It was consequently at first entitled "The Battle-Song of the Army of the Rhine"—"Le Chant de Guerre de l'Armée du Rhin." But in Paris, where its origin was unknown, it was subsequently named the "Marseillaise Hymn"—"Hymne des Marseillais." It is universally known that the French were inspired by it in all their battles, so that Klopstock is reported to have said to the author, on meeting him in Hamburg: "Terrible man, you have slain thousands of my brothers." We will leave out of consideration the myth-like story of the origin of the "Marseillais," how the words were written, and the music composed, in one night, etc., so that the next morning the troops marched off singing and playing it; we will not examine this story, which is certainly improbable, nor investigate how far there is any foundation for saying that we owe the melody to a musician named Stoltzmann, chapelmaster at the court of the Elector Palatine, who lived from 1770 to 1790, at Meersburg, on the Bodensee, and from a mass by whom Rouget de L'Isle annexed, in true French fashion, the "Credo" for his own production. Be this as it may, we cannot deny that Rouget de L'Isle, with

his song, hit the right nail on the head, when a fuse was required to set light to the thoughts of freedom lying pent up in the hearts of the great masses. Thousands immediately sang his song; thousands were inspired by it to combat for the freedom of their native land, and it became consequently a thorn in the side of those who wished to keep down the freedom of the people, and smother at its birth every yearning for independent movement, though they had always on their lips fine phrases about the "Grande nation," "La gloire," etc. The Marseillaise was sternly proscribed, and it was not till the utmost popularity was needed for the wicked war planned against Germany, and till every possible resource had to be brought into play against those who still raised their voices in opposition to the cry of establishing the natural frontier between France and Germany that the gagged and fettered Marseillaise was set free. This time again "Allons, enfants de la patrie" did not fail in its effect. It is true that it cannot bolster up a system of mere empty words, and that where nothing is to be had the king loses his right. The boast about marching at the head of civilization sounds like insane sarcasm, now that we see what the French people have become. They confer civilization, freedom, and prosperity, upon other nations! It is probably all over with their fine phrases. Let the French, however, only once more possess a sure and firm edifice of state behind them, and the Marseillaise will not fail to attain its object. Though the nation forgot Rouget de L'Isle, and it was the July Revolution which first gave the Pindaric fragment fresh vigour, and invited it to soar upward once more, thus also snatching the author from oblivion; though the author refused the sum voted by the Chamber of Deputies, as well as a pension subsequently offered him by the Citizen-King, Louis Philippe, his name was once again on every one's lips, and so was, even in a greater degree, his song. Death, with his all-powerful "Allons, enfants," called him away, on the 27th June, 1836, from Choisy-le-Roi, where he had long resided in retirement and poverty; but the name of Rouget de L'Isle is inscribed in the Book of Immortality.

The Englishman has his "Rule Britannia," and his "God save the King!" At all times, and under all circumstances, both these national airs have stood him in good stead, and never failed him! Even for England, it was a hard time, when the proud Corsican, like a scourge in the hand of Fate, trod down the plains of Europe with his iron heel. Despite the victories gained by Wellington in Spain, and by Nelson at sea, despite the favourable position protecting England from direct attacks of the foe, the country suffered many a heavy blow, followed by despondency among the people. It was then that "Rule Britannia" and "God save the King" revived their sinking courage. At that time, Angelica Catalani was in London, the great singer who, with her all-powerful voice, moved every one to ecstasy. It was she who by her singing infused the fire of new enthusiasm into men's hearts, and thus rendered simultaneously an immense benefit to the prime minister of England and her manager. Whenever the report arrived of a victory achieved by Napoleon, the premier got the manager to place Madame Catalani at his disposal. Large posters announced to the people that the lady would sing both national airs, at seven o'clock in Covent Garden, and eight o'clock in Drury Lane, etc. The streets leading to the two houses were black with human beings. Everyone wanted to hear her. Everyone wanted to revive his courage with her magnificent singing. Like a supernatural being used Catalani to appear before the public, and when her mighty voice rose above even the full sound of the orchestra and of a large chorus, yes, when her notes soared, as though upon the pinions of an eagle, above even the joyous thousand-throated strains of the audience who had joined in; when, looking like Juno descended from Olympus, she raised her hands upwards to the Creator at the words: "Send him victorious, Happy and glorious," there broke forth a storm which shook the whole house, and caused the hearts of all present to pulsate with a feeling of patriotism which raised them above every momentary misfortune.

There can be no question that the principal portion of this patriotic effect must be attributed to Angelica Catalani. An artist like her could achieve the most eminent success with the most meaningless compositions; she really sang hardly anything but the most rapid stuff by Puccini, Portugallo, and other long

since forgotten Italians, just as she was the first to introduce Rode's Violin Variations as a vocal piece. Notwithstanding this, there exists in the English National Hymns, a primitive and sturdy power, which carries the hearer away, and which we vainly seek in our German National Hymns.

We say: German National Hymns, for, as the German Fatherland was situated up to the present date, there could not, of course, be only one such German hymn. The numerous little Fatherlands stood side by side perfectly independent of each other, and there could be no question of their having ought in common, least of all, a national song; each had to find vent in its own way, for its own especial patriotic feeling. The difference was certainly only a trifle, but each state distinguished itself thereby from its powerful neighbour. And had not even the latter contracted a loan abroad to procure a national hymn? Yes, certainly, for it was the English melody of "God save the King," and some originally Danish words, written by Heinrich Harriars, in 1790, for the birthday of King Christian VII., which supplied the foundation for Prussia's "Heil dir im Siegerkranz."

This annexation was, however, a fortunate one. The German imitation of the verses, written by Gerhard Schuhmacher, in 1793, was certainly a success. And what about the melody sprung from the muse of Henry Carey? It would be difficult to find another, which, for simple and yet grand proportions, is so well adapted for great masses. Can it, however, become a German national hymn? Hardly; in the first place there is an obstacle in the fact that several of the smaller states which were formerly independent, as well as of those which are so still, have adapted special words written after the Prussian model, and suited to their own individual requirements, and set them to the music so happily appropriated by Prussia. It would be necessary to substitute a common text for all, and such a substitution is always a ticklish matter, leaving entirely out of consideration the circumstance that this text would have to be written. The attempt has frequently been made, but never with satisfactory results. This was quite natural. Such verses are nothing more nor less than occasional poetry, and what is effected in this line, when the writer has to start by putting his inspiration in the straight-jacket of a given strophe, is generally nothing very striking. August Niemann supplied an instance of this a long time ago, when he began his song—which adheres closely to the Hessian imitation: "Heil unserm Fürsten, Heil! Heil Hessen's Fürsten, Heil! Heil, Ludwig, Heil!"—with "Heil unserm Bunde. Heil! Dem deutschen Bunde, Heil! Heil, Deutschland, Heil!" If all these good wishes were fulfilled, Germany would certainly have no cause for complaint.

(To be continued.)

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE.—Mdlle. Prophaska, from Vienna, and a pupil of Madame Marchesi, has made a successful first appearance, the character selected by her being that of Rosina in *Il Barbiere*.

MADRID.—Herr Johann Strauss will conduct twelve concerts here this winter. Some of the leading members of the aristocracy have guaranteed him the payment of a very large sum.

SALZBURG.—Dr. Bach, the director of the Mozarteum, is reported to have finished the score of his new work, a violoncello concerto, with orchestral accompaniments.

MUNICH.—Herr R. Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer* was performed on the 9th, and the same composer's *Tristan und Isolde*, on the 18th August. Herr von Bulow, Herr and Madame Vogl, and Herr Kindermann were especially applauded.

DRESDEN.—People do not hurry themselves too much here, if we can credit a long article, in the *Official Gazette*, concerning the new Theatre Royal. At its present rate of erection, the edifice will not be completed for several years.

COBURG.—During his recent stay here, Herr A. Langert played very successfully at Court, before the King of Portugal, and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Grand Duke presented him with a diamond pin containing a portrait of his Royal Highness.

BAYREUTH.—The post of leader and solo violoncellist combined at the "national" performances to be held here—when the necessary funds are collected and the National Festival-Stage-Play Theatre is erected—has been conferred by Herr R. Wagner upon Herr de Swert. That gentleman, conjointly with Professor Wilhelmj, has been commissioned, also, by the moving spirit in the matter to engage all the strings for the band, which is to consist exclusively of the first artists in Germany.

## THE EISTEDDFOD.

PORTMADOC, Thursday, August 29.

Yesterday was a brilliant day, but this morning brought a change, and as I started for Goresedd, which ancient court is held near the closely adjoining town of Tremadoc, rain-clouds hid the hills, and an exceedingly wet Welsh mist was driven relentlessly along by a strong wind. Not a bit did this matter to the population hereabouts, however, who have had too much experience of the climate to care for moisture in the wrong place. Their faces were as bright as though the sun shone, and not a few of them tramped cheerfully towards the rendezvous like men assured that the "Pride of the Morning" would last but a little while. Moreover, rain must certainly have been looked for, seeing that Jupiter Pluvius never deserts the Eisteddfod, whoever else turns his back upon it. Even my small experience as a stranger and a foreigner led to anticipation of damp. Did I not remember the Eisteddfod of Carmarthen, when it rained the entire week, and a sea of mud that was only navigable by carriages surrounded the Pavilion? Did I not remember the Eisteddfod of Ruthin, when mist persistently hid from sight the beautiful vale of Clywdd? It is a law that every Eisteddfod must have its rain, and therefore the Portmadoc folk took the inevitable this morning with philosophical calmness.

The road to Tremadoc skirts the base of a craggy hill known as Knyaz (a dog), and over a gate leading to the summit stands a rude patch of evergreens, bearing the familiar Eisteddfod mottoes, "Gwir yn erbyn y pyd" ("The truth against the world"), and "O Jesu, nad Gamwaith" ("O Jesus, repress injustice"). From the top floats a white flag, inscribed "Yr Gorsedd," so that the wayfaring man, even though a fool, can hardly mistake the place where Druids and Ovates now hold their solemn assembly. Climbing to the hill this morning, after a look at Tremadoc, with its few damp flags and loungers equally moist, I found some scores of people in possession of the Seward Slope, sheltering themselves under some bushes, and generally using every "coign of vantage" which offered a defence against the rain. Only the boys were vivacious; they had possession of the sacred circle; they danced on the central, treated disrespectfully the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and parodied the ceremonies of Bardism with shocking irreverence, while their elders looked on, as who should say, "Boys will be boys." Soon, however, were heard through the soddened air the sounds of military music, and those who stood to windward saw advancing from Tremadoc a white banner, with a winged lion rampant, a goat, and other symbols thereupon, followed by a brass band and a crowd of umbrellas. Entering the gate aforesaid, this procession scrambled to the top of Ynis-Fadog, and formed a dense ring round the twelve stones, while the Bardic chiefs advanced within the enclosure, their heads bared to the windward train, and a bard took his place at each stone, armed with a long blue wand. The subsequent proceedings may have been interesting to those directly concerned, but they had little attraction for any one ignorant of the Bardic chiefs' language. Various exercises in poetry and prose were read; and, when approved, their authors received Bardic honour, accompanied by a few words of admonition, and the binding of a ribbon about the right arm. The Sistol candidates exhausted, we all streamed down the hill, dipping and falling en route, towards the point where a modest inside car had long been waiting. The unpretending vehicle in question contained Lord Penrhyn and two ladies of his family, whom it was our next duty to escort into Portmadoc with all ceremony. We discharged that duty to the strain of "God Bless the Prince of Wales" and the march of the "Men of Harlech." Apropos of the latter, my anticipations have been fully realized. I expected to hear it played, sung, or whistled about one hundred times per day, and it was played, sung, or whistled even more often. Inside the Pavilion, some 5,000 people had assembled. Lord Penrhyn's speech, on taking the chair, was admirable for its strong common sense. The noble lord took care to guard himself from the suspicion which, however, as an Englishman, could hardly attach to him, of sympathy with the exclusive national feeling so prevalent at Eisteddfod meetings. He urged those present not to countenance the isolation of Wales from the rest of the world, but give the talents of its people fair play by teaching everywhere the English language. "Cherish the Welsh tongue as much as you please," said Lord Penrhyn, "but do not put a barrier of speech between yourselves and your neighbours." The sentiment was applauded, but I am bound to say, not warmly, and it becomes more and more evident that the tendency of Eisteddfodau is to strengthen and perpetuate the barrier of which the noble lord spoke. So far its influence is bad, because unquestionably the Welsh tongue is doomed to extinction, and the sooner it ceases to be alive the better. On the other hand, let me say that the present Eisteddfod has shown less than the average of aggressive nationality. True, one orator yesterday proposed to break a lance with the suppositions folk there, who, according to him, blame men for using the only language they know; and to-day, Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., took up the Celtic parable with a vengeance; but these are exceptions, and it

seems evident now that our Welsh friends are less defiant than of old. Mr. Morgan gained little by his oblique appeal to the national sympathies of Denbigh electors, when, for example, he dilated upon the comparatively brutal sports of the English, and stated that he had heard a late Prime Minister extol prize-fighting as a noble and manly pastime. The hon. gentleman simply dug a pit-fall for himself. At the close of his address Lord Penrhyn spoke to Mr. Morgan privately, and then invited him to make an explanation. I am bound to say that the member for the Denbigh Burghs, like another Welshman even more famous, ate this leek with a bad grace; but he ate it, nevertheless, and confessed that Lord Palmerston's remark had reference to the use of man's natural weapons only when compared with that of the assassin's knife; but his entire speech was in bad taste, because wholly unnecessary, and provocative simply of that ill-feeling which has too long stood in the way of perfect goodwill between people allied together for all time. Passing over this disagreeable incident as an exception to the general harmony of the proceedings, let me compliment Mynyddog—I do not know the gentleman's everyday name—upon his conduct of the sittings. He justified my hopes, and actually repressed the loquacious Bards by giving them no chance. They fluttered restlessly about the platform as usual, but only Owain-a-law, who praised extravagantly a bad piano, passed the barrier of Mynyddog's tongue, that member being in motion whenever a gap occurred through which a Bard might have slipped. The audience laughed so persistently at the conductor's remarks, that I am inclined to vote Mynyddog the funniest of men. Anyhow, he deserved thanks for preserving an approach to order, by whatever means. The competitions were interesting. Variety again marked the proceedings, prizes being given to the best slate-splitter and slate-dresser, to the best pastoral, to the maker of the best two horseshoes, to the best ship-modeller, to the best collection of wild plants, to the best church or chapel choir, the best stocking-knitter, and the best brass band; but the chief event of all was an adjudication of the poems sent in for the Chair Prize, which consists of fifteen guineas, an oak chair value five guineas, and the honourable title of "Chair Bard of Gwynedd." The winner of these distinctions turned out to be a working man, who advanced nervously to the platform, while the band played "See the Conquering Hero come," and the audience cheered with enthusiasm. Two of the oldest Bards received their new chief, and led him to his chair, wherein he was solemnly seated, a sheathed sword being held over his head. Now the bard—the occasion being legitimate—had an undisturbed innings, and poured forth profused *Engyrrion* with, let us hope, unpromeditated art. About the merits of their efforts I can say nothing, but the audience seemed to enjoy them, and that was enough for the new "chairman." He looked exquisitely uncomfortable in his by no means luxurious seat. Later in the day I saw him emerge from the bank, proud, but at his ease. The after proceedings were an ante-climax, but they ended well; and Lord Penrhyn departed amid the enthusiastic cheers of the crowd.

## FRIDAY.

The morning of this day—the last of the Eisteddfod—broke brightly after a night of such rain as only falls among Welsh mountains—rain which beat upon the Pavilion roof during the evening concert, and made more noise than the vocalists—which found leaky places, and pattered on the heads of the audience—which swamped the artists' rooms, and turned the field wherein the building stands into a bog. There was a steadiness in the downpour that left no ground for hope of speedy change; and the Eisteddfod managers must have "bitterly thought of the morrow;" but the morrow has falsified all gloomy expectations. Save that storm clouds hung about the top of Snowdon, hardly a trace remained of the deluge, and it was with blithe looks and cheerful steps that the Bards, Druids, and Ovates escorted their President, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, to the Pavilion. Previously, however, a Gorsedd had been held, and the degree of an Ovate conferred upon numerous aspirants for the honour, including Miss Bessy Waugh, the clever young pianist who has helped so much towards the attraction of the musical proceedings.

It is hardly necessary to say that Sir Watkin was well received on taking the chair, or that his brief inaugural speech was loudly applauded. The hon. baronet's remarks were, as became one who so emphatically represented Wales, highly eulogistic of Welshmen and Welsh things, and if his theme wanted novelty it certainly did not appear tedious to the Eisteddfod audience. Sir Watkin subsequently referred to another popular topic—the success of the Welsh choir at the Crystal Palace—observing that no English choir had "blood enough" to meet them in competition. I should be sorry to condemn the very natural pride of Welshmen in the pluck and achievements of their countrymen; but, as regards this matter, they must bear in mind that a "walk over" is no proof of superiority. I am compelled to believe that one tendency of these Eisteddfod gatherings is to foster an overwhelming confidence in

the self-sufficiency of Wales. The Eisteddfod limits its teaching to Wales, and is unconscious of the great world over the border. Otherwise it is strong in its antiquity, its hold upon the people, its power of stimulating thought, and its adaptiveness to reach the lowest classes. Let the Eisteddfod, while paying heed to the preservation of all that is worthy in national life, aim to enlarge the scope of national thought, and it will achieve a work far higher than any yet accomplished. One step in this direction has undoubtedly been taken, if I may judge by the absence of that abuse of the Sassenach which was not long ago so popular. Not only have the orators, with a single exception, let England alone, but on all hands Mr. Osborne Morgan's attack is warmly deprecated. The English here are angry with the hon. member, as a matter of course; but that the Welsh should repudiate his "odious" comparisons is a new thing under the sun. This morning's session was conducted by Sanymarian, who, though a very prominent hand, lacked the readiness of Mynyddog; like him, however, he lost no chance of raising a laugh, and it would seem that jocularly is an essential qualification for the office. This morning's proceedings were mostly of a prosaic nature, and could only have been made tolerable by the business-like promptitude which is always absent from Eisteddfod doings. Some relief was afforded by the introduction of Mr. Willert Beale, the originator of the Crystal Palace music meetings, who is here on the look-out for serviceable hints, and his reception showed that the Welsh people appreciate the compliment; but his speech was yet more flattering than his presence, the audience cheering loudly an expression of hope that the Crystal Palace would imitate the Eisteddfod by making poetry a subject of competition. Another episode was when Miss Edith Wynne came forward and sang a song, with a burden, which declared that among all the chiefs of Cambria there is no greater lover of Welshmen than Sir Watkin. The tune being known to everybody, everybody joined in chorus, embarrassing greatly the honourable President, who took refuge behind his chair when, at the suggestion of Mr. John Thomas, the audience stood during a repetition of the piece. Mr. Lewis Thomas also enlivened the proceedings by singing "The Village Blacksmith" in excellent style, and a Welsh song, by Miss Megan Watta, was equally acceptable. But the event of the morning was a competition in spinning, the heroine of which turned out to be an elderly woman attired in orthodox Welsh costume, tall hat included; her dexterity fairly won the prize, while her homely bearing and simple manners excited abundant mirth. Among the competitors were those of modellers from nature, pencil sketchers, essayists, poets, flannel makers, musical composers, romance writers, and chorus singers. For the last-named, three choirs entered for a prize of five guineas, singing with various degrees of merit, but uniformly exhibiting the precision, crispness, and vigour characteristic of Welsh vocalists. The session terminated with the National Anthem, after a photographer had "taken" the occupants of the platform and everybody had joined in "hurrah's" for everybody else.

The last concert took place this evening, Mr. John Thomas's cantata, *The Bride of Neath Valley*, being its *pièce de résistance*, the composer conducting, with Miss Edith Wynne, Mrs. Mathieson, and Mr. Lewis Thomas as principal vocalists. No one could take exception to the choice of such a work on such an occasion, but of the concerts generally it may be said that they aimed rather to please than to refine. Miss Wynne ventured to introduce "Ocean, thou mighty monster," but without an encouraging result. The rule was, the better music the worse reception. A few popular airs cannot suffice for the musical culture of a nation, and it will be a happy thing for Wales when Eisteddfod programmes show more eclectic taste. The Eisteddfod is a mighty machine, as mighty for evil as for good, and it emphatically works for evil when encouraging isolation, in music or in anything else.

I cannot conclude without acknowledging the extreme courtesy of all those with whom my duty has brought me into contact. To E. Breese, Esq., F.A.S., chairman of the committee; Mr. O. P. Williams, acting secretary; and Mr. Thomas Casson, who is not only a prominent supporter of the Eisteddfod, but one of the musical accompanists to boot, my thanks are specially due.

**BADEN.**—Herr Auer, the violinist, appeared at the tenth *Matinée* for Classical Instrumental Music. He played Spohr's "Gesangs-scene," and an "Ungarische Rhapsodie," of his own composition. Herr Kündiger, first violoncellist at the Mannheim Theatre, performed the "Sovenir de Spaa," by Servais. The pianist was a young French lady, Mlle. Maurice. The pieces selected by her were Paladilhe's "Mandolinata," transcribed for the piano by M. Saint-Saens; Beethoven's Turkish March, from *Die Ruinen von Athen*, and an impromptu in C major by Chopin. The band executed Mendelssohn's A minor Symphony so magnificently, that the conductor, Herr Könnemann was called forward to bow his thanks. The overture to *Die Zauberflöte* was played quite as well.

## A FANCY.

By MRS. M. A. BAINES.

There is a keen perception in some minds  
That catch at trifles, lighter still than air;  
And fairy fancies weave by magic touch  
From veriest flimsy nothings as they fly;  
Pure essences of thought, those subtle things,  
Which coarser minds pass by, and never heed.

I knew not that thy feet had touched these shores,  
To gladden with thy presence all around;  
And yet, though seeing not, I felt thee near,  
So near that I could fancy thou didst speak.  
'Twas thus:—when I strolled forth, the ev'ning air  
Seem'd perfumed with thy breath, and fann'd my cheek  
More sweetly, softly, than it did before.  
The stars with borrowed brightness from thine eyes  
Look'd twinkling down to tell me thou wert near;  
Whilst e'en the shrubs and flow'rs with lisson stems  
Obedient to the breath of Heav'n did bow  
Their graceful heads at thy approach that night,  
To do thy presence homage like the rest.  
The moon, too, which had hid her face till then  
Behind a misty veil, ashamed to show  
Her sadden'd looks whilst thou wert still away,  
Shone forth again, with all her wonted light,  
And lent her silv'ry beams to cheer thy path.

Three moons have full'd and waned since thou wert here,  
And each one kept a gloomy aspect still  
Till thy return; but now the mists have gone,  
And with bright smiles the Queen of Night comes forth  
To bid thee welcome:—mark these omens well!  
All nature teems with wisdom from on high.

When next thou think'st to give a sweet surprise,  
Remember first that "tell tales" are around;  
For zephyrs waft love's tidings on their wings  
To those whose minds are to such things attuned.

## THE PORTMADOC EISTEDDFOD.

(From a *Stray Correspondent*.)

A concert was given on the evening of Tuesday, and attracted a large audience; the principal performers being Miss Edith Wynne (Eos Cymru), Mrs. Wynne Matthison (Lilios Gwynedd), Miss Megan Watta, Eos Morlais, Owain Alaw, Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia), and Mr. Lewis Thomas (Pencerdd Gwffyn). All these were in their places on an Eisteddfod platform; but I cannot say as much of two Bards, calling themselves Tanymarian and Mynyddog, who have no pretensions to musical ability. Tanymarian bellowed, and Mynyddog sang Welsh comic songs to the intense delight, but hardly, I should say, to the edification of the back benches. Here, however, as elsewhere, the people enjoy most that which is lowest in point of merit, and the two gentlemen I have named were the favourites of the evening. Eos Cymru went far over the heads of her audience with "Ocean, thou mighty monster" (*Oberon*); but the capital delivery of "Largo al factotum," by Pencerdd Gwffyn, led to an uproarious encore for the Italian air. Gwffyn gave Figaro's music with great success, and had an admirable accompanist in Miss Beattie Waugh (Eos Abbatiafon). Generally speaking, the concert gave satisfaction, and brought the first day's proceedings to a happy ending.

A second Gorsedd was held on Thursday morning, but under conditions very different from those of the first. Rain clouds lowered half-way down the hills, and a strong west wind drove before it a thick and searching mist. Did this daunt the Welsh folk? Not a bit. They were early up and stirring, the band, encompassed by a crowd of umbrellas, marching off at nine o'clock to head the Gorsedd procession. How the folk crowded the Gorsedd hill, heedless of the gusts which swept its summit with fury; how the Bards stood bareheaded, with more zeal than prudence; and how the numerous candidates for honours all put in an appearance, heedless of weather, those may imagine who know what enthusiasm Welshmen bring to their favourite institution. It rained when the proceedings closed, and it rained as the procession escorted Lord Penryhn, President of the day, to the Pavilion. But what of that? The Pavilion was crowded, and nobody heeded the odour of damp humanity and sawdust which pervaded the place. What was done on the occasion, as, also, the work of the closing day, must remain for another opportunity—which may never occur.

Portmadoc, Sep. 2.

LEWELLYN AP QWEMFLWD.

## EYLES' FUND.

THE SUB-COMMITTEE appointed to carry out the above object having resolved now to wind up this matter as expeditiously as possible, owing to the lamented decease of Miss EYLES, would feel obliged by your kindly remitting your promised Subscription to the undersigned, at your early convenience, if you have not already done so.

Immediately the total is realised, it will be applied in payment of Miss EYLES' debts (including her funeral expenses), according to the assurance given her; and any surplus will be divided amongst, and returned to, the Subscribers in proportion to the amount of their Subscriptions.

I am, yours faithfully,  
EDWARD LAND, Treasurer.

P.S.—The accounts will be made up by the Treasurer as soon as possible, and a Statement, with List of Subscriptions, forwarded to the donors.

4, Cambridge Place, Regent's Park, N.W.,  
July, 1872.

## MARRIAGE.

On Thursday, September 5, at All Saints Church, Gordon Square, R. E. FRANCHILLON, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, eldest son of the late J. FRANCHILLON, Esq., County Court Judge, to ROSAMOND LIVER MARY, eldest daughter of JOHN BARNETT, Esq., of Cheltenham and Gower Street.

## DEATH.

On Saturday, August 31st, suddenly, at the Pavilion Hotel, Folkestone, WILLIAM RAYMOND SAMS, Esq., formerly of St. James's Street, aged, 52.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1872.

## ENGLISH AND FOREIGN ARTISTS

THIS meaningless controversy still goes on, though, we are not displeased to remark, somewhat languidly. Only two letters have been published by the *Sunday Times* since our last—the one sensible enough, the other non-sensible enough. Our honoured contemporary must be sadly in want of matter to fill up its columns in the “silly season,” or it would surely not have opened them to such miserable twaddle. Although the *Sunday Times*, thanks to its admirable musical criticisms, has for some years been one of the first authorities on musical matters in the periodical press of London, it is not a “class paper,” so called, but a newspaper; and we cannot but think such a controversy wholly out of place in its pages. If one out of six letters which the *Sunday Times* has printed showed the smallest ability on the part of the writer, we might say—“well, let it pass; here is a writer who has something to urge about a subject that interests him deeply, and also the mass of the community to which he belongs.” But such dreary, illogical small-talk, conveyed in language no less ungrammatical than common-place, as the readers of the *Sunday Times* have been treated to for some weeks past, is without precedent. What have they done that they should submit to such an infliction? We want a new “Yellow Plush,” to explain to us the “rights of things.”

But, seriously—is such puling, whining trash in any way calculated to raise, or even to sustain, the fortunes of English musicians? Are we English a race so degraded that we must beg on our knees, in order to be considered not altogether contemptible? Or are we so hopelessly conceited as to believe that all our violinists are Joachims, and that all our violoncellists are Piattis? The contempt of truth eventually leads to nothing but disaster; and if English musicians can find no better argument on their own behalf than the reviling of aliens, who, they must acknowledge, play better in a large majority of instances than themselves, English musicians are more entitled to pity than to sympathy. Shall we always, as a musical community, be a parcel of children? Read the following letter addressed to the *Sunday Times*, and conceive, if possible, anything more absurd:—

SIR.—The English are proud of being great grumblers, so says your correspondent “A German Fiddler.” Surely we may grumble in our land, especially when we have something to grumble at, without being dictated to by foreign intruders. He also mentions our “Nasty tempers.” Who, I ask, possesses “Nastier tempers than foreigners?” and there are some nasty tempered “German fiddlers.” I take it, Sir, to be perfectly consistent for us to wish to get rid of foreign intruders. I presume, Sir, that G. F.’s countrymen were paid, and, doubtless, liberally, by the English for the “bountiful stock-in-trade” he mentions. He says the “six giant invaders” were “Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, and Mendelssohn.” Surely G. F. does not compare those names with the present foreign element; if so, truly the comparison is odious. He says “let the English instrumentalist strike against playing foreign music and he would have nothing to do.” What does he mean? Does he mean to insinuate that we have no English music; that we have no English composer? How is it that the compositions of our talented countryman, Sir Sterndale Bennett, and other native composers are not more often heard? There is plenty of first-class English music of all kinds. How is it that our English operas are not supported? Surely not because they are unmusical! Surely not because they are indifferently put together. No, but because anything and anybody that is foreign is patronised by the English public in preference to their own countrymen. What, I may ask, have the Monday Popular Concerts done for native talent? How many English compositions do they produce in the season? Is there no English chamber music? How many English artists do they employ? Can no other but foreign artists interpret the works they produce? Are there no English violin players—no English viola players—no English violoncello players? Doubtless the director of the Monday Popular Concerts knows the English taste for foreigners, and in the face of all this can it be wondered at that the English composers are tired of writing. They know full well because they are English their compositions will not have so much as a hearing. It is rather too bad, Sir, that after these foreign “Gods” intrude themselves in our country and monopolise our positions, they have the audacity to literally tell us we possess no music, no musical composers, and almost say that we possess no musicians (native). I say again, Sir, that it is rather too bad, and I should like to see my brother professionals in all branches of the profession take the matter up more vigorously than at present, for it behoves us all to try and protect ourselves from this foreign monopoly. Apologising for the length of my letter, and thanking you for your courtesy in our cause, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,  
A BRITISH MUSICIAN.

When it is borne in mind that Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, and Mendelssohn, were paid like cobblers in this country, and that Mozart was never paid anything at all, (except by the Court, when his exemplary father made raree-shows of the young phenomenon and his sister,) we ought to cease this senseless carping. Balfe and Wallace got twice as much for a single opera as Mendelssohn obtained for both his oratorios, which will live when Balfe, Wallace, and a hundred more such, are buried in oblivion.

We have, it is true, a great English composer, in Sterndale Bennett; but what have English musicians ever done for him? It is the indifference of his own musical compatriots which has been the cause of his throwing aside the pen, and thus depriving us of an English Mendels-

sohn. Do we not all remember the Society of British Musicians, which, in 1884, began so promisingly, and collapsed so shamefully? Yes—we do; and we well know why the Society of British Musicians collapsed. It merged into a *clique* of orchestral players, who imagined that in their persons all music was concentrated, and who thereby upset the institution upon which such bright hopes, as it was thought at the time, had been reasonably founded.

Why not abuse the English public, instead of abusing foreign musicians? It would be much more reasonable. If the English public prefer Bellini to Belfo, Donizetti to Wallace, and Verdi to Macfarren, it can hardly be said that they are very much in the wrong. No kind of bullying will make people buy what they don't care about.

"A British Musician's" observations about the Monday Popular Concerts are altogether beside the question. These concerts were instituted with a view of making the London public acquainted with the greatest masterpieces of chamber-music—the trios, quartets, quintets, sonatas, &c., of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Schubert, and Mendelssohn; and they have, in a great measure, effected the purpose intended. Is there any "British Musician" such an arrant noodle as to maintain that we English can boast a repertory like that furnished by the German masters, not to name other foreign composers whom we have overlooked? Is there any "British Musician" such an arrant noodle as to maintain that we English have a violinist like Joachim, or a violoncellist like Piatti? We hope, in either instance—for the sake of English intelligence and common sense—No;—because, simply, we have nothing of the kind, and "there's an end on't." Instead of squabbling and brawling, let us try to equal these foreigners;—which would be much more to the purpose.

"Are there no English viola players," is a question that will make Mr. Arthur Chappell smile, remembering, as he cannot fail to do, that the viola players at the Monday Popular Concerts, for a long series of years, were Mr. Doyle, the late Mr. Henry Webb, and Mr. H. Blagrove.

But really we have had enough of this fruitless discussion; and so appears to think Mr. John Biggs, another correspondent of the *Sunday Times*, who writes as follows:—

SIR—I regret very much to see the irritating twaddle that has appeared of late in the columns of your valuable journal respecting the musical profession in London: the Briton bespattering the foreigner, and *vice versa*, both parties forgetting that abuse is not argument; in fact, they remind me very much of two hungry dogs with a leg of mutton lying in front of them, snarling and growling at each other for possession of said mutton, instead of amicably sharing it between them. Why not, instead of abusing each other, be practical for once, and unite *en masse* for the purpose of improving their social position, and obtaining that just respect which is, or should be, their due? If you will kindly insert these few lines in your next issue, you will oblige yours truly.

JOHN BIGGS.

To which we can only add—and we add it in all sincerity—*bravissimo* Biggs!

**HERR JULES STOCKHAUSEN**, the celebrated German barytone, has replied manfully to the attacks upon him which recently appeared in the French papers.

Some time ago the Paris *Figaro* published a letter addressed by the artists of the Opéra Comique to Herr Stockhausen, a translation of which was given in No. 29 of the *Musical World*. The writers reproached the great artist with having composed a German patriotic song, and with accepting a professorship at the Strassburg Conservatory. Herr Stockhausen has now, in a letter addressed to the *Figaro*, repudiated the charges made against him. He writes as follows:—

"To M. Villemessant, Paris.—Sir, I perceive, somewhat late, it is true, from the Frankfort *Didaskalia*, that the artists of the Opéra-Comique, Paris, headed by M. Roger, have reproached me, in your paper, with having composed a German patriotic song. It was, no doubt, an act of forgetfulness on the part of these gentlemen not to forward me the number of the *Figaro* in which their letter appeared. As my mother\* is a native of Elsass, and thoroughly French at heart, you will be able to understand that it is with her permission that I answer my former comrades. I beg, sir, that you will, if possible, at once correct an error, very general in France, as to my nationality. Better late than never. I certainly was born in the year 1826, at Paris, but my father was a native of Cologne and a Prussian subject, in other words: a German; I, therefore, am also German. My father was subsequently naturalised in France, but, on attaining my twenty-first year, I refused, as I was legally entitled to do, to change my allegiance, and never possessed civil or political rights in France. I remained German with all my heart, and owe my musical education to my late father, to the talent and the example of my mother, and, finally, to masters, mostly foreigners, whom I paid for all private lessons during my residence in Paris. The lessons which I received at the Conservatory were so insufficient, that I was under the necessity of applying to M.M. Garcia, Magillier, and Micholet, in order to make more rapid progress. With regard to my reputation, I made it first in Switzerland, then in Germany, Austria, France itself (at least I hope so), England, Russia, and other places. Goethe tells us:—"Only clouds are modest." On marrying in 1864, I embraced allegiance to Germany, and became a citizen of Hamburg. I have not, however, on that account, ceased to like the amiable French, and I have never for one moment forgotten what I owe to Paris and to France. Nor is my gratitude towards my god-mother, to whom allusion is made in another journal, less than it ever was, though, after adopting me like one of her own family, she subsequently, from an over feeling of piety, shut the door in my face when I came out at the Opéra-Comique. Strolling players were then excluded from pious circles in Paris and the provinces. I cannot feel very much affronted, for I think it was this highly esteemed theatre which induced me—*horribile dictu!*—to play the part of Polichinelle, in *Le Carnaval de Venise*, by M. A. Thomas. The reproaches of my former comrades are highly flattering to me, but, at the same time, so violent and insulting, that at first, not being able to procure the original, I could not believe the letter was genuine. One may be a bit of a clod, although a member of the Opéra-Comique—but downright low—laugh! However, this charge is corroborated by names, 24 in number, appended to the precious document, which will hand their owners down to Posterity. It is impossible to be a better comrade than Roger; but Roger at this particular epoch of his career was longing to become re-famous elsewhere than in Germany.—I remain, with your permission, sir, your humble servant, and thoroughly German Alsatian,

J. STOCKHAUSEN.

"Cunstatt, near Stuttgart, August, 1872."

To look things straightforward in the face is the act of a man; to hide your head in the ground is the act of an ostrich. Jules Stockhausen, although a Teuton, is not an ostrich (he was not born in Austria), but a man (he was not born in France). Hurrah! for Jules Stockhausen! But how about Offenbach?

AMONG the passengers by the "Cuba" steamer (Cunard line), from Liverpool to New York, on Saturday afternoon, were Madame Pauline Lucca, Miss Clara-Louise Kellogg, Mdle. Clara Doria, Herr Anton Rubinstein, Mr. H. Jarrett, and Mr. Edmund Yates. They had a fair passage to Queenstown, with a promise of a "calm sea and prosperous voyage."

LAND AND BUILDING SOCIETIES.—On the 7th of September the Conservative Land Society entered upon its 21st year. Since its formation, in 1852, the services of the same chairman (Viscount Ranelagh), the same vice chairman (Colonel Brownlow Knox), and the same secretary (Mr. C. L. Gruneien), have been secured for the Society, which, during the period it dealt in land—up to September, 1868—invested in estates in 26 counties, which were allotted to the amount of £625,560. Thousands of persons of all classes of the community have thereby acquired freehold land and houses. The £60 shares taken out have been Nos. 37,617, representing a subscribed capital of £1,890,086, and under the certified rules the withdrawal privilege of investors has been exercised to the extent of over £485,000.

\* The Mad. Stockhausen known to all lovers of singing as one of the greatest vocalists of her time.—D. P.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SOME curiosities in the way of ancient music have recently been published in Paris. The Société des Sciences des Lettres, et des Arts, of Lille, has produced the complete works of the Troubadour, Adam de la Halle, who is better known as Le Bossu d'Arras, although it was a nickname against which he strenuously protested. Much of his poetry is accompanied by his music, and the latter includes compositions in two and in three parts. These are printed in the old notation, and with a translation by M. E. de Coussemaker. Seventeen Rondos and seven Motets form a considerable addition to our stock of music of the thirteenth century.

MR. MAPLESON, it is reported, has made three very important engagements for his next season. The first, and most important is the tenor, Signor Aramburo, who has sung with the greatest success at Rome, Turin, Genoa, and Barcelona, who was considered at Rome as the rival of Campanini, and preferred to that tenor by many amateurs. Signor Aramburo is engaged for the opening of the new operahouse at Milan, which is to be inaugurated by a performance of the *Favorita*, with Aramburo as Ferdinando, and Mme. Galetti as Leonora. Mr. Mapleson's second acquisition is Mlle. Macwitz, a contralto, who having, with great honours, gained the first prize at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, was sent by the Emperor of all the Russias to prosecute the study of her art in Italy. Mr. Mapleson's third prize is the barytone Collini (not the one we remember at Covent Garden, but a relative). Signor Collini has been singing at Madrid with great applause, and is now engaged at the St. Carlo, Naples.

THE late Neapolitan composer, Carafa, was anything but rich. The most certain part of his income was a snuff-box. This was given him thirty years ago, on his saint's day, as a mark of friendship, by Baron Rothschild. Twenty-four hours afterwards Carafa sold it, for 75 louis d'or, to the jeweller from whom it was purchased. The following year the Baron gave Carafa the same snuff-box, and Carafa again disposed of it to the same jeweller for 75 louis d'or. This went on uninterruptedly during the life of the Baron, and even after his decease, for his sons continued to present the snuffbox to Carafa on each succeeding saint's day.—It had become a tradition in their family.—A touching anecdote is related of Carafa's wife. Being very ill, and feeling that her end was near, she pretended to go into the country, and wrote several letters, of different dates, to her husband, who died without knowing that she had preceded him to the grave. [Poor old Carafa!—Only those who knew him well could account for and appreciate him. Nevertheless, he was one in many, if not, like his constant friend, Rossini, many in one.—D. P.]

THE BOTOTOO, OR SACRED TRUMPET.—The independent Indians, dwelling on the banks of the Upper Orinoko, worship the good and the bad principle Cachiniana and Iolo-Kiemo, and the great spirit Manitoo, who calls into existence the seasons, and presides over the crops. They reverence no other gods or idols, though, strange to say, they pay divine honours to the Sacred Trumpet, or Bototoo. This consists of the hollow stem of a hard resonant tree, four or six feet long. When struck sharply on the ground, it emits a loud, dull, melancholy sound, audible ten English miles off. It is played under palms and in fields of fruit that the palms and the fields may prove fertile. During the operation, fruit and intoxicating drinks are set out in the neighbourhood, for the gods, who, though invisible, require solid and liquid nourishment. There are very few Bototoos. The oldest and most celebrated is said to be one kept on a hill at the confluence of the Tomo and the Rio Negro. It is under the charge of old Indians, deeply versed in the mysteries of their religion; only single men of pure morals can be initiated into the latter. These Indians are rewarded with the gift of prophecy, so that if Cachiniana does not himself blow the trumpet, he proclaims his will through its custodians. Women are not allowed to look upon the wondrous object. If any woman unfortunately caught sight of it by accident, she was pitilessly killed.—Down to the time of Humboldt, who himself gathered the above details from the Indians, no doubt had ever been cast upon the sanctity of the Bototoo. At present, however, the Bototoo has lost its sacred nimbus in every village of the Rio Negro; it is openly introduced at all dances and popular festivals.

Two old and effete dramas have been recently galvanized in Paris. The one (at the Chatélet) in *Les Chiens du Mont Saint Bernard*, by Benjamin Antier and Hyacinthe; the other (at the Cluny) is the *Teresa* of Alexandre Dumas père. Neither has created any remarkable excitement. In *Teresa*, the part of Delaunay is represented by Mr. Frederick Lemaitre, a son of "the great Frederick," who has been director of several provincial theatres, but is at present hardly better than a novice on the stage.

## HONOURS PAID TO PAULINE LUCCA.

The following is from an old and well-esteemed correspondent, whose communications, though few and far between, are always valued at their intrinsic worth:—

"A grand concert for charitable purposes was recently got up by Madame Pauline Lucca. The following was the programme: 'Polonaise,' Chopin, Herr Hermann Riedel; 'Das Veilchen,' Mozart, Madame Pauline Lucca; the Page's Air from *Les Huguenots*, Meyerbeer, Mlle. Carlotta Grossi; Air from *Mignon*, Thomas, Madame Pauline Lucca; Impromptu, Schubert, Herr Hermann Riedel; 'Margarethe's Songs' from Scheffel's *Trompeter Von Säckingen*, Mlle. Grossi; Paladilhe's 'Mandolinata,' Madame Pauline Lucca; Duet, Rubinstein, Madame Lucca and Mlle. Grossi. The lowest price for a ticket was ten florins, and the sale of tickets together with the extra sums given by various persons—the Empress of Austria presenting a hundred florins—realised fifteen hundred florins, or seventy-five pounds sterling, a very pretty sum for the fair artist to hand over to the 'poor and needy' of the place."

The Emperor and Empress of Austria happened to be at Ischl at the time, and though the Emperor was in mourning, and, therefore, could not attend the concert, the Grand Duchess Sophia did, and was enchanted. Next morning, the Emperor sent his chief *aid-de-camp* to Madame Lucca, with the proposal of an engagement, on the part of His Majesty, for the new Grand Opera which now replaces the time-honoured *Karntnerthor*—terms 100,000 *gulden* annually, for three years, with six months' *congé*, and a pension of 20,000 *gulden*. Lucca's engagement with Mr. Maretzek, however, for New York and the principal towns in the United States of America, rendered her acceptance of this munificent offer impossible. Notwithstanding her inevitable refusal, which had become very generally known, on leaving the railway station at Ischl, where a large crowd had assembled, at the moment of starting, a packet was placed in Mme. Lucca's hands, which packet contained a magnificent bouquet of diamonds, a gift from the Princess Trubetzkoi, who had been present at the concert for the poor, and who had previously witnessed many of Lucca's triumphs at St. Petersburg and elsewhere. Similar *cadeaux* came from the Imperial House of Hapsburgh, in recognition of the charitable act of Mme. Lucca and of her artistic worth. The present of the Kaiser was a diadem in brilliants, elaborately set in pure gold; that of the Empress was a pair of pearl ear-rings of great value, also set in gold—the smaller pearl being in the shape of an apple, the larger pearls (the pendants), in the shape of pears. On leaving Berlin, en route for the United States, shortly afterwards, the Emperor of Germany presented Mme. Lucca with a pair of ear-rings formed of gigantic pearls, oyster-shaped, and studded with brilliants of the purest water. The Empress gave her a splendid pearl necklace, all the pearls being oriental. The regret at Pauline Lucca's necessary absence from Germany is shared alike by Courts and communities; for a more universal favourite, from the highest ranks to the lowest, could not be cited in the history of the lyrico-dramatic art.

I write from Ischl (a charming spot which you ought, one of these days, to visit), and am your old and faithful (though somewhat irregular) correspondent, DILETTANTE.

Ischl, August 25.

KARLSBAD (Bohemia).—The concert of the Curcapelle, on August the 15th, under the direction of Herr Aug. Labitzky, was one of particular attraction; Wagner's *Das Liebesmahl der Apostel* was repeated (by desire), and also C. Oberthur's *Lorely*, a legend for orchestra, with harp *obligato*, performed for the second time. This work, a poetical illustration of Heine's celebrated poem, deserves to be better known. The orchestration is highly effective, and the elaborate and brilliant harp part was in the hands of Fraulein Anna Dubez, who, as on a former occasion, played it admirably.

**Chaddus Egg on the Eisteddfod.**

The Eisteddfod held at Portmadoc, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday last week, had been duly proclaimed a year and a day previously, according to ancient usage, the place of proclamation being the spot chosen for the Gorsedd and Druidical court. Our readers may be curious to know the form used on such occasions, and we append, therefore, that which a week or two ago announced the Eisteddfod to be holden at Mold next year. As the names only are changed, one will serve for the other. First came the Gorsedd prayer, which may be thus translated:—

"God impart thy strength;  
And in that strength, reason;  
And in reason, knowledge;  
And in knowledge, justice;  
And in justice, the love of it;  
And in that love, the love of everything;  
And in the love of everything, the love of God.  
O, Jesus, repress injustice."

A trumpeter then blew three blasts, and the following was read in Welsh and English:—

"Truth against the world."  
"Whoso slayeth shall be slain."  
"Proclamation of proclamations."

*Two spaces of the Moon after the Summer Solstice of 1872.*

**Take Notice.**

That when Christ's age shall be 1873, and the reckoning of the Bards of the Isle of Britain shall approach the feast and festival of Autumn, to wit, the incidence of the Autumnal Equinox, after this citation and summons by Public Horn—blown openly and clearly—in the ear of the people and Prince, with notice and advertisement of our twelve month and a day—an Eisteddfod, and High Session in Song, will be held at Mold, in the province of Powys; with liberty for all who seek privilege and degree in song and poetry to frequent that town, at dawn of day, and meet under sun, where no weapon shall be bared against them; and thereat there shall be present the three primary Bards of the Isle of Britain, to wit, Plenydd, Alawn, and Gwron, and with them Clwydfardd, Gweirydd ap Rhys, Gwulchnai, Andreas o fon Gwilym Gwynffwrdd, Glaswyn, Eitlyn, Rhys Meirion, Ioan Michno, Iolo Trefaldwyn, Powysion, and others several and sundry Bards and Graduates by privilege and usage of the Bards of the Isle of Britain—to have and to hold chair judgment and assize upon Minstrelsy and Poetry, and upon every one, concerning ability and behaviour and knowledge, who seeks privilege, order and degree, under protection of the Chair of Powys, and by the privilege and usage of the Bards of the Isle of Britain—in the face of the sun—the eye of light.

"Who would speak let him speak."  
"Truth against the world."  
"Whoso slayeth shall be slain."

The foregoing was precisely the simple and not ineffective procedure in connection with the Portmadoc gathering, the spot selected being the summit of a craggy hill which rises abruptly from the road connecting Portmadoc with its sister town, Tremadoc. The place, usually deserted and lonely, witnessed another ceremony on Wednesday morning, having first been duly prepared for the Gorsedd court. The preparations in question were these:—First, a large stone was rolled to an appointed spot, representing the sun; round it, in circular form, being placed twelve smaller stones, representing the signs of the Zodiac. Towards the east, outside of the circle, were three stones so placed that the lines drawn to them from the centre would indicate the points in the heavens at which the sun rises on the solstices and equinoxes of the year respectively. These lines of light from the mystic symbol were known among the ancient Bards and Druids as the name of the great Architect—the word, *y Gair*—It being held that God created the universe by showing and pronouncing His own name. All these arrangements being duly made, and the sun shining as brightly as ever it did upon its ancient worshippers, the Gorsedd, which forms an integral and essential part of every Eisteddfod, was opened, the various orders in the Druidical hierarchy marching to the spot, headed by an emblematic banner and a brass band. Here let us inform the reader that those orders are three in number—Druids, Bards, and Ovates—according to the classification made 1,000 years before the Christian era, by Plenydd, Alawn, and Gwron, the Gwyddonaid, or men of knowledge. The emblems of the orders are blue for the Bard, referring to the blue vault of heaven, indicating peace and tranquillity; white for the Druid, indicating the purity of light; and green for the Ovate, borrowed from the grass, and indicating a state of growth. Representatives of each order walked in the procession, which wended its way from the picturesque little town of Tremadoc, and climbed with painful steps and slow the rugged hill-side. Its destination reached, the non-graduates formed outside the sacred enclosure, while those who were entitled so to do entered its precincts, with bared heads, and grouped around the central stone. After some formalities

the exact purport of which did not appear, the court proceeded to pass and raise various candidates for bardic honours. Nothing could be simpler than the process. The presiding Bard read aloud an exercise handed in by each candidate as a sample of his powers; the question of his acceptance was then voted "Yes" or "No," and, the Yeas having it, he was brought within the circle, to receive a suitable admonition, and to have the riband of his class bound round his right arm. There were not a few successful aspirants, and it was long ere the Bards and spectators broke up and streamed in confusion down the hill, to form again and escort the President of the day to the Eisteddfod Pavilion, a large wooden edifice elaborately decorated, and capable of holding more than 6,000 people. Once arrived there, the antique portion of the Eisteddfod proceedings were left outside, and the business done savoured emphatically of nineteenth century progress. True, a competition in playing a triple harp suggested the long past days when that singular instrument flourished; but, as a rule, the proceedings were fully up to the times now present. Lord Mostyn, a kindly old gentleman in feeble health, took the chair; and, with "Cynddelu"—we do not know this Bard's everyday name—as "conductor," the various competitions went briskly on, retarded merely by the irrepressible desire of everybody on the platform to come forward and say something. A list of the competitions would take up more space than can be spared, but their variety and usefulness may be gathered from a few examples:—thus, a guinea was given for the best carved trencher; five guineas for a memorial ode on a lately deceased patriot; one guinea for a psalm tune; two guineas for the best specimen of slate carving; and seven guineas for the best performance of a selected Anthem. In many cases, undoubted merit was brought to the front; and it must be conceded that the tendency of the proceedings was to stimulate thought, and encourage effort in a right direction. What mattered it that those who took part wore leeks, called themselves by strange and fanciful names, and aped, in the nineteenth century, the customs of their remote forefathers? If these things please, by all means let them be enjoyed, so long as they are accompanied by genuine work in the cause of progress.

Chaddus Egg.

**MUSIC AT MUNICH.**

(From a Correspondent.)

The large concert-room of the Royal Odéon was filled in every part on Saturday evening, August the 24th. The occasion being a grand concert, given by the Academy of Music, in aid of the "Wagner Association," which is to promote the success of the building of the new National Theatre at Bayreuth. The following is the programme:—

"1st Part.—Eine, 'Faust,' Overture, Wagner; Prayer of Elizabeth, from the opera *Tannhäuser* (Frau Mathilde Mallinger), Wagner; Concertstück (Herr Fritz Hartvigson, from London, Pianist to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales), Weber; Recitative and Aria, 'Don Giovanni' (Frau Mathilde Mallinger), Mozart; Sonate in E-flat, Op. 31, No. 3 (Herr von Bülow), Beethoven; 'An die ferne Geliebte,' Lieder Kreis, Op. 98 (Herr Heinrich Vogl), Beethoven. 2nd part.—Symphony, C minor, Beethoven."

The concert was under the direction of Herr Dr. Von Bülow, who conducted the orchestral works. His reception was flattering, and after his performance of Beethoven's sonata he was recalled four times. Herr Hartvigson's fine interpretation of Weber's *Concertstück* also met with hearty appreciation, and the player was recalled three times, a fact the more valuable as not a hand moved to welcome him when he appeared on the platform; he being unknown to Munich. The appearance of Frau Mallinger, formerly of Munich, now of Berlin, was the signal for warm demonstrations, and recalls followed each of her pieces. She never sang better. Herr Vogl was very successful with the *Lieder-kreis* of Beethoven, and had the advantage of being accompanied by Herr von Bülow, who accompanied, played, and conducted the whole concert without book. The band of the Munich Hofcapelle faultlessly executed Wagner's *Faust* overture, Beethoven's Symphony, and the accompaniments to Weber's *Concertstück*. The pecuniary results of the concert were gratifying, notwithstanding the—for Munich—unusually high prices of admission. Over 2000 florins were received.

Munich, Aug. 30.

SCHWALBACH.—This charming watering place has been very full during the season, and it adds every year to its attractions, amongst which the improvements of the beautiful grounds are particularly to be mentioned. Schwalbach was a favourite retreat of Meyerbeer, whose widow still visits the place for a lengthened sojourn every year. There is an excellent Curcapelle, under the direction of Musikdirector Ridel. Their musical *répertoire* is very rich, and the concerts are listened to with evident pleasure and interest. They have, among other novelties recently, repeatedly performed C. Oherthür's orchestral prelude, entitled *Shakespeare*, and the same composer's overture, *Rebecca*, as a compliment to the author, who was on a visit to the town.

Huber Silber having nothing to say, and saying it with his accustomed felicity.

The Opera which during our short summer is concentrated at Covent Garden and Drury Lane flies to strange places when the season is over. In accordance with general fashion, it goes out of town, and may now be heard three times a week at Sydenham. The operas at the Crystal Palace are of the most familiar kind, the repertory being exclusively selected from that of Mr. Alfred Bunn in the days when that much-maligned manager produced a long series of works by Balfe, Benedict, Wallace, and Macfarren. There were English operas before the *Bohemian Girl*; but no English opera anterior to that is ever played, and the genus beginning with Balfe's musical version of *La Gitana* seems to have ended with Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*. A certain number of operas by English composers, or composers settled in England, were, it is true, brought out at the Lyceum and Covent Garden Theatres, under the Pyne and Harrison management; but that was only a continuation, under new direction, of the régime introduced by Mr. Alfred Bunn. In all subsequent attempts, metropolitan and provincial, to revive English opera, the *Bohemian Girl*, *Martina*, and the *Rose of Castille*, have been considered indispensable, and to these, when it was thought expedient to give a broad Anglo-Cosmopolitan character, the English translation of *Les Diamants de la Couronne* has been added. Whether the directors of the Crystal Palace contemplate the resurrection of "English opera," so called, is not clear; their object would seem to provide visitors with an entertainment which is at least preferable to a succession of detailed operatic pieces, strung together at random, as in the so-called "miscellaneous" programmes. Besides the inevitable works, without which no course of English opera is considered complete, the Crystal Palace includes English versions of *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Fille du Régiment*, and *Martha*—all familiar productions. Of course, *La Sonnambula*, the most popular of popular Italian operas which have been presented in an English dress, is from time to time performed.

The Crystal Palace directors do not commit the fault of sacrificing everything to the prima donnas. Nor has Mr. George Perren, the earliest, nor Mr. Nordblom, the latest, of the Crystal Palace tenors been made the object of any undue attention. The chorus is passable, the orchestra excellent, and the performances are as remarkable for *ensemble* as for the merit of the principal singers. What, however, is most remarkable is their utter want of novelty. Compared with the directors of the Crystal Palace Opera, Mr. Mapleson seems an enthusiast for the New, and Mr. Gye a fanatical believer in the Unknown. Yet, with an orchestra permanently on the establishment, and no extra rent to pay for the theatre, which belongs to the Palace, nothing could be easier than to bring out a series of untried works by English and Anglicised composers. The cost would merely involve a little additional outlay for leading artists.

Notwithstanding the unwillingness of managers to bring out new operas, there is one composer exceptionally favoured, who can always command a hearing, and has sometimes two or three theatres devoted to him. M. Offenbach had a bad time during, and immediately after the Franco-German war, the Germans looking upon him as a recreant German naturalized in France, the French regarding him as a false-Frenchman unable to purge himself of his German origin. But all that is changed, and M. Offenbach is again the popular composer of the day on both sides the Channel and both sides the Rhine. This popularity he in part owes to his fecundity. Such as they are, he produces a dozen works while Verdi brings out one. These works are not difficult to mount, and require no great vocalists. They may be either "said or sung;" and some of the young and middle-aged women, whose success is associated with that of Offenbach, have made their mark by delivering his rhythmical couplets in a half-singing, half-speaking voice. Musicians have never accepted Offenbach, and are justified by the fact that whenever he has written for the Grand Opera which he once furnished with the music of a ballet, or for the Opéra Comique, where two or three operas from his pen have been played, the result has been failure. Nor was M. Offenbach's masterpiece, the *Grand Duchess*, very successful at Covent Garden, where, from natural associations, the audience thought they had a right to expect, not operatic buffoonery, but a regular operatic performance. To obtain success, a composer must find his proper level and surroundings; and M. Offenbach did not make himself heard (as far as England is concerned) in his *juste milieu* until *Geneviève de Brabant* was brought out at Islington, and *Le Roi Carotte* in Leicester Square. *Geneviève de Brabant* has obtained a greater number of representations than all the best known Italian, German, English, and regular French operas, including such popular works as *La Sonnambula* and *Der Fieschütz*, *The Bohemian Girl* and *Fra Diavolo*. Report, however, corroborated by the advertisements in the newspapers, said that the modest *Geneviève* owed a portion of her triumph to the dancing achievements of an accomplice styled Mlle. Sarah, or (more familiarly) "wiry Sal;" and it is not to

the music alone, and certainly not to the drama, that *Le Roi Carotte* is indebted for a run which threatens to be eternal. Leicester Square is just the place for Offenbach; though the Alhambra, for purely operatic performances, is perhaps the most unsuitable arena in existence. It is by no means "good for sound;" and, were it otherwise, the walking to and fro of the supposed audience would be bad for hearing. Nevertheless, it has lost its old character of something between a music-hall, and a promenade concert, and is now a theatre, with certain of the audience department set apart for peripatetic amateurs, who sometimes listen to the music, and always stand still to look at the ballet. Here, again, there is no intolerable excellence on the part of the prima donnas; and, if one thing more than another is unduly sacrificed to, it is the "can-can." As if in cynical disbelief of the virtues traditionally attributed to agricultural populations, this dance, inevitable in an English version of Offenbach, is styled "rustic." Such rusticity, however, could not be witnessed in Paris, at the most rural of the public gardens. There the dancers would be taken up by the police. In Leicester Square they are applauded and encored. That portion of *Le Roi Carotte* which really belongs to M. Offenbach is, at least, on a par with his previous work. It would be ridiculous to speak of it piece by piece; but some of the ballet music is good, and the *entrée* of the young ladies disguised as "insects" is like a distant echo of—

Huber Silber.

#### CARAFÀ.

On Saturday, the 27th July, at five in the morning, died the oldest, and one of the most fertile, composers of the present age—Carafa.

Michael Henry Francis Aloys Vincent Paul Carafa di Colobrano was born at Naples, the 17th November, 1787. From his childhood he manifested such a taste for music that his parents put him under Francesco Piaggi, and Fenaroli. From them he acquired that purity of style which characterises his numerous works. Even his earliest gave proof of natural grace and facility. The latter did not exclude vivacity, but we find, on examining his productions as a whole, that it is rarely enhanced by vigour.

Just as he was about to enter on a musical career, war snatched young Carafa from art. He belonged to the Neapolitan Troops and greatly distinguished himself. He was taken prisoner by the French at Campo-Ternese in Calabria (1806). Murat, who was then King, noticed him, conceived a liking for him, and attached him to his person in the capacity of equerry. Carafa accompanied the expedition to Sicily, as lieutenant, and returned as captain. He was orderly officer to Murat in Russia. In 1812, he obtained the cross of the Legion of Honour and the grade of major. Here his military career terminated.

In 1814, Carafa resumed his favourite pursuit, making his *début* as a composer that same year with a drawing-room opera—*Il Fantasma*,—the success of which was such as quickly to induce him to try the stage. *Le Vaisseau d'Occident*, produced at the Tetro del Fondo, Naples, met with an enthusiastic reception. Having hit upon his proper career, he worked seriously and perseveringly. Aided, moreover, by exceptional facility, he wrote several serious and comic operas which spread about his name. He now set out for Venice, Milan, and Vienna, producing operas as he went along. But it was Paris he wanted to reach, to have the stamp put upon his fame. He arrived there in 1821, intending to stay just long enough to compose an opera, and get it brought out. He remained, however, till the day of his death.

His first piece, *Jeanne d'Arc*, in three acts, at the Feydeau, proved only a semi-success, soon eclipsed by that of *Le Solitaire* (1822), taken from a romance by the Viscount d'Arlincourt. Thenceforward Carafa became a French composer, and, while preserving the elegance, the facility, and the Italian turn of phrase, derived from the author of *Il Barbiere*—the imitation of whose manner and plan of proceeding was urged as a reproach against him—he rapidly achieved a reputation, thanks to his natural talent and unusual fecundity. *Masaniello* (three acts, 1828), his masterpiece, had a large share in establishing this reputation, which it brilliantly maintained until the production of Auber's *Muette de Portici*. *Masaniello* is a work distinguished by its popular melodies and its elegant instrumentation; it is inseparably connected with the name of its author, who was felicitous in all the different styles he attempted with varying success.

*La Grand Duchesse* (1834) closed the list of his operatic works.

Like his friend Rossini, Carafa retired early, and for very many years enjoyed that repose which was unknown to Meyerbeer, Auber, and Halévy, the masters of the French school. Notwithstanding their friendship and mutual esteem, Carafa and Rossini were not backward in criticising each other; though friends, they exercised their wit at the expense of each others' successive works. For a long time Carafa was a popular favourite, but he is now forgotten. The revival of *Le Solitaire*, at the Théâtre Lyrique, in 1836, was not followed by the enthusiasm with which it had been originally greeted. Provincial managers, faithful to the glories of the Past, get up, from time to time, *Masaniello* and *Le Valet de Chambre*, or venture timidly on *La Prison d'Edinbourg*.

In 1837, Carafa succeeded Lesueur at the Institute. After being for a long time director of the Military Gymnasium of Music, he became, when that establishment was suppressed, professor of ideal composition at the Conservatory, and Officer of the Legion of Honour (1847). The author of so many and such varied compositions will be long remembered; nor will the good hearted honourable man, who always retained the abrupt frankness of the hussar officer, be forgotten by those who knew, loved, and esteemed him.

The following is a list of his works.

Italian Operas.—*Il Fantasma*, *Il Vascelo*; *L'Occidente*; *La Gelosia corretta*; *Gabriella di Vergy*; *Ifigenia in Tauride*; and *Il Sacrificio*, performed at various theatres in Italy previous to (1820); *La Capriciosa* (Rome); *Enfemia di Messina*, and *Abufar* (Vienna); written during the early years of his residence in Paris.

French operas.—*Jeanne d'Arc* (1821); *Le Solitaire* (1822); from 1823 to 1828, *Le Valet de Chambre*, *L'Auberge supposée*, *Sangarido*, *La Violette* (in collaboration with Leborne); *La Belle au Bois dormant*; *Le Sonnambule et le Paria*; *Masaniello* and *Jenny* (three acts, 1828); *Les Noces de Lammermoor* (1829); *Le Livre de l'Ermite*; *L'Auberge d'Auray* (in collaboration with Hérold); *La Prison d'Edinbourg* (three acts); *Une Journée de la Fronde*, ou *la Maison du Rempart* (1833); and *La Grande Duchesse* (three acts, 1834); the last two were produced at the Opéra Comique.

Ballet—*L'Orgie* (1831).

Various—*Les Premiers Pas*, opening prologue at the Opéra National; cantatas; several pieces of chamber-music; several occasional pieces, and, lastly, the ballet airs which Rossini commissioned Carafa to compose for *Semiramis*, when that work was revived at the Opéra.

G. OZAUNE.

### FEMINE CONTEMPT FOR MUSIC.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

The Choir calls attention to the really notable fact that "among the numberless points in which learned ladies urge that the education of their sex is deficient they nearly always fail to mention music." Miss Shireff was guilty of this omission, in the discourse she delivered, at Brighton, on the "Higher Education of Women;" and the question naturally arises—do they imagine that the musical education of women is just what it ought to be, or do they maintain that music should not form part of a woman's education? In England, more than in any other country, the study of music is looked upon as a pursuit for women; and as every boy of the upper and middle classes goes through the form of learning Latin, so every girl of the same classes acquires the art of making a more or less harmonious noise upon the piano. There are at least ten, or more probably twenty, girls who study music to one boy. Indeed, in a school of a hundred girls every girl would take music lessons, while in a school of a hundred boys perhaps not one student of music would be found. Among public performers, on the other hand—musical aspirants, that is to say, who have studied with a certain success—the proportion of women to men is inverted; and for every successful female musician from ten to a hundred successful male musicians could be named. Men, again, who apply themselves to music, study instruments of various kinds—women, almost exclusively the piano. Yet among pianists alone, for three ladies who have gained celebrity—Madame Pleyel, Madame Schumann, Madame Goddard—one could cite a dozen men (!) The Choir points out that "the number of ladies who take up the subject of music at the Cambridge examinations is very small," and that "the success of those who do come forward is equally limited." This fact, and the more important one that in the catalogue of great composers women

have absolutely no place, will suffice to show that the higher regions of musical study have scarcely as yet been penetrated by them; and may even suggest to some that perhaps, after all, music is the very thing for which women have no particular aptitude. The persistence with which female orators decline to entertain the question of serious musical education for their sex is in accordance with this idea, though it may also be explained by a wish, not so much to enlarge the domain which has hitherto been looked upon as naturally belonging to women, as to invade that which has for the most part been reserved for men. Catherine of Russia, who, notwithstanding moments of levity, was on the whole a striking specimen of a strong-minded woman at her very strongest, thought the cultivation of music not only a frivolous but an enfeebling occupation; and we all know that it has been banished on high philosophical authority from the lists of studies suitable to a good young man. It may be assumed, then, that the ladies who demand for their sex higher education are not disposed to include music in their curriculum. If, however, they reflect that, up to the present time, men alone have distinguished themselves in the higher branches of composition, they will perceive that music is not altogether a feminine pursuit, and therefore not altogether unworthy of their notice.

[Among the "dozen men" (pianists) we should be glad if the *Pall Mall Gazette* could name three, now living, who play as well as any one of the women (pianists) specified by the writer of the foregoing very singular article. We own that we could not.—D. P.]

### WAIFS.

Mr. Nelson Varley is engaged for a tour in America, with Madame Rudersdorff's party.

Mr. Gye, director of the Royal Italian Opera, is shooting grouse in the North of Scotland (Sutherland).

Miss Fanny Heywood has been singing in the English operas now given at the Crystal Palace with great success.

Mr. Santley has returned from Italy, where he has been spending his leisure time on the banks of the Lake of Como.

Mr. Mapleson, director of Her Majesty's Opera, has returned from Aix les Bains, where he has been taking sulphur baths.

Mr. John Knowles, of Herne Hill, has given £1,000 to the "St. Paul's Cathedral Completion Fund," through the Rev. Canon Gregory.

There is a vacancy for an organist and choirmaster for the Abbey Church of Bourne (Lincolnshire). The stipend, with endowment, is £50 per annum.

Mr. Charles Goffrie, the well-known violinist, returned to New York, via Liverpool, on Thursday last. Mr. Goffrie will be missed from our orchestral and quartet performances.

Signor Piatti is enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*, like the Augustan poet, Horatius Flaccus—commonly styled "Horace"—at his own beautiful estate near the Lake of Como.

A patent has been taken out in America for "an attachment to pianofortes, so that the strings may be touched mid-length by a pedal movement, and sounds similar to a violin or guitar obtained."

The rehearsal for the Norwich Festival took place on Thursday morning, September 6th, and began at 10.30 precisely, at the St. George's Hall, Langham Place, London—Sir Julius Benedict, conductor.

Mr. William R. Sams died suddenly at the Pavilion Hotel, Folkestone, on Saturday last, and was buried on Thursday, at Kensal Green. Mr. Sams was well-known and esteemed by the dramatic and operatic "world," and has left behind him many who were attached to him for his amiable disposition and social qualities. As an enthusiastic patron of the drama, and a zealous promoter of its interests, Mr. Sams was widely known and regarded.

The Portmadoc Eisteddfod, just brought to a very successful close, is to bear fruit (the *Liverpool Mercury* says) in an unexpected manner. A gentleman attended the gathering from London with the object of gaining information to assist him in the formation of festivals of a somewhat similar character in the large towns of England. In generous appreciation of his high mission, the bards have bestowed upon Mr. Beale the title of "Pencerdd Llundain," which, being interpreted, means "The chief of song of London.—*Pall Mall Gazette*."

After the Festivals of Worcester and Norwich, Mr. Mapleson will give three grand concerts in the Royal Albert Hall. The first is to be a Military concert; the second a sacred concert (the *Messiah*); the third a miscellaneous concert—with Tietjens, Ilma di Murska, Trebelli, Sinico, Marimon, Campanini, Agnesi, Mendioroz, Borella, Campobello, Foli, etc.—as principal singers—conductor, Mr. Cusins. This will be the only operatic music between now and Christmas—the usual autumn and winter lyrico-dramatic performances, after ten years' continuance, being for the first time suspended.

The marriage is announced of Miss Rosamond Barnett, eldest daughter of the composer of the *Mountain Sylph*, to Mr. R. E. Francillon, barrister-at-law, author of *Earl's Dene*, *Pearl and Emerald*, &c. Miss Barnett is well known to the musical world under the name of Mdlle. Rosamunda Doria.

On the Washington steamer, which sailed on Thursday week from Havre, for New York, were, among other well-known artists, Mdlle. Liebhart, Mdlle. Drasil, Mdlle. Carreño, Madame Carlotta Patti, Mdlle. Gazzaniga, and Signor Vizzani (who was expected to go by another company's boat—and not *solus*).

In the notice of a recent concert held at the Kursaal, Baden-Baden, the *Bade Blatt*, a great self-constituted musical authority, speaks thus of the flautist, M. de Vroye, who has occasionally, but too rarely, been heard among us:—

"M. De Vroye, le célèbre flûtiste, a eu un succès des plus éclatants. Il est sans doute, en ce moment, le plus grand virtuose en son genre, car il unit l'ampleur à la beauté du son, il chante sur son instrument, son interprétation est pleine de chaleur, de sentiment et d'expression et son mécanisme est des plus brillants et des plus solides. Il a joué le 8<sup>me</sup> Concerto de Spohr, qu'il a transcrit pour la flûte d'une façon magistrale. C'est une excellente idée qu'a couronné un succès plein et entier. Dans les grandes *Variations de bravoure* de Demersseman, il a su vaincre en maître les difficultés les plus ardues du mécanisme; ce morceau a eu un accueil non moins expansif que le Concerto de Spohr. L'éminent artiste a été rappelé, à différentes reprises, avec un véritable enthousiasme; c'est décidément l'un des favoris de notre public."

Messrs. ROBERT COCKS & Co.'s PUBLICATIONS.—"The name of Franz Abt is a guarantee for something more or less excellent. A song from his prolific pen, entitled 'A Rose in Heaven,' is one of his most original and fascinating compositions, wedded to tender words by the Rev. E. D. Jackson; if sung with a due amount of expression, this little gem will haunt the memory of those who hear it, long after the song has ceased. A companion ballad, by the same composer, called 'For Old Love's Sake,' is not so pleasing, and borders upon the commonplace—a very uncommon fault in this clever writer. Two songs of equal merit, by Mr. W. T. Wrighton, 'Only One to Bless and Cheer Me,' and 'When the Soft South Wind,' will be welcomed in the schoolroom as 'so easy,' which is certainly a recommendation; but it would be better if this gentleman was to diverge from his beaten track, as Mr. Brinley Richards has done in a graceful nocturne, 'Evening,' which must become a drawing-room favourite, as the melody is sweet and telling. 'A Romance for the Pianoforte,' by W. S. Rockstro, 'Moonlit Waters' depends greatly upon the executant; although far from difficult, it requires to be played with delicacy and expression, or it becomes monotonous."—*Graphic*.

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VOL. 50—No. 40.

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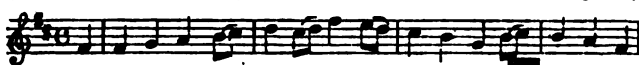
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(SONG.)

MUSIC BY

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Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May! What joys attend thine advent gay!

Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May!  
What joys attend thine advent gay!  
On every tree the birdies sing;  
From hill and dale glad echoes ring;  
The lark, inspir'd, to Heav'n ascends,  
The gurgling brook in beauty wends  
By mossy bank and grassy brake,  
Where violets bloom and lambkins play.  
Delightful Spring—sweet month of May!  
What joys attend thine advent gay!

In mantle clad of fairest sheen,  
The woods burst forth in virgin green—  
Bright home of birds and flow'rets gay,  
The streamlet woos thy sheltered way,  
Thro' primrose dells, sweet hawthorn glades,  
And silver birches' fragrant shades,  
Where nightingales, at close of day,  
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## CRYSTAL PALACE MUSIC.

Always first to show signs of life after autumnal stagnation, the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts will begin on Saturday next, and continue, with the usual break at Christmas, till April 19, 1873. The bare fact alone, disconnected from the promises of the prospectus, is sufficient to gladden the heart of every metropolitan amateur, who knows that Crystal Palace music, during the winter Saturdays, will assuredly be the best that zeal and skill can give. With none the less interest, however, do we turn to the scheme just put forth by Mr. George Grove, and with none the less confidence do we expect to find the indefatigable secretary and manager bidding us follow to "fresh fields and pastures new." As regards the latter point, *noblesse oblige*. The Crystal Palace Concerts have honestly gained such a reputation for enterprise and research that they cannot afford to "rest and be thankful." They must go on in obedience to a self-created impetus, and in going on is their greatest safety. Of course, the time will come when "fresh fields" will be difficult of discovery, when "pastures new" will be, at best, of a barren sort. But, thanks to lavish genius, that time is not yet. What more saddening spectacle to anticipate than Messrs. Grove and Manns—like a dual Alexander—mingling their tears because they have no new works to play. *Adieu omen.*

The prospectus loses no time in giving an assurance that "the band and chorus will be of the same strength as during last season;" and that "every effort will be made to give variety and novelty to the programmes without forsaking the general principles which have regulated those of former years; while no pains will be spared to maintain the high standard of execution to which these concerts are indebted for their reputation." These words are so far a matter of course that they might have been safely omitted. Some things "go without saying," and among them is an assurance that the Crystal Palace Concerts will keep up their character in every possible way. The particulars which follow are interesting, and from them we learn that "the nine symphonies of Beethoven will be again performed in chronological order," as they were two seasons ago in celebration of the composer's centenary. Against this arrangement, no one, we fancy, can raise the shadow of an objection; because no one can say of Beethoven's works that he has comprehended all they teach, or enjoyed all the pleasure they are able to give. The "immortal nine" will be supplemented by selections from the orchestral compositions of Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Spohr, and, as representing the modern school, by Brahms's *Serenade in D*—the one played at a recent Philharmonic concert. In the list of known choral works to be presented, we are glad to find *St. Paul*, the strangely neglected but beautiful oratorio which Mendelssohn's early genius gave to the world. We find, also, Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*—a welcome revival; Sir S. Bennett's *May Queen*—where is the *Woman of Samaria*, Mr. Grove?—and Sullivan's *Te Deum*, which, in less than a year, has had three public performances. From these more or less familiar things we turn to the novelties which present, if not a complete list, an array of very gratifying selections. Among them is Mozart's *Symphony in E flat*, a work composed at Salzburg in 1773, when the author was 17 years old. All the charming fluency and easy grace of Mozart's style will be found exemplified in this symphony; though, of course, it shows less of masculine vigour and profound resource than the productions of his later years. A symphony in B flat (M.S.) by Schubert is also promised; but we are not told upon which of the two written in that key Mr. Grove's choice has fallen. There are reasons for thinking, however, that No. 5, and not No. 2, is the fortunate work, reasons which may be discovered in the following extract from Mr. Grove's appendix to Coleridge's *Translation of the Life of Schubert* by Dr. Kreisler von Hallborn: "It (the symphony, No. 5, in B flat,) was probably composed for some amateur or provincial orchestra, for there are no parts for either clarinets, trumpets, or drums. It will be observed that it wants the Introduction, which is *de rigueur* in others. I omitted to take the length of the various movements; but my impression is that it is shorter than either of its predecessors. However, Mr. Herbeck has since given me permission to have it copied, and I hope that before long it will be produced at the Crystal Palace." It may be, nevertheless, that No. 2 will take precedence,\* for, though an earlier work, it is written for a comparatively full orchestra, and the themes cited by Mr. Grove are extremely promising. In any case, we shall reap one more benefit from the remarkable journey to Vienna which has already made English amateurs familiar with the *Tragiche Sinfonie* (No. 4) and the symphony in C major (No. 6). Native talent is represented in the scheme by "a new M.S. work for orchestra, from the pen of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, composed expressly for the Crystal Palace;" but, beyond this, no promises are made as regards English art. Bearing in mind the experience of last season, we will not complain, nor shall we do so if the Crystal Palace managers henceforth make a place in their Saturday programmes the reward of very

\* Mr. Egg's second supposition is correct.—ED.

high and indisputable merit. Something, however, should and might be done for budding or unacknowledged talent—something after the model of the Wednesday Concerts, which, a few years ago, attracted a good deal of notice by bringing forward young artists, and the works of aspiring young composers. At such concerts merit would have a chance of winning its spurs, and earning a title to appear in a higher character at the Saturday entertainments.

The solo instrumental compositions include Mozart's pianoforte Concerto in B flat, written in January, 1791, for some concerts given in Vienna, at which the composer made his last public appearances as a performer. A melancholy interest belongs to this Concerto as one of the master's final efforts, while, to the musician, it cannot but have the profound attraction inseparable from a production of Mozart's ripened genius. Beethoven's posthumous Rondo in B flat, and a Concerto in D minor by Rubinstein are also to be presented at these concerts for the first time.

A review of the foregoing works cannot fail in giving satisfaction by exciting hope of much enjoyment to come. Yet there is one point upon which the prospectus leaves us in doubt. We are told that "the most eminent solo artists attainable, both vocal and instrumental, will be engaged; and no doubt the promise is worthy of implicit trust; but we should like to know whether any steps will be taken to raise the character of the vocal performances, and to keep out all mere aspirants. Hitherto, the matchless playing of the orchestra has often been interspersed with singing absolutely indifferent, if not positively bad. People with nothing to recommend them but a foreign name have found an easy way to the Saturday platform, and have been allowed to spoil the concerts with hackneyed selections before which not a few present gladly beat a retreat. It is clear that this ought not to be. Better no vocal solos at all than bad ones, and far better one good singer than a crowd of incapables. We hope, and in the hope we are not alone, that Mr. Grove will strengthen this weak point in the structure he, helped by Mr. Manns, has built up with so much painstaking care. Should he do so there will be nothing left to desire. The structure will stand "four-square to all the winds that blow," and defy them.

Mr. Manns retains his place as conductor, and will take the usual "benefit" when the series of concerts has come to an end. With regard to him, praise is entirely superfluous. So much skill; so much intelligence; and so much *connaissance de cause* are rarely found together, as in the case of Mr. Manns; and when hoping that he may long retain the position he adorns, we simply hope the best for music in England.

THADDEUS EGO.

## THE PRINCELY COMPOSER AND THE OPERA MANAGER.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Your readers are aware that H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh not only takes great interest in musical matters, but is a performer on the violin, and, moreover, has lately composed a waltz called the "Galatea," after the ship he commands. One day last week, Mr. Mapleson, director of Her Majesty's Opera, gave a concert at the Albert Hall, a conspicuous feature of which was the performance of His Royal Highness's waltz, by five military bands. The Duke came sixty miles on purpose to be present, and the "Galatea waltz" was a great success. It was encored, and the Duke had to rise in his private box, and acknowledge the applause of the audience. The Duke was so pleased that he invited Mr. Mapleson to dinner, at Clarence House, and the next day sent him a haunch of venison from one of the stags which he, the Duke, had stalked in the Highlands.—I am Sir, obediently,

JOB Noss.

ANSWER.—M. Pierre Benoit has finished a new oratorio, *De Oorlog* (War). It will be performed here this winter.

BRUSSELS.—The public are not altogether pleased with the new management of the Théâtre de la Monnaie. Admitting that the chorus and band are better than formerly, they say that the members of the company generally are not up to the mark. The fact is, the grant given to the manager has been increased lately, and the good citizens of this capital fancy that the new manager, M. Avillon, does not give them a *quid pro quo*. M. Avillon is, probably, of a different opinion.—We read in the *Indépendance Belge*: "On Saturday was celebrated, at Ghent, the marriage of M. Charles Gevaert, musical publisher, Liège, to Mlle. Emilie Gevaert, sister of the eminent composer and director of the Royal Conservatory, Brussels. After the civil ceremony, the nuptial benediction was given in the magnificent church of Saint-Bavon. It was characterized by one remarkable peculiarity: the name of the bride and bridegroom was Gevaert; the four witnesses were all Gevaerts; the bridesmaid was a Gevaert; while, lastly, the officiating priest belonged to the family, and his name, too, was Gevaert. Never, perhaps, was there a marriage in which so many persons of the same name were concerned."

## GLUCK ET PICCINNI,

BY M. GUSTAVE DESNOIRESTERRES.\*

Everyone has heard about the conflict waged under the names of Gluck and Piccinni towards the end of the last century. In his *Biographie des Musiciens*, M. Fétis has described the principal incidents of the strife with indisputable ability. M. Desnoiresterres has no intention of revising the judgment of the learned critic; he has confined himself to placing before our eyes the documents of the case, which is not one of the least curious features of the latter part of the eighteenth century.

As regards, more especially, the state of feeling, and musical matters at the period in question, M. Desnoiresterres has given us a most instructive book. It is not without astonishment that we see all classes of society becoming deeply interested in a subject, which, we should have thought, would not extend beyond the precincts of the schools, and this, moreover, on the eve of such a revolution as that of 1789, when the signs of the tempest were already evident on every side. There would be nothing astonishing about such a phenomenon in a quick, impressionable, and musical nation like the Italians; but who will say how largely the fact of having nought else to do entered into this sudden fit of ardour, or how much a feeling of empty weariness had to do in producing such infatuation on the part of the frivolous society of the eighteenth century? It would, however, be unjust not to acknowledge that, among a certain number of Parisians, the enthusiasm was genuine, as also that those who shouted the most lustily at *Orphée* and *Alceste*, were not invariably the persons who most admired the beauty of those works. Listen to Mlle. Lespinasse: "The impression made on me by the music of *Orphée* was so profound, so acute, so heart-rending, and so absorbing, than it was utterly impossible for me to speak about what I felt; I experienced the trouble and the happiness of passion; I felt the necessity of retiring within myself; and everyone, who did not share all I felt, would possibly have thought I was stupid. The accents of the music imparted a charm to suffering, and I was pursued by the harrowing words, 'J'ai perdu mon Eurydice!' How do you think that I could, after this, institute a comparison between the effect I have described, and that produced by *La Fausse Magie*? How can we compare a thing which simply pleases and interests to what fills, penetrates, and shakes the soul? Oh! no; I compare nothing; I enjoy everything."

The only events, however, that can convey any notion of what used to take place at the theatre, are the legendary conflicts between the partisans of the classical and the partisans of the romantic school over Victor Hugo's dramas. In Gluck's time, as we know, there were no benches in the pit, and the spectators had to stand. At the eighth performance of *Armide* the pities were so closely packed that when one of them with his hat on was ordered by a sentry to take it off, he replied: "Come and take it off yourself, for I cannot use my arms!" Gluck, relating the fact in a letter to M<sup>me</sup>. de Frise, adds: "I saw people going out with their hair all torn and their clothes dripping, as though they had fallen in a river; one must be French to pay such a price as that for pleasure.†"

Concerning the organization of the Opera in the last century; concerning the doings and sayings of the singers; concerning their exorbitant pretensions, which considerably surpassed, comparatively speaking, those we think so extravagant at the present day; and concerning musical matters in Italy, a subject which Gluck observed with his usual sagacity, the work of M. Desnoiresterres abounds in pungent details; we might almost say there are too many, and that the author's only fault is to allow his extensive erudition too much scope.

But the chief interest of the book centres in the figure of the Chevalier Gluck, exhibited in a strong light, with all its asperities, angles, and irregularities. The artist is revealed to us in his entirety, with his abrupt and imperious humour, but, also, with the profound convictions and the inexorable logic which he brought to bear upon his art. One fact shows very plainly to

what a length he carried the latter quality, which, when pushed to the extreme, so easily becomes a defect. "Gluck," said Rousseau, "has most profoundly lavished on the part of Paris all the brilliancy and softness of which music is capable, while in that of Helen, on the contrary, he has infused a certain austerity which does not abandon her even when expressing her passion for Paris. This difference is, without doubt, to be accounted for by the fact that Paris was Phrygian, and Helen Spartan, but the composer did not remember the date. Sparta owed the sternness of its manners and of its language exclusively to the laws of Lycurgus, and Lycurgus was far posterior to Helen." When this observation was reported to Gluck, he replied: "Tell M. Rousseau I have not committed the anachronism he lays to my charge. I made Helen of a stern disposition, not because she was a native of Sparta, but because Homer paints her so; tell him, moreover, to settle the matter with one word, that she was esteemed by Hector." Have we not here reached the extreme limits of the gradations music has the right to express? One step more and we slip into that cloudy vagueness in which Gluck's imitators have perished.

We could not have a more striking contrast than that presented by such a man, rough, powerfully organized, and formed to combat, and the thin weakling Piccinni, who had scarcely reached Paris before he had begun regretting his sky of Naples; he said to Ginguené: "Pray, my dear sir, do you never have any sunshine in this country?" This amiably lazy man, who, like a good Neapolitan, adored the *sacrosanto farniente*, had already written one hundred operas before going to France. He was no longer in that happy country where his uncle, Lantilla, a celebrated composer, lived without a care, thanks to the music lessons he gave for a carlin, that is, twenty-five or thirty centimes, each. It is true that foreigners paid two carlins, and that with the English he insisted on three. But it was not by following this scale of charges that the Neapolitan *maestro* could ever manage to leave his heirs an annual income of thirty thousand florins, as Gluck did his.

Then, how different was the public; how Piccinni must have regretted his darling Neapolitans, so easily worked up to enthusiasm, and so sensitive to the charm of music, full of grace and spontaneity! Not only had he to contend against the cabal of Gluckists, he had to triumph over the ill-will of the Queen. In this case, as in many others, Marie Antoinette committed the fault of manifesting in a marked manner her predilections, and of forgetting that impersonality is the first duty of sovereigns. It is true that she expressed a desire to be the first to enjoy Piccinni's work, and, when the composer went through the first two acts before her, she overwhelmed him with praise; but afterwards she said she would sing herself, and chose the air: "Divinités du Styx," from *Alceste*! It seemed as though the poor *maestro* had gone to Versailles on purpose to accompany an air by Gluck. At the first performance of *Roland*, the Queen, who always led the applause at Gluck's operas, was cold and impassible, her silence forming a strong contrast to the acclamations of the crowd.

Piccinni was indemnified for this underhand hostility by the success of *Roland*, and still more by the brilliant triumph of *Didon*, which Louis XVI., though not fond of music, heard as many as three times. The composer threw into his new work all the feeling and kindness of his heart; he wrote it with tears in his eye. When he played Ginguené, the fine scene preceding the chorus of the priests of Pluto in the third act, he said to him with sobs: "This is how I have spent the last fortnight. Even when not composing, I have done nothing but weep at the thought of Dido; I have kept on repeating incessantly: 'Poor thing!'"

The public understood the author, and were touched; the artists themselves shared in the general emotion. Madame Saint-Huberti, to whom was confided the part of Dido, was admirable for her dramatic truth and expression. Some one said to her that she must herself have felt the emotion she caused the public to feel. "Yes, I really did," she replied. "From the tenth or twelfth bar I felt dead." For a real artist, what applause can be worth such an avowal?

As in every battle, both sides laid claim to the victory; Posterity, however, sees neither conquerors nor conquered; for Posterity, there is simply an experiment which benefited art,

\* Published by Didier, Paris.

† Gluck's original French version runs as follows:—"J'ai vu des gens en sortant, les cheveux délabrés, et les habits baignés comme s'ils étoient tombés dans une rivière; il faut être Français pour acheter un plaisir à ce prix-là."

extending its horizon, and proving its ways to be manifold. Setting out from two opposite points, and guided by different principles, the two composers arrived at the same result: they communicated to their hearers their own impressions. They succeeded in doing so, because they began by being profoundly affected themselves, and the first rule of art is the following saying of Montaigne's: *Nul n'est inspiré s'il n'est esmu* ("no one is inspired, save he be moved.")

ADRIEN DESPREZ.

(*Revue et Gazette Musicale.*)

## MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

The *Glasgow Herald* a few days ago gave some jottings regarding the principal musical entertainments to be presented here during the first half of the coming season. This somewhat lengthy notice, divested of not a little verbiage, contains the following information:—

"The directors of the Saturday Evening Concerts commenced the season last week, when Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Helen D'Alton, Mdlle. Thérèse Læbe (violinist) and other artists appeared. Messrs. Nicholson (flute), Lazarus (clarinet), Hughes (ophicleide), and Kemp (piano), are to assist at the next concert, and, on the following Saturday, Mr. Arthur Lloyd and company will give one of their entertainments. Then, as if by way of contrast, Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Blanche Cole and party will appear at the succeeding concert. On the following Wednesday the same artists give a recital of the *Sonnambula*. Later on, Miss Louisa Pyne, and other distinguished vocalists, take part in a recital of *Guy Mannering*, the text to be read by a London actor. This recital is to be followed, in a week, by a London stringed quartet party. Mr. Muir Wood has arranged for a grand miscellaneous concert on 3rd Dec., supported by Mr. Santley, Madame Lancia, M. Sainton, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and others. It is expected that, under the same auspices, Herr Pauer will deliver, in Glasgow, the six lectures as originally given by him, with illustrations, at Kensington Museum, on 'The Composers for the Piano.' Mr. Hallé, in conjunction with Madame Neruda, is to give a recital in December. The directors of the Choral Union have engaged De Jong's Manchester Orchestra to perform at two concerts, on the 19th November and 5th December; when, amongst other pieces, it is intended to repeat Gounod's *Gallia* and a portion of Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*. At Christmas, the customary performance of the *Messiah* will be given; and, on New Year's Day, this Society proposes to produce, for the first time here, Carissimi's *Jonah*. On Monday, 28th Oct., Mr. Mapleson begins a short operatic season. The company, for the provinces, is an unusually strong one. Amongst its members are Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Marie Marimon, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka, Signori Bettini, Campanini, Mendioroz, Agnesi, Borella, and Foli."

It will thus be seen that, during the next three months, Glasgow will have a good time of it in matters musical. I hope to let you know, from time to time, how these various schemes succeed.

## BEETHOVEN'S LOVE-LETTER.

FROM THE APPENDIX TO THE THIRD VOLUME OF THAYER'S  
*LEBEN BEETHOVENS*.

(*Taken from the "Neue Freie Presse," with Remarks by Alfred Kalischer.*\*)

Under no circumstances do we like having to abandon preconceived ideas after entertaining them for a considerable period, especially when, from the persons to whom they refer, or the sphere of feeling to which they belong, they have captivated our fancy in an unusual degree. Around the names of great men, whose deeds and works live on to spread their fame for ever, certain notions easily spring up, which, by throwing a peculiar poetical light upon the picture formed of the great men by the public, are accepted in preference to any others, are related over and over again, and, in course of time, come to be looked upon as correct beyond the possibility of doubt, no ordinary individual ever putting to himself the question as to how far the notions are historically established, and capable of bearing the probe of criticism. Hence it comes to pass, as we frequently see, that investigators who propose such questions, and, to the utmost of their ability, attempt to decide them, meet with prejudice and

over-hasty objections, both from the reading world and from a number of shallow authors. The truth of this, demonstrated a hundred times in the domain of science, has not hitherto been duly appreciated in the literature bearing upon music, either by writers or by the public, and, therefore, we considered that an allusion to the fact should precede the following lines.

The life of Ludwig van Beethoven was already so well-known in its principal features, that everyone who busied himself with music could draw a picture of the master, in whose case the highest ecstasy of creation and the severest material misfortune were so prominent, and so closely combined. The stronger the colours of the picture, the more deeply was it impressed upon the mind; and who was going to enquire what part was genuine, and what not? But, since the witnesses of what they themselves related (Wegeler, Ries, Sayfried, and Schindler) were no longer living to give evidence, a definite standard by which to judge the ever re-nascent anecdotes and assumptions was lost, for Beethoven's life had never been subjected to careful investigation. The thorough research, the pitiless criticism, the strongly marked love of truth, devoid of all thought of self, with which Thayer has been the first to investigate the subject, bringing forth surprising results, is becoming more and more appreciated, and even those who characterise his task as one restricted within too narrow limits—forgetful of the dictum that it is within certain limits that the master first shows himself—or who, by their entire organisation, are utterly incapable of comprehending it, cannot, however willing they may be to do so, shut their eyes to the conviction that his book contains researches which must form the basis for everything further upon the subject, and which cannot be evaded by anyone. But whatever is conceded to the author generally is filched from him in detail; and certain sections which, for those looking deeper than the surface, contain merely the application of a sound critical method, and form parts of a whole, are brought forward to have doubt thrown upon them, if they unexpectedly differ from usually accepted notions.

It is to a case of this kind that we would here direct attention. We had already heard of a love affair between Beethoven and his young pupil, the Countess Julia Guicciardi, who, in 1803, married Count Gallenberg. This affair possessed a peculiar charm for feeling hearts from the simultaneous publicity given to the glowing love-letter which Schindler found amongst the master's papers, and which, though there was nothing in it to justify such a course, and as little in anything ever said by Beethoven, who never mentioned the letter, Schindler chose to connect with this affair, because he considered it agreed with it better than with aught else. Without testing the correctness of the assumption, one writer after another accepted it, on Schindler's assertion, as a certain fact, and a strict investigation was needed to demonstrate on how defective a basis it stood. It was like destroying some highly cherished picture, when Thayer, with his ruthless criticism, demonstrated irrefutably that, though there was, for a short time, something between Beethoven and Julia, the letters in question could not have been addressed to her; yet, when we read his demonstration, as it proceeds with absolutely mathematical certainty, we are astounded at the recklessness of previous biographers, who never entertained a doubt on the subject. As the letters belong to a year in which the 6th July fell on a Monday, it would have been easy for anyone to take an almanack and see what year the year in question could have been. It is characteristic of the position occupied by Thayer with regard to previous investigators, as they are called, that it was reserved for him to take this step, and state that the date would not apply to any year before 1801, or after that, to 1807. Now it so happens that from the year 1801 we possess Beethoven's two exhaustive letters to Wegeler, concerning the commencement of his deafness (see Wegeler's *Notizen*, pages 22, 38). The medical details contained in them render it improbable that, in the interval between the two, Beethoven undertook a long journey to a watering-place, without telling his friend anything about it. But the years 1800 and 1802, which might perhaps be the years meant, on the assumption that Beethoven committed an error of one day in the date, are excluded from consideration by other biographical facts. In July 1800, the Guicciardi family had not left Trieste to settle in Vienna; in July,

\*From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

1801, Beethoven had not left Vienna. It is thus incontrovertibly evident that Schindler's assumption, besides being made without any foundation, is at variance with known facts, and that the love-letter must have been addressed to some one else, and not to the Countess Guicciardi, who was married in 1803.

It is very certain that this result will be less and less disputed the more often intelligent and impartial readers test the proofs advanced by Thayer. If it has here and there met with opposition this is to be explained by the lesson taught by experience, that favourite preconceived notions, even when utterly without foundation, are unwillingly sacrificed, and frequently prove stronger than the method of scientific criticism, not yet sufficiently understood in this department of knowledge. Thus, for instance, there appeared in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* a criticism on the second volume. The author, Dr. A. Kalischer, though displaying, in other respects, research, and manifesting a kindly feeling, cannot agree to certain facts of Thayer's, and especially that just adduced, without urging certain objections against them.\* That Herr Ludwig Nohl, the critic in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Music*, should also approve of this point among other things is certainly less to be wondered at, though his mode of thinking and working is so diametrically different from Thayer's that we should be unable to understand how a single line in the book could meet with his approval, were it not for the indefinite respect which, after all, even those most void of inspiration feel for pre-eminent merit in others. It is not for Herr Nohl and those like him that Thayer has written his book, nevertheless, he will have to put up with the fact of authors of this class plentifully profiting by the truths he has established with self-sacrificing exertions, and the industry of years.

FLORENCE.—Sig. Luigi Ricci's new opera, *Il Nuovo Figaro*, has been successfully produced at the Teatro Rossini.

CINCINNATI.—The members of the German Male Choral Society have written to request Herr Max Bruch to accept the conductorship of that body. Herr Bruch, in reply, states that, previous to adopting any definite resolution on the subject, he must know more about the Society and the state of musical matters in this city. In case, however, he adds, he should not see fit to accept the post himself, he shall have great pleasure in recommending another gentleman for it.

\* My first article, in the form of a mere sketch, sprang principally from a feeling of astonishment that so estimable a Beethoven-biographer, after his exceedingly sagacious criticism on this subject of dispute, should arrive at the soothing remark for the reader: "You may be tranquillised by the assurance that the catastrophe was not half so wretched as it is represented. The matter was simply an episode, and not the grand tragedy of Beethoven's life" (Thayer's *Beethoven*, vol. II., p. 180). It appeared to me sufficient for my purpose, then, to state as a principle that, at the time of writing a love-letter so full of passion, and when his mind is overflowing with the secret tears which spring from the pangs of love, when hardly any sentiment but that of love seems to hold sway in his soul, a man must feel indescribably wretched, miserable, and desponding. Among other things, Thayer here remarks very finely: "This letter is full of expressions of glowing love, such as are seldom equalled even in romances; it is, as it were, a verbal translation of the most touching and sweetest passages in Beethoven's most feeling compositions" (Thayer, vol. II., p. 177). It is undeniably plain, from this erotic epistle, that the emotions involved in the drama of love therein mirrored sprang from fearful depths in Beethoven's soul. I furthermore adduced various points from which it was evident enough that Beethoven's love for the Countess Guicciardi cannot be reckoned a mere slight partiality. Such a supposition is contradicted by the uninterrupted interest the master always took in her to the very latest period of his life. The intuitive process strikes me as the only one by which to decide this matter, because the subject is of a pre-eminently psychological nature. It is true that Thayer's strictly chronological method has achieved the most surprising and most marvellous results; but the basis on which it rests in the present case is a very shaky one, because it is Beethoven, a man very absent in worldly matters, who supplies the essential materials for it. And from the point of pure intuition I will adduce many more things, notwithstanding that the private correspondence, which I have for some time kept up with this charming and estimable biographer, contains sufficient fresh facts in favour of his hypothesis. I undertake the task with the greater alacrity because Thayer himself urges me thereto with the words: "I pray you not to hesitate to express your real opinions upon any parts which do not meet your approval. So only can we at length reach and determine the truth. I only desire to know the real facts, and am willing at any time to be proved in the wrong, when I have fallen into error. To be accused of error without proof is another matter."—As the reader will see further on, it is exclusively inward motives which compel me not to admit the validity of the purely chronological method in this instance.

### To Shirley Brooks, Esq.

SIR,—The present high prices bid fair to be attended eventually with one highly satisfactory result. We have all known the story, or have seen the picture, of the gouty patient who has suffered a martyrdom which surgical skill has been unable to cure, or almost even to alleviate. The sufferer does get a little better at last; he is able just to limp along on crutches, and drag his flannel-swathed legs with great difficulty after him. More he cannot do. He would be angry, very angry, if you said he could. Were he a rich man and you a poor nephew, the heir of his choice, he would disinherit you the instant he had hobbled home, should you insinuate he could progress faster than a rather slow tortoise. Suddenly, there is a loud cry of: "Mad bull!" The sufferer looks behind, and perceives, some hundred yards in his rear, a bull with menacing horns, distended nostrils, and up-raised tail, bearing down fiercely upon him. All these details the valetudinarian takes in at a glance. What is to be done? The perspiration beads out upon his forehead; the bull is coming on at an awful pace; the poor cripple is inevitably lost, unless—he throws away his crutches, darts down a long lane with the speed of lightning, and jumps, with the agility of an acrobat, over a fence nearly as high as himself, all which feats he then and there accomplishes. Big prices will eventually prove a blessing, just as the bull did. If ever there was a system of tyranny in this world, it was that exercised by English servants, and especially by "Cook." High prices will give members of the middle classes the courage to rebel against this tyranny. Ladies will now pluck up heart to tell "Cook" that, unless she is less extravagant, she will have to go. As all ladies, and not a single representative of the order, will do this, "Cook" will be obliged to succumb. "Why, you seem pretty jolly," a friend observed, in a tone of surprise, to Sheridan, the author of *The School for Scandal*, as the latter sat drinking brandy-and-water, and joking in an hotel under the Piazza, Covent Garden Market, as the flames were rapidly devouring the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, of which theatre he was manager, and, I think, principal proprietor. "Well, why should not a man enjoy himself by his own fireside," replied Richard Brinsley. This was all very well for one who never allowed his liabilities unduly to weigh upon his mind, for the simple reason that he had a fashion of not paying them. But your middle-class British householder is less witty and more respectable. He is not so careless about what the fire costs. Yet, though aware that about four times as many coals as necessary were consumed in his kitchen, he did not dare say a word; in the first place, he was afraid of "Cook," and, in the second, it "was not gentlemanly, you know." However, high prices have quite altered the state of things. The masters and mistresses have come to a tacit understanding, and got up a "strike" against their domestics. In future, not quite so much good meat will find its way, for the benefit of "Cook," and under the head of "perquisites," into the grease-pot, and thence to a general dealer, known in London as a "dealer in marine stores," albeit there is nothing particularly marine about the articles in which he deals, namely:—old rags, bones, scraps of iron, bottles, and "kitchen stuff," composed as aforesaid. "I verily live in hope," observed a friend to me yesterday, "that, thanks to these cuts—I mean blessed high prices, it will some day not take many more coals to cook my dinner of a day, than to run the express train from London to Liverpool. However," he added, "I do not want to be too sanguine."

—Yours, Sir, very fiercely,

Butcher Baker Butcher.

### Marie Roze.

(*L'Europe Artiste*).

Marie Roze... Une fleur et une femme! Une Grâce, sœur d'une Muse. Cette exquise beauté, dont nous avons vu les promesses, achevées aujourd'hui, n'est pas faite pour les exagérations du drame lyrique. Elle y serait invraisemblable. Othello n'aurait jamais l'étrangler, si elle levait sur lui son grand oeil de gazelle. Elle a beaucoup travaillé et beaucoup acquis. Sa voix, qui a pris un développement inattendu, remplit aisément les plus vastes salles. Toutes les scènes s'ouvrent aujourd'hui devant elle; mais le concert est son élément: c'est là qu'elle règne et qu'elle triomphe. Les Anglais, fanatiques du "comme il faut," trouvent qu'elle fait bien dans un salon, et ils aiment sa personne non moins que son talent. C'est une chanteuse qui ferait plaisir même à un sourd!—disait l'autre soir sir George Montcalm (Montcalm!)—qui n'est pas aveugle.

Je ne sais dans quel monde Mademoiselle Marie Roze est née; mais elle a les façons du meilleur. Les gens de bonne maison ne s'y trompent pas, et ils l'annoncent LADY ROZE. Elle seule en est surprise—et encore!—L'Angleterre l'admire; la Grèce l'eût adorée.

Piercy Hafften.

## ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Unable to give his usual series of autumnal operatic performances, Mr. Mapleson, last week, broke in upon the musical dreariness of the metropolis by holding what he termed a "festival," in the Royal Albert Hall. Three concerts took place: the first on Monday; the second on Wednesday; and the third on Friday night—each being of a character distinct from the others, but only one making pretensions which could fairly be regarded as of a festival order. Mr. Mapleson sought to attract a crowd; and was, probably, as far from claiming the credit due to one who furthers the cause of art as an art-loving public would be from admitting the claim were it made. This explains why two out of three programmes consisted of hackneyed selections, thrown together almost haphazard, and obviously chosen as much for the executants' sake as for their own. It also explains why the *Messiah* made up the balance of the "festival"—that work being, even in London, the most popular of oratorios. Just now, however, musical enterprises limited to ideas of profit on the one hand, and mere amusement on the other, may pass muster. The holiday season is not yet over, and such a thing as holiday concert-giving has its uses.

Military music was the chief feature of Monday's performance, not less than five bands being present—those of the Royal Engineers, Royal Marine Artillery, Royal Marines, Rifle Brigade, and Hon. Artillery Company. Such a force of "wind," aided by Mr. Mapleson's operatic orchestra, could not fail to give the selected works with imposing, not to say deafening, effect. The grandeur of much noise, however, was far from being the sole noticeable feature; the military musicians showing their excellent training by the delicacy and taste with which Weber's overture to *Buryanthe*, and the overture to Nicolai's *Faust* were rendered. Some "Reminiscences" of Auber and Meyerbeer, arranged by Mr. F. Godfrey, were also well played; but, for obvious reasons, the greatest success of the evening was made in the *Galatea* waltz, composed by the Duke of Edinburgh, and named after his Royal Highness's late ship. The particulars of that success have already appeared, and we shall only add now that the waltz deserves to become popular on its own merits. It has agreeable themes, and is, altogether, a very reputable maiden effort. Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Madame Sinico, and Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka, with whom were Signor Campanini and Signor Foli, contributed the vocal music; Mdlle. di Muraka reappearing after a longer absence than usual, and showing, by a wonderfully brilliant performance of "Ombra leggiera" (encored), that her exceptional powers are undiminished. Encores were given to Signor Campanini's "Di pescatore," and to "Sul' aria," sung by Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Sinico.

Wednesday evening was devoted to the *Messiah*—solos by Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Signor Foli. The performance, with a band and chorus such as could be got together for a purpose so temporary, was not expected to defy criticism. However, a moderately full hall seemed well pleased, applause being frequent, and encores demanded for "Come unto him" (Mdlle. Trebelli) and "For unto us a child is born."

The entertainment given on Friday night was an exact reproduction of Mr. Mapleson's "opera concerts," all the well-known artists of his company taking part, and singing the usual selection of popular airs and concerted pieces. Under these circumstances details would have but the slightest public interest; and it will be enough to state that among the successes of the evening were Madame Sinico's rendering of "Deh vient;" "La dove prende," sung by Madame Sinico and Signor Mendioroz; "Ah, si ben mio," vigorously delivered by Signor Campanini; and Louis Diehl's very spirited song, "The Mariner" (Signor Foli), which, like the foregoing, was encored and repeated. Mdlle. Tietjens limited herself to A. S. Sullivan's charming new song, "Guinevere;" and the orchestra played, in capital style, the overtures to Gounod's *Mireille* and Beethoven's *Egmont*. All the performances of the week were conducted with great ability by Mr. W. G. Cusins.

The People's Saturday Concerts have been going on as usual.

## Lines for Music.

The Court, on the Award  
Were not of one accord,  
Shout, all who dwell in Holborn,  
And elsewhere—"Bravo, Cockburn!"

Punch.

To A. S. Sullivan, Esq.

BRUNSWICK.—Herr Josef Schulz-Welda, the composer of numerous pianoforte compositions, died here a short time since.

## NOTES UPON NOTES.

Touch—as applied to the pianoforte—what is it? You see a pianoforte before you with a row of keys; yet how differently will that same row of keys sound under different fingers. I don't mean those who naturally lay violent hands on any instrument—matured key-thumpers—or those with the boarding-school bang or the drawing-room tinkle, but those who would squeeze the ivories and press the ebonyes, remembering that all playing must be—

From the finger and wrist,  
Not from shoulder and fist—

in fact, believing that touch is a mechanical power, obeying the impulse of the mind—the mental and physical both requiring culture. It was my good fortune, when a small boy, to hear Carl Maria von Weber, the last time I believe that he ever touched the pianoforte, in accompanying the Dowager Countess of Essex, then Miss Stephens, in a scene, "From Chindra's warbling fount I come" (*Lalla Rookh*), composed expressly for his benefit concert. Although ill, and in almost a dying state (he fainted after the concert), yet you could not but feel that you heard the touch of a gifted musician—so delicate, so soft, and yet so rich in quality of tone, and shewing the command which the composer of the *Concert-stück* had over his instrument. Then, again, I remember hearing J. B. Cramer touch the pianoforte, while I was playing to him—the silvery, glassy tone, ringing in one's ears: the "volume" of sweet tone—the tenderness of the powerful man—the wonderfully suppressed force. J. B. Cramer had a large hand, enabling him to play most extended passages with great sweetness. Mendelssohn was a wonderful player of genius, with an energy that seemed to sweep down everything before it. In some things one might, I fancy, trace the organ player in the touch on the pianoforte (no disparagement to his pianoforte playing though). He seemed to thoroughly enjoy playing, and literally rolled about in his seat—not affectedly; but, "being moved by the music," played as he did—so marvellously. Our own Sir Sterndale Bennett, what originality of thought in his touch! Music never overstrained with him—always free from exaggeration. Then, Cipriani Potter—how elegant, how graceful, and how original his touch—and what a master!—what a method he had of imparting all that could be learnt with regard to touch! Thalberg, the "Lion Pianist" as he was called—what power and what delivery!—and yet so quiet in position at the pianoforte. And, lastly, at this time, our Queen of Pianists, Madame Arabella Goddard. What roundness of tone! Then, again, in her marvellous piano passages (akin to the celebrated whispering of Macready), so distinctly heard in every part of the largest concert rooms—a touch that can assimilate with other instruments so wonderfully. In taking a part, accompanying, or being accompanied, Madame Arabella Goddard's graceful, ladylike, and quiet position at the pianoforte is proverbial. Has not this much to do with the real command she possesses over tone, and her unerring certainty of execution? Long may our queen live to "rain over us" such honeyed sounds!

I think I have said enough to shew the variety there is in touch—almost as much variety as in human countenances;—of course, difference of countenance ought to be the index of different souls, so should touch be an indication of the mind within. In educating or forming the touch, it has often been a vexed question whether technical studies should not be the sole means. I cannot but think that *Musik* should never be lost sight of; and it has always been my fear that too severe a course of Technique (alone) would dissipate all musical feeling;—in fact, I have witnessed sad examples of the kind. W. H. HOLVRS.

Sept. 19, 1872.

(To be continued.)

A MONUMENT is about to be erected to the celebrated Russian composer, Glinka, in the market place of his native town, Smolensk.

NAPLES.—A new opera, *Cumona*, words by Sig. Golisciani, music by Sig. Pietro Mussoni, has been produced at the Teatro Mercadante. If first-night manifestations were worth anything, especially in Italy, the opera would assuredly be a stupendous success, as the composer was called on no less than twenty-three times. As it is, we must wait before we can decide positively one way or the other.

## CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

FIRST SATURDAY CONCERT—THIS DAY—OCTOBER 5th, 1872.

## Programme.

OVERTURE ( <i>Olympic</i> )	Spontini.
CAVATINA ( <i>Faust</i> )—Signor GUSTAVE GARCIA	Comod.
GRAND SCENA, "Ah, perfido!"—Madame SINIO	Beethoven.
SYMPHONY No. 1 (in C)	Beethoven.
SONGS ( <i>Don Giovanni</i> ), a. "Deh vieni alla finestra;" b. "Fin ch'han del vino"—Signor GUSTAVE GARCIA	Mosart.
PIANOFORTE SOLO, Romance and Rondo from the Concerto in E minor—Madame MARGOLD-DIEHL	Chopin.
AIR, "Des Bijoux" ( <i>Faust</i> )—Madame SINIO	Comod.
FESTIVAL OVERTURE (MS.) (First time of Performance)	F. H. Cowen.
CONDUCTOR	Mr. MANNS.

## SATURDAY CONCERTS, 1872-3.

1872, October 5, 12, 19, 26.	1873, January 13, 26.
" November 2, 9, 16, 23, 30.	" February 1, 8, 15, 22.
" December 7, 14.	" March 1, 8, 15, 22, 29.
	" April 5, 12, 19.

At Three o'clock each day.

CONDUCTOR, MR. MANNS.

Madame Arabella Goddard will appear on November 2nd, and at a date after Christmas. Madame Schumann will appear on 1st March. Mr. Joseph will appear on Feb. 15th and March 15th. Signor Piatti will appear on January 15th.

Madame Sinio will be the Vocalist on the 5th and 19th of October, and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington on the 12th October and 9th November. Arrangements have been made with other eminent artists.

Transferable Numbered Stalls, for Floor or Gallery, for the Series, Two Guineas; for a single Concert, Half-a-Crown. Unnumbered Seats in Gallery, One Shilling.

## DEATH.

On September 23rd, after a few days' illness, Mr. WILLIAM GUTTERIDGE, of Brighton, aged 74.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALDERMAN BEN ("late of Norwich").—Hill is a great waster of fuel. Monasteries and convents deprive Dale of many who would willingly be "of the vale" rather than "of the mountain." Alderman Ben is wrong about J. J. Rousseau.

A WOULD-BE VOCALIST.—Your questions are of such a nature that they can only be satisfactorily answered by a master after a personal interview. Consult Mr. Henry Smart or Signor Schira.

M. A. B.—To hand; and shall appear next week.

A CITY GENTLEMAN.—Next week.

DR. FAIL.—Righini, not Salieri.

CAPTAIN HEDGE is wrong about *Euryanthe*, which was composed after, not before, *Der Freischütz*.

MR. OTTO BEARD need not write long explanatory letters. Whatever he sends to our office is welcome. We do not forget old and valued contributors—especially not a distinguished Muttonian like Mr. Beard. We only wish he would contribute more frequently to the pages of the *Musical World*.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 5, 1872.

## NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS.

IT is never too soon to mend; and the managers of the National Music Meetings,—in other words, the managers of the Crystal Palace, conjoined with Mr. Willert Beale—have lost no time in improving their regulations. The first gathering, in July last, obviously suffered from defects of plan; but this could hardly have been avoided in the absence of data upon which to calculate, and of experience by which to act. A leap in twilight, if not absolutely in

darkness, had to be made; and, all things considered, it was made with the minimum of failure. Moreover, the first session of the Music Meetings had to contend against the inertia which ever presents a formidable, if passive, obstacle to the progress of new ideas in this conservative country. Many persons distrusted the scheme; others elected to wait and see how it worked; while another class allowed an eternal and omnipresent jealousy of everything not originated by themselves to intervene. These barriers will become weaker with each successive year; and that in a geometrical ratio. Among ourselves, success is always very successful, for the very reason that it is hard to win. The castle of British favour is stormed with difficulty—though a foreigner can blow down the walls à la Joshua—but, an entrance once obtained, the whole place is found swept and garnished, and the intruder has only to lord it over willing slaves. So it will be with the National Music Meetings, if carried on as judiciously as now; and we quite expect to find the scheme growing into the dimensions and importance which alone can justify its name and object.

The new "rules and regulations" which have just been issued by Mr. George Grove show some important alterations and additions. Here, for example, is one of the former class:—"Should there be but one entry for competition in any class, information will be given by 8th of March, 1873, that competition in that class is impossible." *Cela va sans dire*, as regards the impossibility of competition when there are no competitors; but the meaning is, of course, that the prize will be withdrawn, and not left to be carried off by (possibly), a "screw" with no claim to it apart from the accident of a "walk over." It was well, perhaps, that the new law was not in force at the opening meeting, which, under its operation, would have been sadly shorn. The managers can afford to promulgate it now, however, and a most unsatisfactory state of things is thus obviated for the future. No doubt our ardent Cambrian friends, the present holders of the Challenge Prize, will rejoice over the prospect of a fight for its retention. Last July they came, like Cæsar; like Cæsar they saw; but they did not conquer, because there was nobody to fight. The Challenge Prize, to them, consequently, is not much of a trophy; and we wholly mistake the Celtic blood if it does not warm up in anticipation of next year's struggle. It should be added here, that a purse of £100 now accompanies the great prize; and offers a material and easily appreciated inducement to those who share Jack Falstaff's contempt for mere honour.

Another new and excellent feature in the scheme is the offer of a prize (£80), to church choirs "for the best performance of one or more services and anthems. Much as our musical services have improved lately, they leave more to be desired, and it is hoped that the recognition of their importance by the National Music Meetings will give a stimulus to improvement in one of the highest branches of art. Should the clergy enter into this competition with the zest so many of them display where sacred music is concerned, the desired end will be gained. Brass bands, other than those of the military, are now placed in a class by themselves—a just proceeding; and a prize of £25 offered to the best trumpet player may do something to encourage proficiency upon a very important but much neglected instrument.

Such are the novel features of the scheme for 1873; and frankly recognizing them as great improvements, we cannot but look forward hopefully to the result of their working.

## ENGLISH AND FOREIGN ARTISTS.

THE *Sunday Times*, at the eleventh hour, has happily found it expedient to put a stop to this silly controversy. Nevertheless, as we have reprinted the letters from the beginning, it would be unfair to omit any of them in particular; so we allow each of the writers to unburden himself of his grievances in our columns, as well as in those of our contemporary. Here, for example, is a bright specimen of the kind of stuff submitted, week after week, during many weeks, to the readers of the *Sunday Times* :—

(To the Editor of the "*Sunday Times*.")

DEAR SIR,—If the arguments on either side of this question be not entirely exhausted, may I beg your indulgence while I make a few observations on some of the points in the case? That English musicians have great cause to complain of gross partiality, and undue preference, in the engagement of foreigners in almost every orchestra, is, I believe, uncontradicted. The only plausible defence advanced is the miserable and false assertion that Englishmen are inferior to foreigners—a stupid calumny. But whom can we blame for this injustice? Not the poor destitute German or French fiddler. No, for he does but follow the instinct of his nature when he rushes from his own distracted country to prey upon Englishmen. But who can we blame? Who, but the directors and managers of theatres and other places. Did anyone ever know or hear of an Englishman being engaged as conductor or leader in any theatre or concert in Germany, France, or Italy? Never—such unnatural, anti-national feeling does not inhabit the breast of a foreigner. Why, it is pretty certain that if some poor, forlorn English musician found himself among foreigners in their country, and if he were to solicit an engagement, what would be his answer? Why this—"We never engage Englishmen, we must look to our own people, go back to your own country." There would be little chance for an Englishman monopolising all the good things and boasting of his naturalisation. In reply to one who signs himself "A German Fiddler," that "we demand his expulsion," I say this is false; we merely demand an equal chance with him, which is more than he would grant us, and that we be not ourselves everywhere expelled. And this German fiddler seems to think himself entitled to a monopoly so long as the works of his glorious countrymen are performed by us. Does this simple German fiddler know that it was English musicians who were the first to discover and duly appreciate their mighty talents? The transcendent genius of their splendid works raised them from obscurity and neglect and penury in which they were invariably permitted to pine away their lives, unheeded, uncared for by their own countrymen. Who but English musicians, by their talent, raised to his high position the giant of music, Handel, who out of England was, and is, comparatively unknown? To whom but to English musicians is the musical world indebted for the sublime works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and many more, all of whom were cruelly neglected by their own countrymen, and their works condemned? All these great men's fame, reputation, and even the poor means of supporting life is due to the English musician. Now, surely, we English musicians have at least an equal claim to the notice and justice of managers and conductors as other men of whatever country they may be. But so long as Germans and other foreigners are placed by managers in the most influential positions as conductors—men who, with few exceptions, are not capable of sustaining the humblest position in the orchestra they reign over—men, too, generally as mercenary and as sordid as their employers, aye, and as tyrannical—. [Well, what then?—the sentence does not finish.—Ed.] The musical conductor is, indeed, a mighty man when he flourishes his *bâton*, but put him among his men and what is he; then let him hide his diminished head. This state of things must be altered by some means. English musicians must live: must have justice and equal rights. Where, but to public opinion, through the medium of your excellent journal? With sincere thanks for your able and impartial advocacy, I remain, dear Sir, very respectfully,

AN ENGLISH FIDDLER.

We beg leave to call special attention to the sentence printed in italics (our own) and to the four sentences that precede it. The Philharmonic Society of London gave Beethoven the paltry sum of £100 for his glorious *Choral Symphony*, his Grand Overture in C major, &c., and have been talking and boasting of this wonderful act of munificence now for half a century—forgetting that when the symphony came to hand the members of the orchestra,

famous men in their own estimation, could neither play nor understand it. The idea of Haydn having been neglected in his own country is a capital joke. One might be led to imagine that he never composed anything except the twelve grand Symphonies for Salomon. What did Haydn ever receive from England for his quartets, or for his oratorio, the *Creation*, upon which amateurs and musicians in England have been fattening for three quarters of a century? What did Mozart ever get from us for his *Don Giovanni*, his *Figaro*, his *Zauberflöte*, his *Requiem*, *Twelfth Mass*, symphonies, quartets, and other works, which have not only been the delight of all who care for art in this country, but have brought such an immeasurable quantity of grist to the mills of those who adopt music as a calling, or deal in it as a speculation? What, indeed! Echo answers, "*Nothing*"—or Echo would tell a flat falsehood. With regard to Handel, it may be safely maintained that the composer of the *Messiah* was not fed by our professional musicians, but that our professional musicians have been fed, time out of mind, by the composer of the *Messiah*. Did "An English Fiddler" by any chance ever read a biography of Handel, and the sad history of his struggles in this country? We cannot believe it; otherwise he would hardly have written such nonsense.

The letter which follows, however unstable its general argument, is at any rate less wildly haphazard, less personal, and more sensible in proportion :—

SIR,—Having read Mr. Biggs's letter in your last Sunday's edition, I beg to make a few remarks. I do not know whether Mr. B. is a professional man, but I will suppose he is. I will also suppose that he holds an orchestral situation. Now, I ask him, supposing a foreigner succeeds in getting his situation by playing for less money, and so deprive him of part, if not the whole, of his income, would he quietly walk away with his instrument, thinking and believing he had been rightly treated, and that the foreigner was justly entitled to his (Mr. B.'s) situation? I dare say Mr. Biggs would be inclined to cry out at such an injustice. Such circumstances are not at all uncommon. I think, Sir, if your correspondent possessed truer English ideas and sentiments he would not lean so much to the foreigner as he does (as I take it from his letter). But, Sir, there are so many that look upon it that a foreigner has as much right in England as Englishmen have themselves. When we have to contend against such ideas and people it is a very uphill game to play; but, Sir, we will not give in, but be more determined than ever to try and protect ourselves. There are numbers in the musical profession that look upon a foreign acquaintance as a great acquisition, until they find out, to their cost, that their positions have been undermined by said foreign acquaintance. I fail to see that because, having been sufferers to a great extent by the foreign monopoly—we try to defend ourselves, it is to be treated as "irritating twaddle," as termed by Mr. Biggs. Surely he is not in earnest when he makes such remarks. He must bear in mind that the columns of your valuable journal are the only means we have of letting the public know our grievances; and he must not forget that (if he is a professional man) it is for his good, as well as all other professional Englishmen.—I must apologise for the length of my letter, and remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

Sep. 3rd, 1872.

A BRITISH MUSICIAN.

There are yet further communications which must stand over till next number. Sufficient for the day are the obnoxious epistles thereof.

J. S. S.

THE *Globe* of Wednesday, Oct. 2, contains a letter headed, "The Opera at Munich," professing to come from what is habitually (and vaguely), by newspaper editors, termed "our special correspondent." The letter on the whole, is a fair specimen of "lining," in the poetic style. It has exclusively to do with Munich, and particularly with Wagner's *Lohengrin*. Touching *Lohengrin*, we derive the gratifying information, that the "special," notwithstanding the *dolce far niente* proclivities of "one of the largest porters in Europe," got to his seat, value

some five shillings English, easily enough, although there was a crowded house. Beyond this, nothing whatever, except that the plot of *Lohengrin* "seems to have been borrowed slightly from *Ivanhoe*"—as if the Knight of the Swan had not been a familiar mythic personage centuries before Walter Scott came into the world. Of course, the music of *Lohengrin* enters deeply into the soul of this extraordinarily special "special" who, in a jaunty way, assumes that no one in England knows anything about it.—And yet we doubt if many amateurs in England know less about it than the "special" who has been roused to ecstasy at Munich, who tells us (remarkable fact), that "every one was seated in time," although there are no seats in the pit, and with what "attention the overture was listened to"—adding the subjoined piece of flippant impertinence, in detriment of English critics, connoisseurs, and musicians:—

"It may do very well for our small beer chroniclers to abuse this music of the future, but it seems to me that music must be considerably advanced at home before we can have an orchestra who (!) can render it. I have heard part of this wonderful prelude played at St. James's Hall, and, comparing my recollection of it with the performance of last night, do not at all wonder that this opera should be merely promised to the London public."

"An 'orchestra who,' is unique. Now, if ever there was a 'small beer chronicler' (whatever that may signify), it is the 'special' who calls such a threadbare example of Brummagem Berlioz as the orchestral prelude to *Lohengrin*, an 'overture.' It seems Wagner's fate to find none but arrogant enthusiasts or absolute zebras for partisans. The 'special' of the *Globe* is a zebra, *pur sang*—with a spice of arrogance to boot. He must read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*—or perish on the scaffold of public opinion.

—Otie Beard.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ANOTHER success for Offenbach—the *Corsaire Noir*, at the Theatre An-der-Wien, in the Austrian capital. Representatives of all the chief Parisian papers are said to have attended the first performance at the express invitation of the composer—which may account in some measure for the unanimity of their praise.

It is rumoured at Vienna that a manuscript opera, entitled *Tancredi*, has been found among the papers of the late pianist, Theodore Döhler, who wrote it (*on dit*), aided by the counsel and instruction of Rossini. So we shall now have not only *Tancredi*, but *Tancredi*. The *Ménestrel* calls it a "posthumous" opera; so that Döhler must have composed it some time after his burial.

MR. MAPLESON has engaged the tenor, Signor Tombesi, who will still further strengthen the enterprising manager's already attractive touring company, which comprises most of the chief artists of Her Majesty's Opera—Tietjens, Ilma di Muraka, Marimon, Campanini, Agnesi, Borella, Trebelli-Bettini, Bettini, Mendioroz, &c.—It is rumoured that, when Mr. F. Chatterton's lease of Drury Lane Theatre has expired, Mr. Mapleson will come in as the new lessee; so that—who knows?—we may be destined to have opera in London, through the medium of one language or another, all the year round.

M. AMBROISE THOMAS is still hard at work upon his new five-act grand opera, *Francesca di Rimini*, which is said to have largely progressed. M. Thomas will of course dip into the *Inferno* of Dante, and if he don't consult Leigh Hunt's *Story of Rimini* (which Byron said was "all Rimini-Pimini"), he should be invited to a close and diligent perusal of Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*, with Rossetti's picture of the infernal abode of sinners continually before his eyes, and the skulls of Cardanus and Pomponatius at either elbow.

—Giffmpnbtz.

M. GEVAERT, composer of the opera, *Quentin Durward*, and other highly esteemed works, has left Paris for Brussels, to resume his duties as chief of the Conservatoire Musicales in that city. During M. Gevaert's recent stay in the French capital, he and M. Ambroise Thomas were constantly associated. The Siamese twigs, indeed, were hardly more inseparable. Are the artistic interests of the two Conservatoires to be fused, at some period, more or less near? *Qui sait?*

ONE of the novelties at the Norwich Musical Festival was Mr. Macfarren's *Outward Bound*. A chorus in it has this burden:—

"Then heave and ho, sing rumbelow,  
Yo-ho, yo-ho, and off we go."

Such an appropriate reference to the British sailors' favourite liquor cannot fail to make Mr. Macfarren's spirited composition a favourite with our Navy.

Punch.

M. GOUNOD writes from Spa to the *Gazette* to request the contradiction of a rumour, long current in the French Press, that he has become a naturalized Englishman. If he were not a Frenchman he would wish to be an Englishman, and he refers with pride and pleasure to the friendships and affections he has met with in England. But he has never for an instant entertained the idea of changing his nationality. He holds that a man may remain thoroughly French although he may choose to reside even for a long time in a foreign land. Handel lived thirty years in England for the greater glory of Germany, as Rossini did in France for the greater glory of Italy. M. Gounod, fortified by these precedents, cannot understand why French journalists should think it extraordinary that he should live in England—for the greater glory of France.

"HAVING received no invitation for the ball, we did not attend it, and the record of that important event must be looked for in the future annals of Norfolk and Norwich." Thus says a contemporary in its last notice of the Norwich Festival. Here, by the way, we may say a word as to the accommodation accorded to the representatives of the London press, who travel 120 miles, at considerable expense to their employers, in order to assist at these festival performances. They are honoured with a ticket of admission in this wise:—"Mr. So-and-So.—General Admission"—which means that if every place is empty, they may go anywhere, but if every place is full, they can go nowhere. One representative of the London press (not the writer of this "note") was told by a member of the Committee with a blue something in his vest—"You reporters must move to the back seats;"—whereupon the said "reporter" "moved" out of the hall, and went home to supper. It is time to make the managers of these festivals understand that reporters from London are sent down by the authorities of the journals they may represent exclusively on account of the charities which the festivals assist, and not to hear how much better or how much worse a number of familiar pieces are performed in Norwich, &c., than in London. If they imagine that it is a great treat for London reporters to hear the performances, they are mistaken. London reporters would very much prefer walking on the sands of Yarmouth, or Cromer, or Lowestoft, while in East Anglia. But they come a long way for a good purpose; and as they are expressly invited by the committee, they should be treated accordingly. At Birmingham, how different! Those merchants of the Black Country know how to behave to gentlemen as gentlemen.

MR. SIMS REEVES has returned from Spa, we are glad to hear, completely restored to health.

THE first of the justly-renowned Saturday Concerts, for autumn, winter, and early spring, at the Crystal Palace, takes place to-day, under the direction of Mr. Auguste Manns. For the programme our advertisement columns may be consulted. One more varied and interesting in its way could hardly have been invented—even by "G."

MILAN.—Der Freischütz and Bianca di Nevers still constitute the programme of the Scala.—The manager of the new Teatro dal Verme has not found a mine of wealth in *Gli Ugonotti*, as represented at his establishment. Meyerbeer's masterpiece will, therefore, shortly disappear from the bills. It will be replaced by *La Favorita* with Signora Galletti, Signori Aramburo and Giraldoni.

## MADAME PAULINE LUCCA'S RECEPTION AT NEW YORK.

(From the "Fifth Avenue Journal," Sept. 21st.)

The warm personal interest which the public take in Madame Lucca, whom fortune has made our guest, was strikingly demonstrated on Saturday night, when the peerless *prima donna*—the idol of Berlin, the pet of London, the consolation of St. Petersburg, and the admiration of Paris—was serenaded by the *Liederkrans*, at her metropolitan residence, No. 17, East Fourteenth Street. The block between Fifth Avenue and University Place was brilliantly illuminated, and, when the band arrived, the concourse assembled was so great that all travel was stopped, and a strong extract from the police force was detailed to promote a systematic packing of the immense congregation.

Prior to the serenade, so handsomely tendered her by the members of the finest musical club in the United States, Madame Lucca received the congratulations of a number of artists and journalists, who were severally presented to her by Mr. H. C. Jarrett, of London. Surrounded by a large assemblage of newly made acquaintances, Madame Lucca exerted herself unceasingly to promote the general sociability and enjoyment. She impressed her guests most pleasantly by her charming, artless, vivacious manner and brilliant conversational powers. Scarcely less acquainted with English than with French, which she has captured with apparent ease, she discourses most delightfully with a child-like enthusiasm of her varied experiences, some of which are as replete with spicy incident as she herself is with gentle wit and sparkling repartee. A success rarely paralleled in operatic history has neither cooled her heart nor inflamed her head. Lucca is a child of Art, and not a creature of Fashion.

In person she answers to the description *petite*, but the figure is finely proportioned, and her head betokens the queen. In face and form she is beautiful beyond the possibility of exaggeration, and moreover, her beauty reveals her intellectual character. When we have remarked that our enchanting celebrity is dark-haired, has flashing black eyes, and has rather an English than a German type of countenance, a sufficiency of points will have been briefly summed up for the edification of the more inquisitive. Were this a "society journal," learned in the intricate minutiae of dress, we might, perhaps, add that the Enchantress exhibited a corn-coloured silk *en train*, cut slightly *decollete*, and richly caparisoned with lace; also that her neck was yoked with diamonds as large as new fallen hailstones, but not being addicted to cataloguing personal property we shall forego further particulars.

Prominent among the guests at Madame Lucca's first reception were Madame Liebhart, Miss Antoinette Ronconi, Mrs. Albert Weber, Mr. Max Maretzek, Signor Giorgio Ronconi, Mr. Henry C. Watson, Mr. C. G. Rosenberg, Mr. G. Calberg, Mr. Morris Phillips, Mr. Frank Williams, Herr Wienawski, Herr Pauer, Mr. H. Geilfus, Mr. N. H. Jackson. The spacious *salons* of the mansion were lavishly adorned with fragrant flowers, and rare, costly plants. The reception was most enjoyable, and can never be forgotten by those who participated in the grateful formality of welcoming Madame Lucca to the New World.

## PROVINCIAL.

MONMOUTH.—We take the following from the *Star of Gwent*, of Sept. 25th:—

"The inhabitants of Monmouth have rarely enjoyed a greater musical treat than the concerts given by their very talented townswoman, Miss Beattie M. Waugh, on Wednesday, the 11th inst. Assisted by Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Brandon, Mons. Adolphe Brouill, and Miss Bertha Brouill, Miss Waugh succeeded in producing as attractive a programme as we have ever had the privilege to listen to; and we are glad to record that the attendance was such as to show that music of a high class is thoroughly appreciated in Monmouth. Each part of each concert opened with selections from Beethoven's trios, in which Miss Waugh's chaste and finished execution, together with the splendid violin playing of Miss Brouill, evoked the warmest approval. The violoncello part was supported by Mons. A. Brouill. Mr. Cummings and Mr. Brandon gave great satisfaction by their well chosen songs, while Miss Edith Wynne fairly carried away her audience by a magnificent rendering of 'The Mother and her Child,' and her matchless Welsh melodies. Miss Waugh is so general a favourite with the public that it is scarcely necessary to state that her pianoforte solos were received *con furore*. At the late Eisteddfod at Portmadoc, we understand she was admitted into the order of the Bards of Wales, under the title of Eos Mynwy; and something of Druidic inspiration may perhaps account for the enormous energy and consummate taste she exhibited on this occasion. Her fantasia on airs from *Guillaume Tell*, Mendelssohn's 'Andante and Rondo in B minor,' Liszt's 'Spinnlied,' and De Kontak's 'Grand Valse de Concert,'

displayed every variety of manipulative skill, and were greeted with reiterated bursts of applause. It is many years since so first-class an entertainment has been heard in Monmouth; and much praise is due to Miss Waugh for providing so liberally for her many patrons and friends; at the same time, the town of Monmouth may be congratulated for recognising so warmly such unobtrusive and genuine talent in its own home."

BLACKBURN.—We take the following notice of Mr. T. S. Hayward's first Pianoforte Recital from a local paper:—

"The public of Blackburn attended this concert but sparsely, and thereby many missed a musical treat of rare occurrence. If such opportunities for hearing first-class music are not taken advantage of more extensively, we venture to predict that in a short time this borough will suffer from a musical famine, which will be alike disgraceful and intolerable. The execution of the items in the programme was, speaking generally, very good. Mr. Hayward and Mr. D. F. Davis (harpist), opened with the grand duo, *Lucrezia Borgia*, which was rendered with considerable success. Mr. Hayward was encored in the *rondo* 'Il Moto Continuo,' and also in 'Sans Souci,' and throughout, his playing was accurate and intelligible. Mr. Davis's performances on the harp were received with great enthusiasm. *La Danse des Fées* was encored, and Mr. Davis substituted the familiar, but always welcome, air of 'The Last Rose of Summer,' which was his most successful performance. But *place aux dames*, Madame Bilfinie Porter possesses a pure and sweet soprano voice, and knows well how to manage it. Her first performance was decidedly her best, as she gave 'Softly sighs,' from Weber's *Der Freischütz*, with a skill and appreciation seldom excelled. 'Tis the Harp in the Air,' from Wallace's opera of *Marianna*, was also a success, and was loudly re-demanded. Mr. S. Green proved himself an apt pupil in the duo with his teacher, Mr. Hayward."

## CONCERT.

Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN gave a performance of Pianoforte and Vocal Music, last Tuesday, at Brunswick House, Wandsworth Road, when her performance of a Sonata by Beethoven, and other masterpieces, were keenly appreciated by a large audience. Miss Agnes Drummond and Miss Alice Barnett contributed to the success of the evening by their singing Henry Smart's melodious duetino, 'May;' G. A. Macfarren's duet, 'Two merry gipsies' (encored). Miss Drummond was encored in the late Mr. Tom Cooke's cavatina, 'Over hill, over dale;' and Miss Barnett in Pinsuti's new ballad, 'I love my love.' Mrs. John Macfarren bowed her acknowledgments to the storm of applause which followed Brissac's 'Fantasia on Welsh Melodies,' and she was compelled to repeat Mr. Walter Macfarren's 'Third Tarantelle.'

## CRYSTAL PALACE.

On Saturday last a concert was given by a choir of 5,000 voices, under the auspices of the Metropolitan Schools Choral Society. The audience was, by comparison with the ordinary gatherings on such occasions, a small one, only 9,000 people being admitted, and among these the performers were included. The choir was formed of children from the schools in London, who were all ranged in the great Handel orchestra, which was well filled. The conductor was Mr. John Hullah, than whom, perhaps, no one has done more to facilitate the musical teaching of the young, and the organist was another well known musician—Mr. E. J. Hopkins, of the Temple Church. On making their appearance on Saturday, these gentlemen were greeted with much cheering. The performance began with Martin Luther's 'Great God, what do I see and hear!' which was exceedingly well rendered. Then followed an anthem by Mr. J. L. Hopkins, organist of Rochester Cathedral, commencing 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates,' and this also the choir sang in a spirited manner. The next pieces were an antiphon by Thomson, and Sir George Elvey's well known and popular anthem, 'Arise! shine, for thy light has come,' both of which went smoothly and well. A morning hymn, composed by Mr. Hullah, was sung in a style that elicited loud applause, but the demand for an encore was not gratified. The sacred part of the programme concluded with Mendelssohn's chorale, 'Let all men praise the Lord,' and Mozart's 'Gloria,' (12th Mass), both rendered in an excellent way. After a short pause the secular music was commenced, and the freshness and heartiness of the children's singing was in this even more apparent than it had been. 'All among the barley,' was followed by 'All's well,' which was repeated at the loudly expressed request of the audience. Then came a part song by Mr. J. L. Hutton, a school song by Murby, and other part songs by Storace, Linley, Land, and Kirby. The concert, which was interesting, ended with the National Anthem, charmingly sung. The children, all through, were most attentive, and accurately obeyed the indications of their conductor.

## WAIFS.

"Madame Arabella Goddard"—says the *New York Fifth Avenue Journal*, a *Mirror of Art, Literature and Society*—"writes that she will return to America early during the coming year."

Signor Arditi has been paying a visit to the French capital.

M. Gounod was expected in London at the end of last month.

If you wish to punish your enemy give his little boy a drum.

Signor Ciabatta has returned to town, from a lengthened tour on the Continent.

Herr Wilhelm Ganz has returned to town, after a lengthened sojourn in Scarborough.

Mr. Wilford Morgan has left town, to join Mr. Mapleson's Italian Opera company in the provinces.

Signor Randegger has returned from a lengthened tour through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France.

Mr. F. H. Cowen's *Festival Overture*, composed for the Norwich Festival is to be given at the Crystal Palace concert to-day.

A new opera, *L'Esclave*, the music by M. Edward Membrée, has been accepted by M. Halanzier, for the Académie Nationale.

Mlle. Rita Sonneri (who will be remembered at the Royal Italian Opera), has just terminated a successful engagement at Havre.

An Italian Opera Buffo is to be established during the winter, at St. George's Hall. The opening opera is to be Bottemini's *Ali Baba*.

Who is wise? He that learns from every one. Who is powerful? He that governs his passion. Who is rich? He that is content.

A Chicago journal considers the destruction of about a cart-load of "original poetry" in its office as the most gratifying feature of the fire.

Mr. George F. Bristow is about completing a symphony cantata, entitled *The Pioneer*, for orchestra and chorus, the libretto by Henry C. Watson.

Madame Adelina Patti is still at Homburg. Her most recent appearances have been in *Lucia*, *Don Pasquale*, *Faust*, and *Esmeralda* (Campana).

In the small town of Salo, with a population of 4200 souls, a theatre has been built, capable of accommodating 12,000 herrings.—*La Nouvelle Plume de Bruges*.

A *Requiem* for men's voices, the composition of M. Gevaert, performed at the Cathedral of St. Gudule, during the recent September fêtes, is highly spoken of.

An American Exchange describing a funeral says: "The procession was very fine, and nearly two miles in length; as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry, the chaplain."

In the course of his operatic and concert tour, Mr. Mapleson will visit Dublin, Belfast, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and (for the first time) Bristol.

The concert fund of the late Worcester Festival shows a balance on the right side of more than £800; which, added to a collection of £960, makes a result quite unprecedented.

Mme. Sass is engaged for Madrid, where the opera opens the week after next. Mlle. Emma Albani and Mlle. Volpini are both engaged to M. Verger for the Italian Opera in Paris.

It is rumoured that the subject of Mr. Sullivan's new oratorio—to be produced at Birmingham next year—is taken from the history of Joseph. We give the rumour under all reserve.

It is reported that Mr. Arthur S. Chappell, director of the Monday Popular Concerts, has made a permanent engagement with Mr. Edward Lloyd, the young and promising Welsh tenor.

*L'Europe Artiste* has not ceased asking M. Ambrose Thomas, Auber's successor as chief of the Conservatoire—"Who is Romain Bussine?" We should like to be informed ourselves on that point.

Mozart's too much neglected opera, *Così fan Tutti*, has been produced with great success at Bologna. Italy is making wonderful progress in the appreciation of legitimate music. *Tanto meglio!*

The young *cantatrice*, Stella Bonheur, is engaged by Signor Merelli for Moscow. Her engagement will last two months, after which she returns to Turin. Verdi is said to be very anxious to hear her.

A very interesting biographical and critical digest of the life and artistic career of Weber, the composer, from the clever pen of M. H. Barbodette, is now being published week by week in the *Ménestrel*.

Mlle. Thérèse Liebe arrived at Boston on the 30th September by the Cunard steamer, *Malta*. Mlle. Liebe left for Canada on Oct. 3rd, to fulfil various engagements, and returns to Boston on November 21st, where she is engaged to play at the first "Harvard Symphony Concert."

When Byrant, the poet, was in Mexico recently, he met an American lady, and, after the introduction, she said to a friend "Everybody in New York knows Mr. Byrant, and they all go to hear his minstrels sing."

Among recent deaths in the musical world may be noted those of Mme. Pissaroff (79), the once celebrated contralto, Herr Wieprecht of Berlin, Signor Bida of the Milan Conservatoire, and Signor Giannetti of Naples.

Madame Sass, the original Selika when the *Africaine* was produced in Paris, has been performing some of her chief characters with great success at Bordeaux, the last of which was Selika ("la Reine Malgache").

Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette* is in preparation at the Opéra Comique, and there is even a talk about Mozart's *Figaro*—not, let us hope, to be handled as it was handled by M. Carvalho (for Madame Carvalho), at the Théâtre Lyrique.

A concerto for organ and orchestra by Mr. Ebenzer Prout, B. A., is one of the novelties to be brought forward in connexion with the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts. The organ part will be played by Dr. Stainer.

The Baron von Hülse, Superintendent General of the Royal Opera at Berlin, on the occasion of the performances given during the meeting of the three Emperors, received from the Czar a gold snuff-box enriched with brilliants.

Mr. F. H. Cowen's new symphony in F major is to be given at the opening concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, on Tuesday next, the 8th October, on which occasion the young composer will play Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor.

Richard Wagner is about to "reap" to Cologne, to superintend the rehearsals, and, conduct the performance, of his *Lohengrin*. Nothing further has "transpired." Dr. Ferdinand Hiller will meet the illustrious prophet, at the railway station.

The tenor, Giuseppe Morini, the original Faust at the Théâtre Lyrique, and the Scala at Milan (who will be remembered at Her Majesty's Theatre), is now in Paris, awaiting propositions from Mr. Gye, Mr. Mapleson, or Mr. Maretzek (of New York).

Signor Randegger has returned to town from the continent, and will immediately resume his labours in connection with the St. Thomas's Choral Society. May we look to Signor Randegger and his choir for more novelties?—say the strangely neglected masses of Schubert.

A young dramatic singer of great promise, and even now, it is said, of high merit, has recently earned golden opinions at the Paris Académie Nationale de Musique, by her performance of Valentine, in the *Huguenots*. There seems to be but one opinion as to the future of Mlle. Arnal.

We are glad to hear that the first week of Mr. Santley's provincial tour was as successful as could be wished, notwithstanding the inclement weather. The eminent baritone and party gave a concert in Reading last Monday; and the tour is not expected to end till the middle of December next.

Madame Desirée Artôt-Padilla, in passing through Berlin, remained there for one representation, at the Royal Opera House, the part selected being Gretchen, in *Faust*. Madame Padilla is now in Paris. She is engaged, during the autumn and winter months, for Vienna, Moscow and St. Petersburg.

At a recent performance of Hérold's *Pré aux Clercs*, at the Opéra Comique, with Madame Miolan Carvalho in the principal character, Madame Christine Nilsson was present—come, as she was heard to say—"prendre une leçon de chant." "Many a true word is spoken in jest"—says the impertinent adage.

The Glasgow Tonic Sol-fa Society, numbering four hundred voices, are seemingly determined to evince a spirit of enterprise. The directors have resolved to present to their subscribers three of Handel's oratorios, never before performed in Glasgow;—to wit, *Israel in Egypt*, *Attila*, and *Belshazzar*.

A good story is told of a clergyman in a Massachusetts town who forgot his notes on a Sabbath morning, and, as it was too late to send for them, he said to his audience, by way of apology, that this morning he should have to depend upon the Lord for what he might say, but that in the afternoon he would come better prepared.

At a meeting of the Ardudwy Choral Union Society, held at Penrhyneddreath, on the 4th inst., the following resolution was passed:—"That the cordial thanks of the meeting be, and are hereby tendered to Brinley Richards, Esq., for the kind interest he has taken in the union, and for honouring with his presence the annual festival at Harlech Castle, on the 19th of June last; and particularly for his considerate liberality in presenting to the union the amount of his travelling charges on the occasion." (Signed) L. H. Thomas, Chairman.

The New York *Fifth Avenue Journal* thus informs its readers that there is a demand for seats at the Academy of Music:—

"The click of the telegraph from mountain height and sea-beat shore is telling heavily against the seating capacity of the Academy during the Luoca *furor*, which is marked to set in on the 30th inst."

The following donations have already been received by the Norwich Festival Committee in aid of the charities:—Mdlle. Tietjens, £10 10s.; Mdlle. Albani, £10 10s.; Mr. and Mrs. Patey, £5; R. Kellett Long, Esq., £10; Charles Foster, Esq., £6 6s.; F. Meadows White, Esq., £5. Collected at the Cathedral on Sunday, 15th September, £27 2s. 8d.; total, £74 8s. 8d.

Signor Ugo Talbo has appeared at Treviglio (Lombardy) with great success, as the Duca, in *Rigoletto*. His first appearance took place on Saturday, the 14th September, and the same opera has been given (with the exception of two nights) every evening since. Our readers will be surprised to hear that Signor Talbo is Mr. Hugh Brennan, the former popular amateur tenor of the fashionable "Moray Minstrels."

Mdlle. Emma Albani is prevented, by the conditions of her engagement with Mr. Gye, from returning to Florence. Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini is to sing at the Pagliano, during the month of January next. There are no less than seven theatres at Florence, only two of which are open at present—viz., the Pagliano, which began this season with Verdi's *Macbeth*, and the Logge, which commenced proceedings with M. Flotow's latest opera—*L'Ombré*.

M. Faure made his *résumé* at the Académie de Musique, a short time since, in the French version of *Don Giovanni*. M. Faure is engaged for a certain number of representations by M. Avrillon, director of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, at Brussels, where *Tannhäuser* and *Fidèle* are in preparation, and where Madame Rosa Cailag is one of the chief *prime donne*. No one can have forgotten the Leonora of Madame Cailag, at the Royal Italian Opera, in 1855, when the Emperor and Empress of the French were the guests of our Queen and the late Prince Consort.

The accounts of the late Festival of the Three Choirs held at Worcester are now made up. The total receipt for tickets, &c., amounted to £4,592, and there remains a balance in hand of £670. This is an unprecedented success. A few years ago the balance generally was on the wrong side. When a surplus occurs, the amount is invested in the funds, and the interest from the sums so invested forms an item in the annual receipts for the widow and orphan charity. Besides the £670, the amount received at the doors of the Cathedral, with donations since added, is now nearly £1,000. At a final meeting of the stewards, Earl Beauchamp in the chair, thanks were voted to the hon. secretary, the Rev. T. L. Wheeler, and the conductor Mr. Done.

The Boston *Metronome* thus replies to the question—"What did the Jubilee?"—

"It brought together thousands upon thousands of people, and furnished a spectacle which the world had never before seen. It put into the hands of uncultivated singers, music, which, until then, they had never seen or heard. The Chorals of Bach—the Choruses of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, will in future be their study and delight. It gave the cause of good music an effectual start, and placed it at least twenty-five years in advance of where it would have been had not the Jubilee taken place. It is but the natural outgrowth of the seed planted at the first Jubilee, which in time will bear its golden fruit. The good that it has done is incalculable, and with 'all its imperfections' we regard it in the light of a national blessing. The 'high art' critic, and the old fog, may cry humbug!—but the days of the Jubilee, few and fleeting, have taught us a great lesson; for the work of a generation has been accomplished therein, the good effects of which will still be felt when they who now scoff at it are forgotten."

The Philharmonic Society and the Liederkrantz, on Saturday evening last, serenaded Madame Pauline Luoca at her residence, No. 17, East Fourteenth Street. An immense throng was opposite and on either side of the dwelling, and two bright calcium lights illuminated the scene. Soon after eleven o'clock, the first bars of the overture to *Der Freischütz* were sounded by a complete orchestra under the direction of Herr Carl Bergmann. Selections from Verdi's *Macbeth*, and the "Coronation March," from *Il Profeta*, constituted the remainder of the instrumental music, while two choral songs by the Männerchor of the Liederkrantz made up the vocal programme. During the recital of almost all the pieces, Madame Luoca stood upon the vine-covered balcony of the house, the observed, of course, of all observers. At the close of the serenade, enthusiastic Hoochs! and three hearty cheers elicited from the lady, in addition to the continuous waving of her handkerchief, the words, "My heartiest thanks for this—good night." Among the guests assembled within on this pleasant occasion were Mr. Arthur Maddick Esq., Mr. H. C. Jarrett, Mr. Max Maretzek, and other persons of note.—*New York Weekly Review*.

The question of disposing of the Boston Coliseum has agitated the Executive Committee of the Jubilee, and it has been determined to turn over the building to Mr. Gilmore for a nominal consideration (30,000 dols.). The receipts of the "Gilmore Day," at the Jubilee, were turned into the general fund, and Mr. G., in reality, received not one single penny. Nay, worse than that. He saddled himself with numerous personal obligations, which he is, of course, unable to carry out. What is now contemplated is a grand concert and ball, with a disposition of the property to the shareholders by lot, Mr. Gilmore to manage the affair and to have all the proceeds above the thirty thousand dollars; the sum to be paid the Committee for the property. The deficiency of 120,000 dols., or thereabouts, which then remain will be met by calling upon the guaranty fund for about fifty per cent. of their subscriptions.—*New York Musical Gazette*.

The Winter season of the Arcadian Club opened on Tuesday evening by a reception to Miss Clara-Louise Kellogg. The club-rooms in Union Square were thronged with notable men and women, and even more artistic entertainment than usually falls to the lot of a professional club was provided. Fresh pictures from the studios hung from the walls, and of music, the 9th Regiment band and several vocalists contributed generously. Two large portraits of Miss Kellogg were prominently displayed, but their attraction was lessened by the presence of the *prima donna* herself. In the crowded rooms were, among others, Dion Boucicault, Edmund Yates, Rubinstein, Mario, Chauncey M. Depew, Col. H. S. Stebbins, the President, Miss Clara Doria, Mdlle. Louise Liebhart, Mdlle. Pauline Canessa, and Mdlle. Ormeni. Few clubs could have mustered a more brilliant company, or entertained it more successfully.—*New York Weekly Review*.

The *Soir* announces the recent death of Prince Galitzin, a composer whose name and works are not unknown in this country. Prince Galitzin was a member of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of Russia, which at various periods has furnished ministers, ambassadors, generals, and field marshals to the public service. One of his ancestors, Prince Boris, was tutor to Peter the Great. Prince George Galitzin, the subject of this notice, gave up all his opportunities of political or military distinction to follow his natural inclination for music. His chief efforts have been to popularize Russian national music, and his numerous compositions, which have been performed in all the principal cities of both hemispheres by a choir selected and conducted by the Prince himself, have made that peculiar style of melody familiar to the public of all countries. That choir, to the formation of which he devoted the best part of his life and his entire fortune, has long been famous, and may almost be said to form one of the curiosities of Russia.

BADEN.—The last concert began with Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*. Signor Sivori played a Fantasia on *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and, in reply to an enthusiastic recall, added a Romance. Herr Stennebruggen gave a romance, by Adam, on the horn. Herr Oudshorn played the E minor Violoncello Concerto by Servais with great dash and spirit. Mdlle. Bräpdt played Weber's "Concertstück;" a "Presto" by Mendelssohn, and a Waltz by Chopin. Mdlle. Anne Bosse sang the air of the Countess from *Le Nozze*, besides taking part, with Herr Reichmann, in the duet from *Belisario*. The gentleman, a stranger here, sang an air from *Hans Heilig*. He possesses a fine barytone, which, however, is not yet thoroughly under command.

BALEUTTE.—After an absence of some weeks, Herr R. Wagner has returned here. A short time since, the municipal authorities of Bologna, where his *Lohengrin* was performed last year, forwarded him the honorary freedom of the city. It is said, too, that the municipal council of Chicago, U.S., requested him to take part in the Festival to come off in two years' time, to celebrate the rebuilding of the city. He was to produce his own operas, with a company chosen by himself, in a theatre erected on purpose. The city offered to defray all expenses. Herr Wagner has declined to entertain the proposal on the ground of his being at present very busy with the National-Festival-Stage-Play scheme here.

LEIPSIG.—*Hamlet*, by M. Ambroise Thomas, has been produced at the Stadttheater, but has failed to impress the public favourably. According to the leading local critic, both book and music are unsatisfactory. The former wants the spirit and profundity of the original play, and serves up the skeleton of the action swimming in a thin sauce, and garnished with scenic, satirical, and mechanical effects. The music proves that great pains were bestowed on the score, but it is utterly deficient in inspiration, warmth, unconstrained emotion, etc. The effect produced is rather that of electric empiricism than of spontaneous and creative formation. Coldness and weariness—unusual factors in French productions—are, consequently, the inevitable results. The most successful parts are the conclusion, and—the ballet music, which display dramatic gradation and animation. Such is the opinion entertained by the local critic in question.

ROME.—The Corporation have just had the following inscription placed on the front of the house known as No. 35, Via Loutari:

"ABITANDO QUESTA CASA  
"GIOACCHINO ROSSINI  
"TROVÒ LE ARMONIE SEMPRE NUOVE  
"DEL *Barbiere di Siviglia*.  
"S. P. Q. R.  
"1872."

Which in English may be rendered: "While residing in this house, Gioacchino Rossini wrote the harmonious strains, always new, of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. S. P. Q. R. (Senatus Populusque Romanus). 1872.

SAN MARINO.—The new theatre was opened with a new opera: *Adelinda*. The author of the book is Signor Antonio Ghislanzoni; the composer of the music, Signor Agostino Mercuri. To mark their appreciation of the work and all concerned in it, the Council of the Republic—for San Marino, though not quite so large as the United States, is a republic—have been distributing their favours in a style that may be reasonably characterised as broadcast. They bestowed the brevet of Knight of the Order of San Marino, with the insignia "to match," on Signori Ghislanzoni, Carpi, Sterbini, Miller, Ricordi, Brissi, Montanari, and Parma. The Gold Medal for Merit was presented to Signore Barlani-Dini and Cortesi. The second class Medal for Merit, and the diploma of citizenship were conferred on the remaining artists and members of the band. Signor Mercuri received the brevet of Officer of the Order of San Marino, with the proper insignia.

DRESDEN.—Herr Carl Krebs having retired from the musical directorship of the Royal Opera, (which post he held for twenty years) in order to devote himself wholly to his duties at the Royal Cathedral, the artists connected with the first named institution lately waited upon him, and presented a laurel wreath, worked in silver, each leaf bearing the name of an opera brought out under Herr Krebs's direction. The wreath was inscribed as follows:—"The members of the Royal Opera in Dresden, to their highly esteemed Kapellmeister Karl Krebs, as remembrance. Dresden, 1872." In presenting this token, Herr E. Degele read an address in the name of himself and colleagues, from which we take the following passage:—"The members of the Royal Opera could not let pass the day which ends their more intimate connection with you. Unanimously they felt it their duty to come and thank you with all their hearts for the zeal with which you have devoted all your time, your whole life, to art and artists." Herr Krebs returned thanks with great feeling, and concluded with the words: "I am proud and happy in the consciousness that nothing has ever estranged me from your hearts; this is proved by the honourable memento you have offered me; I most earnestly beg you still to retain the same sentiments towards me, and still to preserve me in your memory." Mlle. Marie Krebs, daughter of the Kapellmeister, is expected to revisit England next spring. She may count upon a hearty welcome.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ROBERT COOKS & Co.—"O ye tears," part-song, the words by Dr. Mackay, the music by Franz Abt; "Were I a boy," song, by Charles Tindal Gatty; "Only one to bless and cheer me," song, by W. T. Wrighton.  
W. MOSELEY.—"The Farewell," by R. Löffler; "Fairy Masnarks," by Carl Meyer; "Autumn leaves are falling," by W. H. Weiss; "What somebody wanted to know," by W. F. Taylor; "Summer breezes sing of thee," by Edward Leach; "Hope's bright dream," by Charles W. Glover.  
W. P. BALL.—"The blacksmith's legend" and "O I could wander for ever," songs, with pianoforte accompaniment.  
NOVELLO, Ewer & Co.—"The Hymnary," a book of Church Song.

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The gurgling brook in beauty wends  
By mossy bank and grassy bae,  
Where violets bloom and lambskins play.  
Delightful Spring—sweet month of May!  
What joys attend thine advent gay!

In mantle clad of fairest sheen,  
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Bright home of birds and flow'rets gay,  
The streamlet woos thy sheltered way,  
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Overture ( <i>Olympie</i> )...	...	...	Spontini.
Grand Scena—"Ah, Perfido!"—Madame Sinico	...	...	Beethoven.
Symphony No. 1 (in C)	...	...	Beethoven.
Canzonet—"My Mother bids me bind my hair"	...	...	Haydn.
Romance and Rondo from Concerto in E minor—	...	...	
Mme. Mangold-Diehl	...	...	Chopin.
Air des Bijoux ( <i>Faust</i> )—Madame Sinico	...	...	Gounod.
Festival Overture (MS.) (first time)	...	...	F. H. Cowen.
A. Manns, Conductor.			

The fact of there being only one singer at this concert is explained by the indisposition of Signor Gustav Garcia, to make up for the vacancy caused by whose absence Madame Sinico obligingly consented to introduce a canzonet by Haydn, not originally announced. While on the topic of the vocal music, we may suggest that, splendid as it unquestionably is, the *scena*, "Ah perfido," is given somewhat too frequently, here and elsewhere, Beethoven having composed a vast number of beautiful airs which are rarely, if ever, heard in public. With no less propriety, bearing in mind the fact that M. Gounod has written and published a quantity of vocal pieces, all of more or less distinction, we might also suggest that the "Air des Bijoux," however sparkling, melodious, and dramatically effective, would suffer very little if—for a time at any rate—left to the place accorded to it when the opera of *Faust* is performed upon the stage. Both were delivered by Madame Sinico with her never-failing intelligence; nor could "My mother bids me bind my hair" have been rendered in a more pleasing or natural manner, though objection might fairly be taken to the use of orchestral accompaniments, from some hand unknown, Haydn's own charming accompaniment for the pianoforte, being so easily accessible. The original design of a composer, unless there happens to be insuperable obstacles, should never, in our opinion, be departed from.

Madame Mangold-Diehl played the second and third movements of Chopin's E minor concerto so thoroughly well, with so delicate a touch, and such a commendable absence of exaggerated and overdrawn expression, that her omission of the opening and most elaborate movement was to be regretted. It was not the first occasion of Madame Diehl's winning merited applause in this by no means easy work of the gifted Polish composer. Our musical readers may possibly remember that she played the entire concerto with great success at a *matinée* of her own last summer.

That the most prominent features on Saturday, as seldom fails to be the case at these entertainments, were the exclusively orchestral performances, may readily be believed. Spontini's imposing and, if here and there somewhat obstreperous, brilliantly scored overture was welcome as a favourable specimen of a composer whom it has become too much the fashion to overlook. Spontini may be said to stand midway between Gluck and Meyerbeer—without, it must be admitted, possessing the genius of either. Though the jealous and unprincipled enemy of one who was greater than Gluck and greater than Meyerbeer—we mean Carl Maria von Weber—Spontini, while musical director at the Royal Opera, did a great deal for the lyric drama at Berlin, where, if he could have had his way, no other operas than those from his own pen would ever have been produced. *Olympie*, which, in 1819, had comparatively failed in Paris, was, two years later received with enthusiasm in the Prussian capital—with what enthusiasm may be understood by a passage in one of Weber's letters, where he describes the success of

*Der Freischütz* as unprecedented except by the success of *Olympie*. An anecdote was current at the time, in reference to this last-named opera, which it may not be out of place to relate. A gentleman of position, a zealous amateur of music, and of dramatic music especially, had become afflicted with deafness to such an extent that he could no longer hear a note. Some of the most famous medical men had vainly attempted his cure, when he was introduced to a certain physician, who, as a last hope, suddenly thought of an expedient. "Come with me," he wrote down on paper to his incurable patient, "to the opera this evening." "I can't hear a note," was the petulant reply. "Come, nevertheless," wrote the physician, "and you will see something, if you hear nothing." The patient unwillingly consented. To the theatre they went accordingly; and the opera, as the physician knew well would be the case, was Spontini's *Olympie*. One of the *finales*—Berlioz and Wagner, to whom even Spontini was a "still small voice," not having yet burst upon the horizon—was reputed as an unexampled combination of harmonious noises. At the uproarious and overwhelming climax, the patient, suddenly turning to the physician, exclaimed, in an ecstasy of delight—"Doctor, I can hear!"—to which the Doctor made no reply. The exclamation was repeated, in a louder voice; but again there was no answer. After another essay, equally vain, the patient shook his adviser by the arm, and cried out in a still louder tone—"Doctor, I can hear; you have cured me." A dead silence, once more the sole response, was speedily accounted for. The physician himself had become deaf. What cured the patient killed the Doctor. The merits of Spontini as a dramatic composer are, nevertheless, incontestable. The *Vestale* and *Fernand Cortez*, his first and most successful productions at the Paris Opera, which, like *Olympie*, are still occasionally to be heard, contain superb passages. Amateurs unfamiliar with his scores may reasonably conclude that there is something more than ordinary in them, informed by this brief note in Robert Schumann's *Diary*:—"Fernand Cortez; heard it for the first time with rapture." That Spontini was a magnificent operatic conductor, the Costa of his day, is granted unanimously, even by authorities like Bellstab and others, who were severely critical on his music. Mendelssohn declined to set to music a book which had already been used by Spontini, on the plea that in the most striking situations he could not possibly be otherwise than powerfully influenced by his predecessor. At all events, the overture to *Olympie*—admirably played, by the way—was, we repeat, welcome at the Crystal Palace, both on its own account and on that of a composer who must always figure conspicuously in the history of the origin, rise, and progress of dramatic music.

About Beethoven's Symphony in C major, worthy forerunner of the "immortal nine," the autograph of which is lost, as well as the date of its composition, but about which we know that it was originally produced at Vienna, in 1800, when Beethoven had attained his 30th year, there is absolutely nothing new to say. This work, so fresh and vigorous, though already in its eighth decade, can never be heard without interest, if for no other reason than that the future giant of the orchestra made with it his earliest aspiring flight to the higher realms of art, as exemplified in the orchestral symphony—and more especially when played, as it was played on Saturday, from beginning to end, by the orchestra which Mr. Manns directs with such care, ability, and unflagging zeal. The symphony, in which, among other remarkable points, not the least remarkable is the so-styled "*minuetto*"—genuine parent of the Beethoven "*scherzo*," a countless progeny—was beyond comparison, the chief gem of the concert and the feature of the day. About Mr. F. H. Cowen's *Festival Overture*, so recently produced at Norwich, we need merely say that it improves on more familiar acquaintance—the best compliment we can pay it. It is spirited, well designed, and scored for the orchestra with legitimate effect. But what every amateur longs to hear from Mr. Cowen's pen, is his second symphony (in F), which, if as good as his first (in C minor), cannot but add to the reputation he has already acquired. Mr. Grove will surely not deny us this, seeing that no further mention is made of Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Symphony No. 2," long and eagerly expected by those who watch with anxiety the progress of our English school of art.

With regard to the pledges contained in the prospectus of this new series of concerts, we may state that the nine symphonies of Beethoven are to be given "in chronological order"—as was the case in 1870, the centenary of the illustrious composer's birth; that Haydn, Mozart, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Schubert will, as on previous occasions, be awarded their just share in the programmes; that we are to have an unknown symphony by Schubert, one of Mr. Grove's discoveries in his memorable journey to Vienna—besides a hitherto unperformed symphony of Mozart's (E flat), written at Salzburg, in 1778, when the composer was in his 17th year (34th out of 49 similar works), and more attractive still, his pianoforte concerto in B flat, the 25th and last, one of the great musician's ripest efforts (the solo part to be played by M<sup>me</sup>. Goddard); that Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, A. Sullivan's *Festival Te Deum*, and Sir Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* are to follow in due order of succession—besides a "posthumous" Rondo of Beethoven's, a pianoforte concerto by Anton Rubinstein, and the "Orchestral Serenade," in D, by Johannes Brahms. One thing is hoped by all who wish well to the Crystal Palace Concerts—viz., that, in accordance with a precedent already established, a work either by an English composer, or a foreign composer resident in England, will be brought forward at every performance. If Messrs. Grove and Manns would make as diligent inquiry into the vocal as they have made, from the commencement, into the instrumental music of the past, they might provide an additional attraction, and thus still further justify the praises extended far and wide to their almost uniformly well-conducted entertainments.

The programme of to-day contains Spohr's great fourth symphony in F, *The Consecration of Sound* (which we are surprised to find a scholar like "G." persist in calling *The Power of Sound*), Mozart's overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, Wagner's overture to *Rienzi*, first time, and also, for the first time, if not the last, a *Gavotte*, "ascribed to Louis XIII. of France." Fancy the dance music of Louis XIII. performed where the ballet-music of Auber's *Gustave III.*, *Les Fées*, and *Le Dieu et la Bayadère* has never been heard! We cannot but think that mere "articles de vertu" are out of place at such concerts as those given in the Crystal Palace.

#### APPOINTMENT OF INSPECTOR, REPORTER AND TEACHER OF SINGING UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE SCHOOL BOARD OF LONDON.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—In reference to the question in your valuable journal, upon what principle the London School Board has confirmed the appointment of Inspector and Reporter, &c., of Singing, under its control—if by examination, competition or favour?—I may surmise, to the last of the three principles; and to enlighten the question for those who wish for information, I have the honour to draw their attention to the following narration.

On the 14th of June last, the report brought up by Mr. M'Gregor, to appoint an Inspector, Reporter and Teacher, was adopted by the School Board. On the 17th of June, I respectfully offered myself as a candidate for the post, including copies of my pamphlet, *Practical Hints and Observations, relative to the Introduction by Government of Singing in Public Schools*, and offered to furnish testimonials of any sort if wished for. On the 19th of June, I received an answer that my application, addressed to Mr. Charles Reed, M. P., Chairman of the Board, acknowledged the fact, and informed me that it should be put before the Committee in due course. In another letter, I enclosed printed matter, as testimonials, relating to my capacities for the post, to which I received, on the 2nd of July, on a HALFPENNY POST CARD, the following answer:—

"DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th ult. I have to inform you that the Board have appointed a gentleman to fill the appointment you write about. Yours truly,  
"Dr. Ferdinand Rahles."

"G. H. CROAD.

In consequence of the receipt of the HALFPENNY POST CARD, which I did not consider an official answer, nor a businesslike one from a Board, I addressed myself to the Chairman *pro tem.*, Charles Reed, Esq., M. P., on the 9th July, as follows:—

"SIR,—Having applied in due form for the appointment of 'Musical Inspector, Reporter and Teacher,' under the London School Board, on the 17th of June, accompanying my application with a little work I had published bearing on the subject of musical instruction, and which, in itself, contained evidence of my capacity for the post, I sought extracts from diverse public prints corroborative of such evidence. Mr. Croad, your secretary, wrote to me, stating that my application should be laid before the Committee in due course; and, on the 2nd of July, I was somewhat surprised at receiving, on a HALFPENNY POST CARD, an intimation that 'the Board had appointed a gentleman to fill the appointment!'

"This last reply has caused me great astonishment for the following reasons:—

"1. That an appointment of such importance should not have been made hurriedly, nor without due examination as to the qualifications of every candidate, and that such an examination could not have been made is evidenced by the fact, that the appointment was made in fifteen days from the first appearance of the report of the Board recommending that such an office should be created.

"2. That in addition to the necessary musical knowledge, there should have been a test applied as to the best method of imparting instruction in the art, which could not have been properly ascertained without personal communication with the candidates, and ascertaining the practical experience of each of them, in the different branches involved in the appointment.

"3. That in an appointment of such a nature it would have been desirable to refer the matter to some competent individual or individuals, who, from his or their professional character or attainments, would have been able to report judiciously to the Board on the respective merits of each candidate.

"In stating these reasons I am actuated by a love of 'fair play,' as I cannot but think that, in an open and impartial competition, I, from my past experience and present position in the musical world, should have had a good chance of maintaining my ground with any other applicant. From Sir Sterndale Bennett, one of our most prominent men of the day, I have received a testimonial, of which I venture to enclose a copy—one amongst many others of a like character from other distinguished men; and, in conclusion, I may, perhaps, be pardoned in mentioning that I should have preferred the communication which I had the honour of receiving from your secretary to have been made in a less public form."

[COPY.]

"MY DEAR SIR.—It gives me the greatest pleasure to offer my testimony to your merits as a very learned and distinguished musician. It will afford me great satisfaction to hear that you have attained your wished-for position under the London School Board, as no one could be better fitted to undertake the duties.—I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours,  
(Signed) "WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

"Dr. Ferdinand Rahles."

The following communication I addressed also to Mr. Charles Reed, M. P., as Chairman to the Board:—

"SIR,—Referring to my letter of the 12th of July, with copy of testimonial from Sir Sterndale Bennett, I have been advised by my professional friends to send you the enclosed copy of a recommendation from Sir Julius Benedict, who, I need not say, is one of the highest authorities in musical matters. In doing so I venture to hope that if the appointment of Musical Inspector, Reporter, &c., under the London School Board, should not have been confirmed, or absolutely made, you will bear my application in mind, and lay the same before the Board."

[COPY.]

"I have much pleasure in certifying that I consider Dr. Ferdinand Rahles not only most qualified for the appointment as Instructor in Vocal Music and Inspector to the Schools under the control of the London School Board, but that it would be impossible to find a more admirable Theorist, Scholar, and Exponent of the musical art than Dr. Ferdinand Rahles. His appointment would no doubt lead to the most gratifying results, and contribute to the rapid improvements in practice and theory of the pupils entrusted to his care. (Signed) "JULIUS BENEDICT."

Not intending to enter into further comment on the subject, I beg to avail myself of this opportunity to return my sincere thanks to those who have taken an interest in the matter.

Malvern House, Queen's Terrace,  
South Hackney, Sept. 30, 1872.

DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

BAYREUTH.—Herr R. Wagner and the Abbate F. Liszt are again very intimate and friendly. After not seeing each other for a considerable time, they met this summer in Weimar. The Abbate will now shortly come and visit Herr R. Wagner at home.

## MRS. CENTLIVRE'S PLAYS.

When Leigh Hunt issued his reprint of the works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, the question of the propriety of republishing the literature of the time of Charles II. was discussed. Bigotry and Pharisaism put forth the usual protest, and all that could be advanced in favour of repressing or emasculating our literature was said. Then the voice of Lord Macaulay spoke trumpet-tongued in defence of our liberties, and said, what the world wants is "a robust virtue and not a valetudinarian virtue." Macaulay was no Milton, but he was a liberal of a different stamp from his puny successors. His protest was not an Areopagitica, but it did its work, and for a generation people were silent. Gradually most of our old dramatists have been republished. Beaumont and Fletcher, the most intrinsically sensual of our early poets, have appeared in multiplied editions; Marston, whose boast it was that he called a spade a spade, and who is certainly entitled to whatever merit such plain speaking may justify, followed him; Middleton, Peele, Greene, Shirley, and all the dramatists of the time of Elizabeth and James, came in turn; and now there are only two or three poets of the Elizabethan constellation whose works are inaccessible. The works of the following reigns were confessedly more indecent than those of the Tudor period. In case of the worst, however, the publication was attended with no difficulty. John Dryden is a fine writer. Glorious old John is his name, and the complete edition of his works was edited by Sir Walter Scott. Perhaps the fact that Dryden is distinctly the most lewd and immoral writer of the cycle in which he lived was lost sight of or ignored. At any rate the reprint passed uncensored. Otway, too, was tolerated. Passing from plays, the licentious memoirs of Count Hamilton obtained in a translation a complete success; and the translation of Rabelais by Urquhart and Moitteux, though immeasurably the most obscene book in the land, sprang at once into a classic. What, however, is sauce for the goose is not apparently sauce for the gander. The moment a modern publisher ventured upon reprinting the works of Mrs. Behn, the two leading literary journals swelled into a phrenzy of virtuous indignation. The venerable old birds of our protection societies laid together their heads, and cackled and hissed that it did the heart good to hear them. For awhile it seemed as if the purity of our literature was going, indeed, to be vindicated. A house to house visitation, and a compulsory destruction of all the Aristophanes, Platos, Ovids, Martials, Congreves, Fieldings, Rabelais, Boccaccios, Chaucers, Gibbons, Papes, Byrons, Goethes that were hidden on our shelves appeared the least that could be expected. A third deluge seemed likely to overrun learning, and the *Saturday Review* would, it appeared, finish in earnest the work of the Goths and monks. Fortunately, after a time the storm blew over, and, as in the case of a celebrated ecclesiastical course—

"What gave rise  
To no little surprise  
No one seem'd one penny the worse."

Undismayed by the tumult over his head, Mr. Pearson, to whose courage we are indebted for a reprint of Mrs. Behn, has followed with a republication of Mrs. Centlivre. The plays of Brome are already announced, and it is probable that other works of the same period will follow. For ourselves, we thank heartily Mr. Pearson for what he has done, and we rejoice exceedingly in the success of his ventures. "Do you, then," may ask the censor, "wish to see all the impurities of the age of Charles II. brought into the hands of youth?" "Certainly not," is the answer. Our schools, it is true, give them Ovid and Martial and other writers, who will bring to their knowledge atrocities of which Mrs. Behn or Mrs. Centlivre had not a notion. We should not, however, recommend the republication for cheap and general perusal of numbers of works which the scholar has a right to demand. Our whole dramatic literature is necessary to the student of the stage. It is impossible to understand or write upon the development of the drama without tracing its rise in Athens and its progress through different ages and nations. The comedy of Athens was gross beyond modern conception. That of Rome was sanguinary and detestable. The early comedy of Italy is a sorry imitation of that of the Athens. In the miracle plays, by which theatrical entertainments were transmitted from antique to modern times, indecent words are spoken to, of, or by, divine personages. Yet the reprints of these are tolerated. When, if you once admit the notion of an index expurgatorius, are you to stop? One more question alone must be dealt with now. We do not object, say, in apology, our prudes of the press, to reprints of works in which the talent justifies the impropriety. But who is the judge of talent in these matters. Certainly not a critic, who says that Mrs. Behn has nothing but indecency. So much of vindication do we prefix to a notice of the republication of the plays of Mrs. Centlivre. Those who know the writings of this clever dramatist are aware that, except to ignorance, no apology for her is needed. Her works have a measure of that Attic salt which characterised the best writers of her day, and are not so exceptionally unclean as the writings of Shadwell, Dryden, Wycherley,

or Mrs. Behn. They hold their place, moreover, and two of her comedies remain on the list of acting plays. Within a few years of this time one of the works has been given at Drury Lane, and it is probable that more than one other might yet repay the costs of revival. A clear case in favour of a reprint of her works is thus advanced. When to this is added that they had of late gone up so much in popular demand that a copy was worth, according to condition, from five to twelve guineas, the utility of a reprint is sufficiently evident.

What was the original position of Mrs. Centlivre, and what was the time of her birth, are matters now concerning which little is known. Whinoop has written a marvellous biography of her, the principal statements in which are certainly without corroboration and seem entirely fictitious. Nothing more romantic than some early episodes of her life is encountered in her own plays. No faith whatever can be placed upon anything said, and the first trustworthy fact advanced is that she was married in her sixteenth year to a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox. After his death, which took place within a year, she married again an officer named Carrol. With him she lived a year and a half when he died in a duel. At this time she took to writing for the stage, and some of her earlier works appeared under the name she then bore of Carrol. From writing for the stage to passing on to it was an easy and a natural transition. In 1706, accordingly, while acting the part of Alexander the Great, in Lee's *Rival Queens*, she captivated Mr. Joseph Centlivre, the yeoman of the month, who became her third husband, and, in whose house in Spring Gardens, Charing Cross, some seventeen years afterwards, she died. She was buried in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. During her dramatic career she gave to the world two tragedies and sixteen comedies. These works secured her the friendship and expressed admiration of Steele, Farquhar, and other literary men of the epoch. It is not easy to pronounce an opinion upon their merits. Her tragedies may very briefly be dismissed. They are in all essentials comedies provided with a tragic termination. The balance leans all the time in the direction of a happy issue when, at the last moment, a fatal termination comes as a surprise, and the piece has to be recorded as a tragedy. Her verse is slip-slop and her pathos ludicrous. It is on her comedies, however, her reputation lasts, and these have genuine quality. Free, they undoubtedly are, and not to be commended to general perusal. But, to the student, they recommend themselves by their remarkable bustle, animal spirits, and vitality. There is something of a Spanish air about them. The music of endless serenades rings through them, and their progress is all that of the cape and the sword. There is abundance of genuine and manly sentiment, and much knowledge of the world. One is a little puzzled to know why Wilks, the actor, was so prejudiced against her writings. More than once he refused to play in pieces of hers, which yet proved afterwards a great success; and it was concerning a play of hers, still sometimes revived, he uttered his mot that "not only would the play be damned but the authoress also for acting it." Her characters are seldom conventional, and some of them are framed with much skill. The duel between Sir William Meade and Ogle, in *The Beau's Duel; or, A Soldier for the Ladies*, is conceived in a genuinely comic spirit, and is very much superior to some modern imitations to which it has given rise. In this play, too, there is some coarse but effective satire upon the Quakers. *The Gamester* goes near being a genuinely fine play. Its hero, Valère, is quite as full of character as Foote's Liar, and is a much more respectable person, inasmuch as his vices, though the result of weakness, show no inherent unmanliness. A scene in this, in which the mistress of Valère, disguised as a man, wins from him a portrait she has given, is very amusing, and would tell well upon the modern stage. Witty, by the side of writers like Congreve, Mrs. Centlivre can scarcely be called. Her language has, however, the quality, rarer than wit, of dramatic appropriateness, and her works may be read with continuous amusement and interest. In republishing these works, Mr. Pearson has done genuine service to lovers of the drama, and we trust that, undismayed by Pharisaical whines and conventicle howls, he will accomplish the work he has set before him of giving us a complete reprint of the least accessible portions of our dramatic literature. In getting up, shape, and in all respects of appearance, this new edition is one of the handsomest and most desirable reprints we have seen. A facsimile of the well-known portrait is also given

K. J.

VIENNA.—Madame Adelina Patti was to make a short stay here to rest after her exertions at Homburg, and then proceed to St. Petersburg. She will return from the northern capital on the 10th March, and open at the Wiedner Theatre.—Madame Anna von Flotow, formerly Mdle. Theen, and wife of the composer of *Martha*, died here on the 25th September, at the age of thirty-nine. Mdle. Nina Lamprecht, too, known on the stage under the name of Lamberti, died on the 22nd of the same month in her thirty-second year.

## PRESENTATION TO MDLLE. TIETJENS.

(From the Dublin "Freeman's Journal.")

The subjoined address was presented, at the conclusion of the oratorio on Sunday, by the rev. gentleman of the Cathedral, Marlborough Street, to Mdle. Tietjens, in recognition of her many kindnesses during a series of years:—

"To Mademoiselle Tietjens, from the Clergy of the Cathedral, Marlborough Street, Dublin.

"DEAR MDLLE. TIETJENS,—I have been requested to present to you this address, and to beg you kindly to accept it as expressing in some way the feelings which the priests of this Cathedral Church entertain for you. Led habitually by our sacred calling to make but sparing use of the effusive language of praise and admiration in the presence even of those who most justly deserve it, we wish on this occasion to employ those words only that forcibly suggest themselves. To some of us was given the happy opportunity of making your acquaintance when you first visited this metropolis. Since then the unvaried kindness manifested to them, the many gracious and valuable services which you have rendered them, have deepened this acquaintance into a friendship, burthened on their part with such obligations that they have now frankly to own their inability to fulfil them. Not to speak of the many times you delighted the inhabitants of this parish, filling our sacred edifice with tones of such music as bears the soul towards heaven, we feel that next to the generous aid of our parishioners, it is to you and our esteemed friend, Mr. Mapleson, and to the distinguished artists who have acted so kindly with you, that we are largely indebted for the grand instrument inaugurated so auspiciously in our church to-day—an instrument that will, we hope, sound forth the praise of the Almighty for centuries to come. But, besides the personal obligations under which your unchanging good nature has placed us, we feel that the ready assistance given always so heartily and with such winning grace to the cause of charity and religion in our city, demands, also, our warmest expression of gratitude. To erect and beautify the Temple of the Most High, to lend attraction to bazaars organised for the benefit of the destitute orphan, to adorn with all the loveliness and grandeur of religious art, the refuge of the innocent and friendless girl, such were the objects for which, at the first solicitation, your exquisite and unrivalled talents were successfully employed. Of these talents it is quite unnecessary for us to say a word. The civilised world has hardly a city of importance where the fame of your enchanting voice has not reached. Availing ourselves of an occasion so closely connected with the Divine Worship as the present one, we beg, in conclusion, to assure you that it is our heartfelt prayer that our Almighty and Bountiful Maker may ever graciously grant you His most holy and all-saving gifts. With the special assurance of my best feelings, I am, dear Mdle. Tietjens, your sincerely attached friend,

"St. Mary's, Marlborough Street,  
Dublin, October 6, 1872."

WALTER CANON MURPHY.

The address is written over seven pages of prepared vellum, and illuminated in the highest style of the illuminating art. The first page contains the formal record of the presentation, and the occasion that suggested it. This record is enclosed in a framework of illumination, and at the foot of the page is a miniature illumination of the little village of Ischl, close to the birthplace of the highly-gifted songstress. Beneath the picture are written the words, "*Der Kreuzstein Ischl*." The second page bears Mdle. Tietjens from memories of her own home to a land where she has achieved so many triumphs and fixed for herself an abiding remembrance. At the foot of the page is a little picture of Glendalough, with a round tower, an Irish wolf-dog, and a harp, grouped on its "gloomy shore." The words on this page are bordered by an illuminated margin, comprising groups of harmoniously blended flowers, and ranging over the four sides of the frame-work. The fourth page is rich with variegated illumination, running over the marginal border, and interspersed with representations of the lute and other instruments. Page 5 is an arabesque illustration, light in colouring, and bright in its ensemble. Page 6 is somewhat similar, except that it is deeper in tinge. In the seventh page the address is brought to its conclusion within a surrounding of arabesque, surmounted by a painted harp, and illustrated at intervals by wreaths of flowers. The covers are of brown morocco, let in with leather of the same description, but of various colours, blended. In the centre of the front cover is a raised monogram, containing the initial letters, "T. T.", intertwined with a lyre, both wrought in pure fresh gold. On the back cover is a vase of flowers, raised and wrought in the same material and manner as the illustration

on the front. The linings of the covers are of the same material in leather, and of crimson watered Irish tabinet. A case of morocco bears on its exterior the inscription, "*Address to Mdle. Tietjens*." The binding of address and case was executed by the firm of Thomson, Doyle, and Wall, of Montague Street, in our city. The penmanship and the illumination are the work of the pupils of the schools of the Sisters of Charity, King's Inn Street. The highest praise we could give is to say—that the presentation is worthy the gifted and genial lady in whose honour it was wrought.

## BEETHOVEN'S LOVE-LETTER.

FROM THE APPENDIX TO THE THIRD VOLUME OF THAYER'S  
*LEBEN BEETHOVENS*.

(Taken from the "*Neue Freie Presse*," with Remarks by Alfred Kalischer.)  
(Continued from page 634.)

With a view, however, of proving that these results are not to be so easily shaken, and of bringing the one question of the love-letter to a certain end, in order that, while desiring to get to the bottom of the subject, the reader might have the materials in something like a complete state before him, Thayer, contrary to his usual custom, determined, that it might be published forthwith, to place at once in the hands of the gentleman who does the German version of his *Biography*, the section, from the appendix of the third volume of his *Beethoven*, containing the continuation of the investigation.

The author begins by giving us the well-known Love-Letter, which, according to Schindler, is addressed to the Countess Guicciardi, and which we also reproduce for the convenience of the reader:—

"July 6th, in the morning.

"My angel, my all, my self—only a few words to-day, and in lead pencil too (thy lead pencil)—my residence will not be settled till to-morrow, what a futile waste of time in such things—Why this profound grief, where necessity speaks—can our love exist otherwise than by sacrifices, by not demanding everything, canst thou alter the fact of thy not being entirely mine and of my not being entirely thine.—Oh, God, look at lovely nature, and tranquillise thy spirit about what must be—love promotes everything and with perfect justice, so is it for me with thee, and for thee with me—only thou forgettest so easily that I must live for myself and for thee—were we completely united, you would experience this painful feeling as little as I do.—My journey was fearful; I did not arrive here till four o'clock yesterday morning; as there was a scarcity of horses, the Post took another route, but what a fearful road; at the last station I was warned about travelling by night—made to fear a wood, but that only excited me, and I was wrong; the carriage must necessarily break down on such a road, a bottomless mere country road—without such pestilions as I had, I should have been left by the way. Easterhazy, on the other usual road hither had the same lot with eight horses as I had with four—yet I had partly some pleasure, as I always have, when I fortunately get over anything. Now quickly inwards from without. We shall probably soon see each other, and to-day I cannot communicate to thee the observations which, during these few days I have made on my life—were our hearts always close to each other, I should probably not make any such. My breast is full and has many things to tell thee—ah—there are moments when I find that language is still utterly nothing—cheer up—remain my true, my only darling, my all, as I am to thee; the rest must depend upon the Gods, what there must be for us and what there shall be.—Thy faithful Ludwig.

"Evening, Monday, 6th July.

"Thou sufferest, my dearest one—I have just learnt that the letters must be delivered very early. Mondays—Thursdays—the only days that the Post goes from here to K. Thou sufferest—ah, where I am, there art thou too with me, with me and thee I will do so that I may live with thee, what a life!!! so!!! without thee—pursued here and there by the kindness of mankind which I think as little of wishing to merit, as of

\*From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

meriting—. Humility of man towards man—it pains me—and when I contemplate myself in connection with the universe, what am I and what is he—whom they call the greatest—and yet—on 'the other hand in this consists the divine element of man—I weep when I think that it will probably not be before Saturday at the earliest that thou wilt hear from me—however much thou lovest me—I love thee still more strongly—but never conceal thyself from me—good night—as a visitor come for the waters I must go to bed. Ah God!—so near! so far! Is not our love a really heavenly structure—as steady as the firmament itself.

“Good Morning, the 7th July.

“Even in bed my ideas press forward to thee, my immortal beloved one, now and then joyous, then again sad, waiting upon fate to see if it will hear us—I can live only entirely with thee or not at all, yes I have resolved to wander about at a distance till I can fly into thy arms and can call myself quite at home with thee, and can despatch my soul surrounded by thee into the realm of spirits.\*—Yes, unfortunately it must be—thou wilt pluck up courage,

the more because thou knowest my truth towards thee, never can another possess my heart, never—never—O God, why must we part, what one so loves, and yet my life in W.\* as at present, is but a hard life—thy love made me the happiest and at the same time the unhappiest of men—at my years now I should require some uniformity equality of life—can there be this in our relations to each other?—Angel, I have just learnt that the post goes out every day, and I must therefore close, so that thou mayest soon receive the B.” [B., initial of *Brief*, “letter.”]—Be calm, it is only by calm contemplation of our being that we can attain our object of living together—be calm—love me—to-day—yesterday—what yearning with tears for thee—thou—thou—my life—my all—farewell—continue to love me—never misjudge the most true heart of thy beloved L.

“Ever thine  
“Ever mine  
“Ever us.”

#### FLOTOW'S NEW OPERA.

M. Flotow's latest opera, *L'Ombre*, seems in a fair way of eclipsing even his *Martha*, not to speak of his *Ame en peine*, or his *Stradella*. For years past, *Martha*, without excepting the admired productions of Verdi, has undoubtedly been the most universally popular of modern operas. In *L'Ombre*, however, it would appear that *Martha* has not only found a successor, but a dethroner. No lyric drama of recent times has, in so short a period, made the tour of Europe. Not only has *L'Ombre* made the tour of Europe, but the tour has been a series of triumphs. The form of the work is something akin to that of Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, to her very original and enchanting impersonation of the principal character in which that extraordinary artist, Ilma di Murka, owes no small part of her fame. But whereas, in *Dinorah*, there are only three leading characters, in *L'Ombre* there are four—which gives us the vocal quartet complete, both in a dramatic and a musical sense. I have had to speak repeatedly of the immense success of *L'Ombre*, in Italy, Germany, Spain, Russia, and Belgium, and I have now to record a similar result achieved, during the course of a single week, in four French towns—Moulins, Nevers, Dijon, and Rouen. Details of the performances (for which we will have no space) are published by the *Gazette Musicale de Paris*. “The welcome accorded to *L'Ombre*”—says your contemporary—“is the same everywhere—everywhere enthusiastic and unanimous.” M. de Saint Georges, author of the *spirituel* and captivating libretto, being at Nevers when *L'Ombre* was about to be presented, was invited by the manager of the theatre, and the four leading artists, to assist at the performance, and afterwards to make one at a “*petit souper*” of the most delicate and refined. It was much to be regretted that M. Flotow had not also been within hail; for, if I may believe report, M. de Saint Georges, at this convivial meeting—at which toasts were cordially exchanged, in honour of an almost unprecedented success—had more than his fair portion of those sparkling beverages in which the toasts were drunk.

Paris, Oct. 5.

LUBECK.—The Theatre is now under a new manager, Herr Bruno Langer, who opened the season with Herr von Flotow's *Martha*. The opera was preceded by a *Festmarsch*, the composition of Herr Langer himself, who also conducted it, and by a prologue.

DRESDEN.—The Dresden General Vocal Union was to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary on the 5th and 6th inst. It was founded in the year 1847, chiefly by the exertions of the late Professor Löwe, who managed it for seventeen years. The first day was to be devoted to a grand concert, the second part of which was to be taken up by a composition of Herr Wilhelm Sturm's: *Tannhäuser's Pilgerfahrt nach Rom*, dramatic scenes for solos, chorus, and orchestra. There was to be a convivial gathering afterwards, as well as a grand dinner and a ball on the second day. We may mention that the Union, consisting of nine smaller societies, with about three hundred members, is, perhaps, the oldest in Saxony, and has numbered among its artistic directors some leading musicians, such as Herren Krebs, J. Otto, Fr. Reichel, J. G. Müller, etc.—Mdile. Orgeni has been singing with success at the Theatre Royal. The lady has lately taken to Herr R. Wagner's operas.

\*It is principally this passage in the epistle which must, unrelentingly and inexorably, deter any one familiar with Beethoven's genius from assigning this love which will suffer nothing near it to so late a period as 1806 or absolutely 1807. Ludwig van Beethoven possessed a heroically proud disposition, over which sentimental Werther-like ideas did not exert any very great influence. But an expression such as: “I can live either entirely with thee or not at all” is the most violent form of Wertherian paroxysm. A man of proved and iron artistic mind, like Beethoven, can, however, in his thirty-sixth or thirty-seventh year, scarcely be so entangled in the bonds of Wertherism for his entire existence to appear to him utterly unbearable because adverse fate interposes an insurmountable barrier between him and the object of his love. This would run counter to the nature of all phenomenal geniuses, especially that of Beethoven. In his thirty-sixth or thirty-seventh year, Beethoven had folded his divine mistress, true, immortal Art, with such glowing ardour in his arms, and had, by her means, enjoyed such innumerable delights, that he could not well have made all his wish to live dependent upon his possessing an earthly wife. In his thirty-first or thirty-second year, however, such ideas concerning marriage have nothing strange about them for an artist. Can a man of artistic genius, who has already completed works like the *Sinfonia Eroica*, the opera of *Fidelio*, the Sonatas in D minor and F minor (Op. 57), the Pianoforte Concertos in C minor and G major, the Quatuors Op. 59, and the Symphony in B flat, and who has sketched out the Symphonies in C minor and F major (the Pastoral)—can a man at this creative height even think he cannot support life without the object of his love? This view of the question is by no means contrary to the well-known fact that men of a genial artistic disposition are far more susceptible of love than other persons. But the history of artistic genius cannot show any one instance in which great genius really succumbed to the pangs of love. Art rather impels the most unfortunate love to its most splendid creations. When an artist has arrived at a perfect consciousness of the strength of his genius, he is so inspired, so full of sacred conceptions, that it is no longer possible for any idea of suicide, based upon the pangs of love, to spring upon his mind. The delirium of love, with its disturbing power is then overcome, although a creative spirit always retains to the greatest age the capability of loving. Goethe, when growing old has a right to say:—

“Wer nicht mehr liebt und nicht mehr irrt,  
Der lasse sich begraben.”

[“Who no more loves or goes astray,  
Had best be buried straight.”]

As an old man of seventy-four (1823), he conceived a violent passion for the young Fräulein von Lewezow—Love, therefore, is one thing, and a man's belief that he cannot exist without the object of his love, another. In Beethoven's case, too, we must take into consideration the fact that, previous to the year 1806, he had made most wonderful progress in abnegation. In a physiological point of view, supposing we still hold to the year 1806, it must appear still more problematical that Beethoven, in this very summer, when he is represented as being so terribly cut up by the pangs of love, should lay aside the tragic C minor Symphony, which he had begun, in order completely to carry out the Symphony in B flat major, one of his most graceful and most cheerful compositions. In Thayer's *Biography*, for the year 1806 (vol. ii., p. 324), we read: “The Symphony in B flat, was the principal work of this year. As is evident from the sketches, its successor, the fifth in C minor, was already commenced, but was laid aside to make way for it.”—If we glance round on the works more especially of this particularly productive year, we find that the cheerful element far, far outweighs the tragic element, and weariness of the world. Let any one consult the Triple Concerto, Op. 56, composed this year, the Pianoforte Concerto in G, the Violin Concerto in D, and the Quartets in F and C (Op. 59). When we put all these things together, it is really extremely difficult to attribute to the year 1806 this Love-Letter, affording us a glimpse of such a bottomless abyss of grief in the writer's soul.

• “W.” “B.” “Vienna.”

### The Theatres.

Since the opening of Drury Lane, the magnificent spectacle, the *Lady of the Lake*, has been preceded by the well-known farce, *Phaebus's Fizz*, sustained, of course, by the Vokes family. On Saturday, however, the old drollery was exchanged for a new one of the same description, entitled *Fun in a Fog*. Here Messrs. Frederick and Faudon Vokes, travelling to the far West, get terribly sea-sick, and are tormented by the Misses Vokes, who persecute them in various disguises. The pantomimic and terpsichorean talent of the inimitable five is as conspicuous as ever under the new circumstances.

At the Princess's, which has cast off the dinginess that veiled its lustre for many years, and now appears cheerful and well appointed throughout, the series of Shakespearian plays is continued. On Saturday, the *Merchant of Venice* was revived, with Mr. Phelps in the character of Shylock, which, during five nights next week, will be alternately played by him and Mr. Creswick. The house was crowded.

Mr. H. J. Montague commenced his second season at the Globe, on Saturday night, with the revival of Mr. Byron's drama, *Cyril's Success*. The caste was almost new, but we rarely see a piece requiring a number of actors more equally and satisfactorily sustained. Cyril Cuthbert, the suddenly successful young author, who neglects his wife, and is brought to penitence by a repulse of fortune, is represented by Mr. Montague himself, with all the gentlemanlike ease which has rendered him one of the most popular of London actors, and with an amount of pathos that could hardly have been anticipated. Miss Carlotta Addison, with her genuine and unobtrusive manner of portraying deep-seated grief, finds a congenial character in the unhappy Mrs. Cuthbert, and her friend, the strong-minded, strong-speaking Miss Grannett, could not be played with more sustained power than by Miss Larkin. For the fascinating widow, Mrs. Singleton Bliss, we have Miss Hughes (Mrs. G. Murray), who is a valuable addition to Mr. Montague's company, and the good-hearted little Titeboy, who has had several successors in more recent dramas, is as popular as ever in the hands of Miss Rose Massey. The literary hack, Pincher, is played by Mr. Compton, with his usual dry humour; and by the quaint way in which he makes disagreeable remarks he renders himself ever agreeable to the audience. The only character of importance sustained by one of the original cast is Captain Treherne, represented with ease and finish by Mr. D. Fisher. The comedy, which was received with the heartiest approbation, was followed by Mr. Byron's "original whimsicality," the *Spur of the Moment*.

Mr. H. J. Byron's engagement continues at the Strand Theatre, and on Saturday night he revived his *Prompter's Box*, brought out at the Adelphi upwards of two years ago, giving it the new title of the *Two Stars*. The piece has been reduced from four acts to three, and found great favour with the audience, Mr. Byron, of course, sustaining his original character—Fitzaltamont.

As for the Holborn Theatre, for the present, we content ourselves with recording the fact that the house was re-opened for the season on Saturday, under the management of Mr. Joseph Fall, and that *Miss Chester*, a new drama by Sir Charles Young and Miss Florence Marryat, was produced with every show of success.

Saturday night, eventful to many theatres in central London, was likewise rendered notable on the other side of the water by the re-opening of the Surrey Theatre, under the management of Miss Virginia Blackwood, a lady new to the capital, but celebrated in the provinces, who has commenced her rule by producing a dramatic version of Mr. Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*, entitled *Dolly Varden*, and by playing therein the two parts of Dolly and Miss Miggs, to the infinite satisfaction of the Transpontine public, who assembled largely on the occasion.

It is a fact of the present autumn that the suburban theatres are displaying unwonted activity, and that the performances are of a more than usually solid character. The once famed Sadler's Wells, which had long faded from view, now flourishes with a revival of *Janet Pride*, followed by the old-fashioned *Lady of the Lake*. While the Surrey is re-opened with a version of *Barnaby Rudge*, the Victoria gives the *Colleen Bawn*, and to-night (Monday) Mr. Bandmann will commence a series of Shakespearian performances at the Standard. Even the Greenwich Theatre, which was built a few years ago, and seemed destined to an existence rather short, has started into at least local celebrity, through the exertions of the indefatigable Mr. Cave, who, combining the functions of a manager and a missionary, has taken great pains not only in putting his pieces on the stage, but in civilizing a Kentish public, which, once famed for rough proclivities, now furnishes the most orderly and highly appreciative audiences. His principal drama, *Kathleen Mavourneen*, a sort of Milesian *Victorine*, is far more interesting than many melodramas with which people are hitherto accustomed, and the interest is much heightened by the refined and unaffected acting of Miss Litton, as the many-fated maiden named in the title.

The re-appearance of Mr. Charles Mathews, after his Australian and

American tour, was hailed at the Gaiety Theatre with all the enthusiasm due to one of the most accomplished comic actors of the present day. No sooner had he set his foot on the stage as Mr. Twiggleton, in the *Curious Case*, than a shout of welcome rose, so loud and so continuous that for some minutes it seemed doubtful whether the piece would not come to a standstill. Directly he was allowed to make himself heard, and to move from the position of mere thankfulness, he showed that he was not the mere shadow of a familiar name. He enjoys the same evergreen youth which distinguished him when he quitted this country, and the somewhat dull play derived animation from his exuberant vitality. The *Curious Case* was followed by Sheridan's *Critic*, in which Mr. Matthews so admirably represents the two principal characters, Puff and Sir Fretful Plagiary. Every nook in the house was occupied.

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### MUSIC AT BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The winter musical season (so to speak) has "fairly commenced," and if Messrs. Harrison, to whom credit is due for the first concert, cannot lay claim to gratitude on the score of novelty in the pieces selected, they are at least entitled to favourable recognition for the powerful array of vocalists presented to the public; and, judging from the crowded state of the Town Hall, Birmingham forms no exception to the rule, which but too generally obtains both in London and elsewhere—that of setting up the executant above the work executed—giving the palm to the interpreter rather than to the creator. So long, however, as those who pay their money are content, and well-worn numbers such as "O luce di quest'anima," "Di pescatore," "M'appari tutt' amor," "Il segreto," "Qui sdegno," the prison duet from *Il Trovatore*, and spinning-wheel quartet from *Marta*—executed by artists like Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signori Campanini and Foli—attract crowds, while music of a higher character would possibly be given to empty benches, it is but of little use for the purists to lift up their voice and bemoan the taste of the age. No doubt the great attraction upon this occasion was Signor Campanini, whose fame must have been loudly trumpeted in advance, if one may judge from the exceedingly warm reception accorded to the new tenor so soon as he appeared in the orchestra. Nor were the favourable anticipations apparently disappointed, long and hearty applause following both his airs, which were encored with enthusiasm. For my own part, I have not, from the first, been one of the enthusiastic worshippers of Signor Campanini. Charming though his voice may be, and much though there is to admire in his management of so exceptionally fine an organ, he is yet a long way from Giuglini; while, as to comparing him to Mario, nothing but blind fanaticism or awful ignorance could suggest such a parallel—at least, in the present phase of Signor Campanini's career. What may be done in the future remains for himself, by dint of much study, unceasing practice, and highly developed intelligence, to accomplish.

In addition to the artists already named, Signor Borella, though his humour was conveyed in a language, the meaning of which was probably a hidden mystery to the largest majority of those present, seemed to amuse vastly; while Mr. F. H. Cowen, in his three-fold capacity of composer, accompanist, and pianoforte soloist, well deserved the approbation so liberally bestowed—his song, "Marguerite," admirably rendered by Madame Trebelli, being unanimously encored, and a like compliment being also paid to the *Valse caprice*, played by Mr. Cowen with a taste and judgment which left absolutely nothing to desire. To name other encores would be almost to transcribe the programme.

Next week, the Festival Choral Society give their opening concert, announcing Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, with Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Messrs. Byron and Lewis Thomas as the attractions.

D. H.

CHARLOTTENBURG.—A second concert was lately given in the Schlosstheater for the benefit of the Augusta Hospital Lottery. The programme included, among other things, Beethoven's A major Sonata for Piano and Violoncello, played by Herren Lessmann and Schröder; the Abbate Liszt's "Rienzi-Fantasiestück," played by Herr Lessmann, and a Violoncello Concerto of Molique's, played by Herr Schröder. Madame Alice Staudacher sang an air from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and three songs. The conductor was Herr Lessmann.

## MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The huge *Restauration* in the Zoological Gardens dismisses its army of waiters; the band plays no more on Tuesdays and Saturdays by Neptune's statue; the *carnivora* retire into their winter's quarters; and the Sunday takings at the wicket fall from £500 to one-twentieth of that sum. The (subventioned), Royal Theatre has left off playing *Cinderella* and taken to *Don Carlos*, *Emilia Galotti*, and other masterpieces of the German drama, in recognition of the facts that the light-hearted, frivolous summer is over, and that the grave, critical, æsthetic winter has taken its place. A "Cyklus" of stringed quartets is already announced, and the first Philharmonic Concert will come off this week at the Opera House. This last-named institute, despite its handsome income and comparatively high prices, is in a terrible fix with regard to its winter programme. It has fallen for some time past into a vein of bad luck, and its talented director awaits the coming season with a sinking heart; as matters stand, he will have to cater for a series of exceptionally intolerant audiences with little or no executive *matériel* for a moderately palatable musical feast.

The Berlin Opera is, unhappily, dependent upon a small number of distinguished vocalists for the favour in which it is still held by the public, which, though it growls chronically at the distressing incapacity displayed by the singers engaged to fill the second and third rate parts, will always crowd the house to listen to one of its spoiled pets—Luca or Mallinger. To the great discomfiture of M. de Hülsen, his sheet anchor, Madame de Rhaden, has been carried away by a wave of gold to America; and the cable of his best bower, Madame Mallinger, threatens to part every minute. Long and bitter have been the rivalry and struggle for supremacy between these sirens of song; time after time has each, in her turn, threatened to quit the throne of a divided sovereignty; in vain has the direction striven to conciliate either, and keep on good terms with both. Opera-goers were at war with one another; the Mallinger portion vilified and sometimes thumped the Luccaites, and *vice versa*. Elsa's followers used to wait until Zerlina (Auber's, not Mozart's), issued from the stage-door, in order to hoot and pelt her, and when Eva Pogner made her appearance upon the stage she ran the risk of being greeted with a storm of hisses by those enthusiasts who deem that a certain Cherubino is the most fascinating, soul-subduing of pages—as she certainly is. Once or twice—notably, one dreadful night when La Mallinger was playing Susanna to La Lucca's "fanfallone amoroso"—the performance was brought to a dead stop, and the curtain lowered in the middle of the action of the piece, owing to the riotous conduct of the two factions. When the disturbances had subsided, Madame de Rhaden electrified the audience by stepping forward to the footlights, withering her enemies by such a look as seldom flashes from her beautiful blue eyes, and exclaiming in a tone of angry scorn—"I am not accustomed to be insulted; pray understand this, once for all!"—having said which, she turned her back on the house, and left the stage, nor could she be induced to return to it that evening. A more resolute and fiery little lady does not live; and, but for the entreaties of more than one exalted personage, from whom she has received countless proofs of esteem and affection, she would have allowed that indignant speech to be her final farewell to the Berlin public. Through the highest influence, brought personally to bear upon her, her resolve to quit precipitately the scene of her greatest triumphs was modified; but the ingratitude manifested towards her by the Berliners, whom she had so long and faithfully served, rankled in her mind, and eventually resulted in the breach of contract which recently made so painful a sensation in this city. She is gone from among us, never to return. She has forfeited all her claims to pension, incurred a heavy pecuniary penalty, and shaken the dust of Berlin from the soles of her pretty feet. In England, America, and Russia she will earn a vastly larger income than she could ever hope to gain in thrifty Prussia, and will enjoy a consideration and sympathy never accorded to great artists here.

To enhance the severity of this calamity, it would appear that Russia has made it worth Mdme. Mallinger's while to follow her charming rival's example, and sever her connection with the

Royal Opera House. It is announced that she has accepted a long engagement at St. Petersburg, and has declared herself ready to pay the contract penalty of £1,800 to which she is liable in virtue of the obligations she undertook when she was engaged by M. de Hülsen. If this be so, we shall be without a *prima donna assoluta*, as we are already without a first tenor or *basso profondo*. I hear that Marianne Brandt, our leading contralto, has also announced her intention of quitting Berlin for a better engagement elsewhere; so that the coming season promises to present the curious phenomenon of an enormous *répertoire*—no other operahouse in Europe is able to put as many operas on the stage, at four-and-twenty hours' notice, as that of Berlin—mainly dependent for its execution upon a magnificent baritone, Herr Betz, a mediocre soprano, Mdme. de Voggenhuber, and a crew of fourth-rate stop-gaps that would not draw full houses in a small provincial (say Grand Ducal), theatre. State theatres in Germany do not, in fact, keep pace with the times we live in. Their directors, cultivated gentlemen and conscientious officials, are not at liberty to obey their inspirations in the matter of engagements; while the absence of competition with the institutes they administer deprives them of an important stimulus to exertion. They will not—or rather, in justice to men so intelligent and accomplished as MM. de Dingelstadt and de Hülsen, I should say, they may not—pay the prices that English and American *impressarii* eagerly offer for first-class talent. They are confined, too, to Germany in their choice of artists; for the German language, although the most unsuitable of all to the lyrical drama, is insisted upon by those who support the operahouses of the Fatherland. When they are fortunate enough, as in the case of this Hof-Oper, to possess one or two stars of the greater magnitude, whose lustre is universally acknowledged, and who in every respect comply with the difficult conditions offered to artists by a German State theatre, it is too evident that they are not able to keep them. The consequence of this unhappy concatenation of circumstances is that a public in some respects the most instructed in Europe is compelled to listen to performances that a London, New York, Petersburg, or Moscow opera audience would not tolerate.

Berlin, Oct. 8th.

HERR RITTER VON K.

## MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS.

In connection with these excellent concerts, the success of which has been due to the unremitting efforts of Mr. Ridley Prentice, we read in a prospectus of the coming season:—

"The educational value of these concerts has been widely recognised, and a general desire has been expressed that they should become a permanent institution. In order to this, the following gentlemen have formed themselves into a committee, especially with the view of obtaining a larger subscription list, and any of them will be happy to receive the names of subscribers. The list of patrons shows the high estimation in which these concerts are held by some of the leading members of the musical profession. The programmes will consist, as hitherto, of writings by the best masters, selected chiefly from the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., but including also the productions of living authors—Sterndale Bennett, G. A. Macfarren, H. Holmes, Prout, Silas, and others, whose works have already been listened to with interest; while the names of the artists engaged are a guarantee of the excellence of the performance. These concerts were the first attempt of the kind in the suburbs of London, and the committee invite the support and co-operation of all who recognise the importance and value of a pure taste and an elevated ideal in art."

Then follow the names of many gentlemen of local influence, and a list of works to be performed. Six concerts are announced, beginning October 22nd, when the concerted pieces will be played by Mr. Prentice (piano), Messrs. Henry Holmes, Folkes, Burnett, and Pezze (strings). We sincerely congratulate Mr. Prentice upon the success of his now matured enterprise, and wish it long continuance.

WARSAW.—The subscriptions throughout all the former kingdom of Poland for the utterly destitute family of the late operatic composer, Moniuszko, amount to no more than about 6,000 silver rodbles, towards which Prussian and Austrian sympathy scarcely contributes three hundred.—The newly engaged tenor, M. Rappaport, a Russian, has appeared, but with only moderate success, at the Russian Operahouse, as Jontek, in Moniuszko's opera, *Ilalka* (*The Magpie*).

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSICOLO.—Nothing of the sort has come to hand. But why a new National Anthem?

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1872.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS has addressed the following letter and enclosure to the *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald*, in which paper both appeared last Saturday:—

"SIR,—I have recently had some correspondence with Mr. Willert Beale about the National Music Meetings at the Crystal Palace. I have 'suggested' a prize for choirs consisting of working men or mechanics, as I think that a competition between choirs of ordinary workmen, and those of the metropolis, would hardly be a 'fair race.' London choirs, for example, have unusual advantages in training and education, and their conductors are men of great eminence and experience. It is true that, last season, the South Wales Choir gained the great prize of the year, and very deservedly. But if Lealie's or Barnby's choirs were to compete next season, I certainly should consider that in such a case our countrymen would not be fairly placed. Mr. Willert Beale, however, although he has most kindly promised to 'reconsider' my suggestion at a future period, does not share my anxieties; for, judging from what he heard during his late visit to the Eisteddfod at Portmadoc, he still thinks the Welsh Choirs would be quite capable of competing under any circumstances. Such an opinion from an authority like Mr. Willert Beale is of great value, and I need scarcely add that it has given me very sincere pleasure. I feel greatly interested in the subject, not only as a Welshman, but as one most anxious to promote the musical education of his countrymen, and the study of choral music by working men throughout the Kingdom. Apart from the mere question of music, there are matters connected with it—the innocent recreation of the working classes and the employment of their leisure hours—which, in an age like the present, are well deserving of the attention of all who feel an interest in the welfare of their countrymen. I wish that some generous and patriotic men—such as Lord Penrhyn, Sir Watkin Wynn, and others—could be induced to offer a prize at the Crystal Palace for North and South Wales Choirs. A prize so presented would be a great encouragement. It would be productive of excellence in music, and be of great public service; and I feel sure it would be most highly appreciated. I enclose a letter from Mr. Willert Beale, containing some interesting remarks upon the subject of this communication, and other details concerning the choral competitions at the Crystal Palace next year.—I remain, truly yours,

"St. Mary Abbott's Terrace, Kensington,

"BRINLEY RICHARDS.

"September 30, 1872."

[COPY.]

Crystal Palace, Sydenham, Sept. 25, 1872.

"MY DEAR BRINLEY RICHARDS,—I assure you I have very carefully considered your suggestion of a class exclusively for Mechanics. Mr. Groves and I have had a long conversation about it. I do not see my way to it. In the first place we have increased the prize list by ninety-five pounds, and the directors would not go further. Then the music selected for competition is not of a character to prevent any choir in good training to hope for a prize. The time to prepare is long enough to enable any resolute body of musicians to qualify itself in every way for the contest. Sight-singing, be it remembered, is not imperatively necessary. All we ask is perfect performance of the music announced. However, I will certainly bear your suggestion in mind, but hope, if not acted upon next year, we shall nevertheless have several choirs from North and South Wales. There is really nothing in the competitions to alarm such choirs as I heard at Portmadoc. I trust you will give your aid to the good cause, and let me know if there be any means I can adopt, and may have overlooked, to secure it.—Yours very truly,

"Brinley Richards, Esq."

"WILLERT BEALE."

We entirely sympathise with Mr. Richards in his desire to promote the culture of music among working men, but we are entirely unable to support the suggestion of his letter—that a prize should be reserved for choral bodies of mechanics. Such a step would not only constitute a dangerous precedent, by opening the door to a chaos of classes, but it would remove one great incentive to the work of self-improvement. Competition among men of equal advantages is a good thing, undoubtedly; but a still better thing is competition under circumstances which demand extraordinary exertion. Take, for instance, the Welsh choirs, whose interests Mr. Brinley Richards has specially at heart. It is probable that the prize of any contest limited to "working men" would fall easily into their hands. At all events, there are very few English choral bodies similarly made up which show an equal degree of skill and good training. To match the Welsh "mechanics" against amateurs of their own class only would, therefore, put a premium upon contentment with their present efficiency. Far better will it be for the Cambrian singers to know that next year they may have to contend with the best of English choralists, victory over whom would constitute a triumph, and defeat an honour. Such knowledge will do more for Welsh musical culture in one year than ten years of easy conquest over rival bodies of "mechanics." This is one reason why we cannot "row in the same boat" with Mr. Brinley Richards.

Unless we greatly mistake the plucky Welshmen, they have already found out another reason why we should disagree with their distinguished countryman. Mr. Richards' letter, in point of fact, might easily be looked upon as an exhibition of the white feather. It amounts, so looked upon, to this:—"The Welsh choir won great honour through the accident of non-competition. That accident is not likely to happen again, and, if it do not, where will the Welsh Choir find themselves? Let us hasten to avert their fall by averting their chance of encountering a superior." So might Mr. Richards be interpreted; and we can imagine nothing more offensive to his Cambrian brethren. In their case, emphatically, *noblesse oblige*. They are, nominally at least, the "Champion Choir," and it would be the height of meanness were they to cry out, "We will only fight people of our own size." The Welshmen are, happily, not prone to be guilty of such conduct. Rather do they rejoice—or the old Welsh valour has died out—in the hope of meeting the best opponents England can bring against them. But were this not the case, certain Welsh utterances have made withdrawal impossible. It was said at Portmadoc, by a no less typical representative of Welshmen than Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, that English choirs had not "blood enough" to meet the Cambrian singers at the Crystal Palace? The taunt is likely to bear fruit; and what would English orators say, in turn, were the Cambrians to decline a contest?

Clearly, Mr. Richards was ill-advised when he wrote to Mr. Beale, and Mr. Beale was well-advised when he wrote to Mr. Richards.

THE following letter, *à propos* of the first Saturday concert at the Crystal Palace (Oct. 5th), was published by a morning contemporary, in his Wednesday's impression:—

SIR,—With reference to an appeal of your critic in his very gratifying remarks on the last Saturday Concert, allow me to say that I used the name, "The Power of Sound," for *Die Weihe der Tone* (now and always much against the grain) merely as the

accepted English title of the work—just as I should use "*The Mount of Olives*," for *Christus am Oelberge*, or "*Calvary*," for *Des Heilands letzte Stunden*—in the belief that any other, however accurate, would be misunderstood by the majority of my readers. Your critic has only to refer to my remarks on the symphony in question in the programmes of the Saturday Concerts of February 1, 1868, and February 11, 1871, to see that his opinion on the point is quite mine. *Du reste*, the title is hardly more obnoxious to reason and taste than those of "*Moonlight*," "*Pastoral*," "*Appassionata*," "*Jupiter*," &c., which have gradually attached themselves to certain works of Beethoven and Mozart as firmly as "*The Power of Sound*" has to Spohr's splendid symphony.—Your obedient servant,

G.  
*Crystal Palace, October 8.*

The multifarious, polyhedric, pantological "G." who unites in his one person the capacities of Argus and Briareus, here overlooks the fact, that there were reasons (*English theological reasons*) for changing the names of Beethoven's and Spohr's oratorios; and that the names given to the sonatas of Beethoven and the symphony of Mozart are not translations, but fancy titles, appended to them by publishers, and God knows who. On the other hand, the English name given to Spohr's Fourth Symphony pretends to be a translation of the composer's own title. But as the German word, *Weihe*, does not mean "Power," but "Consecration," the liberty thus taken with the originally intended title is altogether inadmissible—and, indeed, absurd. What would "G.," the most laborious and enthusiastic of bibliophiles, the most eager and pertinacious of *cumini sectores*, say if he observed in a programme, not signed "G.," Beethoven's overture, *Die Weihe des Hauses*, translated, "*The Power of the House*." It would surely have the effect on him of *risum movere* and that of *lacrymas eexcire* combined; for "G." is not only a pundit but a bit of a wag in the bargain. He would laugh at the blunder, and weep that humanity should have been capable of it. All hail to him!

G. P.

#### HIGH-FALUTIN.

**H**ERR VON RUBINSTEIN'S exhibitions on the piano-forte have driven some of the American critics, not into ecstasies, but hysterics. They speak in spasms, or "fyttes," after the manner of the "possessed." Here is a sample:—

Hasn't the world of fine art caught a Tartar?

Methinks so.

By one sweep of the keys Rubinstein has closed the pianos of all the professionals in the land.

Perhaps I might except Mills in this sweeping assertion, and I will.

Mills may continue to play, but everybody else must stop—at least until the memory of Rubinstein shall have passed away for ever.

But will it pass away?

Never!

The photographs of this "unutterable potentate" of the piano don't look like him.

They can't.

The art is not invented that can copy him truthfully.

Can you photograph the grandeur of Niagara?

I tell you this wild, long-haired Asiatic (I reject Grau's biographical fables with scorn) has overawed us.

Now we see what babies in art our home-grown giants are!

Now we have drank in refreshing draughts of music from the pure fountain source of genius.

Was it a dream? that rush of unearthly harmony on Monday night?

Let us stick pins in our arms henceforward to ensure the reality of a performance that is too mysteriously grand, too marvellously beautiful to be accurately described except by a corresponding power of genius.

Byron should have lived to immortalize Rubinstein. Great heavens! To think of his being fawned upon and applauded by the hop-toads and embraced by the belly-crawling reptiles of Bohemia.

What a desecration!

A *Herald* reporter commissioned to measure this pyramid of living genius!

Infamia!

Rubinstein seems the sum total of past art, and is moreover an age in advance of his time.

The piano does not suffice him.

It is as a toy to an athlete.

A nobler, more resonant instrument is demanded for the exhibition of his massive thought.

Nothing less than the variety of the whole orchestra seems equal to his magnificent requirements.

But what can Steinway do about it?

Can the concert grand be magnified to suit the glorious emergencies of genius like this?

I fear not.

Genius is of the infinite; art of the finite.

The lesser cannot be made to contain the greater, and were Rubinstein to be blessed with an instrument of five times the power, his giant resources would exhaust it all the same, and leave the enraptured ear tingling for more of his glorious wealth of sound.

But wont he strike Boston dumb! Wont he cast out the devil of supercilious criticism that has been gnawing at the vitals of that renowned art centre for a generation.

How the memory of its Jubilee will dwindle and fade under the effulgence of this Sun of Harmony!

For this I shout "hurra!"

All praise to Grau that Boston is to be at length abashed, and its asinine critics brayed as in a mortar.

Again I will remark, "Hurra!"

The above was interjected by "An Old Stager;" and if such things are done in the dry tree, what must be done in the green? Alas for the verdant critics! Alas! yet more for the people who are led by such verbal contortions. Treble alas! for "An Old Stager," who is found, at an advanced time of life, hiccupping such incoherence.

The rhapsody, a very bad imitation of "Nym Crinkle," was published in the *New York Fifth Avenue Journal*, which moves us to inquire which is the lunatic asylum nearest to the office of that hebdomadal. The great London advertisers, Moses and Hyam, by the way, having lost their original poets, would do well to propose conditions to this New York "Old Stager"—*sui generis* unique.

Seriously, such turgid, nonsensical bombast in speaking of Rubinstein is rather an insult than a compliment to that extraordinarily gifted artist.

#### THE ORGANIST FOR THE GREAT MELBOURNE ORGAN.

(To the Editor of the "*Melbourne Argus*.")

SIR,—Without detriment to their corporate or individual sagacity, I venture to submit that the mayor, aldermen, and councillors of Melbourne have a most difficult task before them in the selection of a city organist, to be the custodian of one of the grandest instruments the world can boast of. Could they consult the leading musicians of England and other parts of Europe, they might be relieved of a part of their responsibility; but isolated as we are from advanced civilisation, it is difficult to find a "good and true" jury before which to try the merits of candidates for the post of city organist. I would, therefore (not being an aspirant for honours), suggest that the city council should call to their aid a musical board, to assist them in their selection of a permanent controller of the organ, and that, subject to conditions to be specified by the corporation, this board should elect a permanent organist. The elective board should consist of the leading musical professors and organists of Melbourne and its suburbs, and the votes should be recorded by ballot, after the various candidates have played more than once, in public, before the judges.—I am, &c.,

J. S. SEDDON,

August 10th.

(Organist of Christ's Church, St. Kilda.)

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A MORNING contemporary says, that "the first of the Saturday Concerts, at the Crystal Palace, has now for many years been regarded as the flourish of trumpets which heralds the approach of our autumn and winter musical season." That is quite true; and a vigorous flourish it is, full of health and healthy promise, telling us, like a fresh mountain breeze, of good and pleasant things to come. The flourish is especially grateful to amateurs of genuine music, inasmuch as it is a flourish which informs them that the "Palace made of Windows" is once again formally declared "open" to the masters of the art; and that, henceforth, week after week, for six months onwards, they may expect to hear one of those great orchestral symphonies which are the real glories of music, because they represent what music can express without extraneous help—"abstract music," if it please Herr Richard Wagner, and, please or displease Herr Wagner, music in its highest form and manifestation. How these symphonies are usually played at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. Auguste Manns, our readers know full well. They have had long experience, and are invariably anxious to renew that experience. It is not simply a matter of magnificence and memory, such as Lord Verulam alludes to in his *Advancement of Learning*, but a matter of fact; no Aladdin's Palace, to be conjured away, in the twinkling of an eye, by a rusty lamp; but a solid superstructure, made to endure, and upon which the winds and waves of time can exercise no prejudicial influence. That the Crystal Palace Concerts may go on and prosper from year to year, for the advantage not only of us who are living, but of those destined to come after us, must be the earnest wish of all who care for art in its purity and unswerving truth.

NORWICH does well and gracefully to confer the freedom of her ancient towers and streets upon Sir Julius Benedict. This accomplished musician has long and skilfully conducted the musical festivals, for which the "city in the orchard" is so well known; and it is quite impossible for Norwich—albeit she is both a city and a country in herself (and, moreover, has two rivers)—to repay the able and erudite composer for all the pleasures which he has given to the good folks of the Norfolk capital and its vicinity. In making a citizen of the learned pupil of Hummel and Weber, Norwich pays a tribute to the art of music, which is at once honourable to the place itself and to its new freeman. The name of Sir Julius Benedict has a fixed place in the annals of musical history. His English operas have a charm and finish acknowledged by all; while in his capacity as conductor, he shared the triumphs of Jenny Lind, and, as a pianist, has been one of the best and most faithful interpreters of his great master, Weber. At Norwich, his reputation has been confirmed by the many agreeable memories connected with his three *cantatas*, the *Undine* of 1860, the *Cœur de Lion* of 1863, and the *St. Cecilia* of 1866—not to speak of his last and greatest effort—the oratorio of *St. Peter*.

A CORRESPONDENT, who wrote to us before in regard to the Spanish Passion play, now says he infers from the letter of an "Englishman in Spain" that the clerical opposition to the performance of Passion plays is confined to Barcelona, and that even there it has been only occasionally successful. That there is no connection between the Catalan and Castilian plays he is disposed to doubt. "With the latter"—he says—"a very full account of which was published last summer in the *Saturday Review*, I am familiar; and when I compare its plot with that of the Catalan work described by the 'Englishman,' the likeness between them seems to me much closer than would result from mere similarity of subject. Now, *Los Siete Dolores*, to which he refers, but which he has not seen, is evidently distinct from the other two. It is altogether less scriptural and more based on the legends current among mediæval Christians. Thus, for instance, the penitent thief, who is called Dymas, as in the apocryphal gospel of Nicodemus, is, in the *Dolores*, a very important personage, appearing as a vigorous defender of the Holy Family when they encounter peril during their sojourn in Egypt. Of the play of the *Samaritan Woman* I know nothing; but I saw the *Dolores* acted at a minor theatre at Madrid. The author of the Castilian play on the Passion, which I saw at Seville, is Don Antonio

Campoamor, a living writer of *zarzuelas*, and his work can be scarcely two years old. It seems to me probable that the Catalan play, ascribed to a monk of the last century, is the original work, of which the Castilian play is an adaptation. Nothing could be more natural to a professed playwright than the task of translating a drama, the popularity of which was confined to a certain province by the peculiarity of its dialect, into the literary language common to Spain."

## NYM CRINKLE AND MDME. LUCCA.

The New York critic, whose *nom de plume* is Nym Crinkle, thus describes, in the *Sunday World*, his first interview with Pauline Lucca:—

"Yesterday I looked through the vines on Fourteenth Street to see if I could see Lucca. It occurred to me that, not having on a velvet coat and not having such a thing as a bouquet about me, I would never be taken for an opera spoon, and might call. I did. I sent up my card, and was ushered into the great parlour, dusky and rich with dark hangings and darker furniture, but with the light streaming in from front and back through the green leaves. I found Mr. Henry Jarrett reading *La Femme*. He apologized, saying that it was necessary to learn all the developments of the *Femme* question. Then he sent a servant up with the card, poured me out a glass of dark wine, rich and heavy like the furniture, and introduced me to the *prima donna's* father, who was walking up and down the room like a quarter-deck officer, and apparently not yet habituated to the princely American abode. Before I had time to make out the little nervous old man the daughter came tripping down stairs like a school-girl.

"It was Selika, herself.

"The same saucy, incomprehensible mixture of baroness, woman, elf, and angel that had perplexed Europe for ten years. Pardon me if I tell you what I was thinking about while she sat in a rather high chair and swung her feet clear of the floor. I was thinking how it could be possible that such an incarnation of juvenility and impulse could fill the heroic stage as she is said to do; how she could die under a upas tree, and make all her audience die too in chromatic pain for very sympathy. I was thinking of what nonsense we generally write about versatility, and how newly this revelation of it struck me, as the *prima donna* passed with the moods of conversation, from a pert child to a dignified woman, and then to a bright, vivacious artist, as though all temperaments were hidden in her little body, and flashed and mellowed successively in her steely-grey eyes. Then I thought of the Baron von Rhaden, and what a tremendous advantage I had over him—how I could admire his wife, and criticise her, and talk to you about her, while he would not dare to admire mine, if I had one, much less write about her; and then I thought of the great advantage he had of me and all the rest of us in a wife that *could* be admired and talked about and criticised, and who could preserve her immortal youth in it all.

"Then my dear reader, I took my hat and came away, dislodging several interviewers and curious women as I brushed past the vines into Fourteenth Street."

## For Musir.\*

Looking from out thy eyes,  
There is a glance, so cruel sweet,  
It brings me to thy feet,  
And there my poor heart lies,  
Moaning its helpless cries  
Of love.

Thou hast most silken hair,  
Of such peculiar hue,  
It alters with each view,  
And traps me like a snare,  
So that I hardly care  
To live.

For you can ne'er be mine;  
Another claims thy face,  
To him belongs the grace,  
That makes thee so divine,  
Whilst I must pine,  
And fret,  
But ne'er forget.

A. M.

\* These words are copyright.

## PROVINCIAL.

GUILDFORD.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"One of the most successful musical performances of a high artistic character that has been given here for some time was the concert by Mrs. John Macfarren and party, which took place on Thursday, September 26, in the County and Borough Hall. The programme, a well contrasted selection of pieces from the best composers, displayed to good advantage the powers of the executants. Mrs. John Macfarren's brilliant pianoforte solos were cordially applauded by a large and appreciative audience. The vocalists were Miss Agnes Drummond, (soprano), Miss Alice Barnett, (contralto), and Signor Bellini.

ST. CLEARS.—The annual choral festival in connection with the Choral Union of the rural deanery of Lower Carmarthen, was held on Tuesday morning and afternoon, at the parish Church in this village. Wretched weather prevailed in the morning, which probably diminished the congregation; but, in the afternoon, the sun came out brightly, and there was a fair assemblage of worshippers, considering that this second service was not announced until the morning service was nearly concluded. The following were the choirs, with the strength of each, which took part in the services:—Narberth, 26; Llandysilio, 27; Lampeter Velfrey, 24; Laugharne and Brooke Chapelry, 52; Whitland, 28; St. Clears, 23; total 180. Mr. C. Videon Harding, organist of St. Peter's, Carmarthen, presided at the harmonium; and it was also by him that the various choirs had been trained for this occasion.

LEEDS.—With reference to Prince Arthur's late visit to Clouthopolis, we read as follows in the *Yorkshire Post*:—

"The ode, 'God Bless the Prince,' the words of which were composed for the occasion by Mr. Walter Maynard, and which has been set to music by Dr. Spark, was then sung. The solo part was taken by Mr. Archibald Ramsden. The chorus was sung by the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society, whilst Dr. Spark played the accompaniment on the organ. The success of the composition was unquestionable, and was heartily applauded by the audience. His Royal Highness expressed to the Mayor the pleasure which the composition had given him, and subsequently, at the request of the Prince, the Mayor presented to him Dr. Spark. His Royal Highness shook the borough organist by the hand, and congratulated him on the very beautiful composition which had been sung in his honour, and stated that it had made a very great impression upon him, and that he should take care to mention the matter to Her Majesty the Queen. His Royal Highness also congratulated Dr. Spark on the manner in which the choir had performed the vocal part of the ceremony."

BANGOR.—The *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald* of last Saturday says:—

"The first of a series of concerts, intended to be held in aid of the Royal Eisteddfod of 1874, took place at Penrhyn Hall, on Monday evening, under the presidency of Mr. J. K. Douglas. The hall was crowded, and should succeeding concerts be so well patronised, the Eisteddfod will not run short of funds. The chairman congratulated the town upon the prospect of having an Eisteddfod. Eisteddfodau had extended through the whole Principality, and had, at last, reached the English people; and he was glad to see the growing sympathy evinced by the English press for an institution which had kept the population of Wales comparatively, if not entirely, free from crime. Though Eisteddfodau were not free from blemishes, yet there was no doubt they promoted a good moral feeling among the people. He was sure that the Eisteddfod they were endeavouring to get up would be a success, for time had been taken by the forelock, and they had two years before them. This series of concerts had been organised to provide a fund to fall back upon should circumstances arise to prevent the Eisteddfod being a perfect success, though he had no fear of that himself; for there was the central position of Bangor, the attractions of places in the vicinity, and the picturesque and varied scenery of Bangor itself, to count upon; and with a good, active committee, he believed the Bangor Royal Eisteddfod of 1874 would be the most successful of modern Eisteddfodau. The programme was then proceeded with. The "star" of the evening was Mynyddog, who produced several capital new things from his exhaustless repertoire of original witty songs. Mynyddog took his repeated encores in good part, and very obligingly gave a different piece each time. Space will not permit us to criticise, and we can only say that the performers, one and all, vied in making this a most entertaining concert, worthy of the musical talent of the old city. Parts were taken by Miss G. Hopson, Miss Parry, the Normal College Choir, Mr. Hulise, Eidiol Mon, Mr. J. R. Brown, Mr. J. Davies (harpist), and Eos Brith and Ehedydd Arfon, penillion singers. The accompanist was Mr. E. W. Thomas."

A LASS who once sang in the cafés with Christine Nilsson is now employed as a domestic in Boston.—so says a Boston paper.

## CONCERT.

TULSE HILL.—An attractive concert was given in the Holy Trinity School Rooms, on Tuesday last, Oct. 8, by Mrs. John Macfarren, the accomplished pianist, assisted by several talented vocalists. Mrs. Macfarren played a sonata by Beethoven, a brilliant *rondo* by Hummel, two of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," and Mr. Walter Macfarren's third *Tarantelle*, &c., to the delight of an attentive audience. Miss Jessie Royd, Mr. Henry Guy, and Mr. J. B. Welch were applauded in Randegger's popular trio, "I Naviganti;" Mr. Welch, in Handel's air, "Honour and Arms;" and Mr. Guy, in Sullivan's "Once again." Miss Jessie Royd gave "O luce di quest' anima" (*Linda di Chamouni*), with considerable fluency, and was encored in G. A. Macfarren's ballad, "Somebody." Miss Alice Barnett sang "The Soldier's Tear" (encored), and Pinotti's "I love my love." Mrs. John Macfarren was recalled after her clever performance of Brissac's *Fantasia* on Welsh melodies.

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

ALBERT HALL MUSIC.

The *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday last thus put its foot down on the so-called "People's Concerts" at Kensington Gore:—

"In announcing a new series of People's Concerts, the Council of the Royal Albert Hall declared that the object in view was 'to enable all classes to enjoy music.' It must be assumed, however, that they do not stop short at mere enjoyment. The Albert Hall is nothing if not a centre of 'sweetness and light.' It is severely educational by force of circumstances, and cannot, without proving false to its mission, stoop to the level of institutions which aim no higher than sensuous gratification. Last night's concert, therefore, like those that preceded and those that will follow it, was meant to be a lesson in the beauty and significance of the art divine, given at 'exceedingly low prices' to men and women with whose means those prices correspond. The idea is noble and beneficent; but with all their enthusiasm the Council have taken care—if we may judge by one concert—not to use unfairly their exceptional resources in competition with other *entrepreneurs*. They might have driven the latter out of the field by presenting, at 'exceedingly low prices,' such an entertainment as no private means could compass on the same terms. That they have not done so falsifies certain predictions made, when as yet the huge bulk of Albert Hall loomed only in the future, and also encourages a feeling of sturdy independence in the people whose welfare is sought. At present there is nothing eleemosynary about the People's Concerts; and the hard-handed son of toil may buy his threepenny ticket with the gratifying consciousness that he is not to receive more than his money's worth. This standard of business *quid pro quo* was rigidly observed last night, the music given being regulated by the prices paid for it. Some present may, indeed, have found fault, contending that they did not expect to act as 'vile bodies' for the experiments of young ladies and gentlemen in a state of pupillage. But the retort, 'What can you expect for threepence?' extinguishes these grumblers, who, if they existed at all among the audience, were in a pitiful minority. We are, nevertheless, compelled to doubt whether the People's Concerts, though strictly equitable, are worth anything as a means of education. In so far as they counteract the influence of amusement which is vicious, they are, of course, to be encouraged; but the real musical value of last night's doings was small indeed. What was done? In the first place Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture was played on the organ, and suffered so much by transcription and performance as to be recognised with difficulty; several pianoforte fantasias, including Thalberg's 'Home, sweet home,' were given by Mr. W. Carter, and his pupils; and a selection of more or less hackneyed songs was sung by young vocalists in various stages of fright. Against the performers we have nothing to say. They did their best, and gave evidence of promise, as was shown by the encores awarded to Miss Kate Penna's 'My mother bids me bind my hair;' Miss Georgina Maudsley's 'Let the bright Seraphim'—trumpet obbligato played in good style by Mr. Dearden; and Mr. H. W. Pyatt's 'Village Blacksmith.' But we must warn the Council that such concerts may be multiplied indefinitely without forwarding the cause of art one inch. They teach nothing, they convey no new impressions to the mind, and they do nothing to encourage the growth among us of that artistic instinct which regards music as more than the playing of an idle hour."

SALZBURG.—The last concert for the year at the Mozarteum commenced with Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*. Mr. Adams, from the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, sang the air from *Don Juan*. A concerto for Violoncello and full band, by Dr. Bach, was the next piece, the solo player being Herr Kretschmann. Mr. Adams then sang two songs by Ernst Frank. They so pleased the audience, that the second, "Mein Herz schmückt sich mit dir," had to be repeated. An "Allegro de Concert for Violin" closed the first part. The second part consisted of Mozart's G minor Symphony.—A tablet has been erected in St. Peter's cemetery, to the celebrated Salzburg composer and organist of the fifteenth century, Paul Hofmeier, born in 1459. It was formally consecrated on the 23rd September.

## ITALIAN OPERA IN DUBLIN.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

THE usual autumn season in the Theatre Royal, by the Italian Opera Company, under the direction of Mr. Mapleson, was inaugurated on the 30th ult., with every appearance of success. The company is some three weeks later than usual on this occasion; but "better late than never;" for the appearance of this now celebrated company of artists is eagerly looked forward to by the music-loving public of our far-famed city.

Mr. Mapleson has got together a fair working company, and can cast most efficiently the large *répertoire* of operas announced for performance. Among the company are Mdlle. Tietjens, that bright particular star who is always so cordially welcomed in Dublin; Mdlle. Marimon, who is also making her way with this public, and deservedly so; Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka, another very great and deserved favourite, without whom the company would not be complete; the useful and clever Mdlle. Bauermeister; and the accomplished contralto, Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini—a good assortment of feminine talent. The tenor department consists of Signor Campanini, Signor Bettini, Mr. Wilford Morgan, and Signor Rinaldini; and for the baritone and bass departments, we have Signor Mendioroz, Signori Agnesi, Borella, Zoboli, Casaboni, Campobello, and last, not least, Signor Foli. The conductor being Signor Li Calsi is a guarantee that the band and chorus are efficiently directed.

On the opening night, the theatre was crowded from floor to ceiling. The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Tietjens as the heroine, and Campanini as the hero. Signor Campanini had a good reception, and the audience waited eagerly for the first notes of the new tenor; but no opinion could be formed of his capabilities until the *aria*, "Di pescatore ignobile;" and this passed off somewhat coldly (an unusual thing for Dublin). In the *terzetto*, "Guai ai te sfugge," Campanini seemed more at ease, and it obtained the usual encore. In the third act, the air from *Don Sebastian* (interpolated) was encored. Nevertheless, Signor Campanini can hardly be said to have come up to general expectation. Tietjens, as *Lucrezia*, was superb, as also were Trebelli (Maffeo Orsini) and Agnesi (the Duke). Tuesday was the first appearance of Mdlle. Marimon, in *La Sonnambula*. Mdlle. Marimon was very warmly received, and her singing throughout delightful; Signor Bettini was the *Elvino*, and the same Dublin papers which criticise Campanini so harshly proclaim Bettini "the greatest tenor on the operatic stage." *Il Flauto Magico* being the opera chosen for the first appearance of Ilma di Muraka, the theatre was, as usual, crowded to excess. The impersonation of the Queen of Night by this gifted lady is too well known to need comment here. She had an uproarious reception, and both her songs were loudly and enthusiastically encored. Foli was the *Sarastro*, one of his best parts, and he brought down the house with "Qui sdegno." Mendioroz, as Papageno, acquitted himself like a thorough artist, and was warmly encored on two occasions. The *Pamina* was Mdlle. Tietjens, who, as usual, left nothing to desire. Thursday we had *Il Trovatore*, for the second appearance of Campanini, who, as *Manrico*, improved his position with the audience, and was encored in "Ah si ben mio" and the "Miserere." Tietjens, as *Leonora*, was unapproachable; and Trebelli-Bettini, as *Azuena*, was also a great artistic success. Friday, *La Figlia del Reggimento* was given for Mdlle. Marimon, who created her accustomed effect, and, as usual, interpolated a *bravura* waltz by M. Maton. Bettini was the *Tonio*, and the *Sulpizio* was Agnesi. On Saturday, we had *Lucia*, for the third appearance of Signor Campanini, who sang better in this opera than he had yet sung in Dublin, more especially in the first and third acts, receiving genuine and hearty applause. Ilma di Muraka, as *Lucia*, created a *furor* in the scene of the madness. Mendioroz, as *Enrico*, contributed his share to the success of the opera, as also did Foli, in the small but not unimportant part of *Raimondo*. On Monday, we had *Don Pasquale*—first time in Dublin for seventeen years. The band and chorus, under the *batôn* of the indefatigable Signor Li Calsi, have received much praise.

SOME fool, in one of the Western cities, has paid a fabulous price for a mattress, simply because Nilsson once slept on it.

## THE DUNDEE CHORAL UNION.

We have been requested to publish the following letter, addressed by Mr. Henry Nagel, conductor of the Dundee Choral Union, to many artists, and others prominent in the musical world. It tells its own story:—

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to draw your attention to the accompanying prospectus of a Bazaar which will be held this autumn, for behoof of the Dundee Amateur Choral Union, of which I have been the conductor for nearly fifteen years. The purpose of these lines is to ask you to aid me in procuring a few articles of peculiar value in addition to the work which our fair friends are preparing.

I intend to arrange a number of albums containing the *cartes-de-visite* and autographs of eminent musicians, and I should feel deeply obliged if you would send me a few *cartes-de-visite* with your name, or perhaps a few words besides it, written on the back of them. As the purpose of a bazaar is to make money, and as I am perfectly sure that these albums will form a very attractive article, and command a high price, I do not hesitate to trouble you with this request, and I hope that you will kindly excuse it on account of the purpose which it is intended to serve.—Yours faithfully,

HENRY NAGEL.

Awn Lodge, Dundee,  
20th Sept., 1872.

The Dundee Society deserves help—it is a light shining in a (musically) dark place—and we trust Mr. Nagel will receive photographs *galore*.

## "TALKING ALOUD."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—I have read an article in the *Musical World*, by a meddling person, who cannot let ladies and gents like myself do as we like at the theatre or concert-room, for which I often receive orders, and sometimes a private box, into which I stuff as many friends as I can. Most people, now-a-days, go to be *seen*, not to *see* the performance, or hear the music and songs at a concert. I do not care one brass farthing about either the drama, the opera, or concert, but I go!—to amuse myself, and show myself; and if I like to chat about the fashions, the latest betting, and crack a joke to make my friends roar—Why shouldn't I? What have I to do with "Brown, Jones, or Robinson," who have paid for admission, and can only occasionally have a "treat," as they call it—that is, to shed tears at the touching parts, or grin at the comic, if such parts exist in modern piece, which, to my notion, are very dull, and very stupid? And then, again, Brown and his friends make no sensation when they are at the theatre or concert-room. Me and my friends do. We go—swell!—and, as we enter the stalls or private box, as the case may be, all eyes and opera-glasses are brought to bear upon us; and to prove to the public we are somebodies, we keep up a running fire, for fear the "plebs" should think we never visited such entertainments, and it was a "treat" for us. I hope, sir, you will not print any more of "L. T.'s" twaddle about "ladies and gentlemen conducting themselves as such in public." Ladies and gentlemen *do* conduct themselves as such; it is only such snobs as your correspondent who say they *don't*.—Yours obediently,

A CITY GENTLEMAN.

## Words for Music.

Oh let me dream that dream again,  
'Tis cruel thus to break the spell;  
For sleeping fancies, tho' so vain,  
Yet charm the hour and grief dispel.

I dreamt those lustrous beaming eyes  
Were bent upon me as of yore;  
I felt the perfume of thy sighs,  
Oh let me dream, and wake no more!

I heard thy music-gifted voice  
Repeat the songs we sang of old;  
Those strains that made my heart rejoice,  
With love's sweet whisperings oft-times told.

Dream on, poor soul! while such bright dreams  
By fancy's aid can set thee free,  
To revel in a world that seems,  
Foretaste of blest eternity.

M. A. B.

## A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.

Mr. C. J. Bishenden has sent us the following story:—

"Last Sunday evening I started from Leeds, Yorkshire, for London, by the express which leaves the Great Northern Station at 10 o'clock. I entered a smoking compartment, knowing from experience that as ladies and children do not, as a rule, enter that portion of the carriage, it is, therefore, the most safe and comfortable. Several gentlemen were in the carriage when the train started, but they all got out at Doncaster, and I had the carriage all to myself from Doncaster to Peterborough. At the latter station, being allowed ten minutes for refreshment, I got out, leaving a portmanteau in the carriage, when, on my again entering the compartment, just as the train was moving, I was surprised to see a gentleman in a light coat and fur cap leaning over my portmanteau and reading my name, which is painted on it. The gentleman, on seeing me take my seat, eyed me with a wild, vacant stare, mumbling something about "That name—Bishenden," and at the same time taking a seat opposite to me. When the train was fairly on its journey, all of a sudden he made a movement towards a pocket in his overcoat, and drew out a small pistol and pointed it at my forehead. I started back, and told him that I strongly objected to firearms being pointed at me, at the same time saying that I hoped the pistol was not loaded. He replied in the most cool manner "that it was loaded, and that he meant to shoot me." On hearing this I tried to keep myself as self-possessed as possible, and raising my arm directed the pistol away from me, and made a dash at the collar of his coat, which I held firmly, and at last got him into the corner of the compartment, and then called out loudly for help, but from the noise of the train, and being the midnight express, the few people who were in the carriages could not hear me, and I could get no assistance. I then thought of the cord of communication, and, glancing towards it, found to my dismay that one end of the cord was flapping against the window, and, of course, utterly useless. After having kept the man down for nearly ten minutes, my strength began to give way under the excitement, and I thought that it would be impossible for me to keep him down until we reached London, so I released my hold on him, and he sat up and looked at me without speaking a word, which position and silence he kept the remainder of the journey; but when the train was just about entering Holloway Station he suddenly made a violent dash against the carriage door, which flew open, and he leaped out before I had time to prevent him, and, much to my astonishment, I got up and looked out to see where he had fallen, but could find no trace of him. On arriving at Holloway I tried to get the half-sleepy officials to understand the nature of my escape, and to send some one down the line to see if they could find the man, but in the hurry of collecting the tickets, &c., I could get no hearing, and on my arrival at King's Cross Station met with the same treatment. I suppose the time being past three o'clock in the morning, the officials were not quite awake, and felt too tired to hear my story."

Mr. Bishenden's narrative is very extraordinary. Is he quite sure that he had not been reading a certain back number of *All the Year Round* which tells of "A Terrible Night," and that he did not dream the whole thing? The assailant's "astonishing" disappearance when looked after by the frightened Mr. B. is certainly suspicious, and so is the incredulity of the officials.

—o—  
WAIFS.

M. Paque, the accomplished violoncellist, has returned to town from his visit to Paris and Brussels.

Mr. J. P. Clarke has been appointed bandmaster of the Royal Irish Constabulary Band—*vice* Hardy retired.

A Berlin paper says that Mdle. Marie Krebs made 25,000 dols. by her concert tour in the United States.

Mdme. Nilsson-Rouzaud has written to a friend in New York, to say she will return to America at the earliest possible moment.

It was the patent magnesium flash, which Mr. Joe Jefferson persisted in using for effect in *Rip van Winkle*, that injured his eye sight.

The Straduaris violin, the gem of the collection of the late Joseph Gillott, has become, by purchase, the property of Mr. John P. Waters, of New York.

Mr. Charles Wyndham's partner, a Chicago man, absconded with 20,000 dols. belonging to the French band. Mr. W. made up the amount, so the band lost nothing.

Boston has now not less than eight institutions for the dissemination of musical knowledge. Among them are two conservatories, a college, an academy, and several music schools.

Berry Sulgrove, of the *Indianapolis Journal* and other papers, has a Straduaris violin, which he brought out of Rome by the *Porta Angelica*. His favourite air is "H—l on the Wabash."

Mr. F. B. Martin is to conduct the first festival of the Dublin Diocesan Choral Union, having been appointed choirmaster. The festival will be held on the 28th November, in St. Andrew's Church, Dublin.

Signor Arditi has returned from Homburg, and intends remaining in town during the winter season. In the spring, Signor Arditi goes to Vienna, to conduct the opera during Madame Patti's engagement in that city.

Here is a biography of Meyerbeer from an American source:—

"G. Meyerbeer was a short, thin man, of Jewish extraction, who made very effective music, took snuff occasionally, lived in Paris, got rich, died, and had a very showy funeral."

Mdlle. Silly, who was heard in New York a short time ago at the Grand Opera house, and who is a rival of Schneider, has just signed an engagement with a manager at St. Petersburg, and she will receive 25,000 francs (£1,000), for each month's performance.

A letter from New York informs us that Mr. Charles Edward Horsley has been unanimously appointed organist at St. John's Chapel, Trinity Parish. It is a very wealthy community; the salary is £500 per annum, and places its holder in the first musical position in the city.

A Boston paper says: "If we can't abolish those hand-organs on Washington Street, can there not be some way devised to keep them out of hearing distance of each other? When one is playing 'Ten Little Injuns all in a Row,' and another 'Pleyel's Hymn,' the effect is annoying."

The Abbe Liszt, at last accounts, was to re-appear in Paris with his pupil, M. Leiter, to whom he has already bequeathed his fame and talents. Liszt has a curious fashion of making heirs of all his favourite pupils. It requires a large endowment of talents to sustain such liberality.

The Holborn has not been a very fortunate theatre of late, but having re-opened with a new piece entitled *Miss Chester*, we hope soon to hear that the *Chester* is a hit, and not a Miss. If the management can then add "*Chester draws*," it will have turned the tables on ill-luck, and possess a valuable piece of furniture.—*Punch*.

The grand-daughter of the late Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc., Miss Mary Adelaide Fitzpatrick, was married, on the 3rd inst., in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, to William C. West, Esq., Lord Lieutenant of the County of Denbigh. The ceremony was invested with something of a musical character. Handel's famous wedding hymn, "Now, let your notes of praise arise," was sung with much effect by the choir, amongst other compositions. Sir Robert P. Stewart presided at the organ, playing the "Wedding March" on the exit of the numerous and fashionable assemblage present.

There are few words in the English language more basely prostituted than the word "artist." The bulletin boards of every city are defiled with announcements, in startling letters, concerning the appearance of some "world-renowned song and dance artist," or some "justly celebrated terpsichorean artist." Burnt-cork artists have ceased to be a novelty. Tonsorial artists are located in every city and town. English adjectives are not of sufficient strength to set forth all the unequalled qualifications of these mushroom, would-be artists, so the embarrassed manager resorts to the more expressive French language, and bedevils the lower layers of humanity until they can't rest, unless they go to see or hear these "famous" artists, famous only to lying managers of vile concert saloons and varieties. An artist is one who professes and practises one of the liberal arts, in which science and taste preside over the manual execution. The term can be properly applied only to painters, sculptors, musicians, engravers, and architects, and even these have no claim upon the title until they become proficient. For example: there are many vocalists and performers in the world, but the artists can be easily counted, and their degree of ability recorded. To be a great artist is to spend nearly a lifetime in the process of preparation. To such the world voluntarily accords unbounded admiration and fame undying. Lying, shameful bulletin boards are not required to announce their coming. There appears to be no remedy for this abuse, except for the person to refuse to respond to such fulsome, disgusting, and sickening nonsense by refusing to honour such humbugs with their patronage.—*Musical Visitor*.

Great preparations have been going on for some time for the opening of the new Theatre, Breslau. The first evening will be devoted to the drama, and Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* is the piece selected for performance. The first opera will be *Les Huguenots*.

The theatrical entertainment, given by the mechanical figures at St. James's Hall, is not in any way operatic, nor are there engaged in it any of the youngest members of the family of the most renowned Italian tenor ever seen in this or any other country. The mistake has probably arisen from the name. But we are hereby authorized to declare that the name *Marionettes* does not mean the little Marios.—*Punch*.

"Jersey City"—says the New York *Fifth Avenue Journal*—"with a population of 100,000, has no theatre, operahouse, concert-hall, circus, or *rink*. The inhabitants are opposed to being amused." We sympathise with Jersey City, more particularly because it has no "*rink*." Fancy a city of 100,000 without a "*rink*!" Why, even Malvern, in Worcestershire, has its "*Link*" and, for the matter of that, its "*Wink*" (Admiral).

Miss Clara Doria (Barnett), who returned to America in the same vessel which brought Lucca and Kellogg, comes here to remain permanently, and not to reap the glories of a season merely. Miss Barnett's welcome will be none the less sincere that it will last longer than many others; and her return will be all the more acceptable that she brings with her the highest and most unpretentious talents and the true musical culture which we need above all things.—*Arcadian*.

The pianoforte performances of Miss Flora Heilbron at the International Exhibition at Kensington, have served to display the talent of the clever executant. Miss Flora Heilbron possesses an extensive *répertoire*, and although Exhibition recitals must of necessity be confined to popular music, and afford but little encouragement to real artistic displays, the young *pianiste* has won the suffrages of her audiences. The "*Marche Bréillienne*," by Ignace Gibbons, is one of her most effective pieces, and the spirit and skill exhibited in its performance have conduced to its popularity at the Kensington Exhibition.

Thanksgiving services for the harvest were held in St. Lawrence, Jewry, Gresham Street, on Sunday last. The church was densely crowded. The service was exceedingly well sung by a choir of 100 voices, and the sermon preached by the Dean of St. Paul's. During the collecting of the offertory, a hymn, "*Holy offerings, rich and rare*," was sung, after which, the vicar, precentor, and some of the choristers, stood before the altar as a semi-chorus, the rest of the choir remained in the stalls, and sang a *Te Deum*, arranged after Alfieri, the same that was sung by the London Gregorian Choral Association a few months since at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square.

The Archbishop of Canterbury held a visitation of Dean and Chapter at Canterbury last week. His Grace delivered a charge, in which he congratulated the assembly on the deliverance of the Cathedral from fire. He enquired whether the services at present conducted in the Cathedral could not be mended, for many persons were of opinion that the exquisite music of those services was too prominent for real devotion. From experience in St. Paul's and Westminster it was clear that the influence of the pulpit was as great as ever, and he submitted to them the question how far they came to the necessary standard in this respect. The Archbishop, likewise, urged that they should do all in their power to assist education.

*Appropos* of Mr. C. J. Bishenden's intended Promenade Concerts, we read as follows in the *Entr'acte*:—

"With reference to my promenade concerts, I may state that, as a proof of my intention to keep faith with the public—viz., that the concerts would commence early in September—I had engaged for one month a number of well-known vocalists, full band, and chorus complete, and the announcement bills were drawn up, when, to my great surprise, an unexpected difficulty arose, owing to the lessee of the theatre which I had engaged informing me that, in consequence of an oversight on his part with respect to dates, the theatre would be required for dramatic purposes. Under these circumstances I was left with eighteen solo vocalists, a band of 170, and a chorus of 250 voices, all of whom I had to pay the month's salary. However, I still intend to give my promenade concerts as soon as I can secure a large and suitable building, of which due notice will be given.

"C. J. BISHENDEN."

Mdme. Lucca assisted at high mass at the church of St. Xavier (New York), on Sunday last, and is credited by a penetrating *Herald* reporter with having derived great pleasure from the rendering of one of Mercadante's masses by Dr. Berge's renowned choir. It will perhaps grate harshly upon the nerves of the Prussian Premier to learn that the temple selected by the "*Pride of Berlin*" as the scene of her devotions is in charge of the Jesuit fathers, an order of religion towards which Prince Bismarck has manifested an aversion quite as uncontrollable as another Prince's well-authenticated antipathy to "*holy water*." Perhaps the "*Little Incurrible*" did this just to tease the formidable German functionary. What are the prejudices of a Prince compared to the privileges of a *prima donna*, with a will of her own and the pluck to exercise it.—*Fifth Avenue Journal*.

In pursuance of a request issued to the clergy of his diocese some months ago by Archbishop Manning, the employment of lady vocalists in the choirs of Roman Catholic places of worship is now discontinued. The change took place on Sunday last, and notwithstanding that in many cases additional male voices, in the shape of tenors and altos, have been substituted for the ladies, the result was by no means satisfactory.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in coming forward as a public reader, has taken the extraordinarily cool step of requesting the public not to regard her in a professional light. Suppose a man should take up the practice of medicine, but entreat his patients not to consider him a physician; or suppose he should open a store, and advise his customers not to deal with him as with one regularly engaged in business. These cases are certainly analogous to that of Mrs. Stowe; and we see no reason why that lady should not be criticised with the average strictness, merely because she has neglected to give herself the training which the public has the right to expect of a reader whom it pays to hear. Mrs. Stowe's present enterprise either means business, or it means an impertinent and egotistic trifling, which is worse than childish. The only merit which her explanation has is that of honesty; but the honesty would have been much more admirable, if, when she published her "*True Story of Lord Byron*," she had acknowledged that she was a mere sensationist, unscrupulously endeavouring to restore the colour to a paling reputation, by one of the most scandalous pieces of malignity with which literature has ever been insulted.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—At the 80th Quarterly Meeting on the 7th inst., the report of the Executive Committee stated that the receipts for the quarter were £36,972, and for the year, £116,019; and the grand totals to Michaelmas, £1,835,393. The total withdrawals since the formation of the Society, in 1852, were £491,430, and the last share number issued to Michaelmas was No. 37,669. The reserve fund amounts to £10,500. The members elected, as auditors, Mr. W. H. Clemow, manager of the Dudley and West Bromwich Bank, and Mr. J. Goad, house and land agent, 287, Essex Road, N.; and the Executive Committee appointed Mr. T. Russell, public accountant, of 8, Leadenhall Street, and Mr. H. Winstanley, of 42, Orsett Terrace, W., as their two auditors. The report concluded by calling attention to the fact that, on the 7th ult., the Society reached its 20th anniversary, and has now entered its 21st year. There were present Viscount Ranelagh (Chairman), Col. Brownlow Knox, the Hon. and Rev. W. Talbot, Col. Jervis, M.P., Col. Meyrick, Mr. Goodson, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Stode, Mr. Winstanley, Mr. C. L. Gruneisen, F.R.G.S. (Secretary), Mr. John Ashdown, C.E., Mr. P. Edsall, and Mr. G. Hugh Thomson.

Mr. H. F. Cowen's Symphony in F (No. 2) was performed at the last concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, of which Sir Julius Benedict (successor to the late much regretted Alfred Mellon, and Mr. Cowen's professional instructor,) has been for years the worthy conductor. The *Liverpool Post* thus speaks of the latest work of our young and promising composer:—

"The symphony is a work which we cannot pretend to do full justice to after a single hearing, and at this late hour. That it is an extraordinary display of Mr. Cowen's high acquirements in orchestration, showing a marvellous fertility of invention and ingenuity of construction, all must admit. That he has great originality in the form of his subjects, and equal skill in submitting them to his hearers, is indisputable—indeed, he at times makes it almost impossible for any one but a thorough musician to follow him in his frequent episodes, different subjects, counter melodies, &c. Much as we liked the opening subject of the *allegro*, we preferred the *adagio*, although the first melody is a little suggestive in parts of an old favourite. The phrases given to the wind instruments in full chords would have been more effective if they had been thoroughly in tune. The next episode, with the melody on the oboe, was very charming, and was capitally given. The following subject struck us as being like Mendelssohn, rather in treatment than anything else, however. We were particularly pleased with the boldness and originality of the *scherzo*, a charming contrast being produced by the division of the subject between the strings and flutes, &c. No less fresh is the second subject, with the leading theme given also by the flute; whilst a graceful contrast is found in the *trio*. The *finale* is remarkable for the spirited phrase which opens and pervades the movement. It may be presumption to offer an opinion, but it struck us that this movement was a little too much spun out at the close by the very fertility of Mr. Cowen's ingenuity and constructive skill. The performance did great credit to the band, there being most commendable attention paid to the conductor's and composer's every movement. Mr. Cowen adds to his great gifts, as a composer of undoubted genius, the further most valuable gift of being able to conduct his own music in a very collected and thoroughly intelligible and intelligent manner—a combination every way wonderful in one so young."

Mr. Cowen directed the performance of his symphony, and was most cordially received. Sir Julius Benedict is reading a lesson to our London societies.

The Chambersburg Repository yields the palm to Fulton county as the champion producer of prodigies, monstrosities, &c., and now we come with a prodigy in the Fine Art line which we think "removes the dilapidated linen" at once. It is nothing more nor less than a "Whistling Baby," a little waif about eight months old, that would claim, if he could, Ayr township as his residence, and who delights his doting mother *et al*, after partaking of the lacteal nourishment—or between drinks—with whistling, in imitation of the most approved masters, and in strains of exquisite melody. This is commencing young, and we predict that he will "charm the very birds out of the bush" by the time he is twenty-one.—*Fulton Democrat*.

While Theodore Thomas's orchestra was at Richmond, Va, Schrieber and another musician were rendering an exquisite *pianissimo* passage, when a middle-aged gentleman upon one of the front seats was seen to twist uneasily in his chair. He drew from his pocket a huge bandanna handkerchief, flourished it in the air, and gave a nasal blast so long and loud that it resounded through the whole house. The applause which followed the performance of the new aspirant for musical fame was enthusiastic and deafening.

Rosambeau, a French actor of note, was once playing at Anjou when the curtain rose to a single spectator. The actor stepped forward and addressed the audience: "My dear sir, did you come to see the play or to see Rosambeau?" "To see Rosambeau," was the prompt reply. "Well, I am Rosambeau. Don't you think we shall enjoy the evening together much better at the neighbouring café than if you compel me to play to you, who should be a man of wit, in a piece which is a poor one at best, and in which, contrary to my usual custom, I am only ordinary?" "Certainly I do," replied the audience, "for I hurried my dinner to get here in season; we will go and finish it." And they did.

From a long and eulogistic review of the Melbourne opera season, which appeared in the *Argus*, we take the following, having immediate reference to the closing night:—

"The affair at the Princess's Theatre on Saturday evening was in every respect a most triumphant success. It was not alone that the house was crowded in every part by a highly respectable and appreciative audience; nor yet was it entirely due to a performance of *Gli Ugonotti*, that would have been creditable in older and more populous cities than this. It was generally felt amongst the audience that they were discharging a duty as well as gratifying their musical taste, and they experienced all the satisfaction which the performance of duty, especially such an agreeable one as this was, invariably brings with it. The spirit of good temper possessed the whole house, and on no occasion since the commencement of the season has an evening's entertainment left more agreeable recollections behind it. The occasion of the benefit to Mr. Lyster was taken advantage of to show that personally he had the goodwill of his audience unanimously in his favour; and that the creditable exertions made by himself and his partner to present to the best of their means a high class of entertainment, should be recognised in such manner as would encourage them to renew their success in the future. And with all this, there was mingled some sense of protest against recent opposition, which, as it was not 'professional,' was held to be unfair."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Wanting a little advice, I come to you, or your paper, for the requisite information, and shall feel very greatly obliged if you will kindly answer, through the medium of your valuable paper, the following questions. By what age ought a man's voice to be thoroughly settled, if I may so express it, after the usual "break" or change—at the age of 18 or 19, or later? How can you ascertain what your voice is, Tenor or Baritone: and is there much difference between a low Tenor and Baritone, or are they one and the same thing? Can you learn to sing properly without the aid of *Solfeggi*; and how can you strengthen the voice? Apologising for thus troubling you,—I remain, sir, yours very respectfully,

Sept. 18, 1872.

[Our columns are open to any professor of the vocal art who feels prompted to answer the questions of our correspondent.—Ed.]

ST. PETERSBURG.—The Italian Opera season was to commence on the 18th inst., under the management of Signor Merelli, as last year. The following are the artists already secured:—*Prime donne*—Mmes. Adelina Patti, Christine Nilsson, Mathilde Mallinger, and Bertha Ferucci (all engaged for three months); *Prima donna contralto*—Signora Sophie Scalehi (four months); *Comprimaria*—Signora Corai. *Primi tenori*—M. E. Naudin (two months), Signor Marini (three months), Signor E. Niccolini (four months), Signor Gardoni (four months), and Signor Sabater; *Primi baritoni*—Signor Graziani (two months), Signor Cotogni (two months), and Signor Cabella; *Primi bassi*—Signor Baggagiolo (two months), Signor Capponi, Signor Vidal (two months), and Signor Raguer; *Primo buffo basso*—Signor Ciampi (four months).

Conductors—Signori Bevnigani and Bosoni. The repertory will probably comprise *Hamlet*, *Mignon*, *Otello*, *Guillaume Tell* (under the title of *Carlo il Temerario*), *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, *Faust*, *Romeo e Giulietta*, *I Puritani*, *Linda di Chamounix*, *Rigoletto*, *Maria*, *La Traviata*, *Lucia*, *La Sonnambula*, *Don Pasquale*, *Il Trovatore*, *L'Africaine*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and *Dinorah*. The former four subscription nights a week have been increased to five, to the great dissatisfaction of the subscribers, who see very clearly that they will not have an opportunity of hearing all the artists, especially the *prime donne*. Every plabe, however, is taken, and it is in vain that the Russian musical press attacks the fashion set by the higher ranks, and extending to all classes, of patronising Italian, to the detriment of Russian opera. Deep regret is expressed at the fact that Madame Lucca will not be heard this season. Public curiosity is greatly excited about Meedea, Nilsson and Mallinger.

DUNELDONF.—That the Germans like music is a universally known fact; but that some of them do not like paying very much for it appears to be quite as true. The landlord of an hotel here engaged a musician of good standing to provide a band of eight performers to play first before his hotel, and afterwards in-doors, on the evening of the anniversary of the battle of Sedan. The price paid was to be twenty silver groschens, or one-and-eightpence—for each performer, of course. After having fulfilled their part of the bargain, the musicians withdrew, with the exception of the one who had arranged the matter with the landlord. The latter soon made his appearance and put down twenty silver groschens on the table, asserting that this sum was all he had to pay for the services of the whole band. As remonstrance was vain, the musician had to carry the case into a court of justice. The magistrate decided in favour of the complainant. It was, he remarked, absurd to suppose that eight talented and accomplished musicians would play for several hours for no more than twenty silver groschens.

NURNBERG.—Herr Volz, who has dubbed himself "General authorised Agent to Herr R. Wagner," and his factotum, Herr Carl Batz, from Wiesbaden, assert that they have "discovered" a posthumous opera, *Regina*, by Lortzing. It is to be produced at the Stadttheater here. "If we are not mistaken," observes the editor of the Berlin *Reho*, in reference to this subject, "the above is the opera recently offered for sale to Professor Dorn, and others, with the impudent intimation that the purchaser might substitute his own name for that of the real composer. Perhaps our statement may throw some light upon a discreditable bit of mystification, hitherto covered with the veil of secrecy. The said opera of *Regina* did not, however, require any discovering at the present day. It is given at full length in the series of posthumous works collected by Ferd. Gumbert, and belonging to Lortzing's heirs, and Philip Düringer mentions it in his *Biography of Lortzing*. Lortzing himself writes about it as follows: 'I am now (1840) engaged in completing a new opera—another serious subject; I am already delighted at the thought of hearing the would-be learned musicians exclaim: If the fellow would only stick to his comic music! I cannot help them, however. Those who can produce nothing themselves but pick holes in everything—must digest this last opus of mine.'"

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CRAMER & Co.—"Gulnare" song; "Oh! Ma Charmante," Romance; and "The Sailor's Grave," song; by Arthur Sullivan. "Le Jour de Fete," by Louise Gray. "I'm forever free," by E. Reylloff. "The Magic Harp," by J. T. Trekill. "The Fairy Answer," by Odoardo Barri. "He that loves a rosy cheek," by Lionel S. Benson. "Nachtlieder," by C. H. R. Marriott. "Autumn Manoeuvres," March and Polka, by C. H. R. Marriott. "The Galatea Valse," by H. R. H. The Duke of Edinburgh.

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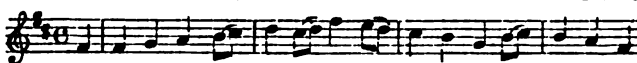
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Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May! What joys attend thine advent gay!

Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May!

What joys attend thine advent gay!

On every tree the birdies sing.

From hill and dale glad echoes ring;

The lark, inspir'd, to heav'n ascends,

The gurgling brook in beauty winds

By mossy bank and grassy braw.

Where violets bloom and lambskins play.

Delightful Spring—sweet month of May!

What joys attend thine advent gay!

In mantle clad of fairest sheen,

The woods burst forth in virgin green—

Bright home of birds and flow'rets gay,

The streamlet woos thy sheltered way,

Thro' primrose dells, sweet hawthorn glades,

And silver birches' fragrant shades,

Where nightingales, at close of day,

In leafy bow'rs trill raptur'd lay.

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## MEMOIR OF PAULINE LUCCA.

(From the "New York Herald.")

(Continued from page 699.)

But it is needless to dwell longer upon our heroine's successes in the city built on the shores of the Neva by the great Peter, who, in creating a new capital of all the Russias, made himself and the countries over which he ruled independent of Moscow and the Muscovites—whether for good or for evil is as yet a secret in the womb of time. Pauline's most recent professional visit to St. Petersburg was in the winter of 1871-2, and her reception was more brilliant than ever. She went there on wholly exceptional terms. Her *répertoire*—by agreement with Signor Merelli, and at the desire of the Emperor and Empress—was exclusively her own. No one could take one of her parts without her express consent.

"Nor Patti—nor another."

Her stay was neither more nor less than a series of uninterrupted triumphs, into minute particulars about which it would be superfluous to enter. A certain incident, however, is just worth mentioning. One of the old Muscovite noblemen (Prince \*\*\*\*), who, like all Muscovite noblemen, hates foreigners, and would fain see Moscow once again the capital of all the Russias—even were a statue of Napoleon the First to be erected in the wide court-yard of the Kremlin—was compelled, for family reasons, to visit St. Petersburg (which he detested) once a year. His period of visitation happened always to be during the Opera season; but though frequently pressed to attend one of the operatic performances he as resolutely declined. On a certain occasion, however, the Prince \*\*\*\* was dining at the house of a friend, and among the guests happened to be Gospadin \*\*\*\*, an enthusiastic Beethovenist, and fierce opponent of Oulibicheff, (who, to Mozart, was what Lenz is to Beethoven,) author of *Beethoven—An Art-Study, Beethoven's Three Styles*, &c. With this uncompromising worshipper of the greatest of all musical poets, Prince \*\*\*\* was strangely fascinated—so much so that he was actually persuaded to accompany Gospadin von \*\*\*\* to the Opera. The Prince was passionately enamoured of Beethoven's music; and his new friend carried his point by stating that the singer who was to appear on the day following was the one cut out by nature, both mentally and physically, to represent the *beau idéal* of Beethoven's own Leonora—the Leonora of *Fidelio*, the woman of women, the wife of wives. The Prince \*\*\*\*, however, was not lucky enough to see *Fidelio*; but he saw the *Huguenots*—and, in the *Huguenots*, a Valentine of whom he had often dreamed without ever finding the realisation of his dreams. This Valentine was Pauline Lucca. The Prince's objection to attend the operatic performances in St. Petersburg ceased from that moment. He would leave Moscow thereafter, not so much on account of family business as to go to the theatre. Nevertheless, he never went except on the nights when Pauline Lucca played. "I have seen Lucca"—he would say to his friends—"and I don't want my new illusion to fade. No other can possibly approach her; and I will not trouble my mind with having to make comparisons. She satisfies me *entirely*—why should I not rest content?" The Prince may have been logically wrong, but that he was sentimentally right is beyond question. True, there was very little chance of his having to "make comparisons;" but he was wise to forego the trouble and the philosophical responsibility. He was no connoisseur; but he loved music for itself, without, perhaps, knowing why, and regarded Pauline Lucca as something that had dropped from the clouds.

But enough of St. Petersburg. Before her departure, at the termination of her last engagement, the town and corporation organized a superb *fête* and ball in honour of the gifted German lady who had entranced them all—turned the heads, in short, of the whole capital. The Emperor Alexander, backed by the eloquent persuasions of his august spouse, extorted from Lucca a promise shortly to re-visit Russia. Among the conditions, as in former years, one was that her repertory must be held sacred. Even were *Mignon* to be produced, with both Christine Nilsson and Adelina Patti in the company, the charming creation of M. Ambroise Thomas should, nevertheless, belong exclusively to one who had so thoroughly identified herself with it as to

leave every competitor far and far in the rear. That the pledge made to their Russian Imperial Majesties was not meant for this year, may be concluded from the fact that the American people, who, from the first, have been so eager to make acquaintance with Pauline Lucca, are now—thanks to the spirited enterprise of Mr. Max Maretzek—assured that their desire will be accomplished.

(To be continued.)

## FRA DIAVOLO IN AMERICA.

Some strictures upon Auber's comic masterpieces having appeared in certain New York journals, *à propos* of its recent performance, the *Fifth Avenue Journal* took up the cudgels as thus:—

"The *Herald* says that *Fra Diavolo* has never attracted even the passing attention of a real musician.' Surely it attracted the 'passing attention' of Auber, and if Auber was not a 'real musician,' then was Beethoven a zoophite, and Mozart unborn. What the *Herald's* Chorley's idea of an 'unreal musician' is, unless he be his own ideal, is incomprehensible. Indeed, the more we see of Coo—(Chorley's, we mean) verbal capers, the more we feel inclined to agree with Dr. Hammond, that the human mind exists only in different degrees of insanity—some of us having but an infinitesimal tinge, others—as, for instance, Chorley—being affluent in the possession thereof. Since the *Herald* has been so enterprising in the Stanley-Livingstone matter, would it not be becoming to further the interests of humanity by sending out an expedition in search of a 'real critic'; one who would be sure of attracting at least 'passing attention' from those who now suffer from the scintillations of its Chorley's patent but erratic pen? A 'real critic,' when found, would surely know that by such 'real musicians' as Rossini, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Schumann, and Meyerbeer, Auber's '*chef d'œuvre*' was pronounced a model of its class—perfect in its dramatic as in its musical form, and worthy to be treasured as a classic for all time."

Next, turning to the *Tribune*, our contemporary went on:—

"Of course the election news from Pennsylvania and Ohio last week was bad, from a *Tribune* point of view; and anybody can understand that such unwelcome returns as came to hand from Philadelphia and Cincinnati must have exceedingly depressed and irritated the members of that journal's staff. But we regret to find so little method in the exhibition of the *Tribune's* madness. If it must lose temper, why should an innocent *prima donna* be selected as the object of its wrath? Madame Lucca is not a 'repeater,' nor did she influence the election in any degree, so far as we have been able to ascertain; yet the *Tribune* snarls at the heels of her vivacious Zerlina, and sets up a distressing yelp over the general performance of *Fra Diavolo*; and, with a lamentable lack of political sagacity, it barks savagely at the chorus of the Academy."

"Now we happen to know that prior to the production of Auber's sparkling opera, which was so effectively rendered on Friday night, the voting element in the choral ranks was a unit for the *chapeau blanc* of Chappaqua. The imported members from Covent Garden had been expressly naturalized and taught the Declaration of Independence, with a view of strengthening the popular plaster that is to draw Grant out of the Presidential chair. But the *Tribune's* injudicious howl of discontent has upset the missionary work of half-a-dozen zealots, and secured an operatic majority for Grant beyond peradventure. Fortunately, the Academy chorus, though larger than usual, is not sufficiently numerous to change the whole vote of the city, but it is clear that the *Tribune* will seriously impair Mr. Greeley's chances of hanging up the typical white hat in the public White House if it tolerates this same exasperating style of criticism in all departments. The dramatic critic may, from familiar fawning, turn to and snap at the stock and stars of the theatrical stage, while the professed Shylock who edits the money columns may create an irresistible bear movement on Liberal stock."

"Verily the folly of friends is often more dangerous than the cunning of enemies."

LIEGE.—M. Radoux has been formally installed as director of the Conservatory.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—According to all accounts, Madame Mallinger has not been exceedingly successful at the Italian Opera; on the contrary; very much on the contrary. It could not well be otherwise. She appeared for the first time as Adina, in *L'Elisir*, thus forcing on the public a comparison between herself and Madame Adelina Patti. At the conclusion of the opera, Madame Mallinger gave Venzano's unfortunate waltz, but the audiences here are accustomed to something better of the kind, and the applause was very limited. Madame Mallinger was somewhat more happy in the second performance of the same opera, but of aught like enthusiasm on the part of her hearers there was not the slightest trace. She will next appear in *Il Trovatore*. She was badly supported as Adina. There have since been two good performances: *Roberto* and *Linda*. In the first-named opera, Signor Nicolini, as Roberto, and Signora Volpini, as Alice were much applauded.

## A NEW "SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS."

A new musical society has just given the usual first signs of life by advertising in the newspapers. Its announcement, however, means little to the uninitiated reader, who is simply told that the "British Orchestral Society" will begin a series of concerts in St. James's Hall next month. But even this news is good news. It has long been a reproach to London that many months of the year pass without a single orchestral concert. Still more has it been a reproach that lovers of the symphony, overture, and concerto must betake themselves to the Crystal Palace, if they would please their tastes at a moderate cost. We welcome, then, any efforts to found good and cheap orchestral concerts in the heart of London, no matter by whom made; and the British Orchestral Society may count upon the favour and help of all who cherish the interests of music. But we shall be greatly mistaken if favour and help do not arise from another and yet more potent cause. The British Orchestral Society is an outcome of that strong feeling for native talent which lately gave rise to so many letters in our columns. Having found a place for those epistles, we shall not be expected to say anything against letter-writing on behalf of such a cause. Discussion ever calls forth many things which are absurd or impracticable, and it often stirs up ill-temper in those who carry it on; but the good of discussion outweighs its evil. That public instinct which gave birth to the dictum "*Vox populi, vox Dei*" separates chaff from wheat in all such cases; and, though the grains may be few, they may also be fruitful. While, however, the worth of discussion must be upheld, discussion itself but prepares the ground for action. "*Fine words*," says a homely proverb, "*butler no parsnips*;" and words of any sort are useless unless action goes with or follows them. Even the words of prayer avail nothing, as the unlucky wagoner who begged Jupiter to get his wagon out of a ditch was taught to know. On this account we see with pleasure that our native instrumentalists have girded up their loins for action. They are content no longer to grumble in public and private places about the doings of the foreigner, whose under-selling and, often, not very scrupulous habits threaten to push them out of the home market altogether. Truth to tell, native talent has grumbled long enough, while doing nothing to make head against enemies. It has illustrated Napoleon's liking of the Englishman to a donkey jogging along with a quietness in direct proportion to the weight of the load upon his back. But even a donkey can kick; and our orchestral players seem at last bent upon proving their self-respect, and upon striking a blow for the good cause of native art. Let us all welcome them into the field of action, and, so long as they beman themselves worthily, cheer their fighting.

A full account of the British Orchestral Society, its aims and means, will appear in due course, and will have much weight in inclining the balance of popular favour. But, at present, it most concerns us to know that membership of the Society is limited to native performers. We shall, indeed, hear a real British orchestra, free from admixture of the foreign element, and in all things home-grown. Surely the British public will note the fact; and British love of country will rally in support! After this mode we might talk long and in high-sounding phrase; but to what good? "Patriotism"—"love of country"—"support of native interests," and such like terms, are fine rhetorical means, but they represent little more than the notes of a broken bank. In plain words, the British Orchestral Society must trust nothing to a feeling of nationality. Its aim as a trading body, should be to sell things good and cheap; otherwise, depend upon it, an honest British name on the sign-board will not keep the public from the shop of Monsieur This or Signor That over the way. In our time, the public is terribly self-seeking, and cares not a rap for anything but its own profit or pleasure. It would even turn up its nose at Magna Charta if the parchment of any other "bulwark of liberty" were worth a farthing more per pound. All this is unpleasant to write and to read; but what is the use of living in a Fool's Paradise, or leaning on a broken staff? Moreover, the British Orchestral Society must reckon upon the opposition of a good deal of sterling old British prejudice. Our country, in our own eyes, is the Nazareth of music, and when any one comes saying, "Behold! I am a prophet," we take up stones to stone him, or point the million fingers of scorn at his claims. A British musical society, therefore, starts upon its career—as Richard II. ended his—with few to say "God bless it." It may do great things at the outset, but only continued doing can break through the triple armour—forged by ignorance, and kept bright by fashion—which guards British sympathies from British music. It is well

that all these obstacles should be looked at, but they need not frighten cool and resolute men, such as we may account the directors of the new Society. No doubt, the cost of the scheme has been reckoned, and its chances of success well weighed. The struggle for the well-doing of native talent is entered upon with wide-open eyes; and, if failure come, it cannot come unawares.

While waiting to know more of the Society than the mere facts of its existence and imminent action, it might seem ungracious on our part to come forward with possibly needless advice. There are, however, one or two points with regard to which we shall venture a word, and the first concerns the direction of the Society. Everybody knows how apt musical institutions are to split upon the rock of that quarrelsome instinct which musical men rarely lack. A parliament of professors of the divine art is far more intractable than a French Assembly. Each member, like certain organisms of a lower kind, has his sensitive tentacles out in all directions, and to touch but the end of one is to provoke a row. Let us hope, therefore, that the government of the British Orchestral Society is a simple machine needing but few hands to work it. The fewer hands it needs the better—so much the better that we could wish the "highest good" of a wise dictatorship in all matters professional and artistic. If this may not be, make the government aristocratic in the strict etymological sense; anything but democratic. Democracy in musical things is synonymous with damnation. On one other point we feel some anxiety, and that is as regards the music to be played. The managers should clearly see to what extent they have to make a public for their concerts. Were they to count upon support from the classes who attend the Philharmonic and other high-priced entertainments, nothing but disappointment would await them. On the other hand, to attract the huge, outlying mass of the general public by means of music easily understood and readily enjoyed by uncultivated tastes, would be a wise and safe policy. This can be done without giving up the smallest claim of the Society to take a high position. The numerous symphonies of Haydn, and those less known of Mozart, for example, belong to the highest order of art, while able to charm the least educated ear. We would earnestly impress this matter upon the directors of the new Society, because it is, to our thinking, a matter of life or death. "Milk for babes" is a wise injunction, and British musicians, coming forward as such, must rely mainly upon those who are babes in art. We now take leave of the subject till further details are forthcoming. Meanwhile, let the British Orchestral Society rest confident of the goodwill of all who unite the love of country to the love of music.

Clarence Egg.

CAMEL.—First Subscription Concert of the Theatre Orchestra: Overture to *Euryanthe*, Weber; Air from *Herakles*, Handel; Piano-forte Concerto, F sharp minor, Ferdinand Hiller; "Des Singers Fluch," Esser; Fantasia, C major, Schubert; Songs, Schubert, Rubinstein, and Franz; Symphony, C minor, No. 3, Spohr.

DUSSELDORF.—First concert of the General Musical Union: Overture, C major, Op. 124, Beethoven; three Sacred Songs, for alt solo, chorus and organ, Mendelssohn; Ninth Violin Concerto, Spohr; Aria from *Titus*, Mozart; "Der Sturm," Haydn; "Teufelsdröcker," Tartini; Songs, Mendelssohn and Schumann; "Im Walde," Symphony, Raff.

COLOGNE.—First Gürzenich Concert: Overture to *Euryanthe*, Weber; Piano Concerto, G major, Beethoven (Madame Clara Schumann); "Schicksalslied" ("Song of Fate," for Chorus and Orchestra, Brahms; "Liebesbotschaft," Schubert, and "Frühlingslied," Mendelssohn (Mdlle. Friedländer, from Leipzig). Pianoforte Pieces (Madame C. Schumann): Canon in E flat major, Schumann; Scherzo, from the *Midnighter Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn; and Symphony No. 2, C major, Schumann.

AREZZO.—It was proposed some time since to erect a monument to Guido, the inventor of the system of musical notation. The Corporation have gone to considerable expense, in preparing a suitable site, and there the matter rests. The subscriptions collected in Italy are ridiculously small compared to the object in view; and unless foreign nations open their purse-strings, and come to the rescue, "Shall Guido have a statue?" bids fair to remain as long without an answer as the similar interrogatory with regard to our own Cromwell.

HAMBURG.—A new operetta, *Die Dorfmusikanten*, has been successfully produced at the Wilhelmtheater. The music is the first essay, in this style, of Herr Richard Thiele, a young Berliner. His father was, for a long period, organist at one of the parish churches here.—Herr B. Bilse and his orchestra have been giving a series of highly attractive concerts.—Herr Ullmann will, with his concert company, give a concert on the 11th, and another on the 23rd of the present month. He will shortly visit Sweden.

## PRINCE JURI (GEORGE) GALIZYN.\*

VITAM IMPENDERE VERO.

Prince Juri Nikolejewitsch Galizyn, who died, last September, in St. Petersburg, and was known by the concerts he gave, with a company of Russian singers, in Germany, England, and America, was descended from an old Boyard family, which spreads over all Russia, and to which belonged Prince Wassili Galizyn, minister of the Zarewna Sophia; Prince Boris Galizyn, tutor of Peter I., the first Russian Senators, members of Peter I.'s Superior Privy Council, General-Admirals, and Ambassadors. In the time of Lipinski and Böhm, his father, Prince Nikolai Borisowitsch, was (up to the age of thirty) a zealous and skilful member of the Quartet Society in St. Petersburg. It was in his house that Lipinski tried the E flat major Quartet which Beethoven dedicated to the Prince, after Franz Böhm had given it up as something impossible to play; Lipinski, on the other hand, was ravished, and entranced with it. The Prince gave more than four hundred concerts. He was a *fanatico per la musica*. His comprehension of Beethoven was not profound; the great thing for him was taking a part in the performance; playing; playing a great deal; consequently, he performed at very many concerts, all over Russia, especially in Charkow and Tambow, though he was not such a master on his instrument as Count Wielhorski. This Prince died some years ago. He perceived very soon a decided taste for music in his son. That son, Prince Juri, who had as much *emboupoint* as Lablache, merely pursued music as a dilettante, and till the latter years of his life, if, indeed, at all, did not study it theoretically. He was never master of a large fortune, because his father, in his character of a Mécenas, had greatly diminished the hereditary property, or, probably, spent it entirely. It may be mentioned that his father paid the price fixed by Beethoven for the three Quartets (in B flat, in A, and in E flat. Op. 130, Op. 132, and Op. 127), which he commissioned Beethoven to write ("which he had ordered," is a detestable expression) and dedicate to him; but he paid only a part to Beethoven himself, and the remainder to his heirs.

Prince Juri lived, as was the custom of those of his own rank and age, carelessly from day to day, and it was not till his fortune was completely dissipated that he came before the public as a conductor, at the head of a number of Russian singers whom he had collected and trained. For spreading Russian compositions far and wide abroad, he is undoubtedly entitled to high credit. In the important musical library inherited from his father are Beethoven's three Quartets in manuscript (small quarto, in parts, not in score), with corrections in the composer's hand. The latter have been transferred to the plates. The overture for the *Weihe des Hauses*, Op. 124, also, was dedicated to the father. It is in no way true that Prince Juri was deserted by his nearest relatives as our Press asserted; it is by no means true that he sacrificed his property for others; he simply expended too much of it in keeping up great show and magnificence as Marshal of the Nobility at Tambow. I knew both the father and the son for thirty years, and cultivated music a great deal with the former; I am, therefore, in a position to affirm that neither understood much of Beethoven. Beethoven's Violoncello Sonatas, Op. 102, especially, were quite beyond the father's comprehension. Prince Boris played in very poor style, and for reasons easily imagined, unwillingly, the Quartets dedicated to him by Beethoven. They were too difficult for him: "C'est mal doigté," he would frequently say; "C'est très-incommode," he always said. Never at any period did Prince Boris, or his son, an amiable and affable man, exert any influence upon musical matters. They were contented with the character of Mécénases at home, and figuring everlastingly as executants.

*The Voice (Golos)*, the paper enjoying the largest circulation at St. Petersburg, publishes the following not uninteresting particulars concerning Prince Juri:—"It was abroad that the Prince entered upon an artistic career. A report circulated among us here that a Russian Prince, whose name was not mentioned, had, *horrible dictu!* appeared in public, conducting-stick in hand. People attached but small credence to the report. The more astounded were they, therefore, when, one day, monster

posters announced, very seriously, a concert to be given by the Prince in Pawlowsk (the Kroll's of St. Petersburg). The public besieged the railway station; train after train was despatched to Pawlowsk, where all the 'high life' of St. Petersburg had assembled. The best places at Vauxhall were filled by ladies belonging to the first society, and by old gentlemen, from whose foreheads the clouds of state cares had only just disappeared; the sides of the hall contained the flower of the infantry, and cavalry officers of the Guard leaning upon their swords. English and French phrases jostled and commingled with each other: 'Mais, comment? He, the member of an ancient princely family! Voilà où nous en sommes, mesdames! Shocking! Very shocking, sir!'—Grey-haired old ladies shook their heads, and grey-haired old gentlemen laughed derisively; the young ladies seemed astonished; the young officers tried to twirl their moustachios in embryo. There appeared upon the stage a portly, corpulent man, with the 'head of an Assyrian king,' as Herz so admirably expressed it. He made a slight obeisance to the public. The applause was rather shy. The chorus burst forth, under the Prince's conducting-stick, wielded impetuously by the Prince. The *début* did not produce a *furor*; the audience had not assembled in such numbers to hear the 'chansons russes,' but to see a chorus conducted by a genuine Russian Prince! A Prince whose genealogical tree formed a part of Russian history from the earliest times. What puzzled them most was the category under which the occurrence was to be ranged. They thought of nihilism, a disease then prevalent everywhere, and now simply ridiculous, but the conductor's high and aristocratic bearing, which clung to him all through his life, did not agree with this theory. They thought of want of money, but it could not well be that; with the Prince's family connections, he might, supposing him incapable of really doing anything, which was not the case, have obtained some appointment with nothing at all to do, which would have raised him above want. The audience decided in favour of the Prince's passionate fondness for music; but there was nothing so very reprehensible about this, and they wanted to lay some kind of transgression to the charge of one who had thus wounded aristocratic pride. 'High life' was most dissatisfied at the sympathy which the event found among the general public. After much debating, it was decided that the Prince's eccentricity, and his yearning for popularity, had induced him to take such a step. There was some truth in this. Amidst the colourless society to which he belonged, he was distinguished all his life for decided originality, and energy, which latter, unfortunately, was not invariably devoted to a proper object; for a tendency towards the grandiose in outward things, while the other members of his own class were contented with empty splendour, and the strict practice of traditional customs. It is certain that the Prince was no ordinary man. The light-heartedness with which he went through some most difficult moments of his eventful life really borders upon geniality. More than once did Fortune raise him above his difficulties, and more than once did he stand upon the brink of ruin. Out of a luxurious carriage with powdered lackeys did the Prince step into the prison for debt in London. One day he would give a dinner fit for Sardanapalus, and, the next, he would have nothing to eat. He mixed in every rank of social life, and was acquainted with every kind of privation, to which he was continually being reduced by his carelessness for the morrow. His entire existence was one series of obstacles over which he triumphed, simply to become again involved. He was made up of contradictions. His efforts to gain money equalled his extravagance. Kind by nature, he often did wrong, and then repented and confessed his fault. Brought up among those who possess no notion of genuine nationality (?), the Prince was, to the last, a man of the people (?), a true Russian, with all the good, and all the bad, qualities of such an individual. He knew very well that he possessed more enemies than friends, and blamed no one for this but himself. He never concealed his faults, and listened quietly to reproaches, in which neither friend nor foe were ever deficient. One thing, however, is incomprehensible, and that is how it was that, with the energy of which he gave such frequent proofs, he never would combat against himself. "I have no worse enemy than myself," he used to say. We

\* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

cannot attribute everything to the circumstances in which he was placed; but, under different circumstances, he would have been a different man. Nature had not behaved like a stepmother in her gifts to him; led astray, when young, he could not succeed for a long time in finding the right path, on which he did not enter until nearly the close of his life. The lost time, however, was not to be recovered, and, for that reason, it is not likely that the Prince will ever hold a place of honour in the history of the development of Russian art."

Other organs of the Russian press, which derive their information from the *Memoirs* he has left, tell us that the Prince was brought up in the corps of Imperial Pages, and, for mere amusement, taught his comrades choral singing, as he afterwards taught others as a serious means of subsistence. In London, it was from the prison for debt that he went to conduct his concerts, returning to prison after he had finished conducting, and being accompanied both to and fro by a policeman (?).<sup>\*</sup> In America he did not make money; the principal sphere of his efforts in Russia was at the concerts of the Zoological Gardens, Moscow, where he was popular, which was not the case in St. Petersburg. Only once, we are told in his *Memoirs*, did he burst into tears over his misfortunes. In London he set his colleagues against him by his aristocratic bearing. At one concert he gave the signal for beginning the overture to *Zampa*, and the orchestra obeyed by bursting out into a horrible medley; they were playing from the parts of a number of different operas, which had been substituted for the proper ones. The public hooted and jeered, the speculator cried off his bargain, and the Prince stood alone in the great foreign capital, not even able to speak with fluency the language of the country.—In our opinion it was simply the wish to show himself and be talked about which brought the Prince before the public; he deserved a better fate, and was not without natural gifts. W. VON LENZ.

#### BRIXTON MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The fourth season of these interesting concerts, which, under the intelligent direction of Mr. Ridley Prentice, have achieved such a deserved success, was commenced last week, when the Angell Town Institution was filled to overflowing with a brilliant assembly; even the orchestra being crowded. The items composing the programme were Haydn's string quartet in B flat, No. 78; the *Moonlight Sonata*; a sonata in G minor, for piano and violin, by Mr. Henry Holmes; and Schumann's pianoforte quartet in E flat. Haydn's genial quartet, the lovely *Adagio* and quaint minuet of which are favourite movements with amateur players, received admirable interpretation at the hands of Messrs. Henry Holmes, Folkes, Zerbin, and Lutgen. The modern work of Mr. Holmes, though containing some fine passages, suffered by contrast, with the easy flow of Haydn, and might, advantageously, have been replaced by some lighter work. Schumann's dramatic quartet was another brilliant performance, and evidently met with appreciation. In this work Messrs. Holmes, Zerbin, and Lutgen were joined by the director. In the favourite *Moonlight Sonata* Mr. Prentice displayed that individuality of expression in the various parts, and the delicacy of shading which we have frequently noted. Miss Purdy, who was the vocalist, sang Schubert's melancholy *Lied*, "The wild wood echoes," Mozart's "Quando miro," and Sullivan's "Willow song." At the next concert the subscribers are promised Mendelssohn's quartet in B minor (No. 3, Op. 3), a string quartet by Mr. Henry Holmes, Mozart's pianoforte sonata in C minor, and Sir W. S. Bennett's Sonata in A for piano and violoncello. W. H. P.

**BYREUTE.**—The Abbate Franz Liszt left on the 20th October. Previous to his departure, he played before a small number of friends and acquaintances, specially invited by Herr R. Wagner. He proceeded direct to Perth.—Nearly all the stonework in the foundations of the National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre is completed.

<sup>\*</sup> This ("?" ) is mine; the others belong to the original Russian article quoted by Herr von Lenz.—TRANSLATOR.

<sup>†</sup> Query: Haughty? Or how about "overbearing;" "his overbearing bearing;"—"That's good! 'Mobbed Queen' is good!" quoth Polonius.—TRANSLATOR.

#### CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The following selection was presented at the fourth Saturday concert:—

Overture, "The Wedding of Camacho" .....	Mendelssohn.
Song, "Young and Old," Mr. Lewis Thomas .....	Anderton.
Scena, ( <i>Orfeo</i> ); Miss Margaret Hancock .....	Gluck.
Selections from the <i>Tempest</i> ; Dance of Nymphs and Reapers; Banquet Dance; Song, "Where the bee sucks," Miss Abbie Whinnery; Overture to Fourth Act .....	A. S. Sullivan.
Recit and air, ( <i>Iphigenie en Tauride</i> ); Mr. W. H. Cummings .....	Gluck.
The May Queen; Miss Abbie Whinnery, Miss Margaret Hancock, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and the Crystal Palace Choir .....	W. S. Bennett.

The Crystal Palace enjoys a monopoly of Mendelssohn's early overture, the score being still in MS., and only available by grace of the composer's representatives. The selection from Mr. Sullivan's *Tempest* music afforded the audience unmixed pleasure. Mr. Sullivan, now holding a high place in music, will be credited, whatever his ultimate distinction, with having done a difficult thing in a manner betokening immense talent. True, the spirit of Mendelssohn pervades the music to the *Tempest*; but there is in it so much just conception of, and sympathy with, the poet, so much accuracy and beauty of expression, such a wealth of colour and charm of melody, that the world cannot let it die. Mr. Sullivan will at least be known in time to come by the work on which he lavished his youthful energy and freshness of spirit. The numbers performed at this concert were the "Dance of Nymphs and Reapers," Ariel's song, "Where the bee sucks" (Miss Abbie Whinnery); and the spirited Overture to Act IV. All were well received, but the charming dance, in which the reapers join the nymphs, won the honour—as usual—of repetition. We need not discuss a work so well known and universally accepted as Sir S. Bennett's *May Queen*. Enough that its merits challenged and obtained renewed admiration; the more because of a performance which, on the whole, exhibited them in a very favourable light. Miss Whinnery's voice was scarcely powerful enough in the soprano solos, but she sang with discretion and skill; as did Miss Hancock in the part of the Queen of England. Mr. Cummings acquitted himself admirably of the lover's music. He was in good voice, and his refined taste and general artistic qualities had fair play, with a result which must have satisfied everybody. In Robin Hood's characteristic song "Tis jolly to hunt," Mr. Lewis Thomas won deserved applause. We have never heard the air given with a better appreciation of its spirit and character; or, as need hardly be said, with a voice and style more suitable. The choruses were sung fairly well; and the orchestra played the overture—one of Sir S. Bennett's most imaginative creations—in splendid style. Miss Hancock and Mr. Cummings should be thanked for introducing Gluck's fine songs. Upon Mr. Anderton's "Young and Old" we will not pronounce till it has been sung with pianoforte, not orchestral, accompaniment.

#### THE MUSICAL DIRECTORY, ANNUAL, AND ALMANACK, FOR 1873.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—As Messrs. Rudall, Carte & Co. have entrusted to me the editorship of their *Musical Directory*, for 1873, will you allow me to ask your readers to lend me their valuable aid in rendering the work as complete and reliable as possible, not only by forwarding at once correct details as to their own names, addresses, &c., but also by supplying particulars as to any of their friends who may have been omitted from, or incorrectly described, in the previous editions. I shall also be greatly obliged if all publishers will send in lists of copyright music published by them from the 1st of November, 1871, to the 31st of October, 1872; and if secretaries of musical societies will supply me with full particulars. The necessary forms have now been sent out to all members of the profession whose names are in the Directory for 1872; and, in cases where they have not been received, they will be sent immediately on receipt of a post-card, addressed to me. Trusting that the importance of the work will be deemed a sufficient excuse for occupying your valuable space. If any of your readers have corrected their copies of the Directory will they kindly send them to me.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

CHARLES MACKENON.

Office of the Musical Directory,  
20, Charing Cross, S. W., 6th Nov, 1872.

**MUNICH.**—*Des Thürmers Töchterlein*, a new opera, with music by Prof. or Rheinberger, and words by Herr Stahl, will shortly be produced at the Royal Court and National Theatre.

## MOZART AND ARABELLA GODDARD.

(From "The Standard.")

The crowded state of the Crystal Palace concert-room last Saturday afternoon showed that some unusual attraction was included in the programme, and that the occasion was one of more than ordinary interest. The appearance of Madame Arabella Goddard, almost immediately after the first overture had been played, fully explained the nature of the attraction, and the reception accorded her showed how keenly appreciated are the remarkable talents which have placed our gifted countrywoman not only at the head of English pianists, but of those whose nationality is synonymous with the highest musical culture.

There is an old adage which implies that human nature never fully appreciates a benefit until the time has arrived for its withdrawal. In the artistic as well as the material world testimony is often borne to the truthfulness of an observation which has long ago been epitomised; but yet it cannot be justly said that the musicians of this country have ever shown any want of appreciation of the talents of the great pianist who now designs to withdraw herself for a period, not only from her English friends, but also from her European admirers, and purposes earning fresh laurels in distant lands and in more southern climes. The loss which art will suffer by the withdrawal, even for a time, of one of its brightest ornaments cannot be too highly estimated; but happily with it no remorse is blended, no retrospect of unrequited appreciation is suggested. Madame Goddard's career, since the age of sixteen, has been an unbroken series of successes. Pianists from many countries have visited us to dispute her sovereignty as "Queen." Madame Pleyel, Madame Schumann, and others have in turn been *fêted* and honoured; but true to the motto England once assigned a hero—"Palmam qui meruit ferat"—its musicians have never allowed in this instance their foreign proclivities to interfere with their judgment, and have not only proclaimed our gifted countrywoman the *artiste par excellence* amongst pianists, but the most accomplished performer of modern times.

With an intuitiveness equal to a "presage," the audience of Saturday afternoon seemed to be aware that this appearance of Madame Goddard diminished the opportunities which can be afforded of hearing her before her contemplated departure, and the enthusiastic recall to which she had to respond seemed like the precursor of that leave-taking which, before many months are over must, we fear, inevitably take place. The work Madame Goddard selected to inaugurate her series of valedictory performances was Mozart's Concerto in B flat, the last of the set of 25, five of which are written in the same key. This fine concerto is replete with evidences of Mozart's command over the resources of his art, and of his extraordinary ingenuity and skill in making the most ordinary passage yield to contrapuntal treatment, and become a prominent portion of the general composition. Thus, the independent passage given to the wind instruments in the opening *tutti*, although of the simplest character, and formed merely of the tones of the tonic triad, becomes, from the manner in which it is introduced in a variety of keys, one of the most interesting features of the movement, and contrasts delightfully with the *legato* phrases allotted to the pianoforte. The second movement, a *larghetto*, is chiefly remarkable for the introduced episode and the character of its instrumentation. The *finale* is the most fascinating of the three movements; for, although the measure is that of six-eight, and the very nature of the subject seems to forbid all attempt at elaboration, there is a breadth about the movement, and a character given to it, which proclaim not only the hand of a great master in a playful mood, but the delightful genius of the illustrious Wolfgang. The admiration for this revived work was, nevertheless, as nothing compared with that which Madame Goddard's performance elicited. Her execution was perfectly marvellous. Not that the work taxed in the smallest degree her digital capabilities, but it brought out the wonderful modulating power she has at command. Light and shade were, throughout, faithfully preserved; but there was something more. There were that swelling of the tones, those varied inflexions, which, like nature's ever-varying tints, defy description. The two ingenious *cadenzas*, written for the occasion by Herr Carl Reinecke, of Leipzig, exhibited Madame Goddard's *tour de force* to much advantage, whilst the chromatic passage in thirds which preceded the final shake of the *cadenza* introduced in the last movement was one of the most perfect exhibitions of digital skill ever presented. Madame Goddard's performance, nevertheless, suggested the thought that such playing cannot be properly appreciated out of musical Europe, and that the new world is scarcely entitled to the honour

of celebrating the apogee of such an artist. Madame Goddard's command over all styles will enable her to appeal effectively to every audience she may meet; but that at times it must be at the sacrifice of her highest powers is the reflection that must suggest itself to the mind of educated musicians on this side of the Atlantic.

## ROYAL SURREY WINTER GARDENS.

The enterprising proprietor of the Surrey Gardens, undaunted by the ill-success of his first summer season, re-opened the theatre last Monday evening, under the Lord Chamberlain's license, for a series of promenade concerts, which are to be continued nightly, pending the production of a Christmas pantomime. The theatre has been tastefully decorated with horticultural and other embellishments, and surrounded by a covered promenade, brilliantly illuminated by a number of elegant chandeliers. The orchestra is transferred to the proscenium, and the back of the stage converted into a *recherché* saloon and refreshment buffet.

Upon the opening night, the weather was most unpropitious, as, singularly enough, it has invariably been on Mr. Strange's inaugural or other special occasions; and, as a consequence, but a comparatively small company assembled. The following evening, however, when there was the additional attraction of a pyrotechnic display, the attendance was far more numerous, the hall, indeed, and promenade alike, being crowded to an inconvenient degree; and there appears every prospect that the somewhat hazardous enterprise upon which Mr. Strange has embarked will achieve a success. The programme of the first evening consisted of a medley of popular selections, the hackneyed arrangement from *Faust*, figuring in the first part; whilst Jullien's "British Army Quadrille" formed the most prominent feature of the second. Other instrumental items were the overture to *Ruy Blas*, Gounod's "Meditation," March from *La Reine de Saba*, and some pieces of dance music. The orchestra, which consists of some fifty musicians, conducted by Mr. T. Gough, is in thoroughly efficient organization. Vocal music was represented by Miss Lucy Franklin, Mr. J. H. Pearson, and Miss L. Gray; and Mdlle. Mirian played piano solos—one in each part. The concert, altogether an attractive entertainment, obtained the hearty plaudits of the audience. The "British Army Quadrilles," in particular, elicited great enthusiasm; and, at its conclusion, the popular lessee was loudly called for. The prospectus promises oratorio and classical, besides popular, nights. W. H. P.

BADEN.—His Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, has forwarded, through Count Pückler, a brilliant ring to Herr Louis Katzan. The Imperial present is in return for a "Peace March" dedicated by Herr Katzan to his Majesty.

AIX-LES-CHAPELLES.—The Fifteenth Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine will be held here at Whitsuntide, 1873. The committee have requested Madame Gomperz-Bettelheim to take the alto music on the occasion.

ELBERFELD.—Herr Theodor Wachtel has been engaged at the Stadt-theater for four performances. He will appear in *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* (of course); *Il Trovatore*; *Les Huguenots*; and *Guillaume Tell*.

GOtha.—Madame Peschka-Leutner sang for the first time in this town, at a concert given by the members of the *Liedertafel*. The compositions selected were the air from *Euryanthe*, Proch's "Variation," and songs by Schumann and Marschner.

MOSCOW.—Madame Adelina Patti was to remain a month here, and then go to St. Petersburg, for three months. She is to receive, for the four months, 230,000,000 francs, including a benefit here and another in St. Petersburg, each guaranteed for 15,000,000 francs. She was to sing twice a week. Her repertory consists of *Lucia*, *Rigoletto*, *La Sonnambula*, *Linda*, *Il Barbiere*, and *Romeo e Giulietta*. Should she be required to sing more than twice a week, she is to receive 8,000,000 francs for each extra performance.—Dr. BLIDER.

VIENNA.—The Vienna Male Vocal Union were to give a grand Mendelssohn Festival on the 3rd inst. The proceedings were to commence with a poem written for the occasion by Dr. Ludwig Voglar. This was to be followed by the overture, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," executed by the chorus of the Operahouse, under the direction of the chorusmaster, Herr Kremser: Song, sung by Madame Louise Dustmann; and the choruses, "Wasserfahrt," and "Abschied vom Walde." The second part of the programme was to be filled by *Antigone*, with the connecting choruses, under the direction of the chorusmaster Herr Rudolf Weinwarm. Madame Gabilon had volunteered to deliver the spoken dialogue, while Madame Dustmann, Herren Lowinsky and Krastel had offered to sing the vocal parts.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1872-3.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

The Director begs to announce that the FIFTEENTH SEASON of the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, commences on Monday Evening, November 11, and that the performances will take place as follows, viz.:—Monday, November 11; Monday, November 18; Monday, November 25; Monday, December 2; Monday, December 9; Monday, December 16, 1872; Monday, January 12; Monday, January 20; Monday, January 27; Monday, February 3; Monday, February 10; Monday, February 17; Monday, February 24; Monday, March 3; Monday, March 10; Monday, March 17, 1873. Seven Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays, January 25; February 1, 8, 15, 22; March 1 and 8, 1873.

## FIVE EXTRA MORNING PERFORMANCES

(Not included in the Subscription) will be given before Christmas,

On Saturdays, November 16, 23, 30, December 7 and 14.

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD is engaged as pianist on Mondays, November 11 and 25, and on Saturday, November 23. Mr. CHARLES HALLS will appear on Mondays, November 18, December 2 and 16, and on Saturdays, November 16, 23, and December 14. Madame NORMAN-NERUDA will be the violinist on Mondays, November 11, 18, and 25; also on Saturdays, November 16, 23, and 30. Signor PIATTI will hold the post of first violoncello on all occasions. Herr L. RIES that of second violin. Herr STRAUSS, or Mr. ZERNI, will play viola. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT and Mr. ZERNI, as heretofore, officiating as conductors. Mr. FINE NERVA is engaged on Saturday Afternoons, December 7 and 14; and Mr. Santley will appear on Monday Evening, December 16. Madame SCHOMANN, Miss ANNE ZIMMERMAN, Herr FAYEN, Herr DANKERTSEN, Mons. DELABORD, Mr. FRANKLIN TAYLOR, M. SAINTON, and Herr JOACHIM will appear after Christmas.

## THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 11, 1872.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

## Programme.

## PART I.

- QUARTET in C major, Op. 33, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERNI, and PIATTI .. .. . Haydn.  
SONG, "Deh vieni non tardar"—Madame SIKCO .. .. . Mozart.  
SONATA in C minor, Op. 111, for pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD .. .. . Beethoven.

## PART II.

- SONATA in D major, Op. 58, for pianoforte and violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Signor PIATTI .. .. . Mendelssohn.  
SONG, "Quando a te lieta"—Madame SIKCO, violoncello obbligato, Signor PIATTI .. .. . Gounod.  
TRIO in G major, Op. 1, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI .. .. . Beethoven.

Conductor .. .. . Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Austin's, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 39, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cook and Co., 63, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Delavanti and Co., Brompton Road.

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 16, 1872.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

## PROGRAMME.

- QUARTET in E flat, Op. 12, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERNI, and PIATTI .. .. . Mendelssohn.  
SONG, "Ave Maria"—Mlle. NITA GARTANO .. .. . Schubert.  
SONATA in E flat, Op. 7, for pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLS .. .. . Beethoven.  
SONG, "Au printemps"—Mlle. NITA GARTANO .. .. . Gounod.  
TRIO in B flat, Op. 99, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mr. CHARLES HALLS, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor FOLI .. .. . Schubert.  
Conductor .. .. . Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

## CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

SIXTH CONCERT—THIS DAY—NOVEMBER 9th, 1872.

## Programme.

1. OVERTURE, "The Bride of Messina" .. .. . Schumann.  
2. AIR, "Quando a te lieta" (*Faust*)—MADAME PATET .. .. . Gounod.  
3. RONDO IN B FLAT, for pianoforte and orchestra (First time)—MR. RIDLEY PRENTICE .. .. . Beethoven.  
4. ARIA, "E amore un ladrocello" (*Cost fan Tutte*)—MADAME LEMMENT-SHERINGTON .. .. . Mozart.  
5. SYMPHONY, "Eroica" (No. 3, Op. 55) .. .. . Beethoven.  
6. SONG, "Although my eyes with tears were dim" (*Outward Bound*) (First time)—MADAME PATET .. .. . Macfarren.  
7. CAVATINA, "Di placer" (*La Gazza Ladra*)—MADAME LEMMENT-SHERINGTON .. .. . Rossini.  
8. OVERTURE, "Der Freischütz" .. .. . Weber.  
CONDUCTOR .. .. . MR. MANNS.

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will appear again at a date after Christmas. Madame SCHOMANN will appear on 1st March. Mr. JOACHIM will appear on Feb. 15th, and March 15th. Signor PIATTI will appear on January 18th. Madame NORMAN-NERUDA will appear on the 25th January. Madame SIKCO will be the Vocalist on the 30th November.

## DEATH.

At Havre, Exeter, November 5th, 1872, FREDERIC MARC ANTOINE VENUA, aged 86 years. Deeply regretted.

On the 22nd ult., at Plymouth, CATHERINE AUGUSTE, wife of Mr. WILLIAM WINTERBOTHAM, Band Master Royal Marines, aged 49.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EPHRAIM BULLOCK.—Our correspondent is wrong on every point. Mr. James M. Wehli, pianist after his order, played his own *fandasia* on airs from Gounod's *Faust*, and a left-handed affair on "Home, sweet home," at the Crystal Palace, on the 12th October, 1867, when Mr. Nelson Varley attempted "Sound an alarm," and the C minor symphony of Beethoven was done—the overtures being Schumann's *Genoese* and Weber's *Oberon*.

Dr. POT.—No, it was on October 12th, at the fourth concert of the Crystal Palace season in 1867, that Signor Ronchetti, the questionable bass-barytone appeared. Dr. Pot is wrong about Guglielmi. It was Nicolai who composed the famous "Six Sonatas" for Clavier. This Nicolai was neither Nicolo Isouard (author of *Cendrillon*, *Jocande*, &c.), nor Otto Nicolai (composer of the *Lustigen Weiber von Windsor*!). Dr. Pot should read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.

ROLAND GEORGE LEAN.—No. When Herr Wallenreiter sang for the second time at the Crystal Palace Concerts (April 25th, 1868), Auber's *Exhibition Overture* (not Meyerbeer's *Exhibition March*) was played. It is true that at this same concert, Herr F. Grützmacher, the then accredited violoncellist of the King of Saxony, made his *début* at the Palace; but he played his *own* Concerto in A major, besides accompanying Mr. Wilbye Cooper in one of Moore's Irish melodies ("Believe me," &c.—arranged by Herr Manus). So that Mr. Lean has been misled.

SIDNEY HAM.—Non, à coup sûr. Les partisans exclusifs de la musique italienne, surpris dans leur camp, se groupèrent autour d'un nom célèbre; ils opposèrent à l'audacieux conquérant le talent de Piccini que la postérité a réduit à des proportions plus modestes. Des deux côtés la querelle s'échauffa, mais le public, avec son instinct perspicace, sut se tenir à l'écart des stériles discussions qui s'agitaient au-dessus de lui, et resta le juge souverain de ses préférences. Rousseau lui-même, critique si morose d'ordinaire, et si mécontent de tout ce qui ne vient pas d'Italie, sauf du *Devin du Village*, est ébranlé dans ses convictions. Etourdi du coup formidable porté par Gluck à ses idées, déconcerté par le succès de l'opéra français, le partial écrivain de la *Lettre sur la Musique Française*, après avoir proclamé la langue italienne comme la seule propre à la mélodie, brûle ce qu'il adorait la veille, et finit par avancer cette étrange opinion—que "les langues modernes, production des peuples barbares, ne son point naturellement musicales, pas même l'italienne."

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

# The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

**MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS** has sent us the following letter:—

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—My absence from London has prevented me from replying to the article in your columns on the subject of my letter to Mr. Willert Beale and the *Carnarvon Herald*, concerning the Welsh choirs; and, as the *Musical World* is a high authority in all matters connected with art, I must beg you to allow me to disclaim the imputation, that the purpose of my letters was "to open a door for the retreat of the Welsh choirs," rather than to benefit the working-men.

I may possibly have failed to make myself understood; my sole intention, however, was to propose that a prize should be given for choirs of mechanics or artisans from all parts of the country, with a view to encourage the study of choral music among the working-classes. Nothing was further from my thoughts than the idea of my fellow-countrymen retiring from the contest at the Crystal Palace next year. I regret that you should censure my wish to establish a prize for "working-men;" but I feel grateful for the praise you bestow on the competitors; especially as you say "it is possible that the prize of any contest, limited to working-men, would fall easily into their hands," and "that there are very few English choral bodies, similarly made up, which show an equal degree of skill and good training." This is great encouragement, and is highly valued by my countrymen. In another part of your article you remark "that certain Welsh utterances (by Sir Watkin Wynn), at Tremadoc, have made withdrawal impossible." But I look forward with pleasure to next year's contest, feeling confident that the South Wales choirs will in every way maintain the reputation they have so honourably won. There is not the slightest intention of showing what you call "the white feather;" an "emblem" which, I am happy to say, has never yet been associated with the history of Wales.—I remain yours truly,

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

St. Mary Abbotts Terrace,  
Kensington, Nov. 4th.

As Mr. Richards may be supposed to share the impulsiveness of his countrymen on all matters concerning which they feel warmly, we are not surprised that he has jumped to a wrong conclusion touching our remarks upon the letters addressed by him to Mr. Willert Beale and the *Carnarvon Herald*. We do not know what part of the frame corporeal is looked upon by Welshmen as the seat of honour, but that it is the most sensitive part nobody doubts.

"For I do know Fluellen valiant,  
And touched with choler, hot as gunpowder,  
And quickly will return an injury."

But when a keen resentment of unworthy imputation waits upon fancy or misconstruction it is apt to become a nuisance. An example of this appears in the letter quoted above. Mr. Richards imagines that we imputed to him an exhibition of the "white feather," and a design to open "a door of retreat for the Welsh choirs." Never was a greater mistake made. We simply indicated a *possible* interpretation of Mr. Richards' letter to Mr. Beale. Let us put our very words in evidence:—"Mr. Richards' letter, in point of fact, *might* easily be looked upon as an exhibition of the white feather. \* \* \* So *might* Mr. Richards be interpreted," &c. If the hot Welsh blood, coursing furiously through Welsh brains, confounds the distinction between the potential and indicative moods, we are sorry for a national failing, and will try henceforth, to avoid all chance of error. It is true that the reasons why Mr. Richards' words *might* be looked upon as an illustration of the better part of valour were not stated in our article; but, the reader having those words

before him, a task so apparently superfluous was never contemplated. It is Mr. Richards himself, then, who drives us to review the entire matter and to speak about it with unquestionable plainness.

What are the facts? The South Wales Choir came up to Sydenham as competitor for the Grand Challenge Prize, open to all similar bodies in the United Kingdom. Meeting with no opposition, and being pronounced worthy to hold the Prize, the Choir returned, no longer a local institution, without general responsibility, but the Champion Choir of the United Kingdom, and, as such, bound, in honour, to do battle against whatever opponent may challenge the distinction. This being the case—and who will question it?—Mr. Richards could have chosen no worse time in which to exhibit his philanthropic regard for working-men. A shrewd sense of the position held by the Champion Choir of Welsh mechanics and miners, might have kept him from proposing a special competition for working-men at all; much more from a direct reference to the Choir itself, in relation thereto. Believing, as we are bound to believe, that Mr. Richards had not the slightest wish to shield his countrymen from the responsibilities of their present honourable distinction, we cannot, for the life of us, understand how he could have addressed to the *Carnarvon Herald* such remarks as these:—

"I have 'suggested' a prize for choirs consisting of working-men or mechanics, as I think that a competition between choirs of ordinary workmen and those of the metropolis would hardly be a 'fair race.' London choirs, for example, have unusual advantages in training and education, and their conductors are men of great eminence and experience. It is true that, last season, the South Wales Choir gained the great prize of the year, and very deservedly. But if Leslie's or Barnby's choirs were to compete next season, I certainly should consider that in such a case our countrymen would not be fairly placed. Mr. Willert Beale, however, although he has most kindly promised to 'reconsider' my suggestion at a future period, does not share my anxieties; for, judging from what he heard during his late visit to the Eisteddfod at Portmadoc, he still thinks the Welsh Choirs would be quite capable of competing under any circumstances."

In the foregoing observations a positively astounding ignorance of the position held by a Champion Choir is implied. Does not Mr. Richards know—he surely knows—that the South Wales Choir is bound to meet any antagonist? Does not Mr. Richards know—he surely knows—that such an encounter would be perfectly *fair*, even though the antagonist were Leslie or Barnby? There can be no question of unfairness with a Champion Choir. Such a body is presumably the first of its kind; else does it wear its honours undeservedly. So plain is all this that we were bound to point out the construction which *might* be put upon Mr. Richards' letter. That construction has been repudiated, but Mr. Richards is obviously fixed upon the opposite horn of his dilemma. In other words, he is chargeable with having done an act, at a most inopportune time, and placed his countrymen, as far as that is possible to him, in a false position. If Mr. Richards had but waited till next year, when, as is just possible, the Championship will leave Wales, he *might* have advanced his proposition on behalf of working-men not only with safety, but with an assurance of having it considered on its merits.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—At the last Saturday Concert, under the direction of Mr. Manns, there was the most admirably perfect execution of Mendelssohn's A minor Symphony to which we have ever listened. At the concert to-day the symphony is to be Beethoven's colossal *Eroica*.

## PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Lea gave a very successful concert on Saturday last, at the Philharmonic Hall, on which occasion Madame Lemmens-Sherrington introduced her "Shake Waltz," which, says the *Liverpool Daily Post*, "was a most glowing and sparkling performance." The same lady sang Rudall's "Dreams," an exquisitely romantic ballad, and Taubert's "Woodland Song," full of piquancy and sylvan character, the bird-like imitation being especially curious and telling.

BARNSELEY.—An occasional correspondent writes as follows:—

"Mrs. John Macfarren gave a pianoforte and vocal recital, on Tuesday, October 22nd, to a large and delighted audience, which overflowed the Mechanics' Hall. Every seat was occupied, and many persons had to content themselves with standing room. The crowded state of the Hall, and the unanimous applause which greeted the accomplished pianist throughout the evening, manifest the high esteem in which she is held in Barnsley. The programme included a sonata by Beethoven, a *rondo* by Hummel, Sir Sterndale Bennett's *Musical Sketches*, Bach's *Gavotte* in D minor, Brissac's *Grand Valse*, &c.; each and all of which were executed by Mrs. Macfarren with her accustomed brilliancy and finish. Miss Jessie Royd sang with much effect Mr. Arthur Sullivan's 'Only the night wind sighs alone,' Sir Henry Bishop's 'Should he upbraid,' and Mr. G. A. Macfarren's new ballad, 'Somebody.' In the last two she was encored."

YORK.—With reference to a Ballad Concert given here by Mr. W. Pyatt, we read in the *York Gazette*:—

"A numerous attendance assembled in the Festival Concert Room, at a ballad concert given by Mr. W. Pyatt, of London, who is at present making a tour in the provinces, accompanied by a small but select *troupe* of vocal and instrumental artists. The vocalists were Madame Pemberton, Miss Ellen D'Alton, pupil of Mrs. Sims Reeves; and the celebrated Mr. Lewis Thomas, who is an old favourite in this city. The instrumentalists were—violin, Mr. Henry Farmer, an eminent artist and composer; viola, Mr. H. Leverton, bandmaster of the Robin Hood Rifles; violoncello, Mr. T. Selby, from the London, Birmingham, and Nottingham festivals; and, pianoforte, Mr. Sydney Naylor, conductor of the London English opera. The concert throughout was of a most agreeable and enjoyable character. It commenced with a quartet in G minor by Mozart, executed with true artistic style and finish. At a later period in the evening they gave another quartet in E flat, by Beethoven, in the same faultless manner. A trio in D minor by Mendelssohn opened the Second Part. It was brilliantly executed by Mr. S. Naylor, Mr. T. Selby, and Mr. H. Farmer; the latter of whom had previously given a violin solo, variations on the simple air of 'The keel row,' in the performance of which he displayed all the characteristics of the refined artist, his tone being remarkably rich and pure, and his manipulation surprisingly rapid and graceful. Madame Pemberton sang with taste and expression, 'On the cold shores,' by Bellini. She also gave the fine 'Echo Song' by Bishop. Her singing was enhanced by the splendid violin *obligato* performed by Mr. H. Farmer. Miss Helen D'Alton is a promising artist, possessing an evenly-balanced mezzo-soprano voice, broad, rich, and flexible. She was successful in her rendering of 'The blind girl's dream,' and 'The meeting of the waters.' Mr. Lewis Thomas, in 'The Yeoman's Wedding,' acquitted himself admirably. Particularly happy was he in 'Largo al factotum.' The dramatic air, 'The Wolf,' he declaimed with energy and expression. An encore was demanded, when he gave 'The Village Blacksmith,' which we have never heard sung so well since the time of the late Mr. Weiss."

NEWCASTLE.—With reference to one of Mr. Rea's Orchestral Concerts, we read in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*:—

"MR. REA'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—*Loreley*.—The principal item on the programme was the *finale* from Mendelssohn's *Loreley*; and a musical treat of no ordinary description was enjoyed by the numerous company assembled. The extremely fanciful music allotted to the spirits of air and water was given with great effectiveness by the well-trained choir; while the passage in which the terms of the compact are named was rendered with keen conception of the author's meaning. In Madame Sinico, the passionate pleadings of the heroine found a most admirable exponent. She was vigorous and spirited in her denunciations of ingratitude; and, being in excellent voice, succeeded in almost electrifying her hearers by the purity, depth, and sweetness which she threw into every one of the pieces assigned to her. The whole selection, in fact, was exquisitely rendered, and can hardly fail to cause the music of *Loreley* to become popular throughout the district. In the miscellaneous part of the programme, Madame Sinico created quite a *furor* by her charming efforts in Meyerbeer's *cavatina*, 'Roberto oh, tu che adori,' and was honoured with a most enthusiastic recall."

*Pygmalion and Galatea* has been giving nightly satisfaction to excellent audiences at Wallack's, New York.

## ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

The production of a new piece by an author so famous as Mr. W. S. Gilbert, with incidental music by Mr. F. Clay, composer of *Agnes Ago*, naturally drew an overflowing audience to this place of amusement on Monday evening. *Happy Arcadia*—for so is the novelty in question called—follows closely in the wake of its predecessors as regards structure and character; that is to say, it gives large scope for the versatility of the artists; and it aims to amuse by pleasant absurdity as well as by neatness and brilliancy of dialogue. The rising of the curtain shows a very pretty scene in Arcadia—*en passant* let us compliment Mr. John O'Connor upon its prettiness—and introduces us to four Arcadians—viz., Colin (Mr. A. Reed), his wife, Daphne (Mrs. German Reed), their daughter, Chloe (Miss Fanny Holland), and her lover, Strephon (Mr. Arthur Cecil). The quartet are apparently enjoying the height of bliss; they pipe, and dance, and sing, and tend their flocks, as though care and trouble have for them no existence. But it soon appears that all this happiness lies merely on the surface. When nobody is by to see and hear, Chloe and Strephon quarrel; Daphne laments the change in man and things since she was seventeen; and Colin, who, before he turned Arcadian, had forged a little will, "a very small one," complains of the fate which hinders him from giving way to his criminal propensities. There is also an uncanny lodger in Arcadia, one Astrologos ("a blighted Bogy"), who tenants Strephon's first floor, and never says a word about rent. This personage, very well played by Mr. Conry Grain, will take no hints on the question of settlement from his landlord, who, of course, cannot be so un-Arcadian as to demand the cash; but, on making a sudden flight, he is found to have left behind a cloak, cap, ring, and snuffbox—each a talisman able to ensure the fulfilment of one wish to its owner. Meanwhile the Arcadian community is joined by Lycidas (Mr. Conry Grain), a handsome and rich stranger from the city, who imports extra trouble by making violent and not unacceptable love to Chloe. At this stage of affairs Strephon sells the talismans by auction, retaining the ring for himself; and the result of their working is soon seen. In obedience to a wish, "uttered or unexpressed," the soul of Daphne inhabits the body of Strephon; the soul of Strephon inhabits the body of Chloe; the soul of Chloe inhabits the body of Colin, and the soul of Colin inhabits the body of Daphne. Much confusion arises out of these metamorphoses, but none is more astounded than Lycidas, who, entering to receive an answer to his suit from Chloe, finds that young lady's corporeal structure tenanted by a pugnacious rival spirit and hears words of affection only from the uninviting mouth which once belonged to Colin. Plainly this state of things cannot well go on; but the difficulty is to stop it. At last Strephon, or Daphne in Strephon's form, has an idea; the talismans are once more put up to auction, they change hands, and each owner wishing to be himself or herself again, matters are satisfactorily settled. The next thing is to get rid of the untoward wonder-workers, and, when Lycidas goes off with them to the city, the curtain descends on what has really become "Happy Arcadia."

Nothing could be better than this plot and its accompanying dialogue up to the time of the transformations. The characters are clearly drawn, the situations humorous in the highest degree, and the dialogue brims over with Mr. Gilbert's quaintest conceits. So far, the new piece was a success of the most decided kind, its progress being attended by a chorus of applause and laughter. Later, however, came a change. The metamorphoses evidently puzzled a large section of the audience, the more because the artists were not all equal to their task, while the somewhat tame climax of the plot left behind it a feeling of disappointment. We cannot but think Mr. Gilbert ill-advised in adopting so cumbersome an episode as the transformations, and in not working up to a point, which few could attain so well as himself, the rival loves of the gay young citizen and the "happy Arcadian." But the thing is as it is; and, faults notwithstanding, can wile away an hour in very pleasant fashion. Mr. Clay has written some agreeable and lively music, much of it adding to these qualities the rarer merit of artistic construction and taste. We may mention, with special approval, Strephon's song, "A simple swain" (encored on Monday night); Chloe's ballad, "The way of wooing;" and the auction quartet, "Good people all, attend to me," in which Mr. Clay has assuredly surpassed all his previous efforts. The performance left very little to desire, that little being, as already stated, in the transformation business. Mrs. German Reed was a capital Daphne, every feature of her assumption revealing the true and experienced artist. Miss Fanny Holland, as Chloe, threw all her energy and skill into a part which gave free scope for both. Mr. Alfred Reed contrived to invest Colin with a good deal of character; while Mr. A. Cecil and Mr. Conry Grain were all that could be wished. As regards the execution of the music it will suffice to say that the merits displayed were those for which the company is famous—individual excellence, and an *ensemble* only found where all engaged have worked together long and zealously.

## NOTES UPON NOTES.

(Continued from page 701.)

How necessary it is to practise (really to practise in order to know and feel the practice that is required! Does not the ear gain by practice? In my early days I was sent for by Mr. Goodwin (the renowned music-copyist) to go as deputy-accompanist to Signor Paganini, the gentleman who had filled that post being prevented doing so by domestic calamities. I found the Signor, all amiable, kind, and most easy to accompany—delightful task! I have seen the Signor come down stairs from his bed-room early in the morning, take up his violin, and, without *sounding* a string, either by bow or finger, have the instrument perfectly in tune. One heard such marvellous stories at the time as to lead to a certain kind of belief in his supernatural powers, that it almost frightened me. At the same time it must be borne in mind that Paganini could tune his strings (the whole range) a third higher (or what not), even while a full orchestra was playing a *tutti* in his concertos or fantasias, and by these means produce effects that used to astonish the most skillful violinists, in addition to the *general* public. Signor Paganini had the ear of the general public, as well as of the most distinguished musicians. It was playing, that!—when you heard it you could scarcely believe it possible; it so entranced and filled the hearer with wonderment and extreme delight. As an instance of its effect upon the *general* public, I can vouch for it, a poor woman in the gallery of a theatre, at one of his performances, exclaimed that Paganini had “another violin inside the one he was playing on.” Who can forget the marvellous power and the wonderfully deep feeling he displayed in the Prayer of Rossini from the *Mosè in Egitto*!—his tone came “towering” above all the orchestra, and the Prayer was played on the 4th string entirely;—or, in the “Friar’s Chant,” which, when he performed at a theatre, there was generally a scene of a monastery in the distance—and, with a subdued light, to see the gaunt figure of the Paganini, with his handsome and expressive countenance (he was considered to be very similar to Irving, the great preacher, in personal appearance)—the whole, including his performance, seemed to have a most unearthly effect. In the “Friar’s Chant,” if I remember rightly, he played in four parts; not *arpeggiando* the harmonies, but smooth and blending, sweet and gentle, and winning its way to all hearts. I believe that he often played with a bridge as nearly flat as possible, so that he could *hold* the chords well under his bow, long-drawn; but to hear him play diminished sevenths in the four parts, as quick as lightning, up to the top of the instrument, and then descending the whole distance down, a semitone lower, and then back again, and so perfectly in tune—for whenever did he play out of tune?—I cannot but say, one could scarcely believe it while hearing it; and then, again, there was such interest about this thoroughly daring execution. And now, to show how the ear gains by practice, I have heard Signor Paganini practise when you would wonder what there could be to practise; but his ear was so alive to what he considered wanting. How great he was!—“Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast;” but I never remember to have heard a more curious exemplification of the fact than what actually did occur at the village of which I have the honour to be a native. It happened on this wise:—“A party of Christmas carol singers, with their orchestral accompanists were on their way to different houses in the neighbourhood, to chant their Christmas lays, when, in crossing a field they perceived a bull, at some distance, running towards them, and at them. All scrambled away and got over a hedge, except one fat tailor, the the bassoon player of the party. Poor C. B. was in an agony of fright, but his friends called out to him to “sound *double B flat*,” which he did with a vengeance, upon which the bull cocked up his tail, and ran away.” Was this soothing? When a child of about eight years of age, I used to develop my musical genius by blowing on a comb and paper, and beating a drum, a remarkably good one of he kind, while marching about my father’s garden. This must have got to the ears of a reduced old lady, who lived at the almshouse. Judge of my surprise when one Sunday, coming out of church, the old lady met me, and asked me if I would come and play to her on the comb and paper and drum. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven,

Schubert, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Sterndale Bennett—nay, down to Brahms—were never invited to serenade a lady in an almshouse, with such lovely instruments.

W. H. HOLMES.

(To be continued.)

## REVIEWS.

NOVELLO, EWER &amp; Co.

*The Hymnary: A Book of Sacred Song.*

THIS is, on all accounts, the most important contribution to “the Service of Song in the House of the Lord” which recent years have seen. In dimensions, claims, and character, it stands apart from all rivals; and will be accepted by future generations as representing the taste and culture of our day with regard to the branch of art it illustrates. Upon the Hymnary itself—that is to say, the lyrics as distinct from the music—we are not called upon to give an opinion; and all that is needful will be done if we quote the editorial description of its special features. The Revs. William Cooke, M.A., and Benjamin Wells, M.A., to whom was entrusted the choice of hymns, say:—“More than ninety hymns are provided for the Days of the Week; of which seventeen, on the Cross and Passion, have been assigned to Friday, in order to obviate the necessity of divorcing from Passion-tide the hymns more especially suited to that season. A larger variety of hymns than usual is appropriated to each of the Church’s seasons, especially to Epiphany, Septuagesima, Passion-tide, Ascension-tide, and Whitsuntide. \* \* \* Each Festival of the Apostles and Evangelists, as well as the Festivals of the Purification and Annunciation, has its proper hymn or hymns. The translations from the *Sarum* and other Sequences are, with a few exceptions, entirely new. These are valuable at the present time as embodying in exact theological language the several aspects of the cardinal truth of the Incarnation.” We may add to these remarks that a cursory examination of the 646 hymns in the book shows an absence of but few, if any, of those which have commended themselves already to public favour. The theological tone of the collection, as a whole, does not concern us. Enough that sons and daughters of the Church of England, whether “High” or “Low,” will find in it small cause of offence; though, perhaps, the “High” section will give it the heartier welcome. The preface of Mr. J. Barnby, editor of the music, will naturally receive fuller notice at our hands. It begins thus:—“It is much to be regretted that up to the present time so little advantage has resulted from the earnest efforts of the clergy to improve the musical portion of the Church service, and make it a dignified and worthy sacrifice of Praise and Prayer.” We might take very serious exceptions to the “little advantage” of Mr. Barnby, believing, as we do, that the “efforts of the clergy,” and others, have really worked marvels in improving Church song; but, waiving this point, let us see how Mr. Barnby explains the matter:—“The clergy, as soon as their eyes were open to the necessity of improving their Services, naturally sought the assistance of their organists as to the selection of music, re-organization of choir, &c., and there they met with their first difficulty. The organists, in many instances, were unable to assist them, either with advice or material aid, and the reason was this. The mechanical improvements in English organs had, for nearly two hundred years, remained at a complete standstill. \* \* \* An organist consequently had no inducement to pass whole hours of the day in the endeavour to make his feet rival the dexterity of his hands; and the result was that the organist of the time made himself a sound musician in the first place, and then an organist. But when the English organ builders began to adopt, and, in some instances, improve upon the most advanced mechanical contrivances of continental builders, the Church musician almost disappeared, to be replaced by the organist proper, who had nearly ceased to be a musician. And thus it was that when the clergy applied to their organists for assistance in a matter requiring solid musicianly qualities, they were either put off with an excuse, or else fairly led into mischief, by an amount of inexperience equal to their own.” Differing altogether from Mr. Barnby, as we do, in his estimate of modern organists, we are the more pleased to agree with him when he says:—“The true test of a hymn tune is that it shall equally satisfy the musician and the amateur. It should be capable of embodying the purest thoughts and noblest aspirations of both. But if it should fail, after a fair trial, to stimulate the best feelings of the amateur by its too great severity, or offend the susceptibilities of the musician by an excess of laxity, it is surely unfit for its high purpose. It must, however, be remembered by the professional musician that the hymn (tune), being intended as an offering from the musically unlearned, a certain element of simplicity should never be wanting.” The ideas here expressed, however clumsily, are those which commend themselves to the thoughtful mind; and when Mr. Barnby goes on to say:—“Upon these principles this book has been compiled,” he at once creates a strong feeling in its favour. As regards another important point, the editor speaks sensibly. Adverting to the metronome marks

accompanying each hymn and tune, Mr. Barnby observes:—"To those who defend such things (i.e., the excessive speed adopted in many churches), the metronome marks placed at the commencement of each tune in this book would seem to indicate a tempo analogous to going to sleep. But let them be tested by the pace usually adopted in Handel's 'Since by man came death,' Mendelssohn's 'Cast thy burden,' or the Chorales in *St. Paul*, Bach's *Passion*, &c., and it will be clearly seen what is the true speed of a hymn tune." Here, again, truth is on the editorial side; and we only hope that all who use the Hymnary will pay due heed to the remarks quoted.

A detailed notice of the hundreds of tunes this book contains will not be expected here; nor, indeed, is any such labour necessary. But it should be said that a larger, more representative, or better collection of new things of the kind has never come under our observation. With respect to the quality of the tunes, it would be enough to mention the names of the composers. Mr. Barnby himself contributes largely, as a matter of course; and many of his effusions are among the best in the book. Other contributors, on a more or less extensive scale, are Mr. A. S. Sullivan, Sir John Goss, Mr. Berthold Toura, Dr. Gauntlett, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. Henry Smart, Mr. Redhead, Mr. E. J. Hopkins, Dr. S. S. Wesley, Dr. Monk, Dr. Stainer, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, Sir W. S. Bennett, Mons. Gounod, Sir Julius Benedict, Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Dr. Dykes, Dr. Garrett, and Sir George Elvey. We might largely extend this list; but the names given are sufficient, not merely to warrant, but to command notice for the work in which they appear. The Hymnary, in point of fact, is a treasure-house of contemporary talent in the making of tunes, and as such possesses a value above and beyond that directly aimed at by its promoters. Years may elapse before the work gets into anything like general use, so great is the prejudice in favour of tunes already known and liked; but sooner or later it will make its way, and we shall rejoice over each evidence of its progress, believing that no better music for the "sanctuary" is extant.

It would be wrong to close these remarks without acknowledging the enterprise of the publishers. Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co. have risked much by the issue of the Hymnary; but we believe that, having cast their bread upon the waters, they will reap a harvest, though, perhaps, only after many days.

#### WAIIFS.

The Boucicaults are drawing unexampled audiences into Booth's theatre.

Sir Robert Prescott Stewart has composed a new sacred scene for the tenor voice.

Mr. Ernest Longfellow—the second son of the poet—is now on a visit to Europe.

The Bostonians are going to return good for evil, and give Mr. Gilmore a benefit.

M. Padeloup thinks of making a concert tour, with his orchestra, through the United States next spring.

Mr. Webster, organist of St. John's, Egremont, has been appointed organist and choirmaster of Christ Church, Southampton.

At the Olympic, New York, the Almée Opera Bouffe season has met with a success. The management show great enterprise in frequently varying their attractions.

The remains of Lady Wrixon Beecher, late Miss O'Neil, were interred last Saturday in Castle Martyr Church, County Cork, her three sons acting as chief mourners.

The Duke of Edinburgh, in addition to being a violinist, is a baritone singer. At the Admiralty dinner a few evenings back he sang "The war cry's hushed," and was encored.

Niblo's Garden has been so nearly rebuilt that Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer speak confidently of opening it on the 18th of November with a *serie* of unheard-of grandeur and beauty.

Mr. Ridley Prentice, the well-known and highly esteemed pianist, makes his first appearance to-day, at the Crystal Palace, with an unfamiliar *rondo* in B flat, by Beethoven. Both will be welcome.

Concerning a young lady who died in Clinton, N. J., a contemporary, which is conspicuous for its rhetoric, remarks: "she was twenty-seven years of age, and, as usual in such cases, was deeply loved and esteemed."

Miss Clara Doria has been engaged by Messrs. Maretzak and Jarrett for the Italian Opera in New York. This young artist has also been engaged as the principal soprano of Brooklyn Church, at a salary of £250 per annum.

A masonic concert took place on the 4th, in the Leeds Town Hall, under the direction of Dr. W. Spark. Miss Pauline Haddock, daughter of Mr. Haddock, the violinist, made her *début* as a vocalist, and was very successful.

The total receipts for the performance of Herr von Flotow's latest work, *L'Ombre*, in the French provinces, during the time the Opéra-Comique was closed, amounted to 108,000 francs. The artists divided between them a net sum of 48,000 francs.

A writer in the *Leipziger Signale* designates the ophecleide "A chromatic bullock," and a kettle drum, the only instrument for which no "Songs without words" have been written. As an orchestral instrument, it is especially effective when it comes in a bar too soon.

The Marquis of Westminster has sent Mr. Brinley Richards a donation of five guineas for a Prize Fund (£100) for the Welsh Choirs. A singular coincidence, when it is remembered how very little Epaminondas did for Thrasybulus—or, indeed, for anybody (except himself).

M. Hugh Cas, the new conductor at the Toulon Theatre, will shortly produce a new comic opera of his own composition: *La Croix de Jeannette*. Among the other novelties will be a four-act opera, *Géys*, by M. Paul Aube, formerly Russian Consul, and a one-act operetta, *Don José de Guadiana*, by M. Jules Chastan.

On Monday evening a concert took place at the Queen's Hall, Birkenhead, promoted by the committee of the late Harmonic Society, for the purpose of liquidating the debt of the society. The principal vocalists were Madame Billinie Porter and Mr. T. J. Hughes, supported by the chorus of the Cambrian Society, under the conductorship of Mr. Parry, and a small band led by Mr. Lawson.

Madame Adeline Caux Patti—according to a morning paper—has made her *début* at Moscow in the *Traviata* with "tremendous success, having been recalled during the representation 30,000 times. The bouquet of caresses thrown by the Princess Dolgorouki was so large as to require 20,000 men to carry it across the stage, and the value of the flowers showered upon the famous cantatrice amounted to £1,000,000 sterling." —*Dr. Blüder*.

A harvest thanksgiving service was held on Friday evening week, in St. Paul's Church, Tranmere. The service was full choral. The anthem was "I waited for the Lord," from Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*; the solo parts were sung by Madame Billinie Porter and Miss Armstrong, and Mr. Billinie Porter presided at the organ. The prayers were read by the Rev. G. F. Dean, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Redhead.

A new tenor, M. Prunet, of Toulouse, is shortly to make his *début* at the Grand Opera, Paris. He has been engaged by M. Halanxier on highly liberal terms, receiving 30,000,000 francs for the first year; 40,000,000 for the second; and 50,000,000 for the third. He is to make his first appearance in *Faust*, and then in Halévy's opera: *La Reine de Chypre*, which has not been performed in Paris for more than twenty years. Another *débutant*, in the latter opera, will be M. Boyer, a barytone, who carried off the first prize at the Conservatory for proficiency in serious and comic opera. —*Dr. Blüder*.

*Watson's Art Journal* says, *à propos* of Loesch's *Zerlina*—

"The music seemed to be written for such a voice as hers. Warm, luscious, instinct with actual tone, that voice falls upon the ear with gracious beauty, and finds instant sympathy. It yields a charm that cannot be withstood; for if it has not 'a tear in it,' to use an expression of N. P. Willis, it has that warmth of colour which adds an indescribable pathos to its utterance. It is a precious voice, and we do not find it strange that it should have swayed thousands wherever its exquisite melody fell."

On Friday morning week, between three and four o'clock, a fire broke out in the Oxford Music Hall. About four in the morning, a cabman heard a loud noise as if occasioned by the falling of glass. He waited a few moments, when red smoke rolled out of one of the windows, apparently over or at the back of the great mirror on the back of the stage. This was followed by a loud report. In less than ten minutes the inmates made their escape into the street, just in time to witness the flames arising from the building. At the same time, the blazing timbers dropping into the body of the hall, the seats and stalls also took fire, and sent forth another blaze. Fortunately the music had been placed in some of the Reliance safes. About six o'clock the fire began to subside. It will be recollected that the same hall was destroyed some years since.

Speaking of Miss Sophie Ferrari's share in a recent concert at Brighton, a local critic says:—

"Miss Sophie Ferrari was the vocalist, and made a very good impression by her tasteful rendering of several pieces, Lotti's 'Par dicesti' being especially well sung."

The same talented young lady lately took part in a performance of *The Ancient Mariner*, at Bedford, and was thus complimented by the *Bedfordshire Times*:—

"Miss Sophie Ferrari, of Her Majesty's Private Concerts, &c., an artist of undeniable ability enhanced by the total absence of anything even approaching to affectation or mannerism, was the soprano. \* \* \* As to Miss Ferrari we have only to repeat that, from her first appearance, she was deservedly a favourite."

**NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The Certificates of Merit awarded at the first series of meetings in June last have been sent out this week. The successful candidates for these diplomas are the Brixton Choral Society; Bristol Choral Union; South London Choral Association; Miss Emrick, London; Miss Hailey, Hanwell; Mdlle. Ori, London; Mr. G. H. Wooley, London; Mr. F. Crane, Liverpool; Mr. H. A. Pope, London; and Mr. Sauvé, London. The certificates are signed by Sir W. S. Bennett, Sir J. Benedict, Signor Ardit, A. S. Sullivan, Esq., Dr. Wyde, J. Barnby, Esq., J. Hullah, Esq., H. Smart, Esq., J. L. Hatton, Esq., H. Leslie, Esq., and A. Manne, Esq.—the judges in the various classes in which the diplomas were obtained.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society will shortly resume its Concerts under the direction of Mr. Barnby. The appointment of this gentleman will doubtless give satisfaction to the musical public, to whom Mr. Barnby is already known as conductor of the Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall and Exeter Hall. The Concerts will not be, as hitherto, exclusively choral, but will embrace works of every description, including Oratorios, Cantatas, &c., with the assistance of a large professional band, and with the co-operation of first-class artists.

During his exile in England, M. Victor Schœlcher accumulated a large number of manuscripts once belonging to Handel, as well as other interesting documents. Hitherto M. Schœlcher has invariably refused to part with his collection, despite the offers he has received. It is stated, however, that a number of cases have lately arrived from England at the Paris Conservatory, and that M. Schœlcher has presented to the French Republic what he always refused to the French Empire. Nevertheless, M. Schœlcher's *Life of Handel* is one of the most perfunctory books in existence.

Mdlle. Louise Liebhart and Mdlle. Louise Ormeni, the vocalists engaged for the Rubinstein concerts, arrived in this city yesterday per steamship Westphalia. Rubinstein himself and Wieniewski are hourly expected by Steamship Cuba, which is now due here. There was quite a scene at the Hamburg dock, at Hoboken, when the luggage of Mdlle. Liebhart was taken from the vessel. No less than twenty-five trunks contain the wardrobe of this famous ballad-singer, and the Custom House officers permitted the lady to take possession of them without unnecessary delay.—*New York World.*

An American paper states that Mr. Fechter is trying some novel experiments in the construction of his new theatre in New York. The stage will stretch forward into the centre of the house. Its back will be in the shape of a quarter dome, with the concavity turned towards the audience—painted blue, so as to have a natural sky. Cloud shadows will be made to pass across when the scene is laid in the open air. The usual place of the orchestra will be filled with fragrant flowers and a stream of running water—the band to play under the stage, acoustic arrangements insuring their being heard, although unseen.

The following eulogy of Mdlle. Thérèse Liebs is taken from the *Toronto Mail*, apropos of her performance at Mdme. Rudersdorff's concert:—

"This talented young violinist created quite a *furor* by her playing of two pieces by M. Alard. The precision with which she executed the most difficult passages, abounding in harmonics and octave progressions, together with the breadth and purity of her tone, were certainly astonishing, and proved her to be a most finished artist. That this was also the opinion of the audience is evidenced by the fact that two encores were demanded, to only one of which she responded."

Referring to the vocal music at the late New Philharmonic *Soirée*, the *Standard* said: "The vocal music at the *soirée* was of a superior kind. The charming voice of Miss Alice Drummond was much admired, and her singing of Mendelssohn's 'First Violet' met with the compliment it deserved—a general demand for its repetition. Herr Ganz's popular song, 'Since yesterday,' was no less delightfully rendered. Herr Carl Bohrer's fine voice and excellent style enabled him to do full justice to some German songs by Schubert, Schumann, and Dessauer, and elicited the hearty applause of the audience. Herr Ganz accompanied the vocal and instrumental solos in his usual musicianly manner."

A lofty, conspicuous, and mainly disinterested American journal thus speaks of Mdlle. Louise Liebhart, in connection with the omnipotently celebrated "Rubinstein-Wieniewski concerts":—

"Miss Liebhart, the principal vocalist, had been singing for some time in London, where she has won a good reputation as a ballad singer. In physique she is of pure German type, with splendid figure for the concert-room or stage; fair skin, blue eyes, and golden hair. Her high soprano voice is in quality exceedingly good, being of fine compass, full, free, and florid, with great strength."

The above is supposed to have proceeded from the pen of him who is not inaply (or egregiously) styled "Pulcherrimus."

## ROYAL THEATRE, ANTWERP.

(From *Le Courier de la Semaine*, Antwerp, Sept. 5 and 12.)

A new apparition has presented itself in the *Huguenots*. The first, Madame Geraizon, who was applauded to the utmost, after the *cavatina* of the page (which was given with artistic feeling) and was recalled. Madame Hurtache also, at her tune, after the Air of Marguerite, has received more marks of approbation than she has received in all her previous united appearances. Madame Lheriteu was the object of a true ovation as soon as she appeared on the stage, the applause which saluted her was stupifying. The emotion of Madame Lheriteu has brought tears, which the public so kindly has shown to her. Madame Lheriteu has proved herself as a first artist, with a rare happy moment, in the perilous air in the duetto of 3rd act, in which we perceived the finest vocal capacities, and partook, with Mr. Conte, of a long applause and recall; also in the celebrated 4th act, with Mons. Dulaurens. This ovation was renewed in the part of Rachel, in *La Juive*. The 2nd performance of the *Huguenots* has hardly given any other interest than the indisposition of M. Dulaurens.

The indisposition of Mr. Flaehat has ceased to the visible appearance. He would not any longer impose upon the public, and asked the indulgence, through the manager; his legitimate emotion has already shown itself. 8 days ago our baritone asked, and obtained, leave of absence. The Directors have engaged M. Solvé instead.

M. Dulaurens has obtained a grand and legitimate success in *La Juive*, particularly in the scene of the 4th act, in the finale, and recalled; we have reason to observe that he can if he would. M. Conte has to study a little more in the character of De Brognie, in the 4th act. The *Postillon of Longumeau* has found in M. De Kegel a true interpreter, he has known how to give his previous vocal resources and artistic feeling, which the public convinced by their approval. Madame Geraizon has justly partaken, in union of her partner, in the 2nd act, also Mdlle. Mezereay. Sunday.—*Robert the Devil*—the house was full to overflowing. We have found Dulaurens of last year singing Robert masterly, and of a light tenor voice. Bertram sang admirably. M. Conte should study a little more the part of a comedian of his Infernal personage so very serious. The parts of Scribe would have nothing to envy to those of Meyerbeer. Raimbault has nothing to claim of M. Pascal, he has regained his youth of ten years. Madame Lheriteu has raised a long salvo of applause in the magnificent notes which Alice lances in seeking refuge to the cross of Saint Irene, in the 3rd act. Other ovations and ancors. The 2nd of *Trois Rois* has resembled the same as the last. Mdlle. Hamel, who has taken the part of Azucena, has been well received and much applauded.—*Communicated.*

(Translated by A. B.)

To Shirley Brooks, Esq.

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Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May!  
 What joys attend thine advent gay!  
 On every tree the birdies sing,  
 From hill and dale glad echoes ring;  
 The lark, inspir'd, to heav'n ascends,  
 The gurgling brook in beauty winds  
 By mossy bank and grassy braid,  
 Where violets bloom and lambskins play.  
 Delightful Spring—sweet month of May  
 What joys attend thine advent gay!

In mantle clad of fairest sheen,  
 The woods burst forth in virgin green—  
 Bright home of birds and flow'rets gay,  
 The streamlet woos thy sheltered way,  
 Thro' primrose dells, sweet hawthorn glades,  
 And silver birches' fragrant shades,  
 Where nightingales, at close of day,  
 In leafy bow'rs trill raptur'd lay.

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## EVENINGS AT THE THEATRE IN ITALY.

Florence, Sept. 1872.

September, most people know, is not the time to gain musical or theatrical experience in Italy. The great operahouses are still reposing in their summer sleep, singers, musicians, and composers, have flitted; only a few theatres of lower rank cater for the inevitable art-wants of the public who have remained at home, and of strangers. I was, however, so far favoured by chance, that the Milan Scala—in honour of the presence of the King of Italy—was opened for a few evenings. Weber's opera of *Der Freischütz* was selected for performance. The large posters gave the title in German; it was only underneath that there was printed in smaller type: *Il Franco Cacciatore*. This version, by the way, is a little innovation and improvement on the name formerly in use: *Il Franco Arciere*, which (like the French *franc-archer*), is suggestive of a cross-bow, and, consequently, clashes with the casting of bullets. *Der Freischütz* was never performed at the Scala before last winter. German operatic music has penetrated very slowly into Italy; now for the first time it is really taking root there. Even with Mozart's original Italian operas, *Don Giovanni*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, it was not till 1815 and 1816 that any attempt was made to produce them in Milan, an attempt immediately afterwards abandoned for years. It is not astonishing, therefore, that an eminently German composer like Weber should remain still longer unknown and unintelligible to the Roman peoples. We know to what a process of botching *Der Freischütz* was subjected before it could, as *Robin des Bois*, be assimilated to the French taste. It is less generally known that Weber's *Preciosa* was given, for the first and last time, at the Odéon, Paris, on the 19th November, 1825, and proved an utter failure. Even in England, where Weber received such extraordinary marks of respect and popularity, it is incredible how *Der Freischütz* was altered, and how many additions were made to it, before it suited the public taste. The celebrated tenor Braham, as Max, introduced the old song: "Good Night," and an English Polacca; Miss Stephens, as Agatha, had the duet in the second act omitted, and substituted a trivial folk's-song; while new personages, such as an Innkeeper, a Scotch water-nymph, and so on, were, without any ceremony, written in. Every one who expected something similar at the Scala was most agreeably disappointed. The performance was a faithful and complete one, bearing evident marks of a reverential feeling towards the original. The spoken dialogue, however, which the Italians will on no condition accept, and which would be doubly objectionable in so large a house, was changed into recitative. It must be confessed that the recitative satisfied reasonable expectations, and was intelligently and modestly composed; in certain important passages, the three dull bass-pizzicatos of the Samiel-motive were appropriately introduced as a reminiscence. Signor Faccio is the young man who wrote the recitatives, and conducted *Der Freischütz* with praiseworthy repose and certainty at the Scala. The conductor in Italian theatres does not, as among us, sit immediately behind the prompter's box, but at the lower end of the orchestra, on a high arm-chair, the back of which nearly touches the first row of stalls. The old Italian custom of conducting at a piano in front appears dying out; it was attended with great advantages to the singers; the conductor was in immediate connection with them, while at present he can better look over and keep together the orchestra. In so spacious an orchestra, as that at the Scala, where the four double-bass players posted on the extreme right can hear nothing of the four on the extreme left, this plan is almost indispensable.

As regards the singing, we must admire the powerful voices which, without effort, could triumph over the immense space, as much as we must praise the acoustic qualities of the structure, which contributed so greatly to the favourable result. The company consisted entirely of Italians. This imparted to Weber's music a slightly Italian tinge. But no one can assert that the mode in which the music was rendered in any way disfigured or did injustice to it. The singers treated their parts seriously, and did not take the liberty of making any alterations. It is true that an Italian singer brings out the separate phrases sharply and

impressively, while his expression is generally pathetic, and worked up to a more than ordinary pitch. Thus no one was surprised that Max's yearnings, Agatha's dreamy intensity, and Aennchen's jokes, were invested with a pathetic character, and, in their musical contours, stood out more strongly, and more plastically than in the German rendering. Max was sung by Signor Tasca, a tenor possessing a vigorous chest voice; and, in his acting, neither better nor worse than the average run of our German representatives of the part. Of more significance was the Caspar of Signor Maini. A deep and powerful bass voice, combined with most energetic and, sometimes, it is true, somewhat harsh acting, produce a most decidedly telling effect. Unfortunately, the singer was always compelled to omit in the drinking song the high F sharp which he could not reach. The genial and characteristic piece is attended with a slight drawback for the artist; it invariably ends abruptly, and in an unfavourable part of the register. Signor Maini, by-the-bye, aided his dumb play, by appropriating, as it were, the short orchestral postlude; after a few suggestive and dance-like movements, he raised and set down vigorously his glass on the two final notes of the orchestra (the octave B flat to B flat), doing this so strictly in time, and with such sharply marked rhythm, that it almost seemed as if it was he who sang the two notes; he thus obtained a more effective ending. Aennchen was a sprightly young vocalist with a powerful mezzo-soprano, Signora Pasqua. She was more satisfactory than Signora Mariani-Masi, whose voice, with a strange tendency to the tremolo, had already lost the melting freshness of youth. Signora Mariani, however, gave out her high notes with great force and passion; and, to judge from the applause, appeared to be a popular favourite. The piece was mostly mounted after the German model, with the exception of some amusing instances of geographical license, such, for example, as the transplantation, in the first act, to Bohemia of a Swiss Chalet and the costume of Meraner peasants. The scene of the Wolf's Glen was well painted; the ghostly business, appropriate, except that there were too many red devils grazing the casting of the bullets with their gymnastic exercises. It seemed strange that Samiel should speak in his usual voice, like any other actor, and that, when Caspar is casting the bullets, his exclamations (One! Two!) should be answered by no echo. From many similar details, and from the peculiarly ballet-like character of the whole spirit world, it was easy to perceive that the Italians are wanting in due appreciation of legendary lore. For them, the German legend takes the form of a cheerful antique, a sort of classical Walpurgis night, in the ballet style. Emphatic praise is due to the management of the Scala for not being led away by recent examples in Germany, and for giving *Der Freischütz* as it was written, in three acts; not detaching the Wolf's Glen to make a separate act of it. On the other hand, the Italians still retain the bad practice of interpolating a separate ballet in several acts, in the midst of the opera. The curtain, which fell upon the horrors of the Wolf's Glen, disclosed, when it was raised again, not Agatha's chamber, but a magnificent and dazzling scene in a grand ballet: *Bianca di Nevers*. The connection between the different parts of *Der Freischütz* is fearfully cut up by this plan, the sweet after-effect of the music killed, and our feeling for the third act destroyed. But how great is the power of an old theatrical tradition, no matter how absurd! It was unwillingly that we sacrificed the third act, but it did not commence till after the conclusion of the ballet, that is, till about half-past eleven. Judging from what I saw of this ballet, I should say that the reputation once universally enjoyed by the Milan school of dancing is not likely to fade; some of the solo lady-dancers were excellent, and evolutions of large masses were executed with dazzling precision. The scenery and dresses were nothing unusual, being decidedly far behind those at the Operahouse, Vienna. On the other hand, a festive harvest procession, which brought the first act of *Bianca di Nevers* to a conclusion, formed an extremely charming picture; real goats and lambs, led by joyous children, came first; they were followed by a gigantic harvest waggon, drawn by oxen. The whole thing, reminding one of L. Robert's "Roman Reapers," was arranged and carried out with eminent pictorial skill.

(To be continued.)

\* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

## GOUNOD'S MIREILLE.

(Correspondence of the "New York Evening Post.")

LONDON, August 24, 1872.

Both the London operahouses here are closed, and the concert season is over, some stray performances at the inextinguishable "Royal Albert Hall," like the dimmest specks in the extremity of a comet's tail, alone showing that such a thing as a concert season had ever been. About what, therefore, will you ask, am I going to write? Well, I will tell you in as few words as possible.

That the people of the United States are fervent admirers of the music of the last great French dramatic composer, has been sufficiently exemplified in the genuine enthusiasm created by what many of his disciples and a large portion of the outside public regard, and have always regarded, as his masterpiece. By "the last great French dramatic composer" all your musical readers will know, without being told, that I mean M. Charles Gounod, and by the opera so generally regarded as M. Gounod's masterpiece, they will as readily guess that I mean *Faust*.

As in America, so in France, in Germany and in England (as usual, latest in the field), *Faust*, ever since it became popular (and now it is popular everywhere), has always been awarded this distinction. Nevertheless, there is another opera from the pen of M. Gounod, which not a few connoisseurs unhesitatingly place higher than even *Faust* itself. That opera is called *Mireille*, originally produced at Paris, at the Théâtre Lyrique, in March, 1864, and first given in an Italian dress at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, under the title of *Mirella*, in July of the same year. This same *Mireille*, although it had a brilliant success in both the French and the English capitals, and although the best musical authorities in Germany regard it as the *chef d'œuvre* of its author, has of late years been unaccountably neglected. If you care to know the reason, it is not far to seek. The ideal of the heroine, one of the most tender and graceful ever imagined, can only be sought for in a dramatic artist who has something in common with that heroine. By which I mean that *Mireille* must be young and good looking, but, first and foremost, young.

*Hinc illos lachrymæ.* Hence, the short lease of popularity accorded to *Mireille* in various continental cities. And yet, in spite of this, musicians loudly proclaimed, and amateurs (*mirabile dictu!*) agreed with musicians, that *Mireille* was M. Gounod's freshest, most original, and most ingenious work. I own that I am of the same mind; and nothing has afforded me greater satisfaction of late than the report—which I hope may turn out to be true—that Mr. Max Maretzek has determined to bring out *Mireille* (or *Mirella*, whichever name he may be pleased to assign to it) at the Academy of Music, with Clara Louise Kellogg—no less a favourite in London than in New York—as the heroine. Miss Kellogg is precisely fitted for the character; and I was pleased to learn that M. Gounod himself had kindly gone through the music with her, expressing his sincere gratification that what he esteemed his most finished and best work was about to be produced in New York.

After this preamble, your readers will, perhaps, not be displeased to hear some account of *Mireille* and its origin.

The story of *Mireille*, not, like that of *Faust*, familiar to the whole world through prose and poetry, through ballad, painting, statuary, and engravings, comes from a source almost exclusively known to lettered Frenchmen, and this chiefly through the eminent French poet, Lamartine. A certain Frederic Mistral, native of Marseilles—regarded by the few who are acquainted with universal poetry, wherever found, and in whatever language written, as a kind of Homeric troubadour—wrote a poem called *Mireio*. This being composed in the Provençal dialect, was inaccessible to all but a very limited number of appreciators. Lamartine, when in the south of France, accidentally became acquainted with *Mireio*, and, in an eloquent essay, contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, eulogised its author in the most flattering terms. Mistral, who had never dreamed of his poem being read by ordinary Frenchmen, to whom the Provençal tongue is little better than a myth, was both surprised and delighted at receiving praise from so eminent a pen as that of the author of *Jocelyn* and the *Méditations*, and immediately set to work and made a prose translation of his work, in the accepted French language. But for this, *Mireio* might have remained as unknown to the majority of readers as the poetry of Roumanville, Aubanel of Avignon, Bénédict of Marseilles, and other zealous promulgators of troubadour legends and troubadour rhymes; "labourers,"—as M. Jules Janin truly styles them—in the honourable, if not over-thankful, task of reviving and spreading the taste for an idiom which rivalled even the Italian idiom of its period; labourers to whom, had not Mistral produced his masterpiece, a rank would have been assigned scarcely inferior to his. With this disadvantage—the disadvantage, I mean, of having a mythical theme for the subject of his opera—M. Gounod had to contend. He fought it out, nevertheless, as strenuously as Richard Wagner had done with *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Tristan und*

*Isolde*—myths also in the strictest acceptance of the term. In love with his new theme, like a genuine enthusiast, Gounod was resolved to do his utmost with it; and so he visited the country where Mistral had placed the scene and imagined the incidents of his poem, imbibing his mind with the spirit of Provençal legends and filling his ear with the strains of early Provençal melody. How much he gathered while in Provence, and for how much we are indebted rather to his research than to his invention, matters little. Enough that the chance of his becoming acquainted with the poem of *Mireio* led to the production of the most graceful, spontaneous, and charming opera that ever came from his prolific pen. The man of letters to whom Gounod entrusted the construction of his libretto was the late M. Michael Carré; and it can hardly be denied that M. Carré used the materials placed in his hands with consummate ease and felicity, producing out of them a pastoral of the most seductive and winning character. On the other hand, the beautiful music of M. Gounod fairly compensated for all that his co-labourer was inevitably compelled to reject—in dramatizing, after the accepted fashion, a poem, the incidents and personages of which were never conceived with a view to theatrical representation. If M. Carré's raid into the unfamiliar realm imagined by the genius of Frederic Mistral may be likened to the progress of an eager woodman, axe in hand, through a virgin forest of the New World, felling, right and left, every object that impedes his advance; if the desert of La Crau, dreamt of by the Provençal poet, became realized in the work of the Parisian librettist, M. Gounod, on his part, has contrived, with the aid of his own beautiful art, to endow the Provençal legend with fresh interest, to present it under a new and individual aspect, to breathe into it, in short, an altogether new life. For every young tree cut down from the poet's woodland the composer has substituted a melody as young and promising. Even the music of the careless shepherd who consoles the worn and stricken *Mireille* is an oasis whence the spectator may survey the wide and desert plain with self-satisfied complacency. What Mistral, as a poet, has done for the pretty idyl, Gounod has done as a musician.

I have no intention of taking up your space with a description of the music to which M. Gounod has wedded *Mireille*. That will be done for you by abler hands than mine when the opera is produced at the Academy. I may, however, just end this letter with a brief analysis of the story, condensed from Mistral's poem. *Mireille*, that is M. Carré's *Mireille*, is the simple history of the loves of a farmer's daughter and an humble basket-maker; a history as touching as it is simple, commencing like an idyl of Theocritus, and ending like a legend of the mediæval Christian ages. The original poem, in twelve cantos, contains material enough, I need scarcely say, for just as many operas; so that the task of M. Carré was by no means easy. The best idea of the story, however, may be obtained from an almost literal reproduction of those parts of it which the French librettist has turned to account.

*Mireille*, with the ingenuous purity of adolescence, takes the initiative, and extorts from Vincent, the basket maker, a confession of his love, by first declaring her own. "You think me prettier than your sister?"—says she. "Much prettier," answers Vincent. And now let Mistral speak:—"What," asks *Mireille*, "is there more in me than there is in her?" "Holy Mother!"—Vincent rapturously replies—"what is there in the goldfinch more than in the wren, unless it be beauty, song, and grace! My sister running about the pastures has, like the branch of a date tree, scorched her face and neck in the sun; but you, Oh! beautiful, are like the asphodel flower; the hand of summer dares not tan your white forehead. My sister is as slim as a brook libellula. She grew tall in a year; but you, *Mireille*!" Vincent's earnest look and ingenuous ardour make their inevitable impression on the young maiden, who, dropping the mulberry branch with which she had been listlessly playing, exclaimed, "Oh Vincent, how you talk!" The boy and the maiden then go bird's-nesting, and, after a scene which might have been borrowed from Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, or from the more universally familiar *Daphnis and Chloe*, the branch of a tree to which they have been clinging suddenly snaps. Entwined in each other's arms, the lovers fall upon the "supple darnel grass." "You are not hurt, *Mireille*?"—anxiously enquires Vincent, cursing, in Provençal idiom, the *Alliés* ("Devil's Tree") which had proved thus treacherous. "No, no," says *Mireille*, to this and other urgent questions; "but why," she adds, "deceive you? My bosom can no longer hold the secret that oppresses it. Vincent! I love you!" The emotions of the basket-maker may be better imagined than described, I shall, therefore, not attempt to describe them, or to translate into English, any of the inordinate rhapsody to which he gives utterance. Enough that the peroration of his frantic discourse amounts to this much:—"If you are serious, and do not wish to mock me, in derision for my poor estate, be not angry when I say, *Mireille*, that I love you, love you, love you, with so much love, that I could eat you up!" And so, being both of a mind, all would end well, but for an obstacle which neither of the young lovers has taken into account. *Mireille's* father is one of those to whom riches are the first, and indeed the sole, consideration. The

idea of his daughter becoming the wife of a mere gatherer and carrier of woods and firewood is out of the question. There are, moreover, other suitors for the hand of Mireille, any one of whom he would prefer. These are Alari, a wealthy shepherd; Veran, a well-to-do tender of horses; Ourrias, the famous notherd and bull-tamer. Mireille, however, detests them all three, especially Ourrias the bull-tamer, whom she not merely repudiates, as she repudiates his fellows, but insults in the bargain. The rage of Ourrias is spent upon Vincent, his preferred rival, with whom he engages in mortal combat, and whom he leaves for dead. The remainder of the story (which ends with the fifth canto of the poem of *Mireio*) I will translate literally to the best of my power.

After this supposed murder, the bull-tamer, pursued by remorse, flees at full gallop on his trustiest steed, until he arrives at the waters of the Rhone. Here he summons the boatman to ferry him across; but no sooner has he put foot upon the stern than the boat becomes unmanageable. "You are a murderer," cries out the boatman. "I, a murderer! who told you so?" says Ourrias. "Ah!" retorts the boatman, "I forgot. It is the night of St. Medard. Every drowned man, no matter at what depth buried beneath the waters, must this night return to earth. The procession has already commenced. Behold them yonder, on the stony bank, bathed in tears, with naked feet, their garments mud-bespattered, the water running from their dark, dishevelled hair; under the poplars, in the shade, they advance in rows, each with a lighted taper in his hand." At this moment the ferry-boat in which Ourrias had hoped to escape begins to sink; a rope is thrown to the boatman, who clings to it and swims to shore; but Ourrias, vainly attempting to clutch it, is lost. The sequel may be told in a line. Vincent, not mortally wounded, has recovered, under the charitable tendence of an old familiar witch, Taven (the contralto of the opera); but Mireille, crossing the arid waste of La Crau, on a pilgrimage to the "Saintes Maries," towards which the very procession referred to is directed, having been visited by a sunstroke, falls exhausted at the threshold of the church where she was going to pray for the soul of her beloved Vincent, and dies. This melancholy climax was rejected in the version of the opera prepared for Her Majesty's Theatre, Mireille being preserved for Vincent, and Vincent for Mireille—a far more agreeable catastrophe. I understand, too, that M. Gounod has since made farther alterations, of which the New York Academy of Music is to be allowed the advantage. Of one thing, I feel certain, namely, that *Mireille* will be a real success in America.

The music which M. Gounod has composed for *Mireille*, though sparkling with beauties on the surface, has depth in the bargain, and requires in its execution the most delicate handling. Happily it will find in Mr. Max Maretzek, who, I am informed, first thought of introducing this very interesting work to the knowledge of the American public, one competent to render it every justice.

M. Gounod himself, could not, I feel assured, wish his opera to be produced under the superintendence of a more able and vigilant director than Mr. Maretzek. The revival of so picturesque and beautiful a work as *Mireille*, in the metropolis of the New World, will doubtless be a reproach, but a reproach fully merited to the capitals of the Old, where it first saw the light, or in conventional phrase, "the lamps."

AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.

### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Not for many years do we remember this institution—which, although from the outset governed by a directorate consisting of amateurs, has helped so materially the progress of music in this country—beginning a new season more auspiciously than on Friday night, when Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* was performed, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa. Since 1848 the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society have been intrusted to this gentleman's skilful and experienced guidance, and all the world knows with what happy results.

*Judas Maccabæus*, although so long familiarly styled the "Jewish Oratorio," on account of its setting forth the exploits of the famous Israelite chieftain who delivered his countrymen from serfdom, was, it is unnecessary to repeat, composed by Handel to commemorate the deeds of an English general—the Duke of Cumberland—after his victory at Culloden, in 1746. Like the majority of Handel's so-called "oratorio," it is neither more nor less than a sacred drama put to music. The *Messiah*—and now it may be added (thanks to the great Festivals at the Crystal Palace), *Israel in Egypt* excepted, *Judas* is the most generally admired and popular of all Handel's compositions. True, that the book prepared for the "giant of the choir," by the Rev. Dr. Morell, is as mediocre, both in language and sentiment, as anything ever offered for the exercise of the musician's art.

But to Handel, as was often proved, that mattered nothing. He could easily turn dross into gold; and of this his *Judas Maccabæus* is one of many instances. For Handel, as long as there were characters and incidents to excite his imagination, the literary merits of a work submitted to him appeared of little or no consequence; and, after all, *Judas Maccabæus* afforded him ample opportunity of putting forth his strength where his strength rarely failed him. Its choruses are many and varied—now pathetic, now vividly descriptive, now full of martial ardour and magnificence. In this particular department the oratorio is, indeed, wonderfully rich; and, therefore, even did it not contain a single recitative or air for solo voice, it would always be a special favourite with musicians and amateurs of taste and acquirement. From "Mourn, ye afflicted children," a model of pathetic expression, with which the oratorio begins, to "Rejoice, O Judah," with which it terminates in a climax of jubilant brilliancy, the hand of the consummate master, who, even when most essentially dramatic, invariably elevates his theme, is always apparent—always deeply felt. "Hear us O Lord," at the end of the first part; "Fallen is the foe," which opens the second part, and "We never will bow down," which brings it to a conclusion, with a grandeur impressive and overwhelming, are among the finest examples of Handel's choral writing—as fine as almost anything in *Israel* or the *Messiah* itself. In "Fallen is the foe" the great musician shows triumphantly how much can be expressed without elaborate contrivance; in "We never will bow down," he shows no less triumphantly, what expression can be attained by the employment, in just keeping, of all the most elaborate resources of his art. Then again, in pathos, the choruses, "For Sion lamentation make," and "Ah, wretched Israel," have few parallels, no superiors; while the more concise, and, if we may be allowed the term, epigrammatic "Tune your harp," together with the immortal trio, with semi-chorus and full chorus, "See, the conquering hero comes"—originally in *Joshua*, composed two years later—are unrivalled examples of the effect which may be got by genius out of the simplest possible materials. But it is superfluous to dwell further upon the characteristics of an oratorio so familiar. Unreserved commendation may justly be given to the choral singing throughout. It could hardly, indeed, have been surpassed. We have reason to believe that, under the advice and superintendence of Sir Michael Costa, certain modifications of importance have been effected, long felt to be essential. At all events, the result of Friday's performance was such as to merit and obtain general commendation. Taking it for all in all, no better choral singing has been heard in London.

The solo performances also gave high satisfaction. The sopranos were Madame Sinico and Miss Banks, the former of whom created a real sensation in the florid air, "From mighty kings;" the latter in "Lo shall the lute and harp awake." Miss Julia Elton, the contralto, chiefly distinguished herself in the expressive air, "Father of Heaven." The tenor part in this oratorio is one of the most trying and arduous in the repertory of sacred music. Mr. Vernon Rigby, however, has both the voice and the physical energy indispensable to give it effect; and in the airs "Call forth thy powers" and "Sound an alarm," won loud and general applause. No less to be commended was Mr. Lewis Thomas, for his musician-like delivery of the bass recitatives and airs allotted to Simon (brother of Judas Maccabæus). "Arm, arm ye brave" and "The Lord worketh wonders" could hardly have been delivered with more force and vigour. Mr. Montem Smith, in the music of the Israelitish Messenger, sang, as he invariably does, like a well-trained musician.

The additional accompaniments, composed many years ago by Sir Michael Costa expressly for the Sacred Harmonic Society, which add no little to the force and richness of the score, were used, as a matter of course. The orchestra, with Messrs. Dando and Weist Hill as principal violins, was irreproachable, and nothing could have been better than the organ playing of Mr. Willing (of the Foundling Hospital).

The 41st season of the Sacred Harmonic Society could thus not have begun with better promise. We are glad to learn that among the works to be produced in the course of the season are J. S. Bach's sublime *Passion according to St. Matthew*, and the late Dr. Crotch's oratorio, *Palestine*. Some might have preferred the *Captivity of Judah*, but an oratorio from the pen of Dr. Crotch will be welcome under any circumstances. For the immediate next performance, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* is announced.

COLOGNE.—First *Soirée* for Chamber Music: String Quartet, F major, Haydn; Pianoforte Quintet, Ferdinand Hiller; String Quartet Mozart.

## GOUNOD v. WOOD.

This was a motion by M. Charles Gounod, the well-known composer, to restrain the defendant, who carries on business as a publisher and seller of music at 201, Regent Street, under the name of J. B. Cramer and Co., from selling any copy of two songs, called "Good Night, Heaven bless You," and "Hero and Leander." The plaintiff's case was, that, although it was stated on the title or first page of these songs that they were "composed by Gounod," they were, in fact, neither written nor composed by him, nor published by his authority, the music of the first being taken from a short chorus for soprano voices, written by the plaintiff, and entitled "Bon Soir," to which an accompaniment full of musical faults had been added; and the music of the second being taken from a duet composed by the plaintiff for one of his early operas, entitled *La Reine de Saba*, with the music altered and the end changed. These songs, the plaintiff alleged, were of a low order of merit, and calculated to injure his musical reputation.

Mr. Glasse, Q.C., Mr. Graham Hastings, and Mr. Bowen May, jun. (of the Common Law Bar), appeared for the plaintiff.

Mr. D. Chauncy Beale, for the defendant, submitted to a perpetual injunction restraining the defendant from selling the songs in question, or any other song or musical work purporting to be, and not, in fact, composed by the plaintiff, and to pay the costs of the suit.

## GOUNOD v. HUTCHINGS.

This was a similar motion to restrain Messrs. Hutchings, the music publishers of Conduit Street, from selling seven songs and three duets, purporting to be composed by the plaintiff, and not, in fact, composed by him. The names of the songs in question were, "Turn, Weary Wheel," "Rose of Danube," "The Saviour's Love," "A Daughter's Appeal," "Broken Reeds," "Yes, I leave thee," and "Bells Across the Snow;" and the names of the duets were, "The Merry Sheep Bells," "Ring, ye Fairy Bells," and "Gliding Down the Glassy River." These songs and duets, the plaintiff alleged, were adaptations of songs taken from his works, and chiefly from his operas of *Sappho*, *La Colombe*, *La Nonne Sanglante*, and *Philemon et Baucis*, in which his original music had so suffered as to damage his reputation as a composer. The defendants stated that they had acted only in accordance with the custom of the trade in selling arrangements of music; but they offered to refrain from selling any of the works complained of with their present title-pages, and to undertake not to sell any arrangement of M. Gounod's music without expressing on the title-page that the music was arranged from music by him.

It was accordingly agreed that the defendants should give an undertaking in these terms, and pay the costs of the suit.

Mr. Glasse, Q.C., Mr. Graham Hastings, and Mr. Bowen May, jun., appeared for the plaintiff; and Mr. Romer for the defendants.

## VOICES.

(Described by an American.)

The cultivated listener at any of our concerts, churches, or musical gatherings of any kind where vocal music is being rendered, cannot fail to be brought to a knowledge of the fact that there are a great many varieties of the same kind of voice. Take, for instance, the Soprano, and you will find the Squeaking, the Squealing, the Screaming, the Squalling, the Squacking, the Scooping, the Timid-flatter, the Terrific-sharper, and many other varieties. Among Altos are the Guttural, the Sepulchral, the Thick, the Thin, the Betwixt-and-Between, and the Soft-solder Alto. Other varieties of course exist which do not require the use of an ear-trumpet to enable the listener to distinguish them. Of Tenors, the Gasping, the Blating, the Pipe-stem, the Over-the-pitch, the Under-the-pitch, the Up-the-nose, the Crying, the Tom-cat and the Saw-filing varieties are everywhere to be met with. Of all these the "Crying Tenor" is certainly the most to be dreaded. It can only be employed to advantage at funerals and "wakes," and even then its effect is almost too heartrending. Now last, but not least, the Basses. There is the Roaring, the Howling, the Bellowing, the Grain-leather, the Pumpkins stalk, the Empty-barrel, the Graveyard, the Down-cellar, the Sledge, hammer, the Wire-edge, the Dry-as-dust, the Mouldy, the Gone-to-seed and the Blast-furnace bass. This descriptive catalogue contains specimens of what may properly be called eccentric voices—i. e., voices which have received "special training," at the hands of the owners thereof, or have been "made over" to order by some teacher of the "compartment system." The purer types of voices are not so often found among "educated" singers now-a-days, nor are they so highly prized by concert agents, church music committee-men, and camps meeting chieftains, who seem to prefer the peculiarly startling effects produced by these eccentric voices, either singly or combined, to the tamer and consequently less attractive varieties who employ pure tone as the basis of their musical operations.—*Metronome*.

BRESLAU.—The members of the Singacademie observed the 25th anniversary of Mendelssohn's death by a special performance of *Elijah*.

## ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Unable, for want of a stage, to give his usual autumn series of Italian Opera representations in London, Mr. Mapleson achieves the next best thing, by occasionally presenting the artists of his company on the concert-platform, where they shine with equal brilliance, and, to the general public, are quite as welcome. He did this on Saturday evening last, and was rewarded by an overflowing attendance. Seldom has the vast interior of the Albert Hall looked more imposing, while even less often has an entertainment of the kind proved more successful. There was attraction both in the music performed and in those who performed it. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* alone is a thing for entrepreneurs to conjure with, so much do its luscious melodies and highly-coloured effects charm the popular ear. But when the Catholic hymn is joined to a selection of favourite operatic airs, and when the singers of both are such artists as Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Ilma di Murka, Madame Trebelli, Signor Campanini, and Signor Agnesi, the result we have described simply realizes a foregone conclusion. Due care was taken to secure an adequate performance of the choral music in the *Stabat*, and Mr. W. G. Cusins must be complimented upon efficiency in a department which is often very much neglected when famous artists are the main attraction. But, as a thing of course, the solos were heard with by far the greater interest, and, take them for all in all, they could not have been better sung. The "Inflammatus" of Mdlle. Tietjens, the "Fac ut portem" of Mdlle. Trebelli, and the "Quis est homo" of both ladies, are admitted on every hand to be among the finest examples of vocal skill. High rank has likewise been given to the "Pro peccatis" of Signor Agnesi, and on this occasion Signor Campanini asserted the right of his "Cujus Animam" to equal honour. The new Italian tenor sang Rossini's favourite air with much taste, and with a voice apparently uninjured by continuous exertion while subject to the genial influences of an English "fall." That the entire performance made a great effect need hardly be said. In the second, or miscellaneous part, Mdlle. Ilma di Murka achieved a triumphant success by her singing of "Ombra leggiera"—one of the clever Hungarian's oldest and most trustworthy *chevaux de bataille*. Again did her daring *fortituri* and brilliant execution take an audience by storm, and there was no peace till she submitted to an encore. The "M'appari" of Signor Campanini was also repeated—an honour well deserved; as was Madame Trebelli's familiar version of "Nobil Signor." These were great successes, and they were well supplemented by Signor Campobello's rendering of "Honour and arms," Harapha's song in Handel's *Samson*; and by the performance of Beethoven's great *Leonora* overture. We repeat that the concert was one of rare merit in its way.

## "PAGANINI REDIVIVUS."

The following letter appeared, without note or comment, in the *Sunday Times* of Nov. 24:—

SIR,—It is seldom that your paper can be accused of inconsistency or injustice both of which can be brought against you by me after reading the notice of my violin recital in your last issue you very kindly responded to my solicitation "to draw attention to the event" by saying "that my fiddling had earned me a wide world reputation" and in the notices of my dramatic sketch at the Egyptian Hall you were always most complimentary—Now, you allow a cantankerous being to insert a notice that belies all you have said before and illustrates the peculiarity that the same paper can have two opinions. There was no *Sunday Times* ticket passed in at my first recital and the sour-minded gentleman who does your musical reports generally was not there! However the critic being present at any entertainment he is to criticise is quite a secondary consideration in London. The programme or the advertisement is quite enough to write off a very detailed and apparently true account of any entertainment particularly when malice and falsehood are the leading objects in view. I hope Mr. Editor that you will perfectly understand that I exonerate you from all blame in the matter. I am greatly indebted to your paper and am happy to be able to tell you so but I also wish to have it known that I look upon all critics who praise me, as men of great intelligence and worthy of the greatest respect, and I look upon those rare ones who dispraise me as having a screw loose in their cerebral development. In conclusion I consider that if the person who wrote the notice in question was present at the performance he is only worthy to be an inmate of a home for idiots and if he was not present he is a mean unmanly cur and should get seven years hard labour, however I have not the least doubt but that I will be gaining the applause of admiring thousands when the poor fellow is getting worm-eaten in an unknown and contemptible grave.—Yours obliged,  
PAGANINI REDIVIVUS.

## MUSICAL FOSTER CHILDREN.

(A Monsieur le Rédacteur du "Times.")

Monsieur, — J'ose espérer que vous ne me refuserez pas d'ouvrir les colonnes de votre journal à la publicité d'une plainte dont je n'aurais jugé ni digne ni utile d'occuper l'attention de vos lecteurs, si j'y eusse été seul intéressé. Mais il s'agit d'un abus, je devrais dire, d'un délit commercial dont les conséquences ont une telle gravité, non seulement quant aux intérêts matériels, mais quant à la réputation de ceux qui en sont les victimes, que je considère comme un devoir d'en appeler à l'opinion publique et de hâter de tous mes efforts, de tous mes vœux, et de tous les arguments de la justice, la cessation d'un état de choses scandaleux et funeste à l'exercice légitime des droits de propriété littéraire et artistique. Je m'estimerais heureux si, en élevant la voix à l'occasion de préjudices personnels, je pouvais réveiller, au fond de tous ceux que cette question intéresse, l'énergie et l'activité nécessaires pour en finir avec un mal dont notre ignorance et notre insouciance font toute la force et prolongent la durée.

Permettez-moi d'appuyer ma thèse sur les scandales de commerce de musique; étant moi-même compositeur, c'est le seul côté par lequel je sois capable de traiter la question avec connaissance de cause.

Je viens d'avoir entre les mains plus de soixante morceaux de musique publiés par plusieurs grands éditeurs de Londres comme étant des œuvres de ma composition, et qui, tous, ne sont que de plates et abominables caricatures dans lesquelles ma musique est absolument calomniée, dégradée, et parfois méconnaissable. Cette altération, qui est souvent poussée jusqu'au meurtre, peut s'accomplir de différentes manières sur lesquelles il est indispensable d'éclairer l'opinion publique et d'appeler la surveillance de la police intellectuelle.

1°. En dénaturant la mélodie; c'est-à-dire, changeant les notes, ou en supprimant une partie, ou en ajoutant d'étrangers.

2°. En remplaçant les formes d'harmonies ou de rythme dans les accompagnements par de soi-disant simplifications qui n'ont plus rien de la pensée primitive.

3°. En adaptant à une pensée musicale, inspirée par certaines paroles ou certaines situations dramatiques, de nouvelles paroles qui n'ont aucun des caractères, d'une traduction, aucune vraisemblance de rapport avec la musique, d'où il résulte que, si l'alliance de la musique avec les mots est absurde (ce qui est presque toujours le cas), c'est le musicien qui en porte la responsabilité et sa réputation qui en souffre.

Voilà donc des monstruosités qui déshonorent la profession artistique, qui salissent le commerce musical, qui abaissent le goût public, qui enrichissent les marchands, ruinent les auteurs, et jettent sur l'honneur artistique, auquel ils ont consacré leur vie, une flétrissure qui ne mérite pas d'autre nom que ceux de la calomnie et du vol, auxquels elles devraient être assimilées.

Et cependant tout cela circule librement, impunément, victorieusement.

Je vous affirme, sur l'honneur, que, pour ma part, je sais des personnes qui, après avoir entendu quelques-uns de ces "songs" — songs de ma soi-disant composition — m'ont cru et déclaré incapable d'en écrire un qui fût bon. Je pourrais citer plus d'un passage de tel et tel critique musicale qui vante ces odieuses falsifications de ma musique au lieu de les dénoncer, et entretient le public dans l'erreur et de mauvais goût au lieu de l'instruire et de l'éclairer.

J'ignore dans quelle mesure et par quels exemples les législateurs Anglais ont pu jusqu'ici être saisis de l'importance de cette matière; ce que je sais, c'est que le délit contre lequel je proteste n'existe, à ma connaissance, que dans le commerce musical Anglais, le seul dans lequel j'aie vu vendre, sous le nom d'un auteur, des œuvres qui ne sont pas les siennes: ce que je sais, c'est que les lois sont encore, sur ce point, bien défectueuses, et nous bien désarmées; c'est que la conscience morale et la science juridique du magistrat sont bien souvent insuffisantes pour apprécier à leur juste valeur la nature et la portée du préjudice causé à un artiste par des falsifications que rien ne distingue de ses œuvres authentiques.

Ce que je crois, c'est qu'il n'y a que la convocation d'un Grand Congrès Artistique qui puisse mettre un terme à ces funestes méprises, en établissant, une fois pour toutes, sur les bases immuables du droit moral, les lois qui protégeront désormais l'artiste vis-à-vis de l'éditeur, et qui imposeront à celui-ci, sous peines prévues, l'obligation stricte de ne publier sous le nom d'un auteur que ce qui est directement émané de lui.

En ce qui me concerne, je crois devoir informer le public de la mesure que j'ai adoptée pour échapper à toute publication mensongère, et que celui de mes éditeurs de Londres qui j'ai constitué mon agent spécial à cet effet est Mr. Goddard, 4, Argyll Place, Regent Street, chez qui on sera toujours certain d'avoir des renseignements exacts sur l'authenticité de toute œuvre musicale publiée sous mon nom. — J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, votre obéissant serviteur,

CHARLES GOUNOD.

Turistock House, Nov. 22.

LEIPZIG. — Sixth Gewandhaus Concert: "Salvum fac Regem" Reinecke; Pologne, "Sachsenlied," "Festmarsch," David; "Trauungallied," Hauptmann; "Lobgesang," Mendelssohn.

WEIMAR. — A highly satisfactory performance of Handel's *Messiah* was given here a short time since, the solo singers being M<sup>me</sup>. von Milde, M<sup>lle</sup>. Dotter, Herren Borchers and von Milde.

## OPERA IN LIVERPOOL.

If anyone doubted the presence of musical taste in Liverpool, the rush for places for the opera season, at the Alexandra Theatre, must materially affect his views. It may be said that people "go to the opera" because it is the fashion to do so, and the *ton* of Liverpool are scrupulous in doing what is "proper." But this does not explain the present excitement, for the local gentility is not a thing of to-day; and the Liverpool opera-goers have shown they will not pay even for opera, unless it is presented with due regard for its exigencies. The prices here are higher than in other places. Manchester "men," for instance, can hear opera at a very much smaller expense than Liverpool "gentlemen," and for this reason, that Cottonopolis possesses a theatre which will accommodate about a thousand more people than the Liverpool opera-house. The Lime Street theatre was built for the genteel, and of course these are the chief patrons at opera time. But there is no room to doubt that the Liverpool system is the best. A theatre which will accommodate more than 3,000 people can be fit for little else than spectacular displays at any other time than the opera seasons. Mr. Mapleson has found a small tariff remunerative at the Queen's Theatre, but how will Mr. Younge and his company like playing the light Robertsonian comedies in the Bridge Street establishment? It will be like taking to our Amphitheatre an entertainment suitable to the Prince of Wales Theatre. Theatrical managers—London as well as provincial—have found that small theatres are much more profitable than large ones; but it is only in houses with vast accommodation that small prices can prevail for expensive entertainment. Should the comfort of a year be sacrificed for the sake of a low tariff for a couple of weeks? Our fretful neighbour has pricked up his quills because Liverpool prices are higher than those of Manchester, and asks for an explanation, ignoring the fact of which he is or ought to be well aware. He who is so wise must surely know why Mr. Mapleson does not go to the Theatre Royal or the Prince's Theatre, preferring to take his company to what is even now considered a minor house.

However, the prices in Liverpool have not influenced the demand for reserved places; and we have no doubt the gallery visitors will cheerfully pay 1s. 6d. for seats which have been 2s. each when much less attractive programmes were put forth. In the upper circle, by the way, Liverpool has an advantage. While the greater part of the seats here are 3s., all are 5s. in Manchester, but our neighbours are compensated by a pit of 2s., while the Alexandra pit is monopolised by the stalls. When the plans were opened, on Monday, the theatre was besieged with seekers of places, but the system of giving each person a numbered ticket prevented the violence which has distinguished previous opening days. The shareholders have the first pick of places; and, as this is the only return they receive for the investment of their money, perhaps they should not be grudging the small consolation. This time they have very largely availed themselves of their privileges, and seem to be the best of Mr. Mapleson's patrons. It is said that up to Monday night—one day's booking—the receipts amounted to about £1,200, which shows that Mr. Wilkinson must have been busy. Since then the securing of places has been continuous, and for some opera—*Lucrezia Borgia* for one—there is not a vacant place in the reserved parts of the house. In fact, the demand has been almost unprecedented, and it is to be hoped Mr. Mapleson and Mr. Saker will do their utmost to deserve this liberal patronage. With such encouragement, the opera representations should be as nearly faultless as the resources of the two managers can make them. No one expects special new scenery each night—and it must be remembered no opera is to be repeated—but the public have a right to expect the pieces to be decently mounted. Mr. Mapleson, no doubt, takes away the great bulk of the receipts, but Mr. Saker should take care to retain enough to pay for an extra touch of paint here and there, as well as a reasonable share of the net profits.—*Daily Courier*.

BAYREUTH.—According to the *Leipziger Tageblatt*, M<sup>me</sup>. Cosima, Liezt's daughter, and formerly the wife of Herr Hans von Bülow, the pianist, having gone over to the Protestant Church, was married to Herr R. Wagner during the recent visit here of her father, who was present at the ceremony.

VIENNA.—The first Subscription Concert for the season of the Society of the Friends of Music (*Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*) took place on the 10th inst. Herr Johannes Brahms, who was greatly applauded on taking his position in the orchestra, officiated for the first time as artistic director. The programme was headed by Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*. Then came two old vocal choruses, written by Heinrich Isaak and Eccard, and admirably sung by the Vocal Union. The next piece was Mozart's concert-air: "Ch'io mi scordi di te?" with *obligato* chorus and orchestra, M<sup>me</sup>. Wilt being the singer. The concert wound up with Schubert's Pianoforte Duet in C major, Op. 140, scored for full band by Herr Joachim.—The second Musical Evening given by Herr von Bülow was devoted exclusively to Chopin. It was well attended.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1872-3.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

### SIXTH CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 2, 1872.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

#### PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 71, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and  
violinello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI,  
and PIATTI *Haydn.*  
AIR, "Non tener"—Madame SINICO, with Violin obbligato—  
Madame NORMAN-NERUDA *Mozart.*  
SONATA, in A minor, Op. 42, for pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES  
HALLS *Schubert.*

#### PART II.

SONATA, in A, for violinello, with pianoforte accompaniment  
(by desire)—Signor PIATTI *Boccherini.*  
SONG, "Name the glad day"—Madame SINICO *Dussek.*  
SONATA, in A, Op. 47 (dedicated to Kreutzer), for pianoforte and  
violin—Mr. CHARLES HALLS and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA *Beethoven.*  
CONDUCTOR .. .. MR. ZERBINI.

### THREE EXTRA MORNING PERFORMANCES.

(Not included in the Subscription) will take place

On Saturdays, December 7 and 14, and January 18.

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT.

DECEMBER 7, 1872.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

#### PROGRAMME.

QUARTET in C major, for two violins, viola, and violinello—  
Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Mozart.*  
RECIT. and AIR, "Deeper and deeper still (Jephthah)—Mr. SIMS  
REEVES *Händel.*  
SONATA, in B flat, Op. 22, for pianoforte alone—Mr. FRANKLIN  
TAYLOR *Beethoven.*  
ALLEMANDE, LARGO, and ALLEGRO, for violinello, with  
pianoforte accompaniment—Signor PIATTI *Veracini.*  
SONG, "Claribel"—Mr. SIMS REEVES *H. Lambeth.*  
TRIO in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violinello—Mr.  
FRANKLIN TAYLOR, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor  
PIATTI *Mendelssohn.*  
Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

## CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

NINTH CONCERT—THIS DAY—NOVEMBER 30th, 1872.

### MENDELSSOHN'S ORATORIO, "ST. PAUL."

#### Vocalists:—

MADAME LEMMENS, MISS JULIA ELTON,  
MR. J. H. PEARSON, MR. SMYTHSON, MR. MARLER,

AND  
MR. LEWIS THOMAS.  
THE CRYSTAL PALACE CHOIR.

Organist:—DR. JOHN STAINER.

CONDUCTOR .. .. MR. MANNS.

At 3 o'clock precisely.

\* \* Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will appear again at a date after Christmas;  
Madame SCHUMANN on 1st March; Herr JOACHIM on Feb. 15th, and March 15th; Signor  
PIATTI on January 18th; and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA on the 25th January.

#### DEATHS.

On the 22d inst., at 23, Seymour Street, Portman Square, J. B. CIABATTA, Esq., aged 64, dearly beloved and deeply regretted. Friends will kindly accept this intimation.

On 20th inst., Signor FRANCESCO LUCCA, Music Publisher of Milan, Italy.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dr. ODOLÉ.—No. Rossini was very noble-minded in his behaviour both to Boieldieu and Hérold: but that does not make Boieldieu and Hérold Rossini's equals. Dr. Odolé is entirely wrong about Aubert, and still wronger about M. Gounod, whose two symphonies are in the keys of G (No. 1), and E flat (No. 2).

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1872.

HOW can we possibly feel the slightest surprise that historians, writing on events which took place centuries ago, should frequently disagree with each other, when we find diametrically opposite accounts given by contemporaries of a circumstance that happened only a few days since? How can we hope ever to coincide in opinion about Mary Stuart, and her vain, but astute rival, Queen Elizabeth, if we cannot ensure unanimity as to the success or non-success of an opera, performed this very month at an absurdly short distance, telegraphically considered, from our own shores? How will Posterity ever be able to repose confidence in the musical Froude of future ages, or how will that eminent, but as yet unborn, scholar and writer be in a position to enounce a decided opinion as to the fate of Herr R. Wagner's *Tannhäuser* in Bologna, when the correspondents of the various papers speak in such extremely different ways of it? Their statements require to be as carefully sifted as the cinders from our own fires, with best Wallsemds at thirty-six shillings a ton. A special correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, says:—

"Yesterday *Tannhäuser* was performed for the third time, amid unanimous, and occasionally enthusiastic, applause. If I did not write to you immediately after the first performance, the reason was that the party opposed to everything not Italian were too unblushingly rampant, and proved most glaringly that they had not come to judge, but had made up their minds beforehand that the German opera should be a failure. As however, the overture, despite their manifestations of dissatisfaction, had to be repeated, and as the first act was greatly liked, they commenced an uproar such as can occur only in an Italian theatre, and such as to render it altogether impossible for the performance to be heard, even imperfectly. The object of the malcontents was to prevent the opera being played to the end, but they did not succeed. The numerous Wagner- and Germany-hating critics present were in a tremendous hurry to telegraph off: *Tannhäuser*, despite model performance, a complete failure; music nothing more nor less than impossible; properly speaking, not music at all, etc. The critics friendly to Wagner sought to account for the non-success by the unsatisfactory distribution of the principal parts: some ascribed it to the tenor, and others to the two *prime donne*, as though the success or failure of the opera depended either on Elizabeth or Venus. In a word, people differed wonderfully in opinion, but were generally partial and spiteful. How premature they were, though, in their judgment, is proved by the fact that the opera was yesterday given for the third time, to an overcrowded house, and is to be repeated on the 15th. The overture, played with great spirit, under Mariani's masterly direction, had to be repeated. After the first act there were three recalls. The entrance of the Guests was very favourably received, and the *finale* of the second act encored; two recalls at the conclusion of the act. Elizabeth's prayer was warmly applauded, with cries of 'Brava! Bene!' The 'Abendstern' was encored, and there were two recalls at the conclusion of the opera. Is that a failure, especially when there was a pre-determination to damn the work, no matter at what cost? It is true that the artists had a hard struggle, but they came forth victorious. Those who most distinguished themselves were Aldighieri, Wolfram; Gayarre, *Tannhäuser*; and Madame Grün, Elizabeth. About the lady I need say nothing, as she is well-known and appreciated in Germany; she was particularly applauded after her prayer in the third act. Aldighieri is an eminent artist with a most powerful voice. He sang everything famously, especially the 'Abendstern,' which he gave incomparably well. Gayarre possesses good

vocal means, and a very spirited style; he will certainly, ere long, be reckoned among the very first tenors in Italy. Signora Bossi, Venus, Signora Lambertini, Goethard; Signor David, Landgrave; and Signor Buti, Biteroff, were all very good, and the last two, indeed, admirable. The earnestness and devotion with which the work was studied, under the genial Mariani, by all the artists concerned, was wonderful, and we cannot, therefore, fail to be doubly gratified at the success, which, though dearly won, has gone on increasing at each successive representation. Signor Lucca, the indefatigable music-publisher has brought out the opera, splendidly got up in the German style."

From another correspondent, who does not look through such powerfully rose-coloured lenses, we learn that the second performance had just the same doubtful result as the first, despite the tremendous efforts made to render the work a hit. The score had been very much cut, and three pieces were omitted entirely. The theatre was pretty full. There were the same manifestations as on the first evening, such as hooting, hissing, and stamping of feet. Some few persons cried out: "Evviva Wagner," but their voices were drowned by the rest of the audience, who shouted: "Evviva Rossini! Basta! Basta!" A musical and theatrical paper *Dietro le Scene* (*Behind the Scenes*) observes:—

"The question is divided: I remain a *melodist*. What hissing; what groaning; what *patatrae*! Poor Gayarro! what a useless waste of your beautiful voice! Poor Grün! To save *Tannhäuser*, something more was required than Aldighieri's tremendous beard, the immensely adipose form and sweet French accent of Venus, and the magnificent way the piece was put upon the stage. *Tannhäuser* was buried with the bier of St. Elizabeth, and that excellent conductor Mariani could scarcely, in the hubbub, save his conducting-stick. Futurists, put out the lamps. The Future does not suit us. Futurists, be off back to Germany, and get created citizens of the Black Forest. In Italy, when people are sleepy, they go to bed and not to the theatre. Futurists, we wish you a very good night!"

The critic of the *Opinione* thus sums up his weekly article:—

"Heaven is my witness that I would willingly have concluded my notice by chronicling the triumph of *Tannhäuser* in Bologna. I am so well inclined to Herr Wagner and his music that for the last two days I have been weeping bitterly at the defeat suffered by my very dear friends, Filippo and Biaggi, together with the whole clique of Futurists. Joking apart, *Tannhäuser* has proved a colossal failure, and we shall hear no more of Wagnerian music in Italy for a long time to come. This, however, was foreseen, for the away of the Eccentric can never be of more than short duration. The municipal authorities of Bologna, who were in such a hurry to present Herr R. Wagner with the freedom of the city, and who, in consequence, received a by no means polite letter from some Italian composers, must by this time have arrived at the conclusion that monuments should be erected to the dead and not to the living. No one would attack Wagner's music, had Wagner himself not the singular effrontery to condemn the music of most of his deceased colleagues who were superior to him. Yet, notwithstanding this effrontery, I should not like to see his operas entirely banished from the Italian stage. I have always blamed municipal authorities and managers for regarding this composer with astonishment as a reformer in music, and for expending on his productions sums they refused to real masterpieces. What has just happened in Bologna should serve as a lesson for all who fancy they are performing a good action by landing to the skies theories and systems which would utterly ruin the lyric stage. We do not, however, notice this most stupendous defeat for the purpose of weakening the telegrams forwarded from Bologna, announcing at Milan, and then in Germany, a brilliant success. The Bologna papers will not omit to tell the truth. Let us bury our idols and erect altars to the true divinity."

These examples suffice to justify our opening remarks; but they could be extended almost indefinitely, and the upshot is that nobody out of Bologna knows whether *Tannhäuser* succeeded or failed. The fact proves the strength of the opinions held on each side, and how easily a man's partialities can influence his judgment. In the midst of all this hubbub, what a comfort it is to know that Art remains immutable, and is no more affected by the rise of strange doctrines and the struggles of opposing cliques, than the sun is affected by the clouds which hide him from our eyes. The battle of Art, like that of Freedom, "though frequent lost, is ever won;" and whether *Tannhäuser* was or was not a success at Bologna is only a question of momentary interest. Moreover, as regards the Wagnerian theories generally, it is comforting to know that, if they be not truth, they will sooner or later come to naught.

## PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—The *Daily Review*, of Nov. 26th, says:—

"The entertainment on Saturday evening was an exception to the general run of the concerts which are provided in the Music Hall for the public once a week during the winter season. Hitherto we have been generally favoured with programmes either replete with all the comic songs of the day, Scotch songs, or selections of the melodies of the three nations; but, on Saturday, we were furnished with one of a perfectly different stamp, consisting of a ballad opera recital of Sir Walter Scott's *Guy Mannering*. The dialogue of the opera was read by a comedian from Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres, while the vocal part of the programme was sustained by Madame Bodda Pyne, Miss Emmeline Martin, Miss Emily Donee, Mr. Henry Gordon, and Signor Montelli; Mr. Frank Bodda acting as accompanist."

LUTON.—The Luton Choral Society gave a very successful performance of *Judas Maccabæus* on Tuesday, Nov. 26th, in the Town Hall. The principal vocalists were Miss Jessie Royd, Miss Lucy Franklin, Mr. Kerr Gedge, and Mr. Orlando Christian; leader of the band—Mr. T. Gough; violoncello—Mr. H. Chipp. The singing of Miss Jessie Royd was much admired, the fair artist being recalled in "Pious Orgies" and "From mighty kings." Mr. Joseph Hawkes was conductor. There was a large and fashionable audience.

LIVERPOOL.—We read in the *Daily Courier*, of November 25th, as follows:—

"On Saturday evening the Societa Armonica gave its fortieth open rehearsal in the hall of the Institute, which was crowded. The programme was a more varied one than usual. The instrumental music comprised: Overture, *Son and Stranger*, Mendelssohn; *Andante*, Schubert; Symphony in E flat, Neukomm; and Overture, *La Dame Blanche*, Boieldieu. These were all played in excellent style, particularly the first overture and the third movement of the symphony, which were much applauded. In the accompaniments to the vocal music the band at times showed slight nervousness, and was once or twice a little out of tune. For the chorus, the pieces selected were not of a very interesting character, if we except Hummel's *graduale*, 'Lord, thou art righteous,' a fine, though short piece, which was well sung. The other choruses were 'Domine saluum fac,' Ansell; 'Smooth o'er the dark blue waters,' Mozart; and 'Victoria,' Rossini. The solo vocalist was Mr. Alfred Brown, whose only song, 'Rage, thou angry storm,' by Benedict, was well sung, and re-demanded."

GLASGOW.—The *Evening Star*, of November 25th, contains the following remarks on the City Hall Saturday Evening Concerts:—

"Notwithstanding weather coarse enough in both wind and wet to justify the most ardent lovers of music in clinging to the fireside, the concert given in the City Hall on Saturday evening last, by the directors of the Glasgow Abolitioners' Union, attracted a large audience. Madame Haigh sang a variety of ballads, and rendered "'Twas night, and all around was still," and "She wore a wreath of roses," with a finish and expression that secured for the fair cantatrice encores of the warmest character. Miss Heywood is a pleasing contralto, and, while she has not much vocal power, invests her songs with a simplicity which is charming. Her singing of "The Sailor's Story"—tasteful and unadorned—was greatly appreciated and applauded. Mr. Reed Larwill (tenor) again made a most favourable impression, and gave the "Cujus Animam," and "Good-bye, sweetheart," &c., with feeling. The efforts of Mr. Orlando Christian (bass) were also well received. His "Dublin Bay" was, in fact, a faultless performance—a song in which he displayed the best qualities of his voice. A special feature of the entertainment were the readings of Mr. Walter Baynham. Mr. Emile Berger accompanied the vocal music with his accustomed skill and taste, and in the course of the evening gave a special solo, "Annie Laurie," with expressive and brilliant execution."

THERE are few amateurs, or musicians, in this country who will not be sincerely grieved to hear of the death of that amiable gentleman, and thoroughly accomplished professor, Signor Ciabatta. No foreigner who ever made this country his residence was more universally loved and respected. What must be the feelings of those who were his near relatives and intimate associates it is not in our province to discuss. Enough to add that, in Signor Ciabatta, we have lost one who was not only an honour to his profession but an ornament to society. The funeral took place on Thursday, at the Brompton Cemetery. The cortège was followed by a near relative, and several private friends of the lamented deceased, among whom were Messrs. Burdini, F. Lablache, Brizzi, George Wood, Trelawney, Cobham, Traventi, Sagrini, Paque, Wilhelm Ganz, Gill, Duncan Davison, &c.

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

In its notice of last Monday's Popular Concert, and *à propos* of Schumann's Quartet in A minor (Op. 41), the *Daily Telegraph* said:—

"Its interest began at the beginning with one of the most distinctive works of a composer whose music is receiving more and more attention as years go on. We refer to Schumann's Quartet in A minor (Op. 41), first of three dedicated to Mendelssohn; and a composition already popular enough to have been played six times at these concerts. The representative character of the "A minor" will not be questioned either by Schumann's friends or enemies—if enemies, indeed, such a man may be said to have—and we readily admit it in that capacity, because the work displays alike the strength and weakness of Schumann's genius. In the fabric of Nebuchadnezzar's dream-image there were both brass and clay; and that which brass and clay may be allowed to represent is found mixed in this quartet. We set down as 'clay' the obvious striving of the composer after originality, as exemplified in the structural outline of the work, and in the details of almost every movement. Originality striven after is, when gained, not worth having. That originality only is worth having which comes unbidden, which must and will come because the thoughts of genius can brook no denial of utterance. Such was the originality of Beethoven, who, when his genius had fully asserted itself, seemed hardly able to make it speak in the 'vulgar tongue,' but was compelled to utterances wholly unintelligible then, and scarcely comprehended now. We look in vain for a parallel to this in Schumann's quartet; but discover what is felt rather than seen to be a laborious search after the recondite. Some portions of the first *allegro* may be cited in proof, as may, with yet greater emphasis, the *adagio*, apart from the melodious theme with which it begins. To the same restless longing for the uncommon, we are disposed to ascribe much in other parts of the work which seems to lose sight of the fact that music should be definite in expression and pleasing in result. But along with these failings are many merits. Take the chief theme of the first *allegro*, for example. What more lovely and graceful idea ever came to an inspired musician? Take, again, the quaint *scherso*, so distinctive in character and so irresistible in its effect. Take, yet again, the principal theme of the slow movement, to which reference has already been made. In all these we feel that a great and gifted man is giving natural expression to inspired thought. Did the example of Beethoven tempt the thinker to do more? It may be so, for he who essayed to drive the chariot of the sun is a representative with many constituents."

With regard to Schumann's symphony in C, played at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, the *Daily News* observed:—

"This—classified as No. 2 of his four works of the kind—was written after, but produced before, that in D minor, which now stands as No. 4. The work referred to belongs to the year 1846, and is not only the most elaborate in construction, but also the most complete in design, and perhaps the most thoroughly representative work of the series. Yet it has been the least often heard in this country, a fact which is sufficiently accounted for by the last statement in the preceding paragraph. As acquaintance with, and consequent appreciation of, Schumann's genius progress, and the idealism, grandeur, and power displayed in his best works, become more and more intelligible by repeated hearings thereof, the symphony in C, and many other productions, will meet with more frequent performance than heretofore. Among the several honourable distinctions that have long marked the Crystal Palace Concerts, has been the advocacy of a composer whose works only require to be heard and re-heard, with the advantages of such fine performances as these, to make their way surely, if slowly, to the admiration of all who are willing to recognise pure and lofty thought and grand imagination realized by high musical art. The robust vigour of the first *allegro*, the vivacity and fancy of the *scherso*, the plaintive tenderness and beauty of the *adagio*, and the breadth and dignity of the *finale*, were all listened to with general interest at last Saturday's concert, the intermediate movements having been followed by applause that significantly marked the extended appreciation of Schumann's music. The enormous difficulties of the symphony, which taxed to the utmost the skill of each division of the orchestra, were realized with a combination of impulsive vigour, precision, and refinement that were alike honourable to the members of the band individually, and their presiding conductor, Mr. Manns."

**HALLE.**—Herr Guldner, a talented pianist, and *Capellmeister* here, has committed suicide, by taking laudanum. He was only twenty-nine years of age.

**DRESDEN.**—On the occasion of the recent Royal Golden Wedding, Herren Rietz and Krebs, royal chapelmasters both, had the Albert Order conferred on them.

**MUNICH.**—The Florentine Quartet, as it is called, under the direction of Herr Jean Becker, has given two performances at the Museum.—At the Royal Opera, the most remarkable event lately has been the last more or less "model" performance of *Tristan und Isolde*. Herr von Bulow conducted without a rehearsal, without the score, and, probably, without a conducting-stick. This "eminent virtuoso" on the piano and in the orchestra has, according to report, been offered the post of conductor at the Operahouse in Warsaw, and accepted.

## A SEASONABLE PROGRAMME.

FIRST CONCERT OF THE ACRID PULMONIC SOCIETY AND COUGHAL UNION, AT THE ASTHIMATEUM, COLD HARBOUR LANE.

Conductor.....MR. HOARSLAY.

## PART I.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Overture, "La Influenza."                       | Smart.  |
| Duet, "Rub in the Croton Oil" .....             | Bron. Chitiss.  |
| Tenor solo, "Come and have a Gargle Maud" ..... | (With catarrh accompaniment.)   |
| Glee, "The Cough and Cold" .....                | Tischoff.   |
| Scandinavian Melody, "The Spit Tune." .....     | Hearslay.   |
| Polka, "The Sore Throat" .....                  | Prince Gotschacoff.   |
| Song, "Cough, Cough, said the Stranger." .....  | M. O. Laseca.   |
| Russian Melody, "Tishootishoo" .....            | (Possessively the first time of performance.)   |
| Galop, "The Treacle Posset" .....               | Between the parts, Mr. Titkins will gargle for ten minutes, in eighteen different languages; and Mr. Shanks has kindly consented to dance his celebrated pas redoublé—"The Double Snuffle." |

## PART II.

- |  |                |
|--|----------------|
| Overture, "Gargielmo Tell" .....   |                |
| Glee, "The Hardy Horsemen." .....  |                |
| Comic Song, "The Sneeze." .....  |                |
| This song will last five minutes, during which the performer will sneeze no less than 568 times.   |                |
| Madrigal, "Come, let us all a Coughing go" .....   | Gruffin, 1582. |
| Tenor solo, "Who shall be Gruffest?" .....   | Shorter.       |
| Catarrhic solo, "So eardy id the bordig" .....   | Hollah.        |
| Valse, "Black Currant Tea." .....  | Tschubert.     |
| Song, "A Cup of Cough Mixture come fill, fill for me" .....  |                |
| Sneezing Trio, from "Der Tischeutz." .....   | Tryfisher.     |
| Selection from the opera of "La Cornuomore" .....  |                |
| Stalls (with an endless supply of gargles, mustard-and-water, and every other catarrhic luxury), 5s. 6d.; back seats, (with unlimited draughts), 1s. |                |
| Doors open at half-past seven. Performances to commence as soon as people are a little comfortable, and their coughs easy.                           |                |
| N.B.—A medical gentleman will be in attendance.  |                |
| RAMBLER ( <i>Sunday Times</i> ).   |                |

## GAIETY THEATRE.

Herr Kappey's new original comic opera, entitled *The Wager*, was brought out at the morning performance of the Gaiety Theatre on Saturday last, and met with decided success. The subject is taken from a German play called *A Marriage offer in Heligoland*, and is cleverly arranged and condensed for the requirements of a comic opera. The scene is laid at an outlying fishers' village, where a rich lord, for the sake of "a wager," endeavours to carry off the village beauty, and for that purpose enlists, through his groom, the aid of the pompous pariah beadle, Jeremiah Flip; who, being well paid for it, consents, although the damsel in question is the very same which he wants as bride for his dunce of a son, Gussy. However, Mary's heart has already been won by a young sailor, William, who in the end defeats the plans of the unscrupulous beadle and his associates, and all ends happily. Of Herr Kappey's music we can only speak in the highest terms of praise, the feature of the musical pieces being thoroughly musician-like, and the instrumentation highly creditable to Herr Kappey's talents; several of the songs and concerted pieces were loudly encored, and the composer, who conducted the opera himself, was called before the curtain, after the end of the first act. The *mise-en-scène* has evidently been prepared with great care; and, as we hope the opera will be repeated, more smoothness will be gained in some of the concerted pieces, which, however, might with advantage be curtailed. Miss Annie Goodall was all that could be wished in the part of Mary, the village beauty; while Mr. Selwyn Graham, as William, the sailor (considering this being his first appearance on the stage), did his part very well, and, being in possession of a fine tenor voice of pure quality, he will, after some practice and experience, prove a valuable acquisition to the operatic stage. Messrs. Connell and R. Temple, as pariah beadle and his simpleton of a son, acquitted themselves exceedingly well, adding greatly to the success of the opera by their humorous acting.

## ACTORS OFF THE STAGE.

A peculiar style of joking has been popular in the dramatic profession, and, strange to say, some of the most humorous and audacious pranks have been perpetrated by actors who would never have been suspected of such a propensity. Such was Egerton, a dull, heavy man in society; and Liston, who was an extremely shy man. Munden never saw me in the street, that he did not get astride his great cotton umbrella, and ride up to me like a boy on a stick. Wallack and Tom Cooke would gravely meet, remove with stolid countenances each other's hat, bow ceremoniously, replace it, and pass on without exchanging a word, to the astonishment of the beholders. Meadows continually would seat himself on the curb-stone opposite my house after we became neighbours, in Michael's Grove, Brompton, with his hat in his hand, like a beggar, utterly regardless of passing strangers, and remain in that attitude till I or some of my family caught sight of him, and threw him a halfpenny, or threatened him with the police. The peculiarity of these absurdities was, that they were never premeditated, but were the offspring of mere 'gaite de cœur.' Young and Liston were also practical jokers, but they indulged in very innocent pastimes. The last time the tragedian left his card at Mr. Planché's house he wrote on it: "'Tis I, my lord—the early village cook." Liston's sole occupation at last 'was sitting all day long at the window of his residence in St. George's Row, Hyde Park Corner, with his watch in his hand, timing the omnibuses, and expressing the greatest distress and displeasure when one of them appeared to him to be late."—*Recollections and Reflections of J. R. Planché.*

## ADVICE TO CHURCH CHOIRS.

The following appeared lately in the *Phrenological Journal*, and we reproduce it because there is some likelihood of the advice it contains being followed:—

"Remember that all must be done for the glory of the choir. It is absurd to work in the prayers and sermons for harmonious religious effect. If the minister does not work in the prayers and singing so much the worse for the minister. During prayers be whispering and turning over scores and note-books and consulting. No one of the saints will notice you, for they are hard at prayers. If any of the congregation do not particularly desire to be praying, it will help to entertain them. Keep things brisk, and draw much attention to the choir. The church was built and the congregation gathered for the choir. Mind that is a fundamental principle. As soon as the sermon begins go out of the church. If it is pleasant weather you can have a smoke, and get back in time for the next musical performance. You do not come to church to worship; you are paid so much for singing or playing, not for hearing sermons; or, if you are gratuitous, you have laid the congregation already under enough obligations by your professional services. Never let it be settled among the singers who is chief; let each make himself and herself the most important. It is not enough to keep harmony in the singing; why should the singers be harmonious? It is not regular and fashionable to have peace in a choir; the singers owe it to themselves to have strife about something or nothing. Let everything be done through strife and vain-glory; it will give the pastor some concern, and develop his skill in managing. They never do this in heaven; but they are not there yet."

Fly, little song, to my love,  
Over the rolling sea;  
Tell him how bright are the stars above,  
Tell him to weep not for me.

Kiss off the falling tears—  
My kiss of the days gone by;  
Tell him how fleet is the foot of the years,  
Whisper—my love cannot die.

Fly away into his heart,  
Borne on the soft summer's breath;  
Sing to him, "Love, and lover must part—  
True love is stronger than death."

Fly with the dying day,  
Over the star-lit sea;  
Lull him to sleep in the land far away;  
Bring him in dreams to me.

To Shirley Brooks, Esq.

A FRENCH gentleman learning English to some purpose replied thus to the question—"How do you do, Monsieur?"—"Do vat?"—"How do you find yourself?"—"I never loses myself."—"How do you feel?"—"Smooth, you just feel me."—"Good morping, Monsieur?"—"Good. No, it's bad one; it's vet and nasty."

## THE GERMAN ACADEMICAL SOCIETY.

After a recess of some months, this Society has resumed its meetings in Hanway Street. Its first musical evening was held on Thursday, the 21st inst. The arrangements were entrusted to Mr. Charles Oberthür, who acquitted himself so admirably of his task that, at the conclusion of the proceedings, the thanks of the Society were unanimously expressed to him, whilst his performance on the harp elicited the loudest applause, especially his Brilliant Duet, for harp and piano, on *Lucrezia Borgia*, the piano part being capitally played by Herr Maas, and an encore was the result. The following is the programme:—

PROGRAMME.—1. Duo fur Piano and Harpe, "Fantaisie Brillante uber Motive aus Weber's" (Oberon), Herren Theod. Maas and Oberthür—C. Oberthür; 2. Lied, "Leise flehen meine Lieder," Herren F. Volck and Oberthür—F. Schubert; 3. Solo Piano, Caprice, Herr Th. Maas—Th. Maas; 4. Quartett Lied, "Die Thrane," Herren Hubel, Immich, Müller, and Volck—Witt; 5. Lied, "Ave Maria," mit obligater Harfenbegleitung, Herren Volck and Oberthür—F. Schubert; 6. Solo Harpe, "Fantasie uber schottische Melodien," Herr Oberthür—C. Oberthür; 7. Quartett Lied, "Das eigene Herz" (encored)—Herren Hubel, Immich, Müller, and Volck; 8. Duo fur Piano und Harfe (uber *Lucrezia Borgia*), Herren Th. Maas und Oberthür—C. Oberthür.

Besides the admirable performances of the instrumental pieces, we must compliment Herr Volck on his exquisite singing of the two songs by Schubert, and also the gentlemen who sang the vocal quartets, the second of which was honoured with an encore. It has been our good fortune to have been present at previous musical meetings of this Society, which aims at the best productions of every branch of the art; and we remember with pleasure an evening last summer, which was entirely devoted to the compositions of Sir William Sterndale Bennett (who was present on the occasion), while the performance of his works was entrusted to the hands of Messrs. Cousins, Dorrell, Daubert, Ludwig, and Herr Kumpel. With such tendencies for the promotion of artistic and social feelings, the Society deserves well the success it enjoys.

HAMBURG.—The *Hamburger Nachrichten* lately contained an interesting letter from Copenhagen, concerning the discovery, in that northern capital, of what is asserted to be the only really correct portrait of Carl Maria von Weber. This picture, by Herr Hornemann, formerly professor at the Berlin Academy of Art, was executed while Weber was stopping at Copenhagen, in October, 1820, when he first heard his overture to *Der Freischütz* performed by an orchestra, the orchestra of the Theatre Royal. Weber was seated on the last bench in the pit, and expressed his satisfaction at the performance, as well as at the enthusiastic manner in which it was received by the Danish public. He is reported to have observed also, that he entertained the highest hopes of his opera in Berlin, if it only went as well as the overture had gone in Copenhagen. The picture was, in the present instance, brought to light by one of those remarkable chances which are so often criticised in romances as improbable, while they are far from being infrequent in reality. A gentleman from Berlin, who collects Weber relics, had visited Copenhagen in connection with the grand Industrial Exhibition there. He at first sought in vain for the picture, in speaking of which he informed his wife, in a letter he sent her, that it was the only good likeness of Weber ever painted. He enquired one day in a music-shop whether they had "any portraits of Weber." By the merest accident, there happened to be in the shop the gentleman who possessed Hornemann's original drawing, which he purchased twenty years ago for five rix dollars, of an antiquary, who had met with it at an auction, but he was not fully aware how very valuable it has now become. The correspondent of the *Nachrichten* saw it, and says, he cannot possibly describe the emotion it caused in his bosom. Even Herr Max von Weber, the composer's son, had not previously heard of it. It differs in no slight degree from the usual portraits. The head is longer and narrower; the nose, mouth and forehead bear, in an extraordinary manner, the stamp of reality and individuality; the hair, too, clinging closely to the forehead and cheek, fall straight down to the neck! The intellectual expression of the face, which is in profile, displays all the great composer's modesty and amiability. Copies will shortly be published in various sizes, both at Hamburg and Leipzig. Under the picture is Weber's signature in full, in his well-known hand-writing. The discovery of the picture has set many persons searching the Copenhagen papers for details connected with Weber's visit in 1820, and these details, also, will be published. Several compositions by Weber, likewise, in his own hand-writing, are in the possession of residents in the Danish capital.

## REVIEWS.

DUFF &amp; STEWART.

*The Chapel (Die Kapelle).* Words by UHLAND. Music by FRANCESCA J. FERRARI.

UHLAND's pretty little poem has been a favourite with composers, and only merit of high order warrants an additional "setting." That merit we find, beyond question, in Miss Ferrari's music. While simple, as befits the theme, it is expressive; and, while making no pretence, it is skilful. We consider the whole treatment of the second verse as showing not only perfect taste, but no ordinary power. Miss Ferrari, we hope, will cultivate yet more earnestly the gifts here indicated beyond mistake. So charming a song should be the precursor of many more even higher and better.

*Musical Bells.* Characteristic piece for the Pianoforte. By MICHAEL WATSON.

So many pieces of this kind have been written that we see no good in adding to their number. Mr. Watson's music is of a conventional sort, and, therefore, does not fail to introduce all the customary realistic effects, such as the quarter chimes, hour bell, &c. Surely a low form of music this.

*Mother of England, Queen of the Sea.* Poetry by C. R. BROWN. Music by HENRY SMART.

THIS is a loyal and patriotic song, wherefore Mr. Smart had no difficulty in wedding to the verses an appropriate theme. The melody runs on boldly, with a distinctly marked rhythm, and a natural progression such as are essential to all people's songs. We see no reason why "Mother of England" should not become a favourite on those occasions when loyalty is effusive.

AUGENER &amp; Co.

*Arrangements for the Organ.* By EBENEZER PROUT. Vol. II.

ALL organists, save the small minority who reject "arrangements" as a matter of principle, will have a welcome for the book before us, and the heartiest welcome will come from those best acquainted with its predecessor. Mr. Prout is not an ordinary member of his tribe. If he were, we should see in the arrangements offered by him little more than a reproduction of well known and favourite music. Organ editors, like all groups of workers, have a strong tendency to run in ruts, one after the other; and rarely do they venture to break fresh ground. It is in this sense that Mr. Prout comes as a welcome exception, his hands being full of novelties well-chosen and well prepared. The volume before us contains a selection adapted to gladden the heart of every classically-minded organist. It opens with the chorus, "The nations are now the Lord's," which itself opens the second part of Mendelssohn's earlier oratorio, *St. Paul*. After this come the "Benedictus" from Schubert's great mass in E flat; a solo and chorus from Schumann's music to *Faust*, and an *Elegie* by Niels W. Gade, the Danish composer. The promise of this beginning is well sustained by the sixteen pieces which follow; including the *Allegretto* from Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* symphony; Reinecke's *Entr'acte* in *King Manfred*, sometimes played at the Crystal Palace, always with success; the *Adagio* from Schubert's Quartet in E flat; the slow movement from Schumann's symphony in the same key, and the famous *Andante* from Schubert's eighth symphony (B minor). Such selections as these speak for themselves, and recommend themselves at once by their value as music, their novelty, and consequent interest. But if Mr. Prout is especially successful in his choice of pieces, he is not less so with regard to his work as an arranger. As a matter of course, he uses an independent pedal throughout, and carefully adapts himself to the resources of an average instrument, not to the exceptional means of "orchestral organs." His laying out of the music can be impeached only in very few instances; indeed, we have rarely looked through a work of the kind with more complete satisfaction. The arrangements are as clear as the least acute performer can desire; and, while full enough, they do not exact more skill than an average professional, or an advanced amateur player should have at command. For all these reasons we invite for Mr. Prout's book the favourable notice of those among our readers whom it may concern.

NOVELLO, EWER &amp; Co.

*Church Bells.* Choral Hymn. Words by Rev. Dr. MONSELL. Music by J. TILLEARD.

THE music of this hymn is of more than average merit. Mr. Tilleard has not been content simply to harmonize one pleasing melody; but by the free and tuneful movement of the parts, he has produced what may be called a sacred part-song—in the true sense of that often abused compound word. The Hymn is well adapted for family use.

*Soon and for ever.* Choral Hymn. Words by Rev. Dr. MONSELL. Music by J. TILLEARD.

THE music of this hymn pleases us less than that of the one just noticed. It is more conventional, and, therefore, more commonplace.

HAWKES &amp; Co.

*Spring, Gentle Spring.* Song from *Babil and Bijou*. Poetry by J. R. PLANCHÉ. Music by J. RIVIERE.

As everybody has seen *Babil and Bijou*, and heard this song, we need not discuss its merits here. Nor, indeed, is gloomy November exactly the month to be thinking such thoughts, much less singing such strains as these:—

"Spring, Spring, gentle Spring,  
Gusty March before thee flies,  
Gloomy Winter banishing,  
Clearing for thy path the skies.  
Flocks and herds, and meads and bowers,  
For thy gracious presence long,  
Come and fill the fields with flowers,  
Come and fill the groves with song."

We will not contrast this poetic sketch with the reality—east winds, rheumatics, and catarrh. Thank Heaven we have poets who, as far as their craft goes, improve upon nature. Mr. Rivière's music is simplicity itself while it is also tuneful and pleasing. Key, C major; highest note, G.

W. MORLEY.

*The Alps.* Two Characteristic Pieces for the Pianoforte. No. 1, the Arrival. No. 2, the Farewell. Composed by R. LÖFFLER.

ONLY the first of these pieces is before us; and it consists of a theme—*Andante moderato*—in F major, which is afterwards embellished in the usual style. The theme is pretty enough, and so are the embellishments; but we entirely fail to see what either or both have to do with the Alps.

*The Light in the Window.* Ballad. Written by J. S. LYONS. Composed by LOUIS PEREIRA.

WM have here a ballad of the contented British workman, or "John Brown" order. The second verse will suffice as a quotation:—

"It beams me a welcome that never can cloy,  
And when through the pane I peep in,  
The dear little light seems to twinkle with joy,  
Like the eyes of the lov'd ones within.  
To wealth or to honours I boast not a claim,  
But I'm happy, and merry, and free;  
And dearer by far than your riches or fame  
Is that light in the window for me."

The melody is well-marked, and adapted for popular use, but neither it nor the accompaniment has any feature worthy of special remark.

WILLEY &amp; Co.

*Starlight Reverie.* Meditation for the Pianoforte. By W. F. TAYLOR.

MR. TAYLOR meditates in the key of G minor, *Andante*. The piece presents some effective contrasts and agreeable effects, though we cannot say that any of it is other than a reproduction of devices which have been often used. Our composers are many, but, alas! our creators are few. The man who, just now, could stand forward with an original idea—but of what use is speculation on this matter? There is no prospect of such a man.

CHAPPELL &amp; Co.

*Queen Mab.* Pour le Piano par ALPHONSE DUVERNAY.

THIS is a light and graceful piece in the little-used key of E flat minor. Its effects are somewhat novel, and wholly in keeping with the title. The melody lies now over, now under, a rapid accompaniment of triplets, which is sustained from beginning to the end in brilliant and characteristic fashion. A peculiarly light and delicate touch is necessary to give the music its proper effect.

*The Good Old Days.* A Remembrance for the Pianoforte by JULES DE SIVRAI.

THE theme of this piece—moderato, G flat major—might easily be taken for the tune of an old English song, so admirably does it reflect the style and spirit of the ditties our forefathers loved. It makes a very good "song without words," slightly melancholy in character; but there are times, especially those times at which our thoughts go back to the past, when melancholy music best harmonises with our feelings.

*Farewell.* Duet Romance sans Paroles pour le Piano, par A. BUBL.

ALL pianists, professional and amateur, know the beautiful duet in A flat major, which forms one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. This, no doubt, inspired the composition before us, though it must be said that Mr. Bubl has produced something not at all suggestive of Mendelssohn. The music is very pleasing, well-written, and effective, while not difficult; on all which accounts it is probable that "Farewell" will have a run of success.

J. B. CRAMER &amp; Co.

*Autumn Manœuvres March and Polka.* By C. H. R. MARRIOTT.

BOTH of these effusions naturally partake of a military character. The March in D major, with Trio in G major, is simple, yet bold and effective in its way; the Trio, moreover, affording all needful contrast, though its opening phrase calls to mind a passage in Meyerbeer's "Coronation March" (*Le Prophète*). The Polka in G major is easy and of very distinctly marked rhythm.

—o—  
WAIFS.Weber's *Abu Hassan* has recently been produced at Vienna.

The death of Signor Lucca, the well-known music publisher of Milan, is announced.

Mdlle. Marie Rose has been singing at Lyons in aid of the Alsace-Lorraine Immigrants.

M. Gounod's new opera *Les Deux Reines*, was to be brought out at the Paris Théâtre Italien on Monday last.

The Conservatoire Concert, given on behalf of the Liberation of Territory fund, produced upwards of 17,000 francs.

At a recent performance of Beethoven's First Mass, in Paris, the "Credo" was left out, and one by M. Dumont substituted!

H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh has graciously accepted the dedication of Mr. Berthold Tours' Transcription for Violin and Piano of the "Air à la Gavotte," attributed to King Louis XIII.

Professor Glover's Cantata, *St. Patrick at Tara*, has just been published by Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., Regent Street, London, and dedicated, by express permission, to H.R.H. Prince Arthur Patrick.

The Festival of St. Cecilia was celebrated last Sunday afternoon, as usual, at the "Oratory," Brompton. The following is the programme of the music given:—

Litany, B.M.V., Schulthers; Salve Regina, Gregorian. Part I.—Symphony, Organ Solo, Mr. Pitts—Mendelssohn; Ave Maria (with harp obbligato), Mr. Pearson and Mr. Oberthür—F. Schubert; Quartet, "God save the Emperor (four amateur gentlemen)—Haydn; Alma virgo, Soprano, Solo and Chorus—Hummel. Part II.—Hymn to St. Cecilia, Violin Solo, Harp and Organ accompaniment—Gounod; Quartet, (one movement)—Mozart; Harp Solo, "Clouds and Sunshine," Mr. Oberthür—Oberthür; Psalm LXI, "Exaudi Deus," with Harp and Organ accompaniment—Oberthür.

His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, who honoured the proceedings with his presence, delivered an eloquent discourse between the parts, the subject of which was some criticism that recently has been passed upon His Grace's edict, by which the female singers were banished from the choirs of the Roman Catholic churches. We have no intention of discussing the merit of this edict, but we do not see why it should promote more devotional feeling, when to boys' voices is entrusted what, at best, they can sing but indifferently, leaving out of the question, that a great portion of the best of church-music will sink into oblivion.

—o—  
BRIXTON CHORAL SOCIETY.

Sir Michael Costa's oratorio, *Eli*, inaugurated the new season at the Angell Town Institution, on Monday evening. On the walls of the Hall were hung the framed judgments of the jury of the National Music Meetings at the Crystal Palace, affirming the efficiency of the Brixton Choral Society, as brought out in the recent competition, and such mementos must be an incentive to the amateur vocalists generally to pursue the path of improvement. A direct result of the musical contention at the Crystal Palace was the presence, in the oratorio, of Miss M. Hancock, the prize contralto of the National Music Meetings, and also of Mr. Wadmore, the prize bass of the same. Both these artists gave fresh proofs of the soundness of the musical verdict of the Crystal Palace jury—both are steadily in train for taking a front rank in their profession. Miss Hancock was the Samuel, and Mr. Wadmore the Eli, in Monday's programme. Mr. Lemare, the conductor of these concerts, introduced some pupils of his own into the oratorio, Miss Eva Vera showing more than the germs of musical talent, and requiring time only to assert it. Mr. Albert Nelson, another of Mr. Lemare's pupils, was the Elkana, and Mr. Hildersley, Mr. Rumsey, and Mr. Stroud, contributed to the success of the interpretation. The concert was numerously and fashionably attended.—W. H. P.

## MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN & PARRY.—Nazareth (de Gounod), Transcrit pour piano par Sydney Smith.  
BOOBY & Co.—"Light and Darkness," Motett, by E. Hobson Carroll.  
METZGER & Co.—The Christmas Number of the Popular Musical Library; "Sleep on and dream of me," by Louise Gray; "Instruction Book for the American Organ," by Edward F. Rimbault.  
W. MORLEY.—"The Arrival and the Farewell," by Löffler; "When Night is Darkest," by Edward Land; "Dear thoughts of other days," by Ciro Pinsuti; "Broken dreams" and "The light in the window," by Louise Perleira; "Penelope at her task," by F. Desanges.  
RUDALL, ROSE, CARTS & Co.—"Reunions Musicales," for flute, voice and piano-forte, No. 9; "Wishes," Journal of the London Society of Flute players, No. 2; "Melange," from *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, by E. Samson, The Flute Player's Folio, No. 23; Rondo Capriccioso for flute, with piano, by E. de Jong.  
SCHOTT & Co.—"Pieces de different styles pour orgue," par Alex. Gullmant.  
FIRTH, SON & Co. (New York).—"Albert, or say not adieu," by Clara M. Brinkerhoff.  
HALL & SON (New York).—"Charley, or a Mother's fears," by Clara M. Brinkerhoff.  
FOOD & Co (New York).—"The Nation's Hymn," "Clarita" and "One flag or no flag," by Clara M. Brinkerhoff.  
LOWMAN, GREEN & Co.—"Musical Criticism and Biography of Thomas Damant Eaton," Selected and edited by his sons.  
H. KLEIN.—"One unspoken word," song, by Harriet Young; Mdlle. Sophia "Flora Hellbron's own Musical Box," for the piano-forte; "Minuet in E flat," by E. de Paris; "God save the Prince of Wales," song and chorus, by Wilhelm Ganz.  
A. HAMMOND & Co.—"Gemuthsleben waltzes," by Keler Bela; "Elfenstraume waltzes," by J. Hüzel; "Le premier balais" and "Brisade Nuit," valse by Georges Lamothe; "Berlin Galop," by Gustave Michaelis.  
NOVELLO, EWER & Co.—"In the gloaming," reverie, by F. F. Rogers; "The Natural and Universal Principles of Harmony and Modulation," by W. W. Parkinson. "Musical fragments illustrative of the proper treatment of certain parts of the Church Service," by an Amateur.

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**MISS ELIZA HEYWOOD** (Contralto) will sing in the "MESSIAH," at Birkenhead, on the 18th Dec.—1, Blenheim Terrace, Strutford Road, Old Trafford, Manchester.

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The Examination will take place in the Academy, on Monday, the 23rd of Dec. next, at ten o'clock.

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No applications can be received after December the 21st.

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## EVENINGS AT THE THEATRE IN ITALY.

(Concluded from page 763.)

In Bologna, people still speak with pride of the highly praiseworthy performance of *Lohengrin*, last winter, and, also, of the preparations for *Tannhäuser*, this season. If the enthusiasm of the Italians for *Lohengrin* was genuine, there can be no doubt as to the still greater success of *Tannhäuser*. In the hairdressers' shops, you see exposed for sale "*Lohengrin Soap*," and "*Lohengrin Kalydor*," while preparations are already commenced for the manufacture of "*Tannhäuser cordials*," and "*Tannhäuser Sausages*." I arrived unfortunately too late to hear, at the second largest theatre in Bologna, *Così fan Tutte*, "a most celebrated opera, quite new in Bologna, by the *Maestro Mozart*." Like the introduction of German operas by C. M. Weber and R. Wagner into the Italian repertory, so also this revival of old masterpieces is a noticeable sign of the turn taken by musical matters in Italy. In Florence, too, old operas, especially the comic operas of Cimarosa, are played at a small theatre, called the Teatro degli Arrischiandi (Theatre of the Riskers, or Dangers). This is something quite new, and, up to the present time, has been done only at second-rate theatres. The large Italian theatres, especially the Scala, give scarcely anything but novelties. It is characteristic of the Italians that they feel no want—like the French—of seeing the old classical repertory regularly performed. The advance towards German operatic music, and the revival of old classical works, are, it is true, at present, only isolated indications, but, taken in connection with other signs, they may be looked upon as signalling a change of taste. One of these signs is undoubtedly the increasing proficiency in orchestral playing. A short time since, I heard, at a theatre of inferior rank, the Teatro delle Loggie, at Florence, Flotow's last opera, *L'Ombra*, a shadow which has, also, several times flitted across our Wiedener Theater in Vienna. A remarkable thing for me was the correct, nay, delicate performance of the orchestra, which accomplished, in a highly satisfactory manner, the by no means easy task of rendering the very refined and delicate score. Fifteen or twenty years ago, such an orchestral performance would have been entirely out of the question in a small Italian Theatre. One fact more. When I heard some operatic performances, fifteen years since, at Milan and Venice, the barbarous practice of the conductor's marking the time aloud by striking his music-stand with his conducting stick, was at its zenith, being at most theatres facilitated by a brass plate let into the music-stand on purpose. I was filled with sorrowful amazement to find that, in this particular, Italy had made no progress since Goethe wrote the following remarkable words on a musical entertainment in Venice (1786): "I should have enjoyed it very much, had not the confounded conductor marked the time with a roll of music against the railing, and in as barefaced a manner as though he had to do with a lot of urchins at school, whom he was instructing; his tapping was quite unnecessary, and spoilt every impression, just as any one would, who, to render a beautiful statue comprehensible for us, were to stick scarlet rags round the joints. The foreign sound destroys all the harmony. The man is a musician, yet he does not hear this, or rather he chooses that attention shall be directed by an impropriety to his presence, while he would do better to allow his value to be estimated by the perfection of the performance. The public appear used to the practice. It is not the only instance of people's fancying that something tends to enjoyment which destroys enjoyment." Well, this time I did not meet with this objectionable practice, either during the performance of *Der Freischütz*, at the Scala, nor at Florence, with Flotow's *Shadow*, nor even with Verdi's *Macbeth*, at the Teatro Pagliano. This, as most persons are aware, is the second theatre as regards size in Florence, the first, the Pergola, being at present closed. The Teatro Pagliano certainly goes to the extreme limit in the simplicity of its decorations; the entire front of the house inside is painted white; not a gold border, nor a coloured arabesque is to be seen on the boxes or galleries. The singers on the stage endeavour, by glaring tints, to make the audience forget this sober uniformity of colour. That the beautiful art of singing has already considerably sunk,

and is still sinking, in Italy, is something that I did not require to visit the Teatro Pagliano to learn. But the *Macbeth* couple gave me fresh confirmation of the fact that coarse crude singing is on the increase, and also of another: that, despite everything, Italy is still the country of favoured voices. Thanks to the voluptuous and silvery tone of her full soprano voice, which streams forth without the slightest effort, Signora Pappini, the representative of Lady *Macbeth*, reminds one of the Medori in her best days. School and cultivation have done little for such materials, and still less for the singer of *Macbeth*, Signor Borgioli. Yet—how seldom does such a stately, heroic figure, with so sonorous a voice, grow upon the soil of Germany! All the other performers in *Macbeth* were very unimportant. Happily, no independent ballet was interpolated; *Macbeth* was given "con danza analoga," that is to say: with a dance "appropriate" to the action, a dance which was as inappropriate as possible in conjunction with the fearful spectral apparitions of the play.

I may mention, as a curious fact, that we saw here, at the Teatro Nicolini, Florence, a company of French artists play Offenbach's *Princesse de Trébizonde* in the most wretched manner it is possible to conceive. The women were ugly and stiff; the men, without the slightest pretence to comicality about them. All were without talent or voice. The part of Paola was sustained by a man who spoke in a hoarse bass voice, and endeavoured to produce his comic effects by running down, gnashing his teeth, to the foot-lights, and making faces at the pit. The performance of the French visitors was the more scandalous, because second and third class Italian companies are excellent in comedy. In Florence and Genoa, comedies are now admirably performed in open-day-theatres (such a place is styled a "Politeama") to a smoking and beer-drinking pit. I have enjoyed, in the course of my life, very few opportunities of seeing Italian actors, and I imagined that they would not lay aside in their spoken drama the passionate violence and the pathos of their operatic performances. How astonished I was to find among their actors such moderation in the portrayal of emotion, such sobriety, in their comic impersonations, so much repose and so much dignity! At the newly-erected Politeama, very beautifully situated on the Aqua Sola Promenade, Genoa, they were playing a new piece of modern society: *Cœur di Donna* (*Woman's Heart*), a production distinguished for long, never-ending dialogue, and paucity of plot. It is written by a young local author, named Tito d'Asti, whose personal friends and enemies divided themselves into two opposite camps, and, applauding, cheering, hissing, and whistling, waged a little internecine war. That the hissers gradually grew silent, and ended by not disturbing the applause, was due principally to the good acting. The ladies especially displayed such delicacy and natural truthfulness in their performance; such propriety in their bearing; and, above all, so captivating a vivacity in their bye-play and the expression they conveyed with their eyes, that the spectator would at once have supposed he beheld actresses of high repute before him. Yet the theatre was only an Arena, and the actresses were scarcely better paid than choristers with us. Perfectly the same thing is to be seen at the Arena in Florence, where, also, social pieces of a high stamp are given, a proof how strong dramatic talent is in Italy, and how deeply it is rooted in the people. But, in all these theatres, the music between the acts is something terrible; the instruments are all brass, and the musicians are nothing better than so many musical mechanics. They look with envy on their colleagues of the big drum, for they are the only ones who can play with a cigar in their mouths! The bands, too, of the regular army and of the National Guard, who play on Sundays in the public gardens—in the Cascina, at Florence; on the Aqua Sola at Genoa; and in the Giardino Pubblico, at Milan—are far beneath similar bands at Vienna. They are reed bands, and their members simply work off, on bad instruments, a certain number of polkas and operatic cavatinas.

There is one remark which I cannot conclude without making, though the extremely limited sphere of my Italian experience does not justify me in ascribing to it any general application. At the theatrical performances which I was enabled to attend, I found very little enthusiasm among the public, and I observed that, neither in coffee-houses nor in the public thoroughfares,

\* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

music and the stage were not discussed with such animation as formerly. Even after subtracting from this comparative want of interest the portion we must attribute to the summer season, there is still a remainder not to be overlooked.

I believe I have found the explanation of this fact in an old book, Stendhal's *Correspondence inédite*. That refined connoisseur, and enthusiastic admirer of Italy, wrote, in September, 1825, that is to say, forty-seven years ago, from Naples, the following prophecy word for word: "Le jour où l'Italie aura les deux chambres, le jour où l'opinion fera son entrée dans le gouvernement, elle ne sera plus exclusivement occupée de musique, de peinture, d'architecture, et ces trois arts tomberont rapidement."

EDUARD HANSLICK.

#### SPEECH OF BRINLEY RICHARDS AT LONDON WALL.

Mr. Brinley Richards, who then came forward at the invitation of the Chairman, was received with vociferous cheering, again and again renewed. On silence being restored, he proceeded to say:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—The purpose for which we meet this evening is to raise a Prize Fund of £100, in order to encourage the study of choral music among our countrymen. The question, however, is not merely one of music, there are other considerations connected with it, especially the means which music affords of giving an innocent and peaceful recreation during the leisure hours of the working classes. We are also here to assert our 'Nationality,' and our sympathies with a movement in which our countrymen are deeply interested, their love of music—a love which induced one of our old poets to say—'Yôr o gân yw Cymru i gyd' ('All Wales is now one sea of song'). The word Nationality has been interpreted in various ways—but our Nationality is one of which we have every reason to feel proud—and its results may be seen in a peaceful and industrious people, a country comparatively free from crime, and a population among whom loyalty to the crown has long since become a proverb. But, oddly enough, although Nationality may be looked upon as a 'virtue' in Scotchmen or Englishmen, the moment it is asserted by Welshmen it is viewed with something very like suspicion, or held up to ridicule. The *Daily News* has alluded to this manner of treating 'Welsh Nationality.' A writer in that journal says:—'Nothing could be more absurd and unreasonable than the impatient clamour with which it was the fashion, a short time ago, to overwhelm every effort at the preservation of distinct national characteristics.' He adds:—'Perhaps Mr. Osborne Morgan is rather enthusiastic when he believes that one Eisteddfod is worth twenty penal enactments, but we hold it to be as demonstrable as any practical proposition whatever, that the taste and temper which find delight in an Eisteddfod, are amongst the soundest preservatives against vice.' Now whatever ideas may be connected with our assertions of 'Nationality,' there is one form of it among our countrymen to which no one can object, and that is the love of music among the population. We must all remember with pleasure the success of the Welsh choirs at the Crystal Palace, the wonderful impression which they made on those vast audiences, and above all upon the London Press. The *Daily News*, referring to that occasion, said:—'It is questionable whether any body of choristers, professional or amateur, would have displayed better qualities, more thorough training, or greater earnestness.' An article in the *Daily Telegraph* contained the following passage:—'It was positively refreshing to mark the earnest enthusiasm of the singers, while the volume of sound produced, the frank attack, and free assured march of the music, were surprising. No wonder that the audience rose at the Welsh choir with unanimous acclaim.' The *Morning Post* is equally complimentary, and describes the singing as 'most remarkable—full, fresh, and sound in quality—all alike astonishing.' But a still greater triumph awaited the South Wales Choir—they succeeded in doing the most remarkable thing in our history—they have actually 'converted' *The Times*. Now, that paper, so often severe, if not ungenerous to Wales, no longer hesitates to express itself favourably, but in terms almost of enthusiasm. The South Wales men have, therefore, done more to raise us in the estimation of the English people than anything that has taken place in our generation. The *Times* says—'The South Wales Choir is one of the freshest, most powerful, and best balanced, musical body of voices to which we can remember at any time to have listened. When it is remembered that this large chorus is almost entirely drawn from the labouring classes of the Principality (miners, colliers, and their wives, daughters, and relatives), we cannot but wonder at the excellence they have attained—an excellence unattainable except through assiduous and continued study,' and the writer concludes by remarking—'That this exhibition of Welsh Choral Singing was decidedly the feature of the National Music Meetings, and alone sufficient to render them memorable.' Higher praise than this is impossible, and makes one feel inclined to propose that our next Prize Fund should be devoted to

a testimonial to the *Times* Editor. Now, after such praise, we cannot as a nation, afford to sit still, and I am therefore most anxious to see a North Wales Choir at the Crystal Palace next year. The singing of some of the North Wales Choirs during my visit (within the old walls of Harlech Castle) last June, proved to me the immense progress which the North has made; and Mr. Willert Beale—to whom we all owe so much,—has mentioned, in his reply to my letter concerning Welsh choir, that, judging from what he heard at the Portmadoc Eisteddfod, he still thinks that the North Wales Choirs would be capable of competing under any circumstances. I regret that my proposition to give a prize for choirs consisting of working men, was not accepted by Mr. Grove and Mr. Willert Beale, but I regret still more that my purpose should have been considered by two of the most influential musical journals—that is to say, the *Musical World* and the *Orchestra*—as a means of 'providing a retreat' for my countrymen. Nothing was further from my mind, nor is it likely, considering the very high praise of the London Press, that I should entertain the idea of showing the white feather for one moment. From the very kind way in which my appeal in behalf of the Welsh Prize Fund has been received, I have every reason to look with hope to the realization of my wishes. To Sir Thomas Lloyd, of Bronwydd, my thanks are especially due; for the moment I mentioned the subject of the Prize Fund for the Welsh Choirs, at the Aberystwith University Meeting, he requested me to insert his name as a subscriber for ten guineas; and his example, I am glad to add, was immediately followed by some of our most distinguished Members of Parliament—Sir Watkin Wynn, M.P., Mr. H. Richard, M.P., Mr. O. Morgan, M.P., Evan M. Richards, M.P.—and also by Mr. Hugh Owen and Mr. Stephen Evans. To these two gentlemen, I am very much indebted for the trouble and interest they have so kindly taken in arranging the plans for our Prize Fund. I have also the pleasure to mention the generous donation of ten guineas from our worthy Chairman, Mr. Puleston, who has again proved himself a good friend to Wales. In addition to the names already mentioned, I have the great pleasure to announce, as subscribers, the Marquis of Westminster, Earl Powis, Lady Digby Wyatt, and Mrs. Saunders Davies (of Pentre, South Wales), who also sent me a subscription for the Welsh Choir last season. I have also to cordially thank the Proprietor of the *Cumbrian* newspaper, Mr. Howel Walter Williams, for generous assistance accorded to the movement. Other names will appear in the list which will be published. I think I have said enough to prove that the Prize Fund is really a National one, to which men of all kinds have generously contributed without respect to any religious or political opinion; and I should like to see the Prize Fund rendered still more National by a subscription among the working population of Wales. If every one gave a subscription, however small (say a shilling each), we should soon be in a position to lessen the heavy expenses which attend the journey of the Welsh Choirs to London, and if this plan can be arranged, I will gladly assist the movement in every way in my humble power. And now, before I conclude an address, already I fear, too long, I wish to mention the way in which we propose to use the Prize Fund, and in so doing, I hope I may dismiss from the minds of some good-natured people, who are more liberal in words than subscriptions, that there is no intention whatever to create unpleasant feelings between North and South Wales. I have suggested—with deference to the committee—if the Challenge Cup Prize be won by the South Wales Choir—and as they will—by the new and generous regulations of the directors of the Crystal Palace—also gain the sum of £100, our Prize Fund should be divided among the North Wales Choirs which compete. If, on the other hand, South Wales should fail to win the Challenge Cup Prize, I suggest that our Prize Fund (£100) should be divided between the North and South Wales Choirs; but if the North Wales Choir do not enter the competition, I must then await the future decision of our committee." Mr. Richards then concluded amidst loud and cordial cheering.

TURIN.—Three members of the band at the Teatro Scribe, namely, two violinists and a harpist, belong to the gentler sex.

LEIPZIG.—The well-known poet, Herr Müller von der Werra, has just celebrated his fiftieth birthday, together with his twenty-fifth anniversary as a song writer, his first song, set by Andreas Zöllner, having been published in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* in 1847. His friends and admirers from far and wide, rivalled each other in their marks of esteem and respect. The authorities of his native place, Ummersdorf, presented him with the Diploma of Honorary Citizenship; the Cologne Male Choral Association forwarded him a Special Diploma of Honorary Membership; while other vocal associations in all parts of Europe, and even in America, did the same, besides forwarding him something more substantial in the shape of a silver inkstand, a gigantic goblet of delicately cut Bohemian glass, an "honorary salary" of one thousand thalers, and so on. Several eminent composers, authors, and artists, including Schiller's daughter, the Baroness von Gleichen-Russwurm, offered him their heartiest congratulations.

## RICHARD WAGNER ON ACTORS AND SINGERS.\*

CONSIDERED BY DR. EDUARD HANSLICK.

Among Richard Wagner's literary productions those which treat of practical questions, connected with musical or theatrical subjects, have always struck us as the most enjoyable. As an artist possessing an extraordinary knowledge of the stage, as a real genius of stage management, Wagner has, in everyone of his theatrical writings, thrown a new and sometimes a dazzling light upon various blemishes in our operatic system. While there was a broad undercurrent of what was exaggerated, and admissible only from a Wagnerian point of view, there was always a great deal of interesting and instructive matter. We may, for instance, remind our readers of Wagner's *Reflections*, published in the *Botschafter* of 1863, on the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. These reflections were characterised by cutting criticism, but they were not unaccompanied by the very desirable legitimization of really practical suggestions of improvement; they commanded the approbation of every serious lover of art, no matter whether of Wagnerian tendencies or not. They were really quite refreshing after his loquacious abstract theoretical disquisitions, the abstruse purport of which could be surpassed only by their monstrosities of style. For some days there has been in circulation a new pamphlet, by Wagner. Its title: *On Actors and Singers*, shows it to be an essay full of promise, and belonging to the first of the two classes of writings we have mentioned. Who would not feel interested at listening to a recital in due order of all the dramaturgic observations which Wagner has made during his very chequered theatrical career? And, in truth, this new little book is deficient neither in sharp remarks, nor hard truths which evoke from us a quick: "Yes, yes; that is so," or urge us to fruitful reflections as to whether such is the state of the case or not. A more unwelcome trait, however, which characterises all Wagner's more recent works, and grows more decided year by year, predominates, also, in this pamphlet *On Actors and Singers*. We allude to the damning harshness towards the existing state of art-matters, with the inevitable concluding reference to the author himself, as the sole blessed source of all future amelioration. This interchange of insatiable abuse, and insatiable self-glorification renders a steady, dispassionate development of ideas an impossibility. In the midst of some important statement, the author suddenly stops, to pour forth a storm of indignation and ridicule on singers, actors, authors, composers, conductors, and Intendants, so that the reader asks himself in astonishment, what on earth can make Wagner continually busy himself with such creatures. The solution of the riddle appears subsequently in the hint that it is he himself, Wagner the poet, Wagner the composer, Wagner the director, in a word Wagner, Wagner, always Wagner, who, in the midst of all this stolidification and corruption, stands forth as a spotless, faultless model. We involuntarily think of the old story of the talkative gentleman who offered himself as guide to some strangers come to pay a visit to a lunatic asylum. He gave them the most piquant explanation of the madness of every patient, and ended by putting down one who fancied himself the Redeemer with the proud assurance:—"I must know all about that better than any one else, as I myself am God the Father."

In the introduction to the new work, Wagner receives his mimes very courteously, like a polite gentleman welcoming his guests at the door of his house. "Our actors, singers and musicians are the persons on whose most innate instincts all hope must repose even for the attainment of ends in art which must be for them at present utterly incomprehensible." Nay, he magnifies the merit of actors to exaggeration, saying: "artistic participation properly so-called in theatrical representations must be conceded to the performers alone, while the author of the piece is in relation with art properly so-called in as far only as he has above all things realized the effect calculated on by him beforehand of the mimic representation for the configuration of his poem. By the fact that they really, despite all the maxims talked into them, restrict themselves solely to what is done by the actors, the public still best give evidence of a truly uncorrupted taste in art." The inevitable result of this would be that a good and a middling work would produce precisely the same effect upon the

public, supposing both represented by the same first-rate performers. Wagner justly declares "the most certain theatrical artists in the world" to be the French, but he brings against them a charge that, in their theatres, their whole attention is always devoted to comedy-acting. He asserts that the Germans are guilty of the same fault, and that it may be said: "Here as there, comedy is acted, only the French act well and the Germans act badly." Talent belongs to the German "only in the most scanty degree, nay, almost not at all." In German performances Wagner finds simply "the mania for comedy-acting, in which Shakespeare is sacrificed as well as Scribe, and which resolves itself before our eyes into a ridiculous travesty apparatus. Personal vanity, deficient in every qualification for artistic illusion beyond its own ends, causes, therefore, our mimes to appear in the light of complete stupidity." From one misfortune, however, the German actor is secured. "He can never fall out of his part, for he is never in it." Such is Wagner's opinion of all German histrionic art, just as though he had never seen aught but the vilest specimens. Did he never see the Burgtheater, Vienna? the reader enquires involuntarily. Oh, yes! Wagner once saw Goethe's *Faust* played there (probably with Haizinger, Bogner, with Fichtner and Lewinsky). He says that he left after the first act, advising the director to make at least his actors say everything twice as rapidly as they said it, and to carry out this rule watch in hand: "For thus did it strike me as possible at least to render in some degree unnoticeable the unbounded nonsense into which these people fell in their tragedising." The general view that the strength of these artists lies principally in light pieces, Wagner corrects by the assurance that the German conversational tone is "a calamity of unnaturalness, clownish affectation, and negro-like coquetry." We see that the master is, thank Heaven, well and hearty.

(To be continued.)

## OPERA IN CAIRO.

(Extract from a Letter.)

Cairo itself has no society whatever, and all the life seems to concentrate itself on the theatres. The Viceroy has two—one for French comedy and operetta, and the Operahouse. The Operahouse is not large, but very pretty. The attendance is very bad, and the Viceroy must lose an awful lot of money; but he has got an awful lot, so it does not much matter. The company consist as per prospectus:—Prima donnas and mezzo-sopranos: Parepa, Pozzoni, Destin, Corsi, Cuochi; Baritones: Steller and Cottone; tenors: Corsi, Carpi, and Piazza; basses: Medini and Lari. There is no contralto in the company, and they are, in consequence, in a bad fix to make the *répertoire*. The man at the head of the establishment knows no more about music and conducting a theatre, than you about rope dancing. The ballet is very good indeed, and all the attention is paid to it.

Madame Parepa made her *début* in the *Puritani*, then appeared in *Norma*, and is now rehearsing *Les Huguenots*. She has had a splendid success, which is the more genuine, as there exists a perfect hatred among the Italian opera *habitués* here against any singer engaged who is not an Italian. Madame Parepa has had to depend, in consequence, on her talent alone, which, however, has proved to be sufficient.

The Grand Duke of Russia has been here, and they produced *Aida* for him. The next night he came to hear *Norma*. The *mise-en-scène* of *Aida* is fine only as far as richness of costumes is concerned. But it is injudiciously put on the stage. Harris would have made double the effect with a quarter of the money. But they have no stage manager here. I don't like the music much. There is none of Verdi's old power of popular melody in it. He has either written himself out, or forced to write, out of his style—wanting to imitate Gounod, and Wagner sometimes. Some of the ballet music is rather characteristic, but not original, and some of the things are awfully commonplace.

INNBRUCK.—The Musical Union have commenced their annual series of concerts. At the last concert, Madame Sophie Förster, from the Royal Operahouse, Munich, sang an air from *Don Juan*, the "Erlkönig," an air from *The Creation*, and Songs by Brahms and Schumann. Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas* was the principal orchestral work, and concluded the programme.

\* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The Sacred Harmonic Society should be congratulated upon the manner in which its forty-first season began last Friday fortnight. Improvement of various kinds was obvious; and, taking the fact in connection with the prospectus, it is clear enough that our greatest musical association has made up its mind to do better in the future than in the immediate past. We might rail at the Society for its late languor, or, if the term suits better, for its intense conservatism; and we might remind the directors, with a lofty "I told you so" air, of the warnings which have from time to time been addressed to them. But a wiser, because less irritating, course is frankly to applaud the efforts now made, without reference to a previous state of things, and to second those efforts as far as in us lies. The improved chorus which took part in *Judas Maccabæus* has supplied a theme for general remark. So much energy, dash, and power have not contributed to the success of a Sacred Harmonic Concert for many years past; and the change is wholly due to a thorough overhauling of the singers with a view to getting rid of voices which had become worn and feeble. That there were many such in the chorus was painfully obvious; and no remark more often assailed the ears of those who have the Society's well-doing at heart than that a searching investigation should be made. It is, of course, easy to understand the tenderness and forbearance shown to old members who had spent their strength in the Society's service, and to whom the severance of familiar associations, and the loss of a cherished position would naturally be painful. But, in all such cases, efficiency is the first thing to be considered, and everything standing in its way must be removed, no matter at what cost. There are situations wherein sentiment is a luxury not to be indulged till things necessary have been provided. When, as at Exeter Hall, the necessity and the luxury cannot co-exist, it is plain which must go to the wall. That the Society now possesses a chorus quite worthy of its reputation was clear on Friday fortnight, and will become yet more evident after the exceeding ardour of the new members has a little cooled down. We need not dwell upon the general performance of *Judas Maccabæus*. Enough that, in all respects, it worthily opened a series of performances from which great things are expected. *St. Paul* will be given on the 18th inst., and will be very welcome, not merely for its abstract worth, but because of the undue neglect into which, Mendelssohn's Christian oratorio has fallen, consequent upon the extreme popularity of *Elijah*. If it be true that the directors have made up their minds to revive Dr. Crotch's *Palestine*, they have an extra claim upon our good wishes. It is long since an English oratorio was heard in Exeter Hall, and we are not disposed, in view of this fact, to examine very closely the choice now made. Nevertheless, we cannot help reminding the Exeter Hall authorities that neither Sir Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* nor Mr. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* has yet had a hearing under their auspices. Sir Julius Benedict's *St. Peter* is also neglected, despite its great success elsewhere. Surely these and other works by composers of English birth, or English residence, deserve notice! If so, why not encourage them? It is impossible to encourage Dr. Crotch. Herr Pauer's Lectures on the History of Oratorio will be a novel and attractive feature of the season; and it is to be hoped that their success may stimulate the directors to persevere in the new field of work thus entered upon.

THADDEUS EGG.

## THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

(From the Birmingham "Daily Post.")

It may seem to persons a little premature in this present month of December, to begin shaping the form and forecasting the prospects of the Birmingham Musical Festival of August next; but the members of the committee, on which the arrangements for that triennial celebration devolve, know from old experience the importance of early action in a business involving interests of such great magnitude, and it is scarcely too much to say that before one Festival is fairly over it behoves the conductors to commence planning the next. Probably, if the interests alluded to were pecuniary only, less elaborate preparations might suffice, but the managers of the Birmingham Festival have to uphold the prestige of the meeting as the leading musical celebration of the provinces, if not, indeed, of the country; for the colossal gatherings at Sydenham, which can alone compete with those of Birmingham in point of executive art, have not hitherto been distinguished by any great development of creative talent. At all events, the Birmingham Festival is the only one which can boast of having originated works of such large proportions and enduring fame as the *Elijah* and *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn, and in a less exalted

category as Dr. Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, Mr. Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*, &c., Benedict's *St. Peter*, and Costa's *Naaman and Eli*. It is in virtue of such services to the cause of music that our Festival holds its place at the head of the Music Meetings of England; and in order to maintain that pre-eminence, and provide for a succession of high-class novelties, it is indispensable that the field should be taken early, and the necessary negotiations with native and foreign composers concluded in ample time, not only for the composition and revision, but for the study and rehearsal of the new works. From the report presented to the General Committee at its meeting on Saturday, it will be seen that our Festival managers are not unmindful of this important part of their responsibilities, and that commissions have already been given to three composers of eminence for new works to be produced at the Festival of 1873. Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who is engaged upon a work of the oratorio class, to which the place of honour will be assigned in August next, is no stranger to the local musical public, who entertain a grateful remembrance of his *Kenilworth*, produced at the Festival of 1864, as well as of many subsequent compositions of a more ambitious character, both vocal and orchestral, which, though originally published elsewhere, have found their way to Birmingham through the instrumentality of our local musical societies. Signor Randegger is well-known as a facile song, cantata, and operetta writer, with an enviable gift of graceful and sprightly melody; and Signor Schira's admirable part-song compositions point him out as not less worthy of the task entrusted to him by our Festival Committee. We had hoped that the name of M. Gounod— unquestionably the most original composer at present residing in this country—might have been added to the list of competitors, and that another "*Nazareth*" or "*Messe Solennelle*" from his gifted pen would have conferred *éclat* upon the Birmingham Festival of 1873; but the great French composer, we believe, has other engagements in hand, and his contribution therefore must be reserved for a future celebration. The three new works, however, which are already commissioned from Messrs. Arthur Sullivan, Randegger, and Schira, will afford ample novelty for one Festival, and we may confidently trust the composers that the quality of the work will not be unworthy even the inaugural performance of a second century of Festivals. On their side we have no doubt the public will take care that the pecuniary results do not fall off, but that the steady development of revenue shown by the increase in the receipts from £800, in 1768, to £14,685, in 1870, when no less than £6,084 was handed over to the Birmingham General Hospital as the net profit of the Festival, will be maintained to the end of the chapter.

## MUSIC IN ANTWERP.

Friday, *Faust* has been whistled through the fingers, although we haste to mention that our expressions does not apply to the interpretations of the *chef d'œuvre* of Gounod, but well to the unsettled temperature of the audience that M. Etienne remained in the Win. although his comrades Madame Wery, and Messrs. Solve and Domengie remained victorious. Margurite was admirable because Mdle. Mezerau has done her best, for which, we wish her joy. Mon. Dekeghel is a Faust who sings his part officially, that is to say which leaning to the poetique part, and without having the air to remember between the type and the auditor should reign without ceasing the charms of the illusion. Why sing the *suave cavatina*, *Saint Jeanne chaste et pure*, before the footlights of the orchestra? Margurite does not inhabit as far we knew the prompter's box. M. Centi is progressing in his part, his Mephisto has been well rendered with the exception of the Golden Calf. Mdme. Rety Faivre is excellent in Siebel. Mr. Solve has been much applauded in Valentin the next spoiled nothing, a good performance except Mr. Etienne. Sunday, the *Rose of St. Flour* followed by *Maire de la Chapelle* and *Lucia of Launermore*, for the second appearance of Mon. Harvin, and the first of Mon. Menier, baryton of the Grand Opera. Let us say Mon. Solve has been much improved this time in the difficult part of Barnaby, and Mdme. Rety Faivre is inapproachable in the one of Gertrude, which convinces the excellence of the interpretation of this fine work of Pacé. Rety Faivre has been warmly applauded, which proves she richly merited. The second appearance of Mon. Harvin was hardly as happy in Lucia than in his first of Robert although with an easy and rare high notes this artist is manifest feeble undecided rather in the passages where the high notes pass. If Mon. Harvin could refrain from his uneasiness, already so many times pronounced, he would do well. The part of Eleazar has suited him better, resounded his notes the qualities which we have contested in the artist in his first appearance. In his four predecessors it is incontestably agreed it is Mon. Harvin who possesses the most agreeable organ and who is the most authentic tenor. The cavatina in the fourth act, "*Rachel quand du Seigneur*," he sang it with a dramatic sentiment, which raised the house with unanimous applause. We cannot omit this performance without giving our approval of the part of Rachel, Mdle. Graville, who is only eighteen years old.—Translated by V. P., from the *Antwerp Journal de la Semaine*.]

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

At the concert on Monday evening, 25th ult., the following selection was presented:—

PART I.—Quartet, in A minor, (Madame Norman-Néruda, M.M. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti); Schumann. Song, "In native worth" (Mr. Castle): Haydn. Sonata, in A flat, Op. 26, pianoforte alone (Madame Arabella Goddard); Beethoven.

PART II.—Sonata, in D major, pianoforte and violin (Madame Arabella Goddard and Madame Norman-Néruda); Mozart. Song, "The Garland" (Mr. Castle); Mendelssohn. Quartet, in F major, Op. 17, No. 2, (Madame Norman-Néruda, M.M. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti); Haydn.

The appearance of Madame Norman-Néruda was a welcome event, and the audience received her in a manner which showed how far the Norwegian lady has insinuated herself into their good graces. Madame Néruda's position has been honestly won by dint of great ability, and her performance on this occasion was not less remarkable for grace, expression, and skill than the best of her previous achievements. Schumann's Quartet has often been discussed in these columns, and there is every disposition to look upon it with favour as a good example of the composer's genius. We doubt, however, if the work really progresses in public esteem. Its interesting *Scherzo* and spirited *Finale* will always secure a hearing; but not even the anxiety of a Monday Popular audience to believe well of everything Mr. Chappell presents can reconcile them to the other movements. An attempt was made on Monday to encore the *Scherzo*, which unquestionably deserves high rank among movements of the kind.

Madame Goddard's reading of the Sonata in A flat is among the things best known to the musical public; and is, also, among the things which best deserve to be known. The accomplished artist showed no falling off from previous excellence; her playing of the theme with variations, and of the *Finale* being remarkable, in different ways, for the highest qualities. Strangely enough, the Funeral March made very little effect, but the *Finale* was so much applauded that Madame Goddard had to return and bow her acknowledgments. Mozart's Sonata is one of the master's most interesting works, especially in regard to a last movement of very independent form—a fantasia, in point of fact, with a little more of method in it than belongs to fantasias generally. The entire work was admirably played by the well matched ladies; but the *Finale* charmed all present beyond measure, thanks, in great part, to its delightful themes and piquant treatment. This movement had to be repeated; the audience taking no denial.

Haydn's Quartet in F (Op. 17) is not one of his most attractive works, and it fell rather tamely on the ears of those who sat it out. Its want of attraction is, however, only comparative. A work by the good old master is expected to interest and charm to the utmost. Mr. Castle, an American tenor of repute in his own country, made a successful *début*. He has a good voice, much expressive power, and the rare faculty of kindling that feeling in those who hear him which evidently animates himself. Mr. Castle was loudly recalled after "In native worth."—*Sunday Times*.

## MUSIC AT VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

Last summer, a young lady, Mdlle. Klauwell by name, produced a most favourable impression at the Cassel Musical Festival. Encouraged by her success, she resolved to go upon the stage. In pursuance of this resolve, she has just made her *début* at the Imperial Operahouse, in the part of Marguerite de Valois, in *Les Huguenots*. Her voice is too weak for so large a building, and her histrionic ability is as yet conspicuous by its absence. Mdlle. Klauwell is still young; her voice may grow stronger, and her acting improve; till such be the case, the concert-room and not the theatre will be the sphere best adapted for her powers. Weber's *Abu Hassan* and Schubert's *Häuslicher Krieg* have been revived on one and the same evening. The former is a complete novelty for the present generation of Viennese. It was performed at the Theater an der Wien, in 1813, but withdrawn after the fourth night. The three principal characters, which make large demands in the way of histrionic and comic humour on the part of the performers, are ably sustained on the present occasion by Miss Minnie Hauck, Herren Müller and Mayerhofer. Schubert's one-act opera, *Der häusliche Krieg*, was, as our readers are no doubt all aware, discovered and produced by Herr Herbeck thirty years after the composer's death. It stands triumphantly the ordeal of the new Operahouse. The performance was an especially good one.

The parts formerly sung by Mdlle. Krauss, Mdlle. Hoffmann, and Herr Erl, gained immensely by being now entrusted to the more youthful and fresher voices of Miss Minnie Hauck, Mdlle. Materna, and Herr Müller. By her grace and staid deportment, too, as a formal, dignified, and rather oldish lady, Miss Minnie Hauck gave fresh evidence how talented she is as an actress. One could scarcely believe her to be the same fair artist who was so self-willed, and naive as the Fatima of *Abu Hassan*. The choruses and concerted pieces in both works went admirably, and the overtures were played with such spirit, under the direction of Herr Herbeck, as to raise the enthusiasm of the audience to a high pitch.—Mesdames Clara Schumann and Amalie Joachim have given a most numerously attended concert in the small room of the Musical Union. The principal instrumental pieces were Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 101; the *Scherzo* as arranged by the composer himself, from Mendelssohn's music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and a selection from the rich store of the "Davidsbündler." Mdlle. Joachim sang "Kolma's Klage," Schubert; "Blondel's Lied," Schumann; and two trifles, "Sonett," and "Wiegenlied," Brahms.—The Philharmonic Concerts have begun capably under the direction of Herr Dessoff. At the first concert of the series, Beethoven's second *Leonore* Overture was executed in a style little short of absolute perfection. Herr Edmund Singer, a Hungarian, and formerly pupil of the Conservatory here, played Beethoven's Violin Concerto with much sweetness and purity of tone, but with an unfortunate absence of power. His style recalls that of Siorvi to the mind of his hearer. The programme contained a novelty in the shape of Robert Volkmann's "Serenade in F major for Stringed Orchestra," which consists of four short movements, Allegro, Scherzo, Waltz, and March. The audience wanted the two middle movements repeated, but Herr Dessoff—probably in consequence of the length of the programme, which comprised, among other things, Schumann's B flat major Symphony—did not accede to their desire, though it was most energetically expressed by prolonged and vehement applause.—The Beethoven Memorial Committee has been definitely formed. An artistic sub-committee of three members and an executive sub-committee of seven have also been appointed. The members of the principal committee have resolved to beg the Abbate Franz Liszt to compose a Cantata for a grand concert to be given in aid of the Memorial Fund, and to be under his personal direction. They have resolved furthermore to petition the Emperor and the Municipality of Vienna for a grant towards the same fund, and also to call upon the musical circles of the capital to exert themselves zealously in the work. It is settled that the Monument shall be erected in the Grand Square in front of the Academical Gymnasium.—Mdlle. Sabine Marquet, formerly, as Sabine Heinefetter, one of the most popular singers of the day, died at Illenau on the 18th ult. After retiring from public life and marrying, she settled at Marseilles with her husband, and remained in that town till he left her a widow. She was removed this year to Illenau in consequence of having been attacked with insanity.

## PROFESSOR OAKELEY.

At the annual meeting of the Edinburgh University Musical Association the Secretary (Dr. M'Kendrick), read a letter received that morning from Professor Oakeley, in which he said that one of his chief regrets at not being allowed to return to his post during the earlier part of the session had been in respect of their re-established musical society. He assured his friends that, though forbidden to return to Edinburgh for the present, he was heart and soul amongst them; and it would be a very great solace to him to hear that even more interest was shown in this department of musical work and recreation than had been manifested last winter. Early in January he hoped to meet the members of the society again at their proceedings, and also take up the *baton* so kindly presented to him last spring. He added that though his progress towards recovery from a terrible accident was necessarily slow, it was, he trusted, decided. It was a cause of deepest thankfulness to him that neither head nor hands had suffered from the effects of his fall, and that he was thus able to look forward to renewed dedication of both to Edinburgh work and duty.

EGYPT (says the *Musical Standard*) now boasts of a musical and artistic journal.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,  
ST. JAMES'S HALL.**

**FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1872-3.**

**DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.**

**EIGHTH CONCERT,**  
**MONDAY EVENING. DECEMBER 9, 1872.**

*To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.*

**PART I.**

QUARTET, in C minor, Op. 17, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and  
violinello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERNINI,  
and PIATTI Haydn,  
SONG, "If with all your hearts"—Mr. WILLIAM CASTLE .. .. Mendelssohn.  
ANDANTE and PRESTO AGITATO, for pianoforte alone—  
Herr PAUER .. .. Mendelssohn.

## PART II.

**SONATA**, in D Minor, for viola, with pianoforte accompaniment.—**MADAME NORMAN-NERUDA** ..... *Rust.*

**SONGS**, { "The Question?" } **MR. WILLIAM CASTLE** ..... *Schubert.*

{ "Derevas" } ..... *Schumann.*

**QUINTET**, in E-flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello.—**HART PAUER**, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, M.M. L.  
**RIZZ**, ZERNINI, and PIATTI ..... *Schumann.*

**CONDUCTOR** ..... **SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.**

**THREE EXTRA MORNING PERFORMANCES.**

**(Not included in the Subscription) will take place**

**On Saturdays, December 7 and 14, and January 18.**

**SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT.**

**DECEMBER 7, 1872.**

**To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.**

## PROGRAMME

QUARTET in C major, for two violins, viola, and violoncello— MM. STRAUS, L. RIM, ZERNING, and PIATTI .....	Mozart.
RECIT. and AIR, "Deeper and deeper still ( <i>Jeptika</i> )—Mr. SIMS REVIEWS .....	Handel.
SONATA, in B flat, Op. 22, for pianoforte alone—Mr. FRANKLIN TAYLOR .....	Beethoven.
ALLEMANDE, LARGO, and ALLEGRO, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment—Signor PIATTI .....	Veracini.
SONG, "Claribel"—Mr. SIMS REVIEWS .....	H. Lambeth.
TRIO in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mr. FRANKLIN TAYLOR, HART STRAUS, and Signor PIATTI .....	Mendelssohn.
Conductor .....	Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

## CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

**TENTH CONCERT—THIS DAY—DECEMBER 7th, 1872.**

## PROGRAMME

OVERTURE, "She Stoops to Conquer" (first time)	Macfarren.
ROMANCE, "Il mio Amore" (Dinorah)—Signor GUSTAVE GARCIA	Meyersbeer.
SYMPHONY in E flat (first time of performance)	Mozart.
CONCERT ARIA, "Inferno"—Madame SINICO	Mendelssohn.
PIANOFORTE CONCERTO in D, arranged by the Composer from the Violin Concerto (first time of performance)—Miss A. ZIMMERMANN	Beechoven.
SONG, "Blondine" (No. 2)—Expressly composed for Signor GARCIA	Gounod.
ARIA, "Robert toi que j'aime"—Madame SINICO	Meyerbeer.
PIANOFORTE SOLOS, "Barcarolle"—Miss A. ZIMMERMANN "Scherzino"	Rubinstein. Schumann.
BALLADE, "Le Baccanti"—Madame SINICO	Flot.
OVERTURE, "Oberon"	Weber.
CONDUCTOR	MR. MANN.

***At 3 o'clock precisely.***

\*.\* Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will appear again at a date after Christmas; Mdme. SCHUMANN on 1st March; Herr. JOACHIM on Feb. 15th, and March 15th; Signor PIATTI on January 18th; and Mdme. NORMAN-NERUDA on the 25th January.

**NOTICE.**

**TO ADVERTISERS.**—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

# The Musical World.

**LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1872.**

A GOOD deal has been written and said of late respecting the aggressive amateurism which is making itself felt in most branches of art, and in not a few ramifications of commerce. During the present week, for example, a meeting of discontented tradesmen was held in London, with a view to put down Civil Service shop-keeping; and, if professional musicians and concert-givers could, by any possibility, unite for any purpose, we might soon hear of their organised wrath being directed against the amateurs who are spoiling the market with great alacrity and enthusiasm. It is not our purpose to fulminate just now against amateurism, which does not know its place, but rather to hold up for imitation and praise that which both knows its place, and therein does its duty. We betray no secret in stating that the new British Orchestral Society has been founded by a few lovers of music, with a view to the benefit of art, and artists — especially of art and artists born on British soil. These gentlemen desire neither glory nor profit for themselves; but, keeping in the background, are satisfied to further professional interests, and willing to run the risk of failure. Here is the true function of the amateur, as far as he may be said to have any public duty at all. Would that it were more generally recognized and acted upon! But, as a matter of fact, the amateur never thinks he is doing anything at all when he is not obtruding his personality upon public notice. He wants to sing, or play, or get up concerts—at all events, to do something which is likely to gratify his vanity or love of praise. What a happy thing it would be if the illusion underlying all this were dispelled, and every non-professional musician saw clearly that his only duty, outside the private circle, is to foster with his money and his personal influence the advancement of art, leaving its management and interpretation to those upon whom the work specially devolves. The amateur founders of the British Orchestral Society have, so far, set a noble example. They are ready with their money and their private influence; to the rest Mr. Gordon Mount and his professional advisers must look.

As regards the Society itself, we give it a hearty welcome into the family of kindred institutions, not one member of which has any reason for jealousy of the new-comer. The British Orchestral concerts will take place when the Philharmonic Societies are hibernating, and when no orchestral music can be heard anywhere nearer than Sydenham. They have, therefore, a sphere of their own, and propose to do nothing the doing of which may be claimed as the prerogative of another. The marvel is that work so obviously useful went so long begging for a worker. That it did so is a feature in musical history capable of varied interpretation. Did it arise from a notion that only "Society" can comprehend a symphony, and that, when "Society" is out of town, symphonies may be put aside? Or was the love of orchestral music supposed to fluctuate with the seasons, and be strongest during the spring months? But, no matter what the cause, the fact that our huge metropolis remained all the winter through as destitute of orchestral music as the trees were destitute of leaves, could be no other than a disgrace. The new Society proposes to make it a fact no longer; and who, under such circumstances, could not wish the adventure success?

We have no desire to look upon the establishment of the

Society as hostile to foreign artists; nor is there anything which at present suggests such an idea. Surely, an orchestra in England composed exclusively of English performers is a very natural phenomenon, and need not imply any arraying of class against class, or any infusion of a sectarian spirit into the domain of cosmopolitan art! All that we understand by it is a desire to take advantage of whatever national preferences may reasonably be supposed to exist; and a wish to show Englishmen what Englishmen can do in the highest branches of executive music. Both objects are unquestionably harmless and laudable.

Reviewing the whole matter, we see in the British Orchestral Society an enterprise worthy of support; and all that remains is for the managers to show that they are worthy of their enterprise,

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MR. SIMS REEVES is announced to sing at to-day's Popular Concert for the first time in London since his regretted illness. The distinguished tenor has appeared on several occasions in the provinces, and shown all his old power to charm an audience. We feel sure that Londoners will eagerly welcome back to restored health, and to the concert-room, one who is not only their chief favourite, but who is, also, the greatest singer of our time.

It is said that M. Gounod intends to give orchestral as well as choral concerts during the season. All labourers are welcome in the field of high art; and the distinguished Frenchman has a right to special consideration; but the choral concerts are likely to prove most interesting, if what we hear about the new part-songs written by M. Gounod be true.

ACTIVE measures are being taken to provide Liverpool with a Triennial Festival after the pattern of that which has made Birmingham famous throughout the musical world. The local press has taken the matter up warmly, and amateurs of great influence support it; so that the desired result is probable. If Liverpool have any public spirit at all—and we are not quite sure on this head with regard to music—something will be done to improve a reputation which is far from the highest, considering the many advantages enjoyed.

ANOTHER effort will be made this evening to give Londoners a winter Italian opera; the "enterprising impresarios" being, this time, a Company (Limited). St. George's Hall is the chosen *locale*; a number of artists, chiefly unknown in England, are engaged, and the lighter class of works by Italian composers will supply the repertory. Upon the success or failure of the adventure we do not care to speculate; but it must be obvious to the managers that they have an uphill task before them. Italian opera in London is the luxury of the rich, and they like it luxuriously given. The middle classes, we fear, care little about it—not enough, at all events, to support actively an enterprise which must stand or fall according as they support it or not.

WHAT is an "Amateur Author?" A literary journal contains two advertisements. The first invites "amateur authors of ability" to contribute to a monthly magazine; the second states, that "it is proposed to publish, on the co-operative system, a handsome drawing-room table volume, after the manner of Dodsley's famous *Annals*, containing select contributions by young authors desirous of introduction to the public. To be introduced to the public is a pleasant thing for a young author; but to be introduced upon a drawing-room table is to commence literary life in a most elegant fashion. Everything has its use, and it is satisfactory to learn that there is a demand somewhere for the writings of poetasters and essayists whose common fate is to be consigned to a waste-paper basket. But how is the co-operative system to be applied to the coming annual?

#### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

In the last issue of the *Sunday Times* we read as follows:—

"M. Gounod has written to the *Times* complaining in bitter terms of the manner in which the English publishers treat his music; altering and adapting it at their pleasure—such of it, that is to say, as the law permits them to get hold of—and then making the composer responsible for the artistic consequences. No doubt, M. Gounod has just ground for complaint, in common with other composers, living and dead; no doubt, also, that steps should be taken to guard authors against the consequences of having their works tampered with by inferior hands. But as a matter of fact the whole law of copyright and of author's rights in the creations of his brain, demands thorough revision. Till that is done, publishers who carry on business under the stimulus of keen competition are more likely to consult their own interests than to study the artistic reputation of anybody else. M. Gounod recognises this fact, and is careful to point out the particular shop at which his works may be obtained pure and unadulterated. We presume that, at the same place, are sold those copyright 'arrangements' by M. Gounod, wherein not a note differs from the original."

#### LOCAL & NATIONAL.

The Liverpool *Daily Courier* thus discusses the relative advantages of local festivals and such gatherings as those established at the Crystal Palace by Mr. Willert Beale:—

"Time was when Liverpool had its periodical musical festivals, which gave considerable help to the local charities. The town, however, lost its taste for music, and when art once again assumed a prominent position it was in a different form. Liverpool is now so big that it does not like to admit its provincialism in art or any other matters. It possesses two large and many small musical societies, but none of these evince a disposition to associate themselves with metropolitan undertakings. It is, therefore, not to be expected that Liverpool singers will organise to promote the success of Crystal Palace schemes, and it is a moot question whether Mr. Willert Beale's National Music Meetings tend to promote art in its higher phase. The meetings last season did not give unmixed satisfaction, though perhaps the complaints were unreasonable. There is some idea of collecting a competing choir in Liverpool to contest for one of the prizes at the next Meetings. As a musical excursion, such a project may succeed, and cannot fail to afford some pleasure; but whether the benefit will extend further remains to be seen. We must not be supposed to question the motives of the promoters. Mr. Willert Beale's devotion to art is well known, and he no doubt anticipates substantial musical benefits, besides the financial gain to the Crystal Palace Company. But hitches seem unavoidable in great undertakings like those of Gilmore and Beale. Local gatherings would, we feel assured, be more conducive to musical cultivation. If the long-disestablished festivals once more obtained a place among Liverpool institutions, they might be expected to accomplish real benefit. The musical societies and church choirs in the town and district would then vie with each other in providing voices equal to the demands of the greatest works. Such gatherings would assuredly promote musical taste, and they would doubtless have been re-established ere now but for other considerations than art. In Liverpool, unlike other towns, there is an aristocracy as well as a democracy among the vocalists, and the former assume a tone of superiority which their musical eminence does not justify. They are aristocratic because they sing only for "currant-jelly" entertainment, and the others are democratic because they are allowed to sing only for baser mortals. Caste is a great feature and bane in Liverpool life, and is one of the stumbling-blocks in the path of musical progress."

#### REVIEWS.

MEITZLER & CO.

*The Wedding March*, from Wagner's opera of *Lohengrin*. Arranged for the Pianoforte by JULIUS BRISSAC.

THE fates have conspired with the Italian opera singers to keep the opera of *Lohengrin* still longer a stranger to the English. Such of the public as wait not for the policeman's behest, but are disposed to "move on" with the times, will be gratified to meet with a clever transcription of one of the most favourite pieces in the work, through which they may learn of what kind of stuff Herr Wagner's dreams are made. It comprises the chief matter of the second *entracte*, and of the "Bridal Chorus" to which this leads. It is arranged so as to produce a good effect without extreme difficulty and fairly to represent the original. The severest opponent of the composer's style cannot pretend that there is a want of a certain kind of melody or character in the themes here chosen, and Monsieur Brissac deserves praise for the skilful manner in which he has distributed them for the pianoforte.

WREXHAM.—Mr. Harris gave a concert on the 29th ult., in the Town Hall. Madame Billine Porter was the lady artist, and sang with effect "Softly sighs," and Bishop's "Echo song," to a large audience. The other vocalists were gentlemen from Chester Cathedral, while a number of instrumentalists completed the party. Mr. Harris was called upon to repeat his harmonium solo, and Mr. Redfearn his solo on the flute.

## MR. AUGUSTUS MAYHEW'S READING AT RICHMOND.

Mr. Augustus Mayhew gave, under distinguished patronage, on the 28th ult., in the large room of the Castle Hotel, the first of a series of Readings from his own works. The programme looked well, and, what is more, fully realised all the anticipations excited by such topics as a "Journal of a Poor Husband, whose Wife has gone to the Seaside," "The Husbands' Boat to Margate," and "The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race," described by Miss Georgie Shelley, who lost a small Fortune."

Mr. Augustus Mayhew, as it is, perhaps, superfluous to remark, has long been favourably known for the truthful spirit of observation, the photographic fidelity of description, and the rollicking, unconstrained, sparkling humour to be met with in every page traced by his hand. A sense of fun is innate in him; it is part of his nature. He makes his readers split with laughter, not because he attempts to do so, but because he cannot help it. If the proverb of "Laugh and grow fat" be really, and without exception, true, we should advise all Bantingites, when they renounce potatoes and other vegetables; banish sugar from their tea and from their grog; give up beer; and never eat bread, unless previously toasted, not to indulge in *The greatest Plague in Life; Whom to Marry and how to get Married; Blow hot, Blow cold*; and a host of other books from the same merry and gifted pen. Such publications are not for people who want to reduce their size. If, we repeat, there be truth in the above proverb, we can fancy the horror of some aspirant to slinness finding, after unconsciously absorbing nutrition from the exhilarating stories in question, that he is growing every day fatter and fatter, like a horse fed upon Thorley's Food for Cattle—as represented in Mr. Thorley's woodcuts, and described in Mr. Thorley's pamphlets.

The selections read by Mr. Mayhew, on the 28th, must have rendered his audience anxious to hear more. "The Journal of a Poor Husband" shows triumphantly that it is as easy for a clever writer to extract amusement from a wretched Benedict's misery, as for a chemist to obtain the most delicate and beautiful dyes from the refuse of a gas-yard. Nay, so fascinating is the process, that, inhuman as our conduct may seem, we are absolutely grateful for this want of sympathy towards a man and a brother. As for wondrous comparisons and similes, Mr. Mayhew revels in them. They are as plentiful in the "Journal of a Poor Husband," as Sir John Falstaff gives us to understand blackberries are. In "The Husbands' Boat to Margate," Mr. Mayhew held the mirror up to Nature with a skilful hand. We are sure that many a lord of the creation distinctly saw his own face in it. We hope, for the sake of domestic peace and quietness, that none of the married ladies present also caught a glimpse. Speaking generally in the interest of the married men who visit the favourite watering-place in the Isle of Thanet, as well as of the stewards of the steamboats, we think something might be done in the way of raising a sum—a very large sum, of course—to induce Mr. Mayhew not to read "The Husbands' Boat" very often. If he does, there will be a woful falling off in the number of dinners eaten on board the Eagle and the Prince of Wales on Saturdays; Dublin stout will be neglected; and brandy-and-water become a drug on the ocean between the Nore Light and Margate Jetty. "The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race" was a worthy pendant to its two predecessors in the programme. Mr. Mayhew, who had received a most flattering reception, from a numerous and fashionable audience, on his first appearance, and reiterated marks of hearty approbation in the course of the evening, was much applauded on concluding the last piece.

The Reading, properly so called, was diversified by two pianoforte solos exceedingly well played by Mr. Burnham Horner, and two songs, exceedingly well composed, by the same gentleman, to some admirable verses—with a rich smack of Herrick about them—written by Mr. Mayhew. We must not omit adding that the songs were sung with great taste and expression by Mr. Frederick Walker, who, in obedience to the general wish, repeated the first song, and might have repeated the second, had he not contented himself with merely bowing his thanks for the plaudits bestowed upon him.

An organ without any stops—a hand-organ.

## MUSIC IN BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

If anything could tend to console us for the gloomy days, the incessant deluges of rain, the fogs, the mud, and numberless other discomforts, all hugely aggravated by the smoke, which ever hangs like a pall over this active region, it would be good music, and of this the month of November has had its share. Stimulated, possibly, by the success of Messrs. Harrison's orchestral concert, Mr. Russell has given an entertainment of like character, also with a Manchester band, that of Mr. De Jong, who is in some sort a rival of the famous German pianist and conductor for the favour of Cottonopolis. Numerically of about the same strength, although by some thought deficient in the necessary complement of strings, the band created a highly satisfactory impression, their efforts being specially recognized in the careful performance of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, and being no less noticeable for their accompaniment of the same composer's G minor concerto, of which the pianoforte part was played by Mr. Franklin Taylor with all that delicacy, refinement, and finish which have earned for him so honourable a place in the foremost rank of English pianists. Madame Patey and Mlle. Rita were the vocalists, the former acquitting herself in a manner worthy her just reputation, and the latter also impressing her hearers favourably.

The first of this winter's series of Chamber Concerts was given by Messrs. Harrison, Nov. 27th—the executants, Madame Norman-Néruda, Messrs. Ries, Schreurs, Daubert, and Hallé, being the same as those engaged for the previous season. The scheme included Mozart's Quartet in C, No. 6; Beethoven's pianoforte Sonata in D minor (Op. 29), No. 2; J. S. Bach's duet for pianoforte and violin in A major, and Raff's Trio in G major (Op. 112). With artists of such admitted excellence as those named, criticism would almost appear superfluous; and it is sufficient for the purpose to record that each played his best, the audience, by their hearty applause, showing how fully they appreciated the efforts of the performers. Nor is it necessary to enter into an analysis of the works of the composers whose names graced the programme, as they are all more or less familiar to musical readers. Nevertheless, I must express my individual opinion about the quartet of Herr J. Raff, who appears to be a disciple of the modern German school, and whose music, although at times not deficient in what would be a melodious theme if left alone, appeared, for the most part, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Might I, at the same time, be pardoned for asking why this apostle of the *Zukunft* gives the title of each movement in German instead of Italian, the language which Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and every other great composer, irrespective of nationality, have been content to make use of? The vocal music was contributed by Miss Elsie Clifford, who sang Meyerbeer's "Fisher Maiden," and Gumbert's "If on the meads," with taste and expression.

For the next concert of the Festival Choral Society, Mlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signors Borella, Zoboli, Agnesi, and Bellini, are announced; and the same artists, with Mlles. Ilma di Muraka, Marimon, Signor Foli, and others, will give three nights of opera, Dec. 9th, 10th, and 11th. *Don Giovanni*, *Faust*, and *Il Flauto Magico*, are the attractions set forth by the lessee of the Theatre Royal.

D. H.

MILAN.—The funeral of the late Signor Francesco Lucca took place on the 23rd ult., amid an immense crowd. Among those present were all the persons connected with the firm of the deceased, as well as with that of Signor Ricordi, the professors of the Conservatory, a large number of composers, journalists, the managers and choristers of the Scala, &c. The corners of the pall were held by Signori Braga and Gomez, the composers, Signor Giuseppe Ricordi, the eminent music publisher, and Signor Villani, the tenor. The band of the National Guard performed a grand funeral march by Signor Ponchielli. The *Trovatore* says of the deceased:—"From a simple workman he became the proprietor and head of one of the most important firms in the world, and honestly made a fortune. He possessed a generous heart, and was always ready to assist his workmen when they applied to him, as well as others, and he never used his good actions as puffs. Very few individuals, wealthy though they might be, would spare from seven to eight thousand lire to expend on a piano as a present to the Conservatory, and no one save Signor Lucca would have endowed the city with a statue—the statue of Donizetti—which is to be placed in the entrance of the Scala."

## MUSIC AT BOLOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

We have actually heard music here lately! Yes, twice during the last week; but firstly, I must tell you why—the musicians here (I call them the musicians, because most of them belong to all the orchestras in the town, the orchestra of the Etablissement, of the Theatre, of the Musique Communale, of the Société de Musique) have a *fête* once a year, on the day of their patron saint, St. Cecile. This day falling last Friday, 22nd, it was thought fit by the authorities—whoever they may be—that Monday should be kept as the *fête* St. Cecile by the members of the Musique Communale, and Thursday by those of the Société de Musique. Accordingly, on Monday last, the former, having donned their uniforms (really those of the ancient National Guard), played a lively march through the streets, and went to St. Nicholas, where a musical mass was “gone through,” the band playing before and after the same. I only came in time for the last part of the mass, and heard the “Agnus Dei”—very well sung—and the overture to *Zampa*, pretty well performed by the band. A clarinet solo near the end was a failure. On Thursday, however, the gentlemen of the Société de Musique, in “tail coats,” &c., eschewed the muddy streets, and assembled in the same church. The performance was really good. They played, before the mass, *Les Francs Juges* overture, Berlioz; in the middle, “Motifs du Stabat Mater,” Rossini; and, to finish, “Marche aux flambeaux,” Meyerbeer. The mass was well sung. The first piece was very long and difficult, and taxed them to their utmost. The selection from the *Stabat Mater* was the best; but it is a strange thing, these men belonging to so many different bands, and consequently being under four or five conductors. I am sure if Marten, who conducts at the Etablissement, had wielded the *bâton*, they would have kept more together—if you know what I mean.—M. Reichardt, the composer of “Thou art so near,” and other popular songs, is here, and is thinking of getting up a concert in aid of the funds of the local Hospital, at the Theatre. M. Clément Marten, the director, is expected to give, at the close of the dramatic season, a series of operas, including *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, and other works of like character. Mdlle. Schneider also, is being “negotiated with,” and a new *Opera Bouffe*, by Offenbach, “appelée à surpasser tous les autres, verra le jour sur notre scène,” say the newspaper “reclames.” The fair at the Haute Ville is over; the “Chevaux de Bois” have ceased to go round; the organ that suggested to the little merry May Queen seated on her peg, “with a laugh as we go round to the merry, merry sound,” grinds no more, and the big drum belonging to the mermaid exhibition is dumb. Dr. Sidney Chater, well-known for his exertions, as well as those of his amiable wife, as the head of one of the principal ambulances during the Franco-German war, is settled among us, I am glad to hear, and will, no doubt, soon obtain an extensive practice among the English Community.

S. C.

## ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

A grand evening concert by the principal artists of Her Majesty's Opera was given in this hall on the 28rd ult., and attracted a very large and brilliant audience. The programme included much variety, requiring not only Mr. Mapleson's solo vocalists, but also his orchestra, and a division of Mr. W. Carter's choir: the whole being under the direction of Mr. Cusins, with Mr. Willing as organist. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* opened the proceedings, and was performed in a manner which met with the loudly-expressed approval of the audience. There were no encores, but all the principal solo members were vigorously applauded. Hardly will any reader require to be told which among the airs pleased most. Mdlle. Tietjens in “Inflammatus,” Madame Trebelli in “Fao ut portem,” Signor Campanini in “Cujus animam,” and Signor Agnesi in “Pro peccatis” were highly successful, the new tenor making quite a sensation by his fine voice and good delivery. The second part began with Beethoven's great *Leonora* overture, and contained also “Ombra leggiera,” brilliantly sung by Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, and encored; “M'appari,” which Signor Campanini was obliged to repeat, and “Nobil Signor,” the repetition of which by Madame Trebelli was insisted upon. Signor Campobello sang “Honour and arms” in good style; Mdlle. di Murska further exhibited her vocal powers in Proch's Variations, and the concert ended with the March from *Tannhäuser*.

*Elijah* will be given, under Mr. Mapleson's auspices, on Dec. 14; and there will be a performance of the *Messiah* on Christmas Day.

## CUSTOMS ORPHANAGE.

On Thursday evening week a concert (under distinguished patronage) took place in St. James's Hall, in aid of the Customs Orphanage. Miss Banks' “Sing, sweet bird” was enthusiastically applauded. Owing to the illness of Miss Purdy, Miss Antell supplied her place, and sang well “The Sailor's Story,” and Benedict's “Rock me to sleep.” Miss Agnes Drummond gave “The Lover and the Bird,” and Miss Lucy Franklein was heard to great advantage in “Quando a te lieto.” Mr. George Perren rendered “Bonny Mary of Argyle” with taste, and Mr. W. H. Cummings was encored in his own song, “She like a Seraph sings.” He afterwards gave “Tom Bowling.” Mr. Chaplin Henry was encored in “Homeward Bound.” Mr. Matthison, who made his first appearance since his return from America, was excellent in “Sing me the songs of old.” Mr. Lazarus performed a solo on the clarinet from Gounod's *Faust*, and Mr. W. H. Thomas executed with perfect grace and finish Benedict's “Where the bee sucks,” on the piano. Mr. J. C. Arlidge was successful in a flute fantasia. The A Division of Police Band, under the direction of Mr. Dickinson, performed ably the overture to *La Dame Blanche*, a selection from Verdi's *Macbeth*, and the “Marche des conscrits.” Mr. W. H. Thomas conducted. The hall was fully and fashionably attended. We may again state that the object of the Customs Orphanage is to provide for the education and to board and clothe destitute children of both sexes of deceased officers of the out-door department of her Majesty's Customs of the Port of London, who may be really or virtually orphans, and whose fathers at the time of death were members of the institution. It may be further observed that the institution is unsectarian—the children being placed where they can receive a sound and useful education, based upon the religious views of their parents, and where their mothers or friends may occasionally visit. The children are admitted to the benefits of the orphanage at six years of age, and are retained, the boys until they attain the age of 14, and the girls until the age of 15, when the best endeavours are made to procure suitable employment for them. The institution also grants gratuities, and, occasionally, monthly allowances to the destitute widows or members, according to the circumstances of each case, for which purpose the sum of £100 is set aside annually.

## ILMA DI MURSKA AS AMINA.

In a well-written and interesting notice of a recent performance of *La Sonnambula*, at the Theatre Royal in Manchester, the *Daily Review* thus speaks of Mdlle. Ilma di Murska's performance of the chief character:—

“Mdlle. Ilma di Murska's Amina cannot be excelled by that of any living artist. The part is one which affords great scope for acting, of which Mdlle. di Murska takes full advantage. In the sleep-walking scenes, on which the whole action of the opera depends, her performance was singularly true and expressive; and not less successful was her delineation of Amina's grief and sense of outraged innocence, when repudiated and denounced by her lover and her associates. The entire music of the part is precisely suited to Mdlle. di Murska's voice and style. Her splendid powers of execution were fully displayed in the *allegro brillante*, ‘Sovra il sen,’ and the joyous air, ‘Ah non giunge,’ with which the opera ends; while she proved herself fully adequate to the interpretation of the highly dramatic scene where Amina is found by Elvina in Rodolfo's chamber. She was vehemently applauded throughout, and recalled several times during the opera.”

Elsewhere, the critic praises the general efficiency of the “cast”—Elvino being played by Signor Bettini, Rodolfo by Signor Foli, and Lisa by Madame Bauermeister.

GRATZ.—The Italian operatic company, under the management of Signor Pollini, have been giving a series of performances, at three times the usual prices of admission, to crowded houses. The bright particular star of the company is Madame Artôt-Padilla.

JENA.—Second Academical Concert: Symphony, B flat major, Beethoven; Overture to the opera, *Dame Kobold*, Raff; Aria from *Le Pré-aux-Clercs*, Hérold; Serenade, Haydn; Solos for Trombone, Lassen; and Waltz, Air, Salvi.

ELBING.—Herr Odenwald, the Cantor of the choir at St. Mary's, lately gave a concert there, when the church was crowded. The choir was strengthened and increased to some 160 voices, men's and boys', by the chorus from the Gymnasium. One of the principal features in the programme was “Israel's Siegesgesang,” by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. The other pieces were the “Hallelujah Chorus” from Handel's *Messiah*; “Es ist eine Ros' entsprungen,” by Prtorius, and “Tenebræ factæ sunt,” by M. Haydn, both the latter being a *capella*. Herr Odenwald, too, took part with Mdlle. Lebus in the duet between Elijah and the Widow, from Mendelssohn's great oratorio. Herr Markull, from Dantzic, played the organ accompaniment to the duet, as well as some purely instrumental pieces.

## WAIFS.

We are informed that Madame Arabella Goddard intends starting for Australia early in next March.

A great composer—Sleep.

Mr. Charles E. Stephens is appointed organist and choirmaster at St. Saviour's, Paddington.

Chopin is to have a monument in his native town, Warsaw. Prince Orloff is leader of the project.

The death is announced of M. Charles Duvernoy, the well-known professor at the Paris Conservatoire.

The People's Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall ended on Monday, and it is not likely that they will be resumed.

A leader of a country band says that when he finds a piece written in four flats, he never uses more than two of the flats.

A poet in Pittsburgh has sent to a local paper a poem, in which he alludes to the dew as "the perspiration of the moon."

Mdme. Patti's benefit at Moscow was a great success. The receipts were 8,700,000 roubles—more than 80,000,000 francs.—**DR. BLIDGE.**

M. Gounod's *Deux Reines de France* was produced at the Théâtre Italien on the 27th ult. It is severely criticised in the *Gazette Musicale*.

It is positively stated that Signor Campanini is engaged by Mr. Max Strakosch, for the Adelina Patti tour in the United States of America, next year.

A committee has been formed in Vienna for the purpose of erecting a monument to Beethoven. Lirzt has been asked to write a cantata in aid of the movement.

Schumann's music to *Manfred* is in rehearsal at the Paris Conservatoire. The overture was played lately at M. Padeloup's concerts, and promptly condemned.

The Chicago Jubilee, which is to take place next summer, will call together 5,000,000 singers and 500,000 instrumentalists. The German singing societies are relied upon to a large extent.—**DR. BLIDGE.**

A minor canonry in Winchester Cathedral, vacant by the preferment of the Rev. C. Hey, M.A., has been conferred upon the Rev. J. Gordon Crowdy, M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, curate of Pershore, Worcestershire.

Sir Robert P. Stewart is engaged to superintend the production of his cantata, *The Eve of St. John*, early in the spring, in New York. Mr. P. S. Gilmore recently produced Sir Robert Stewart's *Greeting to America* at his concert, in Boston.

The Jewish community have sustained a loss by the death of the Rev. Simon Ascher (father of the late M. Ascher, the well-known pianist and composer), who has been for forty years chief reader at the Great Synagogue in London. He was eighty-three years of age.

Mdlle. Liebhart has had the honour of being presented to Mr. President Grant, who held a long conversation with the fair *cantatrice*, respecting musical affairs in general, and, in particular, the respective positions the divine art held in the mother country and in the land of the "star-spangled banner."

So great has been the desire of strangers visiting the Boston Coliseum to preserve some relic of the Jubilee that they have feloniously carried off tassels, soda fountain labels, portions of the veneering from the reception room, small pipes from the organ, &c., and, in fact, nearly every article that could be easily removed has been stolen.

The following telegraphic despatch has gone the round:—

"Bénéfice Patti, *Sonnambula*, splendide, recette 86,000,000 francs. Public offert soleil diamants valeur 15,000,000 franc, 200,000 bouquets.

"Après opera Patti rappelée 60,000 fois par 4,000,000 spectateurs debout, applaudissant, agitant 10,000,000 mouchoirs, criant Revenez."—**DR. BLIDGE.**

Mdlle. Alvina Valleria, Signor Arditti's clever pupil, has been singing, for the last six weeks, with the "Ullman concert party," in Germany, and pleased everywhere, especially at Berlin, Hanover, Hamburg, Mayence and The Hague. Mdlle. Valleria is engaged for the winter carnival season at Milan, and will probably make her *début* as Isabella, in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*.

There is a certain class of musicians who possess the gift of titillating the ear agreeably without affecting the mind or penetrating further than the exterior sense. But empty music yields very shallow and transient pleasure. The gratification it affords, instead of growing by what it feeds on, soon dies out in surfeit. The world is, however, flooded with it, and the only way to abate its superabundance is to cultivate a taste for significant music; for no sooner is this understood than the former becomes to the player and the auditor not only insipid, but distasteful.

If a musically sensitive man should be forced to abide in a house inhabited by musical pupils, he would find the beginner on the piano the most tiresome to listen to; on the flute, the most sickening; the cornet, the most exasperating; the violin, the most irritating; the clarinet, the most agonising; the trombone, the most frightful; the oboe, the most dispiriting; the bassoon, the most disgusting; and on the French horn, the most painful.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St. Paul* (one of his brightest inspirations, and which seems to have taken firm hold of the public favour), is to be performed at Exeter Hall, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, at the Society's next concert, on Friday evening next, 13th inst. Mr. Santley will sing the music allotted to the Apostle, and Madame Florence Lancia and Mr. E. Lloyd will make their *début* at the Society's concerts on the occasion.

From Athol, we hear of a Methodist parson, somewhat eccentric, and an excellent singer. Sunday after Sunday his rich voice came from the pulpit "with the spirit and the understanding." Not so at the other end of the church, where, with abundance of spirit, there was a lamentable lack of the other virtue. In fact, the singing was simply execrable. The good brother could finally endure it no longer, and exclaimed: "Brothers and sisters, I wish those of you who can't sing would wait until you get up to the celestial regions before you try." The hint was a success.

"Trinculo," writing in the *New York Arcadian*, says:—

"Speaking of the Opera, let me say that the season has been peculiarly vexed by circumstances. I was talking with the management the other night in the building, and Mr. Jarrett called my attention to the fact that the Presidential election and the horse disease were not advertising dodges of Mr. Maretzek. 'They are,' said he, 'dispensations which all well-regulated managers can withstand with philosophic endurance, but you'll excuse me if I suggest that the American custom of burning up a city every season must sooner or later operate prejudicially to lyric art.'"

The Handel and Haydn Society at Boston (Mass.) will probably have the assistance of Mrs. Moulton and Mdlle. Draadil, a contralto of English fame, at its Christmas Oratorios. At the oratorios to be given in February and March, Mr. Nelson Varley, an English tenor, and Mr. M. W. Whitney, will, it is expected, appear in addition to Madame Rudersdorff and Miss Fairman. The Boston Chorus opened its oratorio rehearsals for the season, October 9th, and took up Sterndale Bennett's oratorio, *The Woman of Samaria*. Dan Godfrey has written a letter to a friend in Boston, saying that he will surely come to Boston again in the spring.

NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS.—SECOND PRIZES.—A grand harmonium, sets of wind instruments, and libraries of music to be chosen by the successful competitors are offered as second prizes in several of the classes next year, by Messrs. Alexandre, Besson, Boosey, Chappell, and Novello, respectively. These prizes are given in addition to the money prizes presented by the Crystal Palace Co. We understand that the £1,000 Challenge Cup, being manufactured by Cox & Co., is to be ready for delivery in February next, when it will be handed over to the South Wales Choir in accordance with the rules of the National Music Meetings, after having been publicly exhibited at the Crystal Palace. The cup is spoken of as a splendid work of art.

The letter we published last week, from "Paganini Redivivus," called for no remark, and we made none. An epistle so singular, spoke for itself on the only topic to which comment could be directed. Our reason for again mentioning the assumed name of its remarkable author is to allay the excited curiosity of those who learned, per advertisement, that he would appear at his late violin recital "in plain dress." Inquiry has elicited the statement that "Paganini Redivivus" sometimes "gets up" in imitation of his illustrious predecessor, with a view, we imagine, to secure at least one point of resemblance. For the truth of this statement we cannot vouch; but it is the best we can offer to an amused public.—*Sunday Times*.

A Western American newspaper man has been looking over the personnel of the Thomas orchestra. He says:—

"Those who imagine that musicians are a class by themselves, and distinguished by peculiarities of physique and temperament, would be undeceived by a study of the members of Thomas's orchestra, as they file out in the morning from rehearsal. In person and appearance they are as various as the instruments from which, as Artemus Ward says, they 'jerk their soul-inspiring strains.' There are spectacled Germans, vivacious Frenchmen, bilious, cadaverous Americans, and beefy, well-fed Englishmen. Some are as tall as incipient telegraph poles, and others so short that they have to get on stools to reach the higher notes. There are fat men and lean men; dandified and slovenly men; men who are inspired, and men who look as if they would conspire; some with eyes in fine frenzy rolling, and others whose souls delight in nothing so much as lager beer and Bologna sausage luncheon. In short, they are precisely like any other chance assemblage of sixty-five men, and with a little generic resemblance."

The report that Miss Eliza Cook, the poetess, had died at Deptford, admits of some explanation. The lady of that name who is really deceased, has lived for more than two years with Mrs. Ford, of 81, Douglas Street, Deptford, who received a periodical stipend for attending upon her, and always understood that she was really the authoress of "The Old Arm-Chair," an opinion confidently indulged in by the medical man who attended upon her, and the neighbours generally, until the refutation appeared in the newspapers. Two thousand persons attended her funeral, and great sympathy was manifested, the crowd breaking open the doors of the church, and pressing forward to touch the shroud. The coffin was inscribed: "Eliza Cook, born September 2nd, 1803; died November 21st, 1872."

*Appropos of the Sacred Harmonic Society, we think it necessary, on public grounds, to mention a report which, at first hearing, seems to have but a private interest. On dit that Mr. Edward Howell, first violoncello in the Society's orchestra since the death of Mr. Collins has been dismissed, solely because he refused to leave the Royal Italian Opera and go to Drury Lane. We give publicity to this report, because, if it be true, the fact should be known in justice to Mr. Howell; if not true, an opportunity of saying so should be afforded those upon whom it reflects in a way we forbear to characterize. In any case, the Society has lost the services of a capable and rising artist, and his fellow Englishmen in the orchestra have been subjected to the indignity of seeing a Frenchman, M. Lassere—Mr. Mapleson's first violoncello at Drury Lane—promoted over their heads.*

In the report just presented to the General Committee of the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival, the Sub-Committee say:—

"We cannot omit to express in our report the deep obligations we are under to our talented conductor, Sir Julius Benedict, for his untiring zeal and devotion to furthering the objects of the Festival, and we trust the musical interest which he has been instrumental in sustaining will not be allowed to abate. In conclusion, we may unhesitatingly state that the success of the late Festival has depended almost entirely upon the high class of the music produced and the excellency of its performance; and looking on it in this light only, without the aid of large donations or any considerable profit from the ball, we may fairly consider it as one of the most successful in the annals of our triennial meetings; and as an encouragement to those who may in future have the management of these grand musical celebrations we may add, that seldom have there been greater difficulties to contend against than in the preparation and carrying out of the last Festival."

Before our next issue appears the British Orchestral Union will be fairly launched, the first concert taking place next Thursday, in St. James's Hall. The programme is a good one—Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* and Weber's *Oberon* overtures; Beethoven's C minor symphony; Sterndale Bennett's Fourth Concerto (pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard); and classical songs by Madame Lemmens and Mr. Lewis Thomas. We shall await the performance with some interest; meanwhile, the members and friends of the society will assert their national peculiarities by dining together at the Albion to-morrow (Monday) night. So thoroughly English a custom befits a thoroughly English association, and we sincerely hope that the sanguine feelings inseparable from viewing the future through the steam of a good dinner may find speedy justification in "hard facts." The society has a severe task before it; but the help of all who wish well to native art may be counted upon.—*Sunday Times*.

Mark Twain tenders the following advice to serenaders:—

"Don't stand right under the porch and howl, but get out in the middle of the street, or better still, on the other side of it. Distance lends enchantment to the sound. \* \* \* Don't let your screaming tenor soar an octave above all the balance of the chorus, and remain there, setting everybody's teeth on edge for blocks around; and above all, don't let him sing a solo; probably there is nothing in the world so suggestive of serene contentment and perfect bliss, as the spectacle of a calf chewing a dish-rag; but the nearest approach to it is your reedy tenor, standing apart, in sickly attitude, with head thrown back, and eyes uplifted to the moon, piping his distressing solo. Now do not pass lightly over this matter, friend, but ponder it with that seriousness which its importance entitles it to. \* \* \* As soon as you start, gag your tenor, otherwise he will be letting off a screech every now and then, to let the people know he is around. Your amateur tenor is notoriously the most self-conceited of all God's creatures."

In Mr. Fechter's new Fourteenth Street Theatre—says the New York *Arctician*—the orchestra will be completely out of sight. The misanthropic fiddler, who has heretofore been accustomed to rise at moments of marked interest and interpose his expansive head between the stage and the unfortunate people seated immediately behind him, will thus be deprived of the privilege of exasperating his fellow-creatures, while the audience will no longer be warned in advance of an approaching climax by noticing the stern determination with which the drummer clasps his stick and makes ready to sound the note of sheepskin admonition. Had Mr. Fechter carried this improvement a little further, and placed the orchestra not only out of sight but out of

hearing, it is by no means certain that he would not have acted wisely. "Incidental music" has been so frequently pushed to an absurd excess, that it has become in many plays a positive nuisance. Why should Mr. Fechter in his best parts need the aid of the orchestra to express love and heroism? Is the statement, "Blanche! (tremolo by violins) Blanche! (groan from double-bass), I (blare of cornets) love thee," (grand band by all available instruments), more impressive than it would be without these musical aids? What have fiddlers and drums to do with the remarks of Ruy Blas when the latter is holding an interview with the Queen, in circumstances in which the presence of a band of music would be too indiscreet to be for a moment thought of? Either lop off superfluous incidental music, Mr. Fechter, or else place your orchestra convention in the lower depths of the theatre, where it can hang away unheard as well as unseen."

**BRUNN.**—The Musical Union will celebrate, about the middle of the present month, the tenth year of its existence by a special performance of Gluck's *Orpheus*. Madame Gompertz-Bettelheim has promised to sustain the part of Orpheus, and Madame Dustmann, that of Eurydice.

**DANTZIG.**—Herr Markull will resume, this winter, the Soirées for Chamber Music, which have hitherto proved so successful. He will be assisted by Herr F. Laade, as violinist, and Herr J. Markull, as violoncellist.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

J. B. CRAMER & Co.—Cramer's Christmas Carols, "Les Bavards Quadrille" and "The Salute Galop," by C. H. R. Marriott; "The Galatea Waltz," for the Piano, by J. Rummell; "Minerva," Grand March, and "Tout Seul," Nocturne, by Paul Semler; "Bourrée," and "Le Trianon," Gavotte, by J. Theodore Trekkell; "I hear along our street," Christmas Carol, by J. F. Simpson; "Alone for ever," Romance, by Odoardo Barri; "Little Maid of Arcades," song, by Arthur B. Sullivan.  
W. PHILLIPSON.—"Guide to Young Pianoforte Players and Students," by Wentworth Phillipson.  
METZLER & Co.—"The Pier Waltz," by R. Cooper.  
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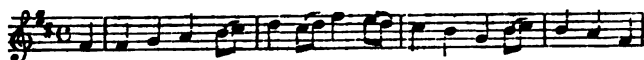
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 On every tree the birdies sing,  
 From hill and dale glad echoes ring;  
 The lark, inspir'd, to Heav'n ascends,  
 The gurgling brook in beauty wends  
 By mossy bank and grassy brae,  
 Where violets bloom and lambskins play.  
 Delightful Spring—sweet month of May  
 What joys attend thine advent gay!

In mantle clad of fairest sheen,  
 The woods burst forth in virgins green—  
 Bright home of birds and flow'ers gay,  
 The streamlet woos thy sheltered way,  
 Thro' primrose dells, sweet hawthorn glades,  
 And silver birches' fragrant shades,  
 Where nightingales, at close of day,  
 In leafy bow'rs trill raptur'd lay.  
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VOL. 50—No. 50.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1872.

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**CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY, Dec. 14, at Three.—ELEVENTH SATURDAY CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—THE LAST CONCERT OF THE PRESENT SERIES.**—Symphony, No. 4, B flat (Beethoven); Intermezzo, Scherzo, and Finale, from String Quintet, No. 1, in A, first time (Mendelssohn); Overture, "Farrabraz" (Schubert); "Cheval de Bronze" (Anser). Mdlle. Gaetano and Mr. Thurlay Beale. Full orchestra. Conductor—MR. MAHER. Reserved Numbered Stalls, Half-a-crown. Admission to the Palace, Half-a-crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS, July 3, 5, 8, 10, and 12, 1873.**—THE REGULATIONS and LISTS of MUSIC to be prepared for competition at the Second Annual Series of National Music Meetings are NOW READY, and can be had on application to Mr. Willert Beale, at the Crystal Palace.

**BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.**—Conductor, Mr. George Mount.—SECOND CONCERT, THURSDAY, December 19th, St. James's Hall, 8 o'clock. Prelude, Lohengrin, Wagner; Italian Symphony, Mendelssohn; Concerto Violoncello, Golttermann; Mr. Ed. Howell; Overture Leonora, No. 3, Beethoven and Overture di Ballo, Sullivan. Vocalists: Miss Blanche Cole and Mr. W. H. Cummings.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; reserved and numbered seats, 5s.; tickets, 2s. and 1s.—Cramer, 301, Regent Street; L. Cook, 63, New Bond Street; Chappell, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, and E. Ollivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Keith, Frowse, 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange; and Austin's, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.

**THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.**—The Directors beg leave to announce that, in consequence of Mr. Barnby's appointment as Conductor of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, the Oratorio Concerts lately given at Exeter Hall and St. James's Hall will be discontinued. Many of the masterpieces of the great composers (Oratorios and other large works) will be given by the ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY, under the direction of Mr. BARNBY, on the largest and most complete scale possible. Prospectuses of the series of Concerts, which will commence shortly after Christmas, will be issued immediately.

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"LA BACCANTE."

**MADAME SINICO** will sing Signor FIORI's Canzone, "LA BACCANTE," at Warrington, Dec. 9th; Manchester, 21st.

**MADAME SINICO** will sing in "JUDAS MACCABEUS," at Exeter Hall, in "THE MESSIAH," on the 29th December; on the 23rd December, in "THE MESSIAH," at Bradford; and on the 25th December, in "THE MESSIAH," at Manchester.

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The next PUBLIC REHEARSAL, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the Institution, on TUESDAY MORNING NEXT, the 10th inst., commencing at 3 o'clock.

### WESTMORLAND SCHOLARSHIP.

A Scholarship for Vocalists, called the Westmorland Scholarship (in memory of the Earl of Westmorland, the founder of the Royal Academy of Music), has been established by subscription, and will be contended for annually in December. It is open for public competition to female candidates between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four years, and is not confined to pupils of the Academy. The amount of the Scholarship is £10, which will be appropriated towards the cost of a year's instruction in the Academy. The Examination will take place in the Academy, on Monday, the 23rd of Dec., next, at ten o'clock. The certificate of birth must be forwarded previous to the candidate being allowed to compete for the scholarship. No applications can be received after December the 21st.

### POTTER EXHIBITION.

The Examination for the Potter Exhibition for Female Students of the Royal Academy of Music, of two or more years' standing, will take place on Monday, the 23rd of December, at 12 o'clock.

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## BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

This newly formed society, about which there has recently been much talk in musical circles, gave the first of a series of six orchestral concerts, on Thursday evening week, in St. James's Hall. Despite the unfavourable weather, there was a good attendance; and, if applause may be accepted as a criterion, the success of this first effort was complete. We are glad, also, to bear testimony that the success was genuine, because earned by legitimate means.

Since the Society of British Musicians, founded in 1834, was dissolved, there has been no combination of any importance among English orchestral players, who, nevertheless, are notoriously equal, in a general sense, to any in Europe—a fact which foreign composers, such as Meyerbeer, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, freely acknowledged. No feeling of prejudice, much less of hostility, towards the many admirable instrumentalists, Italian, French, and German, who reside among us, and who exercise so large an influence on the efficiency of high-class performances, whether operatic or purely orchestral, led to the institution of this new society. On the contrary, we are informed, and can readily believe, that a desire to make the public acquainted with what English musicians are able to do, independently of extraneous aid, was the leading, if not the sole motive—a motive which, being both natural and praiseworthy, is not open to criticism. The late Mr. Alfred Mellon for some years worked zealously in the same direction; but he was ultimately compelled to abandon his enterprise, and to rest upon the laurels which, by strenuous though ineffectual endeavours, he had honourably won. About the organization of the British Orchestral Society, knowing nothing, we can say nothing. The printed prospectus gives no list of committees, no table of regulations, and not even the name of any gentleman, amateur or professional, upon whom, as managing director, the chief responsibility would devolve. About these matters we are left in the dark. On the other hand, we have the list of an orchestra, 75 in number, consisting exclusively of native performers, every one of whom is a recognised proficient on the instrument of his choice. The orchestra is thus distributed:—14 first violins—principal, Mr. Carrodus; 12 second violins—principal, Mr. J. Zerbini; eight violas—principal, Mr. Doyle; nine violoncellos and as many double basses, with Mr. B. Howell and Mr. Howell, sen., at the head of the respective departments, Messrs. Radcliffe, G. Horton, Lamar, Hutchins, C. Harper, T. Harper, and Webster being principal flutes, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, and trumpet, Mr. Phaezy taking charge of the euphonium, Messrs. Phasant, Seymour, and Orchard of the family of drums, and Mr. John Cheshire of the harp. The conductor is Mr. George Mount, one of our most eminent professors of the double bass; and when singers do not care to be accompanied by the orchestra, there is Mr. Zerbini to accompany them on the pianoforte. We must not omit to mention that the list of the orchestra gives the name of a single amateur only, which amateur is Dr. W. H. Stone, one of the few who now care to study and to practise that much neglected instrument, the "contrabassoon," for which, nevertheless, some of the great masters have expressly written, and which possesses a strong individuality of tone. The prospectus, moreover, informs us that the British Orchestral Society intends giving six concerts, at intervals of a fortnight; that each programme will contain a symphony, a concerto, and two overtures, interspersed with vocal music; that the solo artists—players and singers—will, like the members of the orchestra, be exclusively English; that works by Messrs. J. F. Barnett, Arthur Sullivan, and Macfarren will be produced for the first time; and that the last-named gentleman is to prepare "an analytical and historical programme" for each performance. Further preliminary is uncalled for; but the statement in the prospectus, that "the dates of the concerts are fixed at a season when music of this class can rarely be heard," may be accepted as apposite; and, remembering the weekly concerts on Saturdays at the Crystal Palace, had the words, "in London," been added, would have been in every sense strictly true.

We subjoin the programme of the opening concert, as a fair example of what amateurs may look for during the series:—

Overture—"Ruy Blas" ... ..	Mendelssohn.
Recit. and Air—"Rage, thou angry storm," Mr. Lewis Thomas ... ..	Benedict.
Concerto in F minor, No. 4—Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard ... ..	W. S. Bennett.
Air—"Sweet Bird," Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; flute <i>obbligato</i> , Mr. Radcliffe ... ..	Handel.
Symphony in C minor, No. 5 ... ..	Beethoven.
Duet—"Dearest, let thy footsteps," M <sup>me</sup> . Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Lewis Thomas ... ..	Spohr.
Overture—"Oberon" ... ..	C. M. von Weber.

It will be observed that there is no novelty in the above, but the society, we think, showed commendable discretion in adhering to compositions more or less familiar. The orchestra had to be tried, and the result proved that sound judgment in the selection of the pieces

had been exercised. The verdict was unanimously favourable, not merely for the orchestra itself, but for Mr. George Mount, who wields the *bâton* with all the ease and confidence of a conductor long accustomed to the task. Nothing more effective could have been devised with the object of demonstrating the capabilities of a newly-organized band of instrumental performers than the fiery and impetuous overture of Mendelssohn, the brilliant and chivalric dramatic prelude of Weber, and the most universally popular, if not absolutely the finest of the nine symphonies of Beethoven. To be brief, all three were executed with a vigour, colouring, and unanimity of attack that left little or nothing to wish for. Our English players were clearly on their mettle. Each piece, as we have already hinted, was followed by warm and general applause, the symphony carrying off the honours—as, indeed, might have been expected.

Not the least interesting feature of this concert was the fourth and best of the pianoforte concertos of Sir Sterndale Bennett, a work which has now stood the test of considerably more than thirty years, and is accepted as a "classic" not only in this country, but in Germany. Since its composer, one of the most distinguished pianists of his day, gave up performing in public, its chief and most constant interpreter has been Madame Goddard, who, often as she has played it, never played it more admirably than on the occasion under notice, and certainly never met with more enthusiastic applause.

Two better representative singers, in their different lines, than Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Lewis Thomas could hardly have been singled out for a concert in which English artists were exclusively to take part. Both the air from Sir Julius Benedict's opera, *The Gipsy's Warning* (Mr. Thomas), and that from Handel's *Il Penseroso* (Madame Lemmens-Sherrington), in which the flute *obbligato* part was given with the utmost finish by Mr. Radcliffe, were fully appreciated; as was the tuneful duet from Spohr's opera, *Faust*, in which the voices of the two singers were agreeably blended.

From the foregoing remarks it may be seen that the first concert of the British Orchestral Society was of a nature to encourage sanguine hopes for the future. For the next, a fortnight hence, we are promised, among other things, Mendelssohn's Symphony in A, the great *Leonora* overture of Beethoven (No. 3), the prelude to Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and a concerto of Herr Golttermann's, never yet heard in England, to be performed by Mr. Edward Howell, whose remarkable talent as a violoncellist has been more than once referred to in these columns.

## ST. GEORGE'S OPERA.

On Tuesday night, in the theatre of St. George's Hall, another experiment in Italian opera was made, something on the same plan as that set on foot nearly two years ago at the Lyceum Theatre, with Signors Bottezzini and Tito Mattei as conductors. A company styling itself "The Winter Season Italian Opera Company (Limited)" began a series of performances with Rossini's too much neglected opera, *Il Conte Ory*, which, as all amateurs are aware, contains some of the gifted Italian master's most beautiful and characteristic music. Reserving detailed criticism, we merely add, at present, that the new essay was more than ordinarily successful. Among the singers to whom the chief parts were allotted were two or three, who, in all probability, will make their mark—especially the *prima donna*, Madame Maria Risabelli, who represented the Countess of Formoutier with real ability, both as singer and actress; Madame Maria Vita Danieli, who played Isoliero, the page; and M<sup>lle</sup>. Vittoria Bundsen, who appeared as Ragonda, warden of the Castle. About the gentlemen in the "cast" (two of whom, Signors Rocca and Fullar, are known to London), we are not yet able to offer any decided opinion; but of the orchestra, consisting of thirty of the most skilled London musicians, with Mr. A. Pollitzer as principal violin, and Signor Ettore Fiori as conductor, we may speak at once in terms of unhesitating approval. Rarely has the important aid which can be rendered to an operatic performance by an orchestra of thoroughly competent players been more convincingly demonstrated. The opera was fairly put on the stage, and the applause, frequent and hearty, had all the more value as coming from an audience comprising a larger number of professors and connoisseurs than are usually brought together on such occasions. Despite unfavourable weather, the hall was pretty well filled.

VERONA.—The new Theatre will be inaugurated during the carnival by Signor Verdi's *Forza del Destino*.

BORDEN.—The elegant theatre, opened not long ago, has been seriously damaged by the inundation of the Po. The water rose inside the building as far as the second tier of boxes.

# RICHARD WAGNER ACROSS MENDELSSOHN, CIPRIANI POTTER, AND (OF COURSE) HIMSELF.

(Translated from the tract, entitled *Ueber das Dirigiren*, by W. E. S.)

"Robert Schumann once complained to me, in Dresden, that, at the Leipzig concerts, Mendelssohn had deprived him of all enjoyment in the Ninth Symphony by taking the first movement at a too hasty tempo.\* I, myself, was once present, in Berlin, at a rehearsal of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony (F major), under Mendelssohn's direction. I observed that he, as if according to humour, here and there seized upon a detail and laboured with a certain amount of obstinacy to obtain a clearness of execution, and that this detail was so excellently rendered that I did not quite understand why the same amount of attention was not granted to other *nuances*. Altogether this incomparably bright symphony was performed in an uncommonly smooth and entertaining manner. He, on several occasions, gave me to understand, with respect to direction, that a too slow tempo was the most detrimental, and that he, himself, would rather recommend a too hasty performance; that a truly good performance was at all times a rarity; that it was possible to deceive in this respect if one only went to work in such a manner that but little of it was heard, and this could best be effected by passing quickly over it.† Mendelssohn's scholars must have heard him make further and more precise remarks upon the subject, for this could not have been a casual view imparted to me alone, for I had further opportunity of learning the results and, lastly, the grounds of that maxim."

"I observed a striking exemplification of the former in the performance of the orchestra of the London Philharmonic Society. Mendelssohn had directed it for some considerable time, and it appeared that the tradition of Mendelssohn's style of performance had been firmly adhered to; this, on the other hand, had so accommodated itself to the habits and peculiarities of the concerts of this Society, that the conjecture that Mendelssohn's manner of performance was suggested to him through this means, is within the bounds of possibility. As in these concerts an unusual quantity of instrumental music is performed, and only one rehearsal bestowed upon it, I, myself, was often obliged to allow the orchestra to follow its traditions, and, by this means, I became acquainted with a style of performance which forcibly reminded me of the remarks which I had heard from Mendelssohn. It flowed like water from a town-pump; an attempt to check it was not even to be thought of, and every *allegro* concluded as an undeniable *presto*. The trouble of struggling against this was painful enough, for it was really when a correct and well modified tempo was secured that the further faults in the execution, until then hidden beneath the general waterfall, discovered themselves. The orchestra never played otherwise than "*mezzo-forte*;" it neither attained to a real *forte* nor to a real *piano*. As far as it was possible I took care in important cases to hold to that manner of execution which seemed to me to be correct, and at the same time to the suitable tempo. The able musicians had no objection, in fact, were sincerely pleased at it; the public also appeared to be perfectly satisfied; the critics alone became furious over it, and intimidated the Director of the society to that extent that on one occasion I was requested by him to allow the second movement of Mozart's E flat Symphony to be played again in that hasty manner in which they were accustomed to hear it, and as, indeed, Mendelssohn himself had allowed it to be played."

"But at last the fatal maxim presented itself quite literally in a request made to me by a very friendly-disposed old contrapuntist, Mr. Potter (if I mistake not), whose Symphony I had to direct, who heartily entreated me to take the *Andante* at a good speed, as he was greatly afraid that it might otherwise become tedious. I demonstrated to him that the *Andante*, however short a time it might last, could not be otherwise than tedious if it were played without expression and insipidly, whereas, on the other hand, it might be made attractive if the pretty *naïve* theme were played by the orchestra, for example, after this manner, as I then sang to him—for he doubtless had meant it so. Mr. Potter was evidently moved, owned that I was right, and excused himself with the remark that he was no longer accustomed to take into consideration this style of orchestral performance. In the evening, immediately after this *Andante*, he joyfully squeezed my hand."

[Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Cipriani Potter (the "very friendly disposed old contrapuntist"), being all dead, we suppose we must take Herr Wagner at his word. Nevertheless, those who remember his (Wagner's) conducting of the Philharmonic Concerts, in 1855, may be slightly inclined to doubt. To judge by the results, more ineffective conducting was never known. The orchestra, in fact, before the end of the season, had become thoroughly demoralised.—ED. M. W.]

\* See Schumann's own account of the performance of the Ninth Symphony under Mendelssohn's direction.

† Very like Mendelssohn!!

# ANOTHER WELSH DEMONSTRATION.

The Vestry Hall, Chelsea, was on Monday very well filled with the natives of the principality resident in London, and their friends, assembled to assist at a musical entertainment promoted with the double view of stimulating the composers of Kymry, and of providing funds to liquidate the debt on Sloane Street Welsh Chapel. The office of President was efficiently filled by Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., supported by Mr. Brinley Richards and the Rev. Messrs. Jones and Williams. The proceedings were opened with a stanza of the National Anthem, admirably sung by Miss Lizzie Evans, and chorused with great fervour by the audience. A few observations by the President followed. He took occasion to reply to the strictures with which the comparison he had drawn last autumn between the amusements of the working classes in England and Wales had been received by a portion of the London press. If it was a heresy to say that music and literature, even when not of the highest order, were more refining and elevating than—he would not say bull-baiting and prize-fighting, now happily extinct among us, or nearly so—but donkey-racing, running in socks, and even Punch and Judy shows, he must plead guilty to having helped to propagate that heresy. Cricket, football, and athletic sports were excellent things in their way; but, even admitting that they exercised as good an influence on the character as the competitions which took place at Eisteddfodau, how many persons were there who from age, sex, residence, and many other causes were debarred from participating in them? After all, imitation was the sincerest kind of flattery, and Welshmen might console themselves for the abuse of their national festivals by the reflection that the Eisteddfod had been acclimated at the Crystal Palace. To the English choirs which were seeking to wrest from the South Wales choir the prize they gained last year, he would wish, he would not say success, but as much glory as was compatible with the most honourable defeat. Be this as it may, he was sure that any man who would introduce among the working classes of our large towns a taste for the healthy, humanising amusements which had long satisfied the purer and more refined tastes of their Welsh neighbours, would be a real benefactor to English society. It was to the presence of such softening pursuits that he attributed the paucity, if not the absence, of violent and brutal crimes in Wales. Mr. Morgan resumed his seat amid loud cheers; and the songs and other pieces in the programme were pleasingly executed by the Welsh artists, whose names had been announced. Mr. R. D. Poole was much applauded in "The Yeoman's Wedding Song," and Miss Davies was warmly encored in "Beautiful Sea." It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Brinley Richards' pianoforte fantasia on Welsh airs was a success, or that the same composer's "God bless the Prince of Wales," with which the entertainment concluded, was rapturously applauded. Between the songs short spoken addresses in Welsh were delivered, and were much appreciated by the audience; but they were, unhappily, a profound mystery to alien ears. Oratorical successes were also achieved by youthful Druids, varying in age from four to eight years, and in stature from two to four feet, all of whom were marvels of self-possession. Mr. Brinley Richards took occasion, when announcing the adjudication on the best time for congregational services, to notice the successful establishment of a Welsh University, and followed the President in defending the right of Wales to cultivate, like Scotland, a distinct nationality. Englishmen, he said, had long looked upon Wales as only fit to produce coal and mutton; but their recent national concert at the Crystal Palace had considerably raised Kymry in southern estimation.

# ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

A concert was given at this hall on Monday week by Miss Sophia Flora Heilbron, whose ability as a pianist has long been recognised, though her years are few. Miss Heilbron exhibited her skill both in classical and popular music, the programme containing selections as wide apart as Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata* and Gibbons's *Marche Brésillienne*. The Sonata tried the young performer's general powers with severity; but her playing exhibited a marked improvement, and seemed to gratify the audience in no small degree. As years go on, and Miss Heilbron gains further experience, there is little doubt that she will justify the hopes of her precocious talent. To this end, however, she must continue the assiduous study which has already borne good fruit. Among her other selections were Chopin's *Polonaise* in E flat, and Liszt's *Valse de Faust*. The concert-giver was supported by Mesdames Andrea, Robinson, Frances Limis, M.M. Rizelli, Distin, and Ganz—all of whom contributed to an entertainment of an enjoyable sort.

ANTWERP.—A mass in C, followed by the "Scherzo" and "Finale" from the "Symphonie Triomphale," by M. Léon de Burbure, was performed in the Cathedral on St. Cecilia's day. M. Pierre Benoit conducted.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The pure melody and exquisite art of Haydn are always welcome, and Mr. Arthur Chappell adds no little to the attractions of his concerts by often presenting one or other of the many quartets we owe to that good old master's prolific genius. Every "first time" of performing a composition from Haydn's pen marks an abiding enrichment of the Monday Popular repertory; and, therefore, we are glad to record the introduction, last Monday, of the Quartet in C minor (Op. 17)—a work of characteristic beauty and not less distinctive skill. The opening *allegro* is, beyond question, one of the loveliest movements ever written, even by Haydn; the *minuet* is charming in its unaffected grace; and the *adagio*—a lengthened "song without words" for the leading violin—cannot be heard without pleasure of the keenest sort. If, as must be allowed, Haydn asserts himself less in the *finale*, which begins with promise but seems to have been continued in a perfunctory humour, the movement is at least terse and spirited, and takes nothing from the charm of a work destined to obtain and hold a high place in public favour. The quartet was played to perfection by M<sup>me</sup>. Néruda, M<sup>rs</sup>. Rice, Zerbini, and Piatti; M<sup>me</sup>. Néruda's pure tone and graceful style being specially remarkable throughout. Schumann's Quintet in E flat (Op. 44), is a favourite in St. James's Hall, and was heard on this occasion for the eleventh time. A discussion of merits which have found acceptance on all hands is unnecessary. Let it suffice to say that the quintet will remain as Schumann's worthiest representative in the department of chamber music, and as a proof that, in his happiest moments, the composer whom æsthetic Germany prefers before Mendelssohn could do great things. Herr Pauer was associated with the artists already named in the performance of this work; and though its execution could hardly be accounted free from blemish, every movement was loudly applauded. Both M<sup>me</sup>. Néruda and Herr Pauer played a solo—the lady selecting Rust's *Suite de Pièces* in D minor, and the gentleman making choice of Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Presto* in B. The first was a comparative, the second an absolute, novelty at these concerts; and their claim to a hearing found willing acceptance. M<sup>me</sup>. Néruda, who first introduced Rust's *Suite*, played in her very best style, giving charm to music which has little charm of its own: while Herr Pauer brought out all the details of Mendelssohn's trying work with a clearness and precision entitling him to the highest praise. Equal in their merit, the two soloists were equal in their reward, both being complimented with an encore, and both substituting another piece; that played by Herr Pauer being the third and last in the set, whereof the two preceding are the "Rivulet" and "*Andante* and *Allegro*" in A minor. We should not omit to add that the piano-forte accompaniments written for Rust's work by Herr Ferdinand David were played with consummate skill by Sir Julius Benedict.

Mr. Castle, the American tenor, made another appearance at this concert, and justified the good opinion formed of him at his *début*. He showed, however, somewhat of an immature acquaintance with Schubert's "Der Neugierige" and Schumann's "Widmung."

## MADAME AMALIE JOACHIM.

M<sup>me</sup>. Clara Schumann and M<sup>me</sup>. Amalie Joachim, friends in life and blood relations in art, have united for the purpose of giving concerts in Vienna. Both fair artists are valued old acquaintances of ours, though, it is true, in a different sense. The last time, and the last time but one, as well as at any time previous, that M<sup>me</sup>. Schumann visited Vienna, she was already a most popular *virtuosa*; young "Clara Wieck" enjoyed great celebrity which subsequently, even from the name of Schumann, gained only greater significance and recognition, but not a higher character. Amalie Joachim, on the contrary, now appears for the first time in Vienna as an acknowledged vocal celebrity; we saw her, among ourselves, rise from very modest beginnings. As M<sup>lle</sup>. Weiss, she was, on the completion of her fifteenth year, employed, or, more strictly speaking, not employed, for a time at the Kärntnerthor Theater, for the parts entrusted to her hardly ever rose higher than those of confidantes, and were calculated rather to retard than to forward any natural ability. I can still see her before me, with her young budding figure, her deep blue eyes, and her earnest bell-like voice, as she sang, in the character of a gypsy girl (in Rubinstein's *Kinder der Haide*), the marriage song, and beat the tambourine. A little performance, but pleasing both to eye and ear. The management, however, still hesitated in confiding to her more important things. As I look through my old theatrical notices, I find Fatima in *Oberon* is the greatest, nay, the only important, part which M<sup>lle</sup>. Weiss sang here. In a criticism on *Jessonda* (April, 1861), I see that the management is called upon to entrust M<sup>lle</sup>. Weiss, with Amazili,

a sympathetic part, which, when presented in M<sup>lle</sup>. Solzer's vocal aquafortis, threatened to burn her hearers. My proposal was disregarded; the management appeared to be merely deterred by the young artist's want of dramatic animation, and to overlook her good qualities. That the latter were valuable and capable of development, was very soon shown, when M<sup>lle</sup>. Weiss—tired of watching over Norma's two children, or, for a change, Verdi's two Leonoras—went too Hanover, where her wings soon grew with greater dramatic efforts. All the Guelphs, leaders of tone, or leaders of *ton*, went raving about her, and "Er, der herrlichste von Allen" ("He, the grandest of them all") made her his wife. This happy marriage with Joseph Joachim fully matured what was still undeveloped in the lady's musical talent. No singer could have a better master than Joachim, or a more beautiful model for her singing than his violin playing. It is very certain that since then the lady's execution has caught much of the noble and sustained expression, the spirited treatment, and beautifully rounded form, which distinguish Joachim's playing. These qualities, combined with the deep and soft character of her voice, and the amiable repose of her disposition, pre-eminently fitted Madame Joachim first for oratorio and then for the German *Lied*. In this sphere of art she has achieved a great reputation all over Germany, and carried off, at the first musical festivals, not many wreaths less than her lord and master with his violin.

That the brilliancy of Joachim's name has materially facilitated and smoothed her career need not on that account be denied; such a state of things is far more satisfactory than that when the process is reversed, and a man basks in the sunshine emanating from his wife. Thus, then, Madame Joachim-Weiss came before us, after ten years' absence, as a person well-known, and yet a new acquaintance.

The pretty girl had grown into a stately and beautiful woman; the talented beginner had become a real artist. She was loudly applauded at the first concert, but pleased even far more at the second; a result quite in keeping with the nature of her talent, which does not dazzle or take her hearers by storm, but attracts them more and more, the better it is known, and eventually holds them spell-bound. We heard the lady sing very beautifully an air by Handel, *Lieder* by Schubert and Brahms, and, lastly, the first five pieces from Schumann's *Frauenliebe und Leben*. The last night, perhaps, be more agitated by passion, but no one can object to a calm, refined reading like that of Madame Joachim, provided only it be subjectively true and full of feeling. The deepest impression was produced by the lady in the smaller songs, where the predominating features retire, as it were, behind a certain generality of feeling. Madame Joachim had to repeat both.—*Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

## ILMA DI MURSKA AS LUCIA.

(From the "Manchester Examiner and Times.")

M<sup>lle</sup>. Ilma di Murska sang in this opera some time since at the Theatre Royal, and, remembering her success there, we were not surprised to see the announcement of the opera in the preliminary prospectus for this week. In no character is M<sup>lle</sup>. di Murska seen and heard to greater advantage, and it is not easy to determine whether admiration is more greatly due to her intensely pathetic and powerful acting or to her brilliant and artistic singing. She so thoroughly identifies herself with every situation of the opera that she secures even the sympathy of the not improbably callous chorus singers. Every posture is graceful, every movement is expressive, and her action alone would be almost sufficient to convey the meaning of the drama. Great as was this talented lady's triumph as an actress, it did not certainly excel that achieved by the vocalist; for, while her singing of the most difficult passages was wonderful as an exhibition of facility and correctness, there was never the slightest approach to extravagance, and perfect taste subordinated the most brilliant displays to the sentiment or passion of the moment. Without specifying excellences in a performance where everything was good, we may say that her acting in the "contract scene," and her singing in the mad *scena*, both roused the house to great enthusiasm.

There was no diminution last night in the disposition of the Manchester public to support the lyric drama, as the theatre was again crowded; and we may add that on no previous evening—thank especially to the superb performance of M<sup>lle</sup>. di Murska—was the delight of the audience more heartily sustained and expressed.

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

## BENNETT'S FOURTH CONCERTO.

With regard to M<sup>me</sup>. Arabella Goddard's recent performance of this fine work, the *Morning Advertiser* said:—

"M<sup>me</sup>. Arabella Goddard was the pianist, and played with exquisite feeling and sensibility, as well as with unerring certainty of finger, Sir William Sterndale Bennett's Concerto in F minor. It is something to boast of that we have a composer able to write such a concerto, and a pianist able to play it so faultlessly. The native school need not despair after that."

The *Daily Telegraph* remarked:—

"It is superfluous to praise a work which M<sup>me</sup>. Arabella Goddard has made so well known. Enough if we say that it will survive the artist whose skill now demonstrates its beauty, and will remain an enduring monument to the composer's genius. M<sup>me</sup>. Goddard was fittingly the executant on an occasion which had somewhat of national interest; and the occasion animated her to do more than common justice to the work. Alike in the delicious *barcarole*—a memory-haunting thing if ever there was one—and in the difficult *finale* M<sup>me</sup>. Goddard played superbly; nor were the orchestral accompaniments unworthy of such a soloist. The concerto was enthusiastically applauded, M<sup>me</sup>. Goddard having to return and acknowledge the compliment."

The *Sunday Times* observed:—

"Sir Sterndale Bennett's piano-forte Concerto in F minor followed, M<sup>me</sup>. Arabella Goddard being its chief executant. We need not say a word about a composition which has for years occupied a foremost place in M<sup>me</sup>. Goddard's repertory; nor, indeed, is it necessary to dilate upon the gifted artist's manner of playing it. Nothing that we might possibly say could transcend the praise often bestowed upon both, or go beyond the strict justice of the case. Enough, then, that the Concerto and M<sup>me</sup>. Goddard's interpretation of it charmed every hearer, and excited a high degree of enthusiasm. The accompaniments were played in capital style. Mr. Mount showing himself well alive to the exigencies of solo work, and the band followed him with admirable intelligence."

The *Daily Telegraph* speaks thus of Madame Arabella Goddard's performance at a recent Monday Popular Concert:—

"Beethoven's pianoforte Sonata in A flat (Op. 26) is more or less familiar to every amateur, a fact which absolves us from the task of criticism, and explains the interest taken in its performance by Madame Arabella Goddard. A finer performance has seldom rewarded interest. Madame Goddard was specially happy in the *Theme* with variations, and in the *allegro finale*. She brought out all the changeable expression of the first with unerring fidelity, while her execution of the second was a marvel of that assured mechanical skill which leaves the mind wholly free to follow the ideas of the text. M<sup>me</sup>. Goddard's audience seemed instinctively to recognise the full worth of this crowning achievement; and the artist was recalled with one voice. Madame Goddard and Madame Norman-Néruda were associated in Mozart's Sonata in D major for violin and piano, the result being a triumph divisible between them in equal proportions. An encore of the *finale* was insisted upon, and the talented executants played it the second time even better than before."

## BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

In its notice of this Society's first concert, the *Daily Telegraph* said:—

"According to ordinary ideas, the occasion would have justified a little more preliminary fuss, seeing that it was the beginning of an important enterprise, based upon the love of country as well as the love of art. But the founders of the British Orchestral Society desire to be judged by deeds, rather than words, and their policy is one which commands approval, and begets confidence. In a practical age, a good *raison d'être* is necessary to the success of every undertaking, and the best *raison d'être* is found where an obvious want is supplied. The British Orchestral Society aims to supply two wants, and has, therefore, a double lien upon public favour. In the first place, it will give concerts during the winter months, a time when symphonies and concertos have not hitherto been enjoyed without a visit to the Crystal Palace. Every musical Londoner should welcome the prospect thus held out of one shame the less for which to blush. Vigorous protests against the idea that England is not a musical nation are now common, as are boasts of the money we spend upon the art, and the progress its culture is making. All this is fair enough, and so far we have a right to boast; but the more thoughtful among us see reason for anything but pride in the fact that London has remained for years past destitute of orchestral music, except during the months of spring. No parallel to such a state of things could be found in any Continental town of even secondary rank; and the acquiescence in it, shown by the public, is a symptom not easy for optimism to explain away. If the British Orchestral Society did no more than afford a chance of removing the symptom altogether, it would deserve general support. As for its founders, their reward should be general gratitude. Not every amateur, who unites the possession of wealth to his love of art, is amateur enough to face immediate loss, and the risk of ultimate failure, in such a cause. But the new society claims to have a distinctly national character, and to be the representative of

British talent. Excluding foreign artists altogether, it encourages the development of home-grown resources, and gives the public a means of estimating what those resources are. This does not imply hostility to imported skill, nor is it based upon any theory of 'protection' which would benefit a class at the general expense. If we rightly understand the founders of the society, they mean to bring their goods into a free and open market, neither desiring unfair advantage over the rival seller, nor having any wish to coerce the buyer. At the same time, they will not neglect a legitimate advantage, and there is nothing unreasonable in the hope that, being Englishmen, fellow-Englishmen will—*cæteris paribus*—deal at their shop. To the *raison d'être* of the society, as an exclusively British enterprise, amounting to this and no more, we fail to see any possible objection. Nay, we can readily discern the means of great good. An idea prevails that, without the help of foreigners, concerts of the highest class are impossible; and one result is seen in the preference which foreigners always command. The British Orchestral Society challenges this error, and bids fair to dissipate it entirely. At all events, British independence of outside help will be asserted, and one great step taken towards a proper estimate of native skill."

The *Sunday Times* remarked upon the same subject:—

"The question has often been asked why London should suffer a dearth of orchestral music throughout that part of the year in which its inhabitants are generally supposed to welcome evening amusement and relaxation? But though the fact has been acknowledged on all hands as at once illogical and discreditable, and though not a few concert speculators have thought seriously about taking action in the matter, the British Orchestral Society is the first to move, and on this account it deserves all the support that metropolitan amateurs can give. Nay, on this account alone, we should be prepared to extend support without inquiring too closely into other matters. The drowning man does not reject the hand held out to him because it happens not to be clean, and whatever institution comes forward to rescue London from the disgrace to which we have referred should be welcome, without reference to anything beyond its object. But the British Orchestral Society has other claims upon the music-loving public. We read in the prospectus:—'This society has been established for the purpose of giving, annually, a series of concerts by British artists. The soloists—vocal and instrumental—together with the band of seventy-five performers, will be found to include the most eminent English talent, thus forming, for the first time in this country for many years, a complete representative orchestra.' After the long discussion which recently took place in these columns with reference to the position of native talent, and after the full and free expression, repeatedly given, of our own ideas on the same subject, it is almost superfluous to observe that the new Society presents claims we cordially recognise. The smallest possible action is better than any amount of idle complaint, and in the British Orchestral Society we see a first real step towards an improved position for British artists. In these days a man must assert himself if he would have the reward of his merit. It is all very well to praise modesty and to affect admiration for a meek and humble spirit; but the world is a busy world just now, and whoever wishes to attract its attention must blow a trumpet lustily. This the new Society will do in a variety of ways, if it be well managed, and, as a result, we shall see a higher estimate of native talent, accompanied, as a necessary corollary, with a decline of that strange prejudice which looks upon foreigners as the only skilful musicians. It should be observed, however, that the society is founded in no spirit of active hostility to foreigners. Such a course would be both absurd and repelling. Rather does it seek to win a recognition of merit by appealing to the tie of a common country. Nothing can be fairer or more legitimate than this."

—o—

## SIMS REEVES AT BRIGHTON.

In its notice of a concert, given by Messrs. J. B. Cramer & Co., the *Brighton Guardian*, of December 11, said:—

"The hold which Mr. Sims Reeves still keeps upon the opinion and sympathies of the public was again splendidly demonstrated on Wednesday evening last. The audience was one of the most brilliant and crowded ever gathered in the Dome, and represented every class of the community, each section of the room being fully occupied. The reception given to Mr. Sims Reeves could scarcely be exceeded for heartiness and spontaneity, and the still pre-eminent artist answered to it by one of his choicest and most finished vocal displays. His first song was Blumenthal's "Message," and it need only be said that Mr. Reeves sang it in his best style, the conjunction of tenderness, pathos, and earnestness being unsurpassable. Mr. Reeves was recalled to receive plaudits that were really enthusiastic. He next sang Mr. W. Coenen's sacred song, 'Come unto me,' by special request, and was accompanied by the composer. On the recall, Mr. Reeves led forward Mr. Coenen to share the compliment; but the audience would not be contented with this recognition, and a peremptory and general demand was made for repetition, which Mr. Reeves ultimately conceded. One encore being the utmost limit of his concession, even to a Brighton Dome audience, Mr. Reeves was accorded a most hearty farewell testimony for his fine rendering of Dibdin's 'Tom Bowling.'"

## ST. GEORGE'S OPERA.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Italian opera is looked upon in England as, almost of necessity, an expensive luxury, inseparable from large establishments, famous artists, costly surroundings, and aristocratic patrons. Time after time have attempts been made to establish it among us on a homelier and more popular footing; but as often have they failed; till now, the idea of renewing them is instinctively associated with disaster. Yet there are never wanting speculators who fondly dream that the exception which proves the rule will be illustrated in their particular case; and this is why we have to record the formation of a "Winter Season Italian Opera Company (Limited)." The new enterprise, which was started on Tuesday night, seems adapted to test the popularity of Italian opera *per se*, inasmuch as few of the attractions relied upon elsewhere are here to be found. An improvised theatre, principal artists unknown to fame, and having but little prospect of making her acquaintance, moderate resources in all departments save that of the orchestra, which is adequate, and a repertory of things strange to average amateurs of the lyric drama—in all this there appears a firm confidence that a good opera is attraction sufficient of itself. We hope confidence is not misplaced, and that the public, by supporting the new enterprise through a feeble infancy, will find their reward in the perfection of its ultimate development; but, remembering the past, it would be idle to ignore the doubtfulness of this issue.

The opera chosen for Tuesday's "inaugural" performance was Rossini's *Conte Ory*, a work not heard in London, we believe, since its production at the Lyceum, by Mr. Gye, in 1856. No bolder selection could have been made, inasmuch as the music exacts more than average skill, both on the stage and in the orchestra. One result, however, was to test the strength of the company's resources; and this was done in a manner which showed clearly enough that public generosity is largely needed. But great allowance should be made for a first night's deficiencies, and, by way of setting a good example, we will give the management time to employ what is now so obviously wanting. On the other hand, the merit of the orchestra and of its conductor, Signor Fiori, may at once be recognized. With Herr Pollitzer as an admirable *chef d'attaque*, and numbering in its ranks many of our best players, the orchestra gave much satisfaction. Should its standard of excellence be reached by the chorus and principals, the new enterprise will unquestionably deserve success. The chief parts in Rossini's opera were sustained by Mlle. Marie Risarelli (*La Contessa*), a *debutante* from Milan; Mlle. Vittoria Bunsden (*Ragonda*); Madame Danieli (*Isoliero*); Signor Danieli (*Il Conte*), an artist known for some time in English concert-rooms; Signor Rocca (*Roberto*); and Signor Fallar (*L'Ajo*). The efforts of all were well received by an indulgent audience; but whatever of genuine interest the performance had, arose from Rossini's music and Signor Fiori's band.

TRINIDAD.—Herr von Flotow's opera, *L'Ami en Peine*, will shortly be produced, under the title of *Il Boceaiuolo*, at the Teatro Scribe.

MILAN.—A correspondent writes to us as follows:—"Since the very remarkable *débat* of Signorina Violetta Colville (or perhaps I should more properly say, Miss Colville, as she is the daughter of an Irish gentleman), she has received offers of engagements from Venice, Milan, Mantua, and Trieste; and has accepted that of Milan, and will sing at the 'Carcano Theatre' during the Carnival."

VIENNA.—A poster concert lately given here introduced to the notice of the public a new musical society, called the "Musikerbund," or Association of Musicians. The majority of the members belong to the band of the Operahouse; the rest are recruited from all the other theatres of the capital, as well as from Herr Strauss's orchestra. An excellent band has thus been formed, superior to any yet known at the Musical Union. After Beethoven's *Egmont* Overture, Madame Schumann played Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto in such a manner as frequently to evoke the hearty plaudits of the audience. A fragment from Herr Bruch's *Frithjof's Saga* did not produce a very favourable impression. The "Rakoczy March," by Hector Berlioz, was, as usual, received with warm marks of approbation, as was also the case with Mozart's Concerto for Violin and Tenor, played by Herron Grün and Hellmesberger. The last piece in the programme was Herr R. Wagner's "Kaisermarsch," which had never been heard here before performed by such large masses.—The new Residenz Theater, as it is called, was inaugurated a few days since with Lessing's celebrated drama, *Nathan der Weise*.

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The eighth Saturday concert had the following for its programme:—

Overture, "King René's Daughter" (first time), H. Smart; Cavatina, "Ernani Involami," *Ernani* (Madame Lanari, her first appearance), Verdi; Symphony, No. 2, in C, Schumann; Aria, "Caro mio ben" (Madame Patey), Giordani; Concerto, No. 5, in E flat (Mr. Dannreuther), Beethoven; Scene, "Softly sighs," *Der Freischütz* (Madame Lanari), Weber; Song, "Peacefully Slumber" (Madame Patey), Randegger; Overture, "Melusina," Mendelssohn.

The performance of Mr. Henry Smart's clever, ingenious, and beautiful overture is, we trust, but a prelude to that of the entire cantata. Everything from the pen of a gentleman so distinguished in his art should have a speedy hearing under the circumstances most conducive to a good result. Such a hearing had the overture; and the result satisfied everybody. Schumann's Symphony again gave rise to very opposite ideas respecting its own worth and its composer's genius. For our own part, it but confirmed opinions repeatedly stated in these columns—opinions which, while recognizing Schumann's wonderful enthusiasm and unquestionable genius, hold to the fact that he cannot be classed precisely among the greatest masters. He is always unequal, and rarely more so than in this Symphony. It is but fair to say, however, that every movement was applauded, and that Schumann's name appeared to stand high in the estimation of the audience. Beethoven's Concerto—grandest of its class—needs no description and no eulogium; demanding only an executant equal to great demands upon intellect, taste, and skill. How those demands were met by Herr Dannreuther we need hardly say. He played the concerto without book. The *Melusina* overture pleased as much as ever, and was very finely played, in spite of the enormous difficulties of the "wind" parts.

Madame Patey achieved a great triumph in Giordani's air (encored), and one scarcely less great in Randegger's very peaceful and charming song.

The ninth Saturday concert was wholly devoted to Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, and, as might have been expected, an opportunity of hearing that fine work was eagerly seized by a crowd of amateurs. Oratorio at the Saturday concert has not always been successful; but on this occasion nothing short of success was achieved. The improvement arose from marked advance of the chorus in precision and refinement, which enabled Mendelssohn's music to appear at its best, and gratified as much as it surprised all present. Some of the chorales in *St. Paul* were charmingly rendered, and scarcely one of the greater concerted pieces failed to receive justice. The band was, of course, quite up to its work; and the solo vocalists gave equal satisfaction. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington had ample scope for her distinctive expression in the two lovely airs, "I will sing of Thy great mercies," and "Jerusalem, thou that killest;" while Miss Julia Elton gave the not less lovely "But the Lord is mindful of His own," to the entire satisfaction of her audience. Mr. Pearson was better heard in the tenor music, particularly in "Be thou faithful unto death," than in the songs which he sang at a previous concert. The result was a marked advance of the young tenor in public estimation. He was loudly applauded after the air just named, and might, indeed, have accepted the applause as an encore. The fine voice and dignified style of Mr. Lewis Thomas gave genuine effect to the Apostle's music. Mr. Thomas was equally happy in "O God, have mercy," and in "Consume them all"—the two songs which are so curiously parallel to "It is enough," and "Is not His word," in *Elijah*—a good deal of the success of the concert arising out of his efficiency. The duet of the witnesses was sung by Messrs. Smythson and Marler. Mr. Manns conducted with his customary zeal.

At the concert of Saturday, Mozart's Symphony in E flat (1773), Beethoven's violin concerto, arranged by himself for the pianoforte (Miss Agnes Zimmerman), Macfarren's overture to *Chevy Chase*, and Weber's to *Oberon*, were performed, with other selections, which made up a programme of rare attractiveness. Madame Sinico (who gave Mendelssohn's "Infelice") and Signor Gustave Garcia were the singers. Of this, more in our next.

WARSAW.—M. Matuszynski, stage-manager at the Theatre, has translated into Polish the libretto of Signor Verdi's opera, *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*.

# MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1872-3.

Director—Mr. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

## TENTH CONCERT, MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 16, 1872.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

### PART I.

QUARTET, in B flat, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello  
Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RISS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Mozart.*  
AIR, "Lento oh! lo plango"—Mlle. NITA GANTANO *Handel.*  
SONATA in D minor, Op. 29, No. 2, for pianoforte alone—Mr. *Beethoven.*  
CHARLES HALLS .. .. .

### PART II.

SONATA, in A major, No. 2, for pianoforte and violin (first time  
at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Mr. CHARLES HALLS and  
Madame NORMAN-NERUDA *Beck.*  
FRÜHLINGSLIED, "The spring in wrath commences"—Mlle. *Mendelssohn.*  
NITA GANTANO  
QUARTET in E flat, Op. 71, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and  
violoncello (repeated by desire)—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, *Haydn.*  
MM. L. RISS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI  
CONDUCTOR .. .. . Mr. ZERBINI.

### TWO EXTRA MORNING PERFORMANCES.

(Not included in the Subscription) will take place

On Saturdays, December 14, and January 18.

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT.

THIS DAY, DECEMBER 14, 1872.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

### PROGRAMME.

OCTETT in F, Op. 166, for two violins, viola, violoncello, Double  
Bass, Clarinet, French Horn, and Bassoon—MM. STRAUS, L. *Schubert.*  
RISS, ZERBINI, LAZARUS, SHELING, PAQUIS, RETNOLD, and  
PIATTI  
AIR, "Adelaide"—Mr. SIMS REEVES, accompanied by Madame *Beethoven.*  
ARABELLA GODDARD  
SONATA PASTORALE, in D major, Op. 28, for pianoforte *Beethoven.*  
alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD  
SONG, "When the moon is brightly shining"—Mr. SIMS REEVES *Moltke.*  
TRIO in G major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Madame  
ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI *Haydn.*  
Conductor .. .. . Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

## CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

ELEVENTH CONCERT—THIS DAY—DECEMBER 14th, 1872.

### PROGRAMME.

1. OVERTURE, "Farrabras" .. .. . *Mendelssohn.*
2. ARIA, "How great, O Lord" (*St. Peter*)—Mr. THURLEY BEALS *Benedict.*  
(His first appearance)
3. QUINTET FOR STRING INSTRUMENTS (Op. 18), in A (by *Mendelssohn.*  
all the strings).  
a. Allegro con moto  
b. Intermezzo. Andante sostenuto.  
c. Scherzo. Allegro di molto.  
d. Allegro vivace.
4. ARIA—Mlle. GANTANO
5. SYMPHONY, No. 4, in B flat (Op. 60) .. .. . *Beethoven.*  
a. Adagio and Allegro vivace.  
b. Adagio.  
c. Minuetto and Trio.  
d. Finale—Molto vivace.
6. AIR, "O, Rudder than the cherry" (*Acis and Galatea*)—Mr. *Handel.*  
THURLEY BEALS
7. SONG—Mlle. GANTANO
8. OVERTURE, "Le Cheval de Bronze" .. .. . *Auber.*  
CONDUCTOR .. .. . Mr. MANN.

At 3 o'clock precisely.

\* \* \* Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will appear again at a date after Christmas;  
Mme. SCHUMANN on 1st March; Herr JOACHIM on Feb. 15th, and March 18th; Signor  
PIATTI on January 18th; and Mme. NORMAN-NERUDA on the 25th January.

### NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs.  
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little  
Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements  
may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1872.

WE are glad to see, and all lovers of art will be glad with us, that the Crystal Palace National Music Meetings are becoming more and more an object of interest. This is the case apart from Wales and the Welsh. Our impetuous Cambrian neighbours, being born to the manner of such things, were early in the field, and their appearance in augmented numbers at every Sydenham "Eisteddfod" is simply a foregone conclusion. But the idea so felicitously started, and so well carried out by Mr. Willert Beale, was accepted with more caution by the ponderous Saxon mind, which always distrusts novelty, and only asks to be left to run as it listeth along the "ancient lines." Mr. Beale doubtless reckoned upon this; and, for ourselves, we should not have been surprised had more than two or even three meetings taken place without stirring up English interest to an adequate extent. That the case is otherwise, may be explained by the lucky accident which gave the challenge prize to a choir of Welsh miners. Though our much respected fellow-countrymen do not care greatly about art, and novel ideas in connexion therewith, they have a certain amount of national pride which it is easy to rouse. We are disposed to believe, therefore, that the undisputed triumph of the Cymri, last June, stirred up the Sassenach blood to fighting pitch, and that so may be explained, in part at least, the interest with which the music meetings are now regarded. Our friend the enemy, who was described long ago, as "an old and haughty nation, proud in arms," will, doubtless, take warning from the fact, and deploy his forces. Anywhere and anyhow, the Sassenach takes a good deal of beating, when once he "puts up his hands."

These columns have borne testimony more than once, of late, to the manner in which Liverpool and the great northern towns are bestirring themselves, with a view to representation in the Sydenham lists, and we have now much pleasure in laying before our readers a letter addressed by the Mayor of Liverpool to Mr. Willert Beale—a letter worthy of the office held by the writer, and of the important town the writer represents:—

"Town Hall, Liverpool, 5th December, 1872.

"DEAR MR. BEALE,—I have carefully looked over the prospectus of the Second Annual Crystal Palace National Music Meetings, which you were good enough to send me, and by the note which accompanies it, I am sorry to find that last year no disposition was evinced in this locality to further the object of the Institution. Being myself greatly interested in the progress of art, I think an effort should be made to enlist the sympathies of the musical section of the community residing in our midst, and to achieve this purpose I would gladly co-operate with gentlemen of influence in our populous towns and districts.

"My own idea is that two representative choirs, one for Lancashire, and another for Yorkshire, should be organized with the object of competing in Class II. for the £100 Prize at the Midsummer Meetings of 1873, at the Crystal Palace. The preparation for such a contest, the emulation the contest itself will arouse, together with the opportunity of hearing and comparing the various performances at the Meetings in question, must have a beneficial influence upon every executant taking part in the competitions.

"I should think that a sum of £400 or £500 would be sufficient to defray all expenses incidental to the undertaking. This amount, I doubt not, could be very readily raised by subscriptions, which if necessary, might be recouped by the performances given by the choirs in their native towns or districts. The subscriptions would, of course, be necessary to provide a guarantee fund, to meet any deficiency. The employers of those constituting the two

choirs might, I think, prove their sympathy with the object in view by granting leave of absence for the three or four days required. I am ready and willing to subscribe a fixed amount as my contribution, or would render myself liable as a guarantor, and if you think it worth while to take the matter up, you are quite at liberty to make what use you think proper of this communication, in furtherance of the object."

"I remain, dear Mr. Beale, yours truly,

(Signed) "EDWARD SAMUELSON, Mayor.

"To Willart Beale, Esq."

Bravo! Mr. Samuelson. A few more such Mayors, and the civic office would be infinitely exalted in the esteem of those who now chiefly associate it with beadles, gold chains, and turtle-soup. We congratulate Liverpool upon its chief magistrate, who, not content with being "a terror to evil-doers," seeks to become also "the praise of those who do well." The important practical suggestions contained in His Worship's letter will hardly fail to excite as much notice as the spirit it displays. Above all is the idea of representative county choirs worthy of adoption, not in Lancashire and Yorkshire alone, but in every shire which claims a musical representation. We hope the Crystal Palace authorities will take care to bring Mayor Samuelson's letter under the notice of his fellow dignitaries all over the kingdom, and that the civic representatives of our large towns, especially, will see fit to emulate so noble an example. A per-centage of common-councilmen, with souls unable to rise above the shop counters whence they stepped into office, will be sure to exclaim—"What, for 'evon's sake, 'ave the likes of us to do with music?" But any action taken in the matter would, with equal certainty, command the approval of every intelligent and cultivated mind.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—Mr. C. L. Grunison, who has held the office of secretary to this society for twenty years, has resigned his position, and now purposes to complete some political and musical works he has long had in hand.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

"WHENEVER a woman distinguishes herself in art"—says Herr Rubinstein—"it is only by doing something extravagant. We have principally to do, however, with what Mr. Rubinstein says concerning the decay of music. If it indeed be true, as he declares, that 'so many beautiful, so many sublime things have been said in music that its utterances will be insignificant in the future,' what assurance can we feel that any of the other arts will survive? The same may with equal truth be claimed for sculpture, painting, poetry, and romance. Are all these to be shovelled away into the coal-bin of the past, never to undergo resurrection until humanity, wearied with scientific logic and metaphysical speculation, longs for the reign of emotion over again? We do not wonder that, after giving expression to such convictions as these, Rubinstein informed a friend who called upon him, that he was 'sad' and 'lonely'; that his only ray of hope had left him the day previous, and that, in short, he did not feel very well."—*American Paper*.

THE second volume of the memoirs of Moscheles, edited by his widow, has just appeared at Leipzig. This work, which is now complete, is full of interesting information about the musical events of the last half-century. Moscheles kept up to the day of his death, two years ago, a diary in which he minutely recorded all his experiences; and his constant intercourse with such men as Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Schumann enabled him to collect a mass of facts and anecdotes which throw much valuable light on recent musical history. The greater part of this diary was written in London, where Moscheles settled in 1826; and he describes in a vivid and attractive style the various incidents of his career in England as director of the Philharmonic Concerts, and the events which most interested our musical public during that time, such as the great Handel Festival of 1834, in Westminster Abbey.

We have pleasure in laying before our readers, this week, two musico-literary curiosities, worthy to be stored in the same scrap-book with the letters of "Paganini Redivivus." The first is a note received by a Boston musician from a country practitioner on the cornet:—

Oct. 20th, 1872.

MR. ——— DEAR SIR,—Enclosed find one dollar, for which, please write me one dollar's worth of variations to "Fisher's Hornpipe" in 1 flat. I put my cornet in C and play in 1 flat. Please prick it off and send immediately—not very hard, but *lanky*. You can put in as many chromatics as you like, &c., &c., and greatly oblige, yours truly,

The second is an advertisement culled from that garden of oddities—the first page of the *Era*:—

#### APPEAL TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

A LADY PIANIST wishes to bind herself for Two Years to either a Great Pianist, Organist, First-class Violinist, or Conductor of an Orchestra. If they will engage her, and enter into a contract, will devote the whole of her time to them, and give her services for very moderate remuneration. Being utterly friendless, trusts this appeal to the Profession will not be made in vain. Can play Harmonium and Organ. Can sing; sweet Contralto voice. Touch on the Piano most beautiful. Splendid execution. Wishes to have the protection and assistance in her Profession of a great Musician. Will Costa or Arditi write? Prefers to be engaged only by a perfect Gentleman and first-class Artist, on account of being a lady by birth, and highly educated and accomplished. Address ———

The pathos of No. 2 is equal to its strangeness. Can such a person as the advertiser exist and not overcome us like a summer cloud?

#### CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR. W. COENEN gave an evening concert in the Assembly Rooms, Stoke Newington, assisted by Miss Ferrari, Miss Elton, and Monsieur Fontanier, as vocalists; with Herr Wiener (violin) and Herr Daubert (violin-cello) as instrumentalists. Mr. Coenen, whose executive talent as a pianist is well known, played in his best style, with Herren Wiener and Daubert, Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, and obtained well-merited applause. Mr. Coenen's solo pieces were a composition of his own, known under the title of "Twilight," Mendelssohn's Capriccio in E, Op. 33 (encored), and his own popular fantasia for the left hand, introducing the National Anthem and "The Last Rose of Summer;" besides which Mr. Coenen played the piano part to M. Gounod's "Melodie Religieuse," in which Miss Ferrari gave the voice part, and MM. Wiener and Zerbini the violin and harmonium parts, capitally. Among the noticeable performances of the vocalists were "Pur dieciesti," by Lotti, and "The Maiden's Story," by Arthur Sullivan, charmingly sung by Miss Ferrari, a new song of Mr. Coenen's "The Violet," by Miss Elton, and a song of Herrauder's "Mon ombre," by M. Fontanier. Herren Wiener and Daubert played solos on their respective instruments to the satisfaction of the audience, and M. Zerbini officiated as accompanist at the piano-forte in his well-known artistic style.

THE Norwood Choral Society gave their twenty-eighth concert on Monday, 9th ult. The programme comprised glee and part-songs from Novello's "Part-Song Book" and *The Musical Times*, together with the *Macbeth* music. The soloists were Miss Tasker, Mrs. Fincham, and Mr. J. Davis. Mr. R. Beringer, who presided ably at the piano, was encored in Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," and then played a charming trifle of his own composition, entitled "The Mill." The chorus sang well together under the conductorship of Mr. H. Dublier, who may be congratulated upon successfully bringing the society through its seventh season. "The heavens are telling" (*Creation*), "Hallelujah" (*Judas Maccabeus*), "The Lord recompense thy work" (*Tolhurst's Ruth*), were also introduced, and it is not too much to say that the new chorus suffered nothing by comparison with the best specimens of the older masters, the example from *Ruth* being enthusiastically received.

A CONCERT was given on Tuesday evening, at Hendon, for the benefit of the local charities, upon which occasion the following artists most kindly gave their services:—Miss Banks, Miss Percival, Mr. Bernard Lane, and Mr. W. H. Pyatt, with Mr. King Hall as conductor. Miss Banks was encored in a new ballad by Henriette, "The Vacant Chair," which she repeated. She also received the same compliment for Gaux's "Sweet Bird," in response to which she was content to bow her acknowledgments. Miss Percival, who sang extremely well, was no less fortunate, being recalled after each of her three songs. Mr. Bernard Lane's charming tenor voice told to much advantage in a *Romansa* by Campana and in Arthur Sullivan's "Once again;" while Mr. Pyatt sang Henriette's "King and I" (now made so popular by Mr. Santley) so

well that he was forced to sing it a second time. Mr. King Hall presided with his accustomed ability at the pianoforte, besides giving a couple of solos in his best manner. When the concert, which appeared to give the greatest satisfaction, was over, the artists and gentlemen who had been good enough to act as stewards were entertained in the most hospitable manner at the house of Mr. Perkins, one of the leading medical men of Hendon.

### PROVINCIAL.

**LIVERPOOL.**—The following appeared in the *Daily Post* of Monday last:—

"On Saturday afternoon there was given in Messrs. Dreaper's concert-room in Bold Street, the first of a series of six violin and pianoforte recitals, similar to those which were so highly appreciated during last winter. Mr. Edward W. Thomas was violinist, Mr. Joseph Vollen, pianofortist, and Miss Clara Nicholls, vocalist. Mozart's Sonata in A major, the first item on the programme, was finely played, and all the beauties of the music most artistically brought out. Mr. Thomas plays with taste and feeling and skilful execution, and Mr. Vollen has a masterly touch, and the two artists played well together. Miss Nicholls, who was warmly received, sang Gabriel's song, 'When swallows build,' with a considerable degree of success. Her voice is strong and good, and she sings equally well in the high and low register, but her execution is slightly wanting in finish. In solos on the pianoforte Mr. Vollen was very successful, rendering Mendelssohn's 'Song without words' with great skill and taste. The concert was pretty well attended by an audience who frequently applauded the performances."

**SCARBOROUGH.**—We read in the *Scarborough Gazette*:—

"The sympathy extended towards the captain of the unfortunate vessel, 'E.J.D.' (which stranded on the beach at this place, on the 14th ult., and has since become a total wreck,) has been almost universal in the town; and amongst the laudable endeavours to aid him, we have to notice a classical and musical entertainment, given on Saturday evening last, at the Prince of Wales Assembly Rooms, by Dr. Sloman, organist of St. Martin's. The large and elegant room was well filled. The entertainment consisted of readings from *Julius Cæsar*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Hamlet*, with vocal and instrumental pieces. The readings were delivered by Dr. Sloman with excellent effect. The instrumental portion consisted of a pianoforte solo, comprising illustrations of *Bach*, (a fugue in D minor;) *Mozart*, (sonata in A major;) and *Beethoven*, (andante from sonata in G major.) The vocal items included 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' 'Shilly Shally,' and 'Sally in our alley.' The audience heartily applauded every effort. It is gratifying to report the success of such an entertainment, and we desire, on behalf of the many sympathisers with the captain of the lost vessel, to thank Dr. Sloman for the kind manner in which he came forward in aid of a worthy cause."

**OSWESTRY.**—The *Oswestry Mercury*, alluding to Miss Jessie Bond, who sang the contralto part in the *Messiah* given by the Handel Society, says:—

"Miss Jessie Bond, a contralto of great promise, who possesses a voice of much sweetness, fulness, and richness, displayed the taste and feeling of a true artist, and her singing of the beautiful airs, 'He shall feed his flock' and 'He was despised,' was among the greatest treats of the evening. Miss Bond will sustain the contralto part in *The Messiah*, to be given by the Society Armonica at the Institute, Mount Street, Liverpool, on the 21st instant."

**BRIGHTON.**—The *Guardian* contains a long notice of a Recital lately given here by Mme. Néruda and Mr. Hallé. We subjoin it in a much abridged form:—

"Although those accustomed to the performances of the fair violinist might be able to say that her last severe indisposition still left some trace upon her artistic manner, the vast majority of those present perceived only perfection in the graceful individuality of her style and the alluring tenderness of her interpretations. The first solo of Mme. Norman-Néruda was Handel's violin sonata in A, one of "Twelve Sonatas for a Violin or a German Flute," published in 1732. "Effect" was, probably, Handel's sole aim in writing the sonatas, and he, unquestionably, hit his mark. Probably, also, the phrase "very effective" will best characterise Madame Norman-Néruda's rendering of the sonata. Each of the four movements was admirably characteristic. Mr. Charles Hallé's first solo was the second sonata—in D minor—of the set of three numbered Op. 29. As we had recently occasion to say, the dramatic intent embodied in this composition is not only obvious, but is also elevated and powerful. Mr. Hallé gave a remarkable independent and characteristic rendering; the *cantabile* of the beautiful *adagio* being exquisitely rendered. The concluding *allegretto* was a remarkably example of Mr. Hallé's individuality. His peculiar

force and dwell upon the first note of the bar were sustained throughout, and gave the movement a singularity of rhythm which might, perhaps, be open to criticism but which was upheld with great vigour and undoubtedly gave a reading of the movement which was both novel and very interesting to most of the amateurs present. Gluck's Gavotte in A, as arranged by Brahms, was taken at a somewhat slow tempo; but was played with great nicety of touch and chasteness of manner."

The same paper also contained the following:—

"The Dome was almost quite filled last night with the assemblage drawn together by the attractive programme issued for Mr. W. Devin's grand evening concert. Where so large a musical force was gathered, a force unaccustomed, moreover, to act together, strict criticism would be unfair; but, judged from the popular standard—or even considerably above it—the choral and combined performances were excellent and effective. The same may justly be said of the vocal part of the programme, sustained by Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Williams, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Elton Williams. The Sacred Harmonic Society, under Mr. R. Taylor, and the Bands of the Boys and the two 1st Sussex Volunteer Corps respectively sang and played their best. The audience acknowledged the gratification given by the performances in loud applause and numerous encores. The reception and subsequent greetings of Mr. Devin were very hearty. The seating arrangements were conducted with the utmost possible comfort to the audience by Messrs. B. Potts & Co."

**DUBLIN.**—The *Irish Times*, of November 29th, contained the following:—

"The appetite of the public for comic opera, especially of the French school, appears, of late, to 'grow by what it feeds on.' At any rate, its popularity in this good city of Dublin seems rather to increase than diminish. If any proof were required of this, it is abundantly provided at the Gaiety Theatre, where large audiences nightly assemble to witness the performance of Offenbach's *Belle Hélène*. The company is not entirely new, as some of the principal members have been before heard at the Gaiety. Miss Annie Tremaine made a most unequivocal success; her voice is fresh, and her vocalization evidences careful study, combined with careful training. Her song, 'Oh! Love Divine,' was charmingly rendered, and enthusiastically received. Of Mlle. Emilie Georgi, from La Scala, Milan, we must speak in terms of unqualified commendation. She appears in the rôle of Orestes, and introduces in the third act the air from *Rigoletto*, which she sings in the original tenor key, never failing to evoke the heartiest encores. Mr. Beverley's tuneful tenor voice seems well suited to the music of this opera. He is a special favourite with the Gaiety audiences. Mr. Carleton does every justice to the part of Agamemnon. Mr. E. W. Royce invests the part of Calchas with much humour. The scenery and dresses are appropriate, and the orchestra, under Mr. Caulfield, is excellent. *La Belle Hélène* has inaugurated what must prove to be a successful season of *opera bouffe* at the Gaiety."

**DARMSTADT.**—Herr Tescher, the director of the Ducal Theatre has been suspended for three months from his office. The cause alleged is insubordination to his official superiors.

**LISBON.**—Signor Gaetano Braga is shortly expected to superintend the production of his new opera, *Caligola*. The principal characters are to be sustained by Signora Fricci, and Signor Pandolfini.

**CASALMAGGIORE.**—The Theatre here exists no more. It was pulled down during the late inundations, and the materials used to stem the waters of the Po, which threatened to overwhelm the town.

**HAMBURG.**—First Philharmonic Concert: *Sinfonia Eroica*, Beethoven; Soprano Aria, Mozart (Madame Peschka-Leutner); Pianoforte Concerto, E minor, Chopin; Eglantine's air from *Euryanthe*, Weber (Madame Peschka-Leutner); Overture to *Genoève*, Schumann.

**THE HAGUE.**—"De Toekonist" Society lately gave its thirty-fourth vocal and instrumental concert with the following programme: Symphony in D minor (manuscript), Waelput; Violin Concerto, A minor, Viotti; Chant lyrique de Saut, Gevaert; Violin Pieces, Schumann and Beethoven; Symphonic Prologue to Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans* (manuscript), Ed. de Hartog; *Antigone*, Mendelssohn.

**COLOGNE.**—Third Gürzenich Concert: Overture-Fantasia to *Paradis und Peri*, Bennett; Violoncello Concerto, Goltermann (Professor Rensburg); Chorus of Druids, from *Arvira ed Eretina*, Sacchini; Pianoforte Concerto, E flat major, Beethoven (Herr Carl Heymann); Double Chorus from *Colinette à la Cour*, Grétry; Air, Bach; "Wiegenlied," Hauser; "Balletto," Martini (Professor Rensburg); Symphony, C minor, Beethoven.—Second Concert of Chamber Music, given by Herren Gernsheim and Japha: Quartet, D minor, Schubert; Trio, F major, Gernsheim; Quartet, F major, Beethoven.

### OPERA IN LIVERPOOL.

The *Liverpool Press* having commented severely upon certain defects in the Italian opera representations lately given at the Alexandra Theatre, Mr. Mapleson addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Daily Post* :—

SIR,—I feel exceedingly grieved at perusing your article to-day, which is in strong contrast to the treatment I have ordinarily received from the Liverpool press, the editors of which are, as a rule, perfectly aware of the enormous difficulties with which an operatic manager has to contend during his provincial tours, especially when the state of the weather is so unfavourable as has recently been the case. During the last eighteen years, during which I have catered for the provinces, and also in the time of my predecessors, Mr. Willert Beale, Mr. Lumley, and Mr. Gye, the total *troupe* has rarely exceeded some twenty-five or thirty in all, it being usual for the opera manager to provide only some eight or ten *chefs d'attaque* to reinforce the regular orchestra of the theatre of whatever town the opera company might visit. In the present operatic visit I have with me a much larger orchestra and chorus than has ever been brought into the provinces, and a company of first-class singers that could not be equalled by any operahouse in the world, at the present moment, my total *troupe*—including all persons—numbering 114 people. I have in vain protested repeatedly to Mr. Saker against the treatment I have received from him. First, as to the band, I only required some ten or eleven musicians from him; but a portion of these men have only, and with great difficulty, been induced to attend the rehearsals, and at night they have nearly all been absent. With regard to the scenery, appointments, and accessories, I have simply had no assistance whatever from Mr. Saker, and, noticing this state of things three days ago, I gave notice to the secretary of the directors of the theatre that unless some steps could be taken to remedy these shortcomings on the part of the management, I should not return to the Alexandra Theatre. My desire is simply, as it ever has been and will be, to serve the public to the best of my ability; and, whatever money and exertion can do, I will endeavour to accomplish, but it is absolutely necessary for me to have the co-operation of the manager, and such co-operation I receive in every town but Liverpool, many of these towns being far inferior both in wealth and population to this great seaport. With regard to the performance of Thursday, I had hopes until the very last moment that Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka—who has been, and is, very ill indeed—would have sufficiently recovered to undertake her rôle; but, unfortunately, later in the day she suffered a further relapse, and, under the circumstances, Mdlle. Bauermeister undertook her part, and, as will be seen from all the daily papers, with some amount of success. The part of the “first lady” had therefore to be supplied at an exceedingly short notice, and the lady who undertook it learned all she possibly could in the short space of time accorded her. I must add that the opera has been sacrificed to Mr. Saker's pantomime, and that my company attribute to this, and the consequent bad arrangements of the stage, the unusual proportion of illness from which they have suffered.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

J. H. MAPLESON.

Washington Hotel, Dec. 6th.

The *Post* of Monday last contained Mr. Saker's reply to the charges thus brought against him, all of which he either denies or pleads non-responsibility.

### REVIEWS.

CHAPPELL & Co.

*Popular and Classical Vocal and Pianoforte Music.* Christmas number. New and Popular Dance Music, by DAN GODFREY, J. STRAUSS, &c.

In view of the approaching festive season, thousands of festive-minded people will be looking out for new and attractive dance music. They cannot do better than secure the cheap and excellent selection now before us. For one shilling Messrs. Chappell and Co. offer Dan Godfrey's “Irish” Quadrille, “Little Nell” Waltz and “Gazelle” Polka; Charles Coote's “English” Lancers; Charles Godfrey's “May Fair” Galop; Strauss's “Freuden-Grüsse” Waltz; Gerald Stanley's “Kelvin Grove” Waltz; Anton Darr's “Die Schwarzen Tasten” Polka-mazurka; Emile Sarkozy's “Grenadier” Galop; Carlo Wansinski's “Bève et Réalité” Mazurka; and Karl Meyder's “Der Erste Kuss” Schottische, and “Vorwärts” Galop. Surely it cannot be necessary to add a word to this list of contents. If Messrs. Chappell's “Christmas Number” do not sell in thousands, there is no force in united cheapness and excellence.

MUNICH.—The first performance of Herr Rheinberger's opera, *Des Thürmers Tochterlein*, was to have taken place at the end of last, or the beginning of the present, month. Owing, however, to the absence of Mdlle. Stehle, who is playing in Berlin, and who sustains the part of the heroine, the performance has been postponed until January.—Concert of the Musical Academy: Symphony. E flat major, Haydn; Concert-Aria, Mendelssohn (Mdlle Ottiker); French Horn Concerto, Mozart (Herr Strauss); Songs, Wagner and Schumann (Mdlle. Ottiker); *Weihnachten*, Spohr.

### MUSIC IN ANTWERP.

We were regaled in advance of the idea of having the *chef d'œuvre* of the incomparable of the great Rossini interpreted at his entire. It was announced in 4 acts. The complete suppression of the 4th act was not the only mutilation which was always subject to this division upon which M. Fétis expressed himself at the first performance. William Tell manifests a new man in the same person, and demonstrates that it is in vain to pretend measuring to brood the genius. This production opens a new career to Rossini. He that could modify himself in this manner can multiply his prodigies and furnish a long time an element to the admiration to the three friends of the musical art; unfortunately *William Tell* was the last work which appeared from the pen of the Swan of Pesaro. It was his thirty-sixth's opera and was his last. The echoes of the rehearsals of the promised performance, everything on the part of the Tenor, the Baritone Monico, who was sure of his business and the Bass Conti completed favourably the trio, but between the rehearsals and the great day of execution there is a margin. The singer's have traitors of a frost which changes by the weather, and which the tenor has impetuously caught as the first. He nevertheless commenced courageously his recital in a good intonation and conveniently coloring at the 3rd and 4th phrase, a slight quivering of voice which at the end of the recital completely confirmed. Always without pity for the unfortunate on the stage, the audience did not delay to show they were cognizant of it and the tenor was disconcerted; he struggled. Mon. Harvin only arrived to augment the apprehension of the audience to take again a half artificially voice which betrayed the lungs completely choked. The whole audience with a surmountable cough and a moment later William returns saying, I do not see Arnold any more. A voice in the pit answered it was useless to bring him back. The prompter before the 2nd act came to bring us some news; he asked for sick artist indulgence who was suffering of a sudden cold, to which the audience did reply to the request with a favourable response, still the patience was more than before in the duet of the 2nd act which was pitiable to listen to. At the same time we ignore who was more to be pitied his partner Mdlle. Guillemain or the public, who continued laughing. Would it then be advisable to continue. It seemed to us you can easily imagine the situation, the end confirmed the beginning; some few notes regularly forced have notwithstanding betrayed their good qualities but they could not efface their bad qualities. The unfortunate tenor who has had in the trio *Asile Solitaire* merited to be listened to but he has not even endeavoured to regain the *Ut* from the chest which was lost with the part of the 4th act. Adolph Nourrit the creator of the part in the opera suppressed completely this marvellous air which later Duprez re-established. Mons. Monico who took the master part of William Tell has not raised the audience by his sonority of organ in his magnificent phrases although his part contains many of them, for that same reason the great sonority has never been his domain, notwithstanding he told them correctly with color in the accents. The pathetic scene of the Apple has been rendered by Mons. Monico with a most affected feeling showing a real and serious talent. Do not suspect our galaxy for the ladies. The part of Matilda was brilliantly performed by Mdlle. Guillemain. If she has shown brilliantly in her rich costume which she wore so well she has also sang in her best voice so well, and with all the delicacies which the author has put the Harmonious Romance *Sombres-forêts*, after having sung with as much tact of distinction the recitative which precedes it; the audience has given her a sympathetic *furor* which has been confirmed by the subscribers. Mdlle. Retz-Falva has been as always charmingly in the small part of Gemmi, like always conscientiously by all its details first showing the ability of a winning profession. The part of Hedrige offers nothing of praise for Mdlle. Very but this artist has powerfully attributed to the success of the joining pieces which the spectators heard for the first time at the performance of last Sunday such as the quartett and the quintett at the end of the 3rd act. The trio of women sung in canon in unison of the 4th. In the prayer during the storm in which the orchestration is treated with an unexceptional superiority and in which the voices of Hedgonige and of Matilda harmoniously blended. Let us terminate in saying that in the absence of a bass of the Opera Comique Mon. Le Roy has not represented the part of Gessler. If it was the first time he fulfilled it we should have much more reason to answer him an intelligent artist. L'Ombre has re-appeared last Tuesday; for a second time the public was not less impressed with the performance and was much applauded, and with success till the last. *Traviata* last Thursday, and we were sure of its repeated impression already secured before. Sunday, the *Traviata* and the *Torréador* for the first appearance of Mon. Michot at the Société de Musique, *Salve Regina* conducted by the Maestro Benoît, the *Creation* of Haydn has been surpassed and rendered by Mdlle. S.—[Translated by V. P. from the *Journal de la Semaine*.]

CAIRO.—Mdlle. Smerosoni has made a successful first appearance as the heroine in *Lucia*.

## LOCAL SINGERS AND NATIONAL MUSIC.

The following letter has been addressed by Mr. Willert Beale to the *Liverpool Daily Courier*:—

"SIR,—I am anxious, if possible, to remove an impression which an article in yesterday's *Courier* may make upon your readers. Your remarks, although highly flattering to myself, place an undertaking in which I am concerned in a somewhat false position.

"The object of the National Music Meetings may be explained in a few words. It is to enable competent judges to award prizes for the best performances to the best music. A council of musicians is formed, including the most eminent composers and executants of the day. From this body the competitors elect those who are to judge their respective merit in performing music that has been carefully selected from the works of acknowledged classical writers. Besides contending for prizes, competitors may undergo examination in sight-singing, harmony, or any other branch of music, and obtain diplomas for such proficiency as they may display. Surely this plan, essentially academic as it is in its bearing, must really tend to promote art in its higher sphere? No other such tribunal of taste exists, and I venture to believe no performances can be more instructive to the public, and at the same time more stimulating to the ambition and talent of executants, than the competitions in question. They are no more to be compared either practically or in effect with a Boston Jubilee Festival, or any other monster assemblage of musicians, than is the exhibition of a *usus nature* with that of an object perfect in form according to the rules of nature and art. They are intended to encourage refinement in the cultivation of music, and to give genuine talent an opportunity of asserting itself.

"The first series of meetings held last midsummer were certainly tentative so far that it was necessary to prove the practicability of the plan laid down. The trial was made without a hitch. True, we had fewer competitors than were desirable, although they number in the aggregate some 1,500 performers. The only instances of dissatisfaction that perhaps occurred arose among disappointed competitors, candidates who had entered the classes for solo vocalists, and whose kind friends had assured them they had but to sing a song and win a prize. Some of these murmured, but all admitted the justice of the awards. One unsuccessful solo competitor asked permission to present himself with a prize in the name of the Crystal Palace Company, and his satisfaction was probably not 'unmixed' at the request being refused. The examinations for diplomas elicited most remarkable talent, two of the choirs that sang at night surprising many of the council by the marvellous facility and accuracy with which they read music which had been expressly written to test them. The result of the first series is beyond all doubt in favour of the plan upon which the National Music Meetings are constituted, and it only remains for competitors to come forward in sufficient numbers to make the institution now established beneficial to executive art. From the interest the movement is exciting there is every prospect of the entries next year being very numerous.

"You advocate local gatherings; and they would unquestionably be advantageous. Nevertheless, I fancy such a rallying point as the Crystal Palace affords is the most suitable locality for the Music Meetings, that is to say, if the competitions are to have a national character. The expense of sending choirs from a distance is urged as an obstacle to the different counties being adequately represented at Sydenham. This obstacle could, however, be easily overcome were any earnest efforts made. The Welsh found no difficulty in sending a body of four hundred singers from their remote part of the kingdom. They raised subscriptions and the champion choir gave concerts in its native district, which speedily covered all the outlay incurred, and left a handsome balance in hand. That this example should be followed in Lancashire and Yorkshire is most sincerely to be wished, for assuredly in no other part of England has music made greater progress among the people lately.

"You speak of a Festival in Liverpool. From what I have heard during the last few days, there is good reason to believe that such an undertaking will be an accomplished fact during the present mayoralty, and Liverpool once more will vie with the cathedral towns in making music serve the cause of charity. As a first step towards this movement, the choirs which are to form the chorus of the Festival should compete at the Crystal Palace. They would thus have the strongest incentive to improve and to excel each other, and would, when brought together, form a body of vocalists hitherto unrivalled in training power and proficiency.

"Apologising for trespassing upon your valuable space, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WILLERT BEALE.

"Crystal Palace, Sydenham."

THE *Swiss Times* states that the widow of Thalberg, the famous pianist, has received, in the presence of witnesses, the body of her husband, from Dr. Effasio Marini, who had embalmed it. The doctor has succeeded marvellously. The head and neck are still in the lapidary state, the body and arms are transparent to the light of a candle, like alabaster: the right arm appears in a fresh state, elastic and soft as flesh, and modelled like that of a living being, but a little more yellow. The body retains its form, and is only a little darker than the natural colour. The widow has permission for placing the body in the Crystal Arcade of Pöplye Villa at Rome.

## WAIFS.

Herr Johann Strauss is expected in Paris to direct the production of his opera, *Indigo*.

Report says that Mdle. Albani will sing at the Florence Pergola, during February and March next.

The *Chicago Post* speaks of Mdme. Peschka-Leutner as "the operatic howler imported by Gilmore." Mdme. Leutner didn't sing at Chicago.

Schubert's opera, *La Guerre Domestique*, which was some time back performed at the Crystal Palace, has been successfully produced in Vienna.

Mr. Carl Zerrahn has sued the Executive Committee of the Boston Jubilee for payment for services in conducting the chorus at the recent Jubilee.

Mdme. Rudersdorff has given concerts in aid of the fund for the relief of the 25,000 sewing girls thrown out of employment in Boston by the fire.

Herr Johann Strauss is writing a book, to be called *Reminiscences of Boston*. He ought to call it, "What I know about writing autographs for silly girls."

The *Boston Folio* contains the following equivocal paragraph:—"Mr. So-and-So, of the Lyceum Bureau, says that 'every editor in Boston can be bought for one dollar and a half.' Let him come to this office and try his skill."

A choir has been established at the Lower Norwood Institute, under the management of Mr. George Tolhurst. For performance during the coming season, *The Messiah*, *Ruth* (G. Tolhurst), *Stabat Mater* (G. Tolhurst), new; and some secular music are announced.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Mr. Corney Grain gave his musical sketch, *Five o'clock Tea*, for the 200th, and last time, on Saturday. On Monday next, December 16, he will present us with a new descriptive song entitled *All Abroad*.

Dexter Smith says that Mdme. Christine Nilsson lost property situated Nos. 14 and 15, Otis Street, valued at 51,000 dollars, by the Boston fire. "She is said to possess a great deal of real estate in other portions of the city, and is negotiating for more, considering Boston the most rapidly growing city in the world."

*La Presse Musicale*, speaking of the Ophelia of Mdle. Devries, says:—"Mdle. Devries makes us forget Mdle. Nilsson in the rôle of Ophelia. She even shows herself superior to her predecessor in the 'mad scene,' which proved her to be a great singer. This is a decisive success for the charming artist, who, after this ordeal, ought decidedly to rank among celebrities."

Mr. Mapleson commences his series of six performances of Italian operas, at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, on Monday. *Norma*, *Faust*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Semiramide*, *Maria*, and *Lucrezia Borgia* are the operas to be given. The principal artists are Mdle. Tietjens, Mdme. Sinico, Mdme. Trebelli, Mdle. Marimon, Signors Bettini, Foli, Campobello, and Mr. Wilford Morgan.

"Miss Liebe," says the *Boston Post*, writing about the young violinist's performance at the Second 'Harvard Symphony Concert,' "was the soloist. She played Mendelssohn's Concerto and two other pieces. Her grace, accuracy, and purity of tone were exhibited to much advantage, confirming the previous favourable impression made by the talented artist. The audience were quite enthusiastic, and honoured Miss Liebe with an encore."

The vocalist at a recent Monday Popular Concert was Mr. William Castle, a young American tenor, who has already made a name in his own country. Haydn's "In native worth," and Mendelssohn's "Garden" were sung by him so as to win the ungrudging favour of the audience. Mr. Castle possesses a good voice, of ample power and compass; his *mezza voce* is charming, and he sings with the taste and feeling of an artist. So endowed, a favourable *début* was a matter of course.—*Daily Telegraph*.

*La Fille de Mme. August*, a new opera-comique, in three acts, by M. Charles Lecocq, has met with immense success at Brussels. Four of the principal pieces were enthusiastically encored, and the artists and author were called and recalled after each act. The same success attended the second representation, when, says a correspondent, "une Couronne de lauriers dorés" was presented to M. Lecocq; and the orchestra and chorus, after the performance, "ont venus lui apporter une sérénade aux flambeaux."

The Rudersdorff Concert Troupe had a narrow escape of losing their wardrobes in the late great fire at Boston. "They occupied rooms," says a local journal, "in the Parker House, which, every moment, was expected to take fire, and Mdme. Rudersdorff, Mdle. Liebe, and Miss Fairman had their trunks and boxes, containing their valuable wardrobes, jewels, and music removed to a house in Temple Street for safety. The ladies of the troupe, although excited, as was every one by such a scene, preserved their coolness to a far greater degree than many."

Sothorn was so successful at Wallack's Theatre, that seats were secure there one month in advance.

On Saturday evening last a valuable testimonial was presented to Mr. John Hullah, the recently appointed inspector of music under the Education Department, by ex-students of the Battersea Training college, on the occasion of his resignation, after upwards of thirty years' service, of the office of teacher of music in the college. There was a large gathering of old students present, and the proceedings of the evening were of a most interesting and agreeable character. The chair was taken by the Rev. Evan Daniel, the principal of the college. An appropriate address from the subscribers to the testimonial was read, and warmly responded to by Mr. Hullah. The proceedings were diversified by the singing of some of Mr. Hullah's part songs by the resident students.

The following description of Herr Rubinstein appears in an American Journal:—

"He is about medium height, neither very large nor small, but inclined to be spare, and very angular. When he sits at the piano, a lady says, he looks like an old maid. He has long, fine wavy black hair, and when he makes his not very graceful bow, it drops over his face, and he has to put his hand up while he is bowing, so the effect is not very 'stylish.' He is not handsome, but his face seems to me like that of a real poet, and he certainly has handsome eyes. As he wears no beard, his greatly curved mouth can be plainly seen. Altogether he reminds me of a Catholic priest. His hands are beautiful, and his way of using them perfect—so it seems to me. Altogether he will be a great success, I have no doubt, in spite of his shyness, modesty (for I believe he has both), awkwardness and bad tailor. His coat did wrinkle fearfully in the back, and, as it was a frock coat, and the two lower buttons buttoned, its bad fit was fully shown."

The birthday of the Crown Princess of Russia was commemorated a few days since by a most interesting event. It had been announced that Mdle. Patti would take her farewell benefit at the Grand Opera, Moscow, and the theatre was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. Before the performance commenced all the Russian and Italian artists, including Mdle. Patti, came forward in full dress to sing the Russian Hymn, which was vociferously encored. The heroine of the evening then appeared as Amina, in *La Sonnambula*, her entrance being the signal for a perfect ovation. A *corbeille* of flowers, containing a casket, in which was a gold circlet, ornamented with a star of diamonds, was presented to her, and the jewel placed upon her head. From the clouds appeared to fall showers of bouquets and other presents, the stage being literally covered. The *finale* was re-demanded, and during the performance the popular *prima donna* had to return nearly 100 times to bow her acknowledgments. The night's receipts, which fell to Mdle. Patti's share, amounted to about £1,480. On Monday last she was announced to make her *rentrée* in *Dinorah* at the Opera House, in St. Petersburg.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Law case heard at Westminster County Court on Friday. Humphries, chorister in *Lady of the Lake*, Drury Lane, sued Chatterton, lessee, for £12, due on wrongful dismissal.—From statement of Hickling, it appeared that client was chorister and dairyman, engaged for run of *Lady of the Lake*, at 80s. per week. He took part till 12th October, when he received notice to quit at end of fortnight. Under belief that engagement was for run of piece, Plaintiff wrote to Chatterton on subject, and was informed he had received usual notice. George Henry Humphries stated he had been ten years vocalist at some of the principal theatres. He carried on business as dairyman. Beal was called to prove engagement. He was instructed by Levey to engage choristers for Chatterton. Kemp interposed that this did not prove engagement by Chatterton. Levey deposed he was conductor, and had instructions from Chatterton to engage chorus for *Lady of the Lake*. Beal furnished chorus-singers. They were paid through Beal, as far as he knew. Chatterton provided money. Had never seen printed pay-sheets for choristers. Beal reported he had engaged choristers, but did not furnish list. He received instructions from Chatterton to engage chorus by the week. Beal, recalled, said he received instructions from Levey, not from Chatterton. Note produced was in his (Beal's) handwriting, and contained plaintiff's engagement. Kemp objected to letter being read, on ground that Chatterton gave no authority for its being written. Engagement Levey was instructed to make was by the week. Beal added he made engagement on authority of Levey. Judge observed that Levey said he was instructed to engage chorus-singers by week. Hickling wanted to show custom of profession. He would ask witness whether engagement was made in same way. Kemp replied that what Chatterton might have done in another case had no bearing on this. Beal said no such thing was known as making engagements by week. His Honour directed nonsuit with costs, remarking, there had been no opportunity to go into merits of evidence, because case had gone off on a technical point. Nonsuit entered accordingly, plaintiff to pay costs.—*T. DUFF SHORT*.

A dinner was recently eaten at the Cannon Street Hotel, in connexion with the University College of Wales: and in the course of the speech-making, which followed, Mr. Stephen Evans proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Brinley Richards and Miss Edith Wynne, and also to all who had sung that evening. He proposed the health of Mr. Brinley Richards, and spoke enthusiastically of the generous way in which that gentleman, on all occasions, came forward in aid of Wales and Welshmen.—Mr. Brinley Richards (who was loudly cheered) said—We are all of us, as Welshmen, proud of Miss Edith Wynne, whose abilities have fairly won her a distinguished position in the foremost rank of living artists; and I am glad to think that success has not spoiled her, or diminished the affection which a good daughter should feel for "Yr hen wlad"—the land upon which she reflects so much credit. Wales is indeed singularly favoured as regards music. I have no hesitation in saying that it has a more numerous and beautiful collection of national melodies than any country in Europe, and we are now doubly fortunate in possessing among our own countrywomen so many accomplished singers to render them justice. As regards myself, I will only briefly say that I have never yet hesitated to assert my nationality and my warm sympathy with every good work likely to promote the welfare of my countrymen; and if patriotism is not a mere word, I know of no better means of giving it a practical expression than by doing, each in our way, all we can to support the University College of Wales. The programme included songs by Miss Edith Wynne, Mrs. Watts Hughes, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Lizzie Evans, Miss Williams, and a select choir, conducted by Mr. W. Davies (Mynydd). The musical arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Brinley Richards, whose services were, as on similar occasions, gratuitous; and all who assisted were equally generous in aid of Wales. Messrs. Broadwood and Sons sent a magnificent grand pianoforte for the use of Mr. Brinley Richards.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

WEEKS & Co.—"Hymn Tunes," edited by E. H. Turpin; "Sleep bravest best," song, by H. C. Cole; "Gold," song, by H. L. Moysey.  
H. KLEIN.—"La Nuit sur mer," by the Chevalier de Kontaki.  
JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—"Faust" and "Les Huguenots," by Harold Thomas; "Sparkling in the Summer sun," song, by W. F. Taylor; "Offertoire," by Brinley Richards; "La rose du matin," by Horace Hill; "Voice of the Western Wind," by J. L. Haxton; "The Beautiful blue Danube," by J. Strauss; "One Angel," song, by J. Blumenthal; "Andante," by Edward Thirlie; "Go, bird of Summer," by Walter Maynard; "Maiden's Flower Song," by Oiro Piusanti; "Gentle River," by Zara; "The Reaper and the Flowers," by Frederick Clay; "Dovroschen," by A. F. Mullen; "Agnus Dei," by Brinley Richards.

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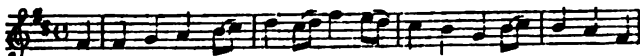
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 From hill and dale glad echoes ring;  
 The lark, inspir'd, to Heav'n ascends,  
 The gurgling brook in beauty wends  
 By mossy bank and grassy braid,  
 Where violets bloom and lambskins play.  
 Delightful Spring—sweet month of May  
 What joys attend thine advent gay!

In mantle clad of fairest sheen,  
 The woods burst forth in virgin green—  
 Bright home of birds and flow'rets gay,  
 The streamlet woos thy sheltered way,  
 Thro' primrose dells, sweet hawthorn glades,  
 And silver birches' fragrant shades,  
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"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

**MR. HENRY GANNEY** will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Westbourne Hall, Dec. 23.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

**MR. HENRY GANNEY** will sing ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" and BALFE's song, "DIDST THOU BUT KNOW"—(8th Series)—at the National Ballad Concerts in London and Country.

"ONE WORD."

**MR. WILFRED MORGAN and MISS PERCIVAL** will sing the admired duet "ONE WORD," at Mr. Archer's Evening Concert, at Blackheath, Monday, Dec. 23.

**MADAME SINICO** will sing in "JUDAS MACCABEUS," at Exeter Hall, in "THE MESSIAH," on the 29th December; on the 23rd December, in "THE MESSIAH," at Bradford; and on the 26th December, in "THE MESSIAH," at Manchester.

"LA BACCANTE."

**MADAME SINICO** will sing Signor Fiori's Canzone, "LA BACCANTE," at Manchester, This Day, Dec. 21st.

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What joys attend thine advent gay!  
On every tree the birds sing,  
From hill and dale glad echoes ring;  
The lark, inspir'd, to heav'n ascends,  
The gurgling brook in beauty wends  
By mossy bank and grassy brae,  
Where violets bloom and lambskins play.  
Delightful Spring—sweet month of May  
What joys attend thine advent gay!

In mantle clad of fairest shewn,  
The woods burst forth in virgin green—  
Bright home of birds and flow'rets gay,  
The streamlet woos thy sheltered way,  
Thou' primrose dells, sweet hawthorn glades,  
And silver birches' fragrant shades,  
Where nightingales, at close of day,  
In leafy bow'rs trill raptur'd lay.  
Delightful Spring—sweet month of May  
What joys attend thine advent gay!

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## THE BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

This association, which has just come into existence, seems to be founded on much the same basis as the defunct Musical Society of London. Amateurs, whose chief pleasure consists in hearing good music, will be generally reminded of the excellent series of concerts given some years ago under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon; while those who also take a delight in examining the inner constitution of things will find, on enquiry, that the British Orchestral Society consists entirely of Englishmen, and that none but Englishmen and Englishwomen will be allowed to take part in its concerts. Works of importance by English composers are to be produced; but, though of late years English composers have scarcely had a chance of coming before the public, there is nothing new in the announcement that music of native origin will not be neglected. What is quite new, and not only new but unprecedented, is the rule the society has adopted by which members of the orchestra, as well as vocal and instrumental soloists, must all be of English birth. This is the society's fundamental principle. It is not, indeed, put forward in the crude form in which we have stated it. The directors content themselves with announcing that "the soloists, vocal and instrumental, together with the band of seventy-five performers, will be found to include the most eminent English talent," and that thus will be formed, "for the first time in this country for many years, a complete representative orchestra;" but the formation of a "complete representative orchestra" does, in effect, amount to the exclusion of foreigners from the band. The motive of such exclusion is not, we may be sure, hostility to foreigners, but simply a desire to show what Englishmen, unaided by foreigners, can do in the way of musical execution. The motive, all the same, is liable to misinterpretation, and is almost certain to be misunderstood. Whom was it necessary to convince that a sufficient number of English musicians could be found to form one good orchestra when it was already well-known that the majority of players in at least three excellent orchestras are Englishmen? Has the talent of the English vocalists and instrumentalists, announced to appear as soloists, been hitherto ignored in England? Or is it on the Continent that they are thought to be under-valued? And is it really forgotten that M<sup>me</sup>. Arabella Goddard has played with the greatest success in Germany, and that Mr. Santley has been most favourably received at the principal Italian Operahouses? Mr. Sims Reeves, and many other English singers, good, bad, and indifferent, sang in Italy and elsewhere on the Continent before making their appearance in England; and there is not one of the soloists, vocal or instrumental, nor one member of the orchestra of the British Orchestral Society, who would not be allowed abroad the hearing which this society would deny to foreign singers and musicians in England. No one can seriously imagine that such artists as Mr. Carrodus, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. Edward Howell, &c., would not be gladly received into any orchestra in Europe or America; and this reminds us that if English musicians complain of England's being invaded by musicians from the continent of Europe, American musicians might, in a similar spirit, and on precisely similar grounds, complain of the number of English musicians who invade the United States. What should we think of an American musical society which, unable to dispense with the works of European composers, should refuse all co-operation from European executants? There is only one country in the world which could form a society for the performance of concert-music of the highest class on the basis of none but native compositions executed by none but native musicians; and we do not suppose that it has ever occurred to a German to seek to carry out such an idea. On the contrary, at that sufficiently German institution, the Leipzig Conservatorium, the compositions of Sir Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Macfarren have been performed, and with what success we know from Mendelssohn's own letters; while at least two of Balfe's operas (*The Bohemian Girl* and *Les quatre fils d'Aymon*), one opera by Wallace (*Maritana*), and another, *Pascal Bruno*, by Mr. J. L. Hutton, have been played at various German theatres. There is no country less exclusive in artistic matters than Germany; yet when the question of native against foreign musicians is raised, it is against German musicians that opposition, practically, is directed; since it is from prolific Germany that nearly all our foreign musicians come. A German musician, writing not long ago on this subject, said, "I consider myself a foreigner in no orchestra in which the works of German composers are played." Apply that test, which is a just one, and the German musician has letters of naturalisation prepared for him beforehand in every civilised land.

In spite, however, of our objections to the too narrow basis on which the British Orchestral Society has constituted itself, we can well understand that English composers may often find it difficult to get a hearing for works really worthy of being heard. But it does not appear from the prospectus of the society that any large number of new works by English composers are waiting to be produced. We are promised an overture by Mr. Macfarren to his manuscript oratorio

of *St. John the Baptist*, which the British Orchestral Society will certainly be thanked for making known; also a new overture by Mr. John Francis Barnett, which, inasmuch as it has been or is to be "composed expressly for the society," was not, we presume, in existence when the society was formed. Sir Sterndale Bennett is not mentioned; and Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who "has promised, should his engagements permit, an orchestral work," has evidently nothing ready for the society at this present moment. Such an institution, however, has, in regard to composers, a double function to perform. Besides presenting works already written, it should, and doubtless will, stimulate the production of new ones.

To an amateur present at the first performance of the society, and asking no questions as to its origin and meaning, but giving himself up unreservedly to the appreciation of the music, it was indeed very enjoyable. The general scheme provides that at each concert a symphony, a concerto, two overtures, and vocal music shall be performed; and on this occasion the symphony was Beethoven's in C minor, the concerto was Sterndale Bennett's in F minor, (M<sup>me</sup>. Arabella Goddard), the overtures were Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* and Weber's *Oberon*, the songs, "Rage, thou angry storm," from Benedict's "*Gipsy's Warning*" (Mr. Lewis Thomas), and "Sweet bird," from Handel's *L'Allegro* (M<sup>me</sup>. Lemmens-Sherrington). Whatever the principles might be at the bottom of such an entertainment as this, the entertainment itself was admirable. The orchestra was magnificent, especially in the symphony, which was, of course, the orchestral piece of the evening. In executing this test work the seventy-five instruments went like one; and it would be little to say, that no soloist bent on personal distinction could have made a more marked impression upon the audience than this excellent band, as remarkable for vigour and precision of execution as for fullness and richness of tone, under the direction of Mr. George Mount. It rendered the masterpiece in a masterly manner. Just such a triumph as the orchestra gained in the C minor symphony was achieved by M<sup>me</sup>. Arabella Goddard—the orchestra aiding—in Bennett's concerto. This poetical work, new to many among the audience, beautiful to all, was perfectly in harmony with M<sup>me</sup>. Goddard's delicate and subtle talent. It demands the most refined sensibility on the part of the executant; and never was the characteristic quality of M<sup>me</sup>. Goddard's style exhibited to greater advantage than in the piece then confided to her sympathetic care. The band here and there played the accompaniments as if the concerto was not their affair quite so much as the symphony. But the effect generally was delightful; and Sir Sterndale Bennett's exquisite composition was the most interesting feature of the concert. The concerto in F minor, as we learn from Mr. Macfarren's annotated programme, was played by the composer at Leipzig the same day that Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony was introduced. Mendelssohn, too, played it himself, and doubtless admired it more than any one, being better able than any one to appreciate its manifold beauties.

## MRS. BOUCICAULT.

What do the papers mean by reminding Mrs. Boucicault that she is no longer in her first youth? No exceller in art ever is in his first youth by the time he has mastered many of its principal laws. Youth is like a rich sunset—its loveliness vanishes as you pore over it, and by the time you have absorbed its sensuous beauty the vision is past. But there is a second youth which is as rare as a secondary rainbow, and tender as an English twilight, and this is the kind that sanctifies Mrs. Boucicault's face, and makes us remember Agnes Robertson without cynicism. It is not easy to understand how a sympathetic woman, who is an actress by profession, can avoid, after the lapse of years, and an average experience of the joys and sorrows of life, becoming something of a mistress of her art. One would think that the plastic hand of circumstance would so woo and fashion her as to disgust her with the grooves of professional mechanism, and lead her to use the essence of her varied experience in the idealization of her roles. Consciously or unconsciously, this is what Mrs. Boucicault seems to have done. The further she has receded from youth the nearer she has drawn to nature. Her art is a sort of dramatic asymptote which continually approaches the curve of nature without the possibility of ever absolutely touching it.—*New York Arcadian*.

DUSSELDORF.—Third Concert of the General Musical Association: Handel's oratorio of *Solomon*.

ERFURT.—At the third concert of Soller's Musical Union, the principal feature in the programme was Herr Raff's symphony, entitled *Im Walde*. M<sup>lle</sup>. Marie Mahlknecht, of Leipzig, sang the grand soprano air from *Der Freischütz* and several songs, to the great satisfaction of the audience, while Herr Julius Stahlknecht, from Berlin, substantiated his right to be ranked among the first violoncellist virtuosos of the day.

## MUSIC IN BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Like some other institutions of similar character, the Festival Choral Society has departed from its original intention, by giving a miscellaneous concert as part of its annual series, imagining that three evenings (in nearly twice as many months) devoted to oratorio would be too great an exaction on the serious attention of its subscribers and the public, and thus indicating doubt, if not unbelief, in the popular idea that Birmingham is a really musical town. Be this as it may, the hall was filled on the occasion of the last concert, to which the names of Mdle. Tietjens, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini and her husband, Signori Borella, Zoboli, and Agnesi lent attraction.

The one really important piece of the evening was Mendelssohn's Motett, "Hear my prayer," injudiciously placed first in the programme, and half of it lost in consequence, thanks to the late comers, who, no matter at what time an entertainment begins, regardless of the inconvenience they cause to those who attend punctually. Despite this, the Motet asserted its never-failing charm, and in the face of hard work, travelling, and weather, Mdle. Tietjens was in fine voice, delighting her hearers as always. Mdme. Trebelli, an established favourite here, enchanted the audience by her rendering of the well-known "Verdi pratti." Purer singing has never been heard, and the burst of applause which followed showed how fully it was appreciated. The concert demands little further notice, except that in the part-songs, "Sweet stream" and "Come live with me," the genius of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett was as conspicuously shown as in every other form of composition to which he has put his hand. Mons. Maton, whose name is new to me,\* deserves a word of unqualified praise for his pianoforte accompaniments. For the 26th Dec. *The Messiah* is announced, with Madame Florence Lancia, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Lewis-Thomas.

The Birmingham Musical Union, or, in other words, Messrs. Adams and Beresford, gave their first concert on the 10th, the scheme including Mozart's Quintet in A major, for clarinet, two violins, viola, and violoncello, the instruments held respectively by Messrs. Lazarus, Bernhardt, Ludwig, Hann, and Vieuxtemps; Mendelssohn's *Variations Seriesues* in D minor, for pianoforte alone, and two solos of Liszt, by Mr. Walter Bache; Handel's Sonata in A major, for violin, by Herr Ludwig; Weber's *Duo Concertante* in E flat, for piano and clarinet, by Dr. Heap and Mr. Lazarus; and Schumann's Quintet in E flat (played the night before, for the eleventh time, at the "Monday Pops"). There was no vocal music, and the pieces in which the clarinet played a part produced the greatest effect of the evening, as may be readily understood, with an artist like Mr. Lazarus as executant. Owing to the performance of opera the same evening, the room was not so well filled as usual. The same remark applies to the concert of the Amateur Harmonic Association, on the following evening, at the Masonic Hall, when Handel's *Joshua* was given, with Mrs. A. J. Sutton, Messrs. Grayson, Bickley, and Farley Sinkins, as principal vocalists; Mr. Sutton conducting a somewhat unevenly-balanced band and chorus. Whatever the shortcomings, the Harmonic Association deserves credit for spirit in getting up a work which the Sacred Harmonic Society rarely ventures to produce, and which, nevertheless, holds rank among the best of Handel's least familiar oratorios.

The Theatre Royal, on the 9th, 10th, and 11th, gave operatic performances, and although there was a fair attendance in the lower-priced part, it was not what might have been expected, considering the attractions; and it is open to question whether Mr. Mapleson may visit Birmingham again for some time, so little satisfied is he with the result on this, as well as on previous occasions. *Don Giovanni* was given on Monday evening, with Mdle. Tietjens as Donna Anna, Mdle. Ilma di Murska as Elvira, and Madame Trebelli as Zerlina—a mistake as regards this accomplished lady, to whose voice the music (transposition allowed for) is unsuited. Signor Mendioroz was the hero—satisfactory so far as vocalization is concerned, but wanting histrionically; Signor Borella, as Leporello, amused the audience; Signor Bettini, as Don Ottavio, pleased greatly; and Signor Foli lent significance to the part of the Commendatore, who must have

had a dull time of it between his slaughter in the first, and stormy re-appearance in the last act of Da Ponte's drama.

Although frequently played in its English garb, M. Gounod's *Faust* has never before been represented here in its Italian dress, notwithstanding that well nigh ten years have elapsed since its first introduction to the British public; and some curiosity was therefore manifested to witness it. As the heroine, Mdle. Marimon was vocally charming, but deficient in the dramatic qualification necessary to a realization of the ideal "Gretchen," while, as the hero, Signor Tombesi did not appear to possess either of the requisite qualifications. Signor Mendioroz, as Valentine, and Signor Foli, as Mephistopheles, won the approval of the audience, Mdme. Trebelli sharing the honours of the evening by her performance, perfect in all respects, of the gentle lover, Siebel, and Mdle. Bauermeister singing the music of Marta satisfactorily, though looking much too young for the part.

Mozart's *Flauto Magico*, always attractive in Birmingham, drew a crowded audience. Mdle. Tietjens, as Pamina, more than once roused the house to enthusiasm. Mdle. di Murska, despite an illness of some days just before her arrival here, produced a great effect in both airs of the "Queen of Night" (transposed a tone lower); while Signor Foli, whose voice and imposing presence gave prominence to the part of Sarastro, won the accustomed encore for "Qui sdegno." Signor Bettini's careful and finished vocalization exactly fits the music of Tamino; and Signor Mendioroz, if lacking the comic element so prominent in Ronconi's never-to-be-forgotten representation of the bird-catcher, filled, with credit to himself, and pleasure to his hearers, the character of Papageno, deserving the encore for the quaint and pretty air, "Colomba e torterella," and with Mdle. Bauermeister, gaining much applause in the duet. Signor Campobello (a new comer to Birmingham), as Il Sacerdote, displayed a bass voice of fine quality, which only requires cultivation. As Monastatos, Signor Rinaldini was efficient, if not overpoweringly funny. The three ladies, and three genii were of the usual stamp, the two armed men (painfully suggestive of mutes at a funeral) being represented by Mr. W. Morgan and Signor Balesca. The band and chorus, under the conduct of Signor Li Calci, if falling short of the standard to which long experience in London has (happily) accustomed me, were still, on the whole, as satisfactory as could be expected under the circumstances. Whether another season will again bring Mr. Mapleson to Birmingham is doubtful.

D. H.

## THEATRICAL SUBVENTIONS.

This subject, as connected with the Parisian theatres, afforded matter for a debate in the French Assembly the other day. The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* thus referred to the discussion:—

"M. Boreau-Lajanadie suggested that the proposed subvention of 800,000 francs to the Opera should be reduced to 500,000 francs; that for the Français from 240,000 to 200,000 francs; for the Opéra Comique, from 240,000 to 100,000 francs, and so on, making in all a reduction from 1,500,000 to 800,000. The minister here tried to turn the drift of the censure by expressing his surprise that the objector had not rather devoted his attention to that 'filthy, shameful thing which is called a café-concert.' He could not prevent such exhibitions, but he would make them as difficult as possible. On this M. Belcastel reverted to the original charge, protesting against taking the pence away from a peasant to throw them at the head of a tenor, or at the foot of a ballet-girl. He declared that the theatre could not do any good to a country, and he cited in proof of his assertion his experience at the Opera one night, when the *Rhin Allemand* was declaimed, with a defiance which, he said, France has bitterly expiated since; and then, an actress, draped in the tricolor, and kneeling, sang the *Marseillaise* like a genius of victory, to an audience whom she electrified. Next day, M. de Belcastel continued, the walls of Paris were covered with a despatch from Marshal MacMahon, announcing a defeat, which till then had been unknown. The Deputy's logic is open to question, but it is encouraging to hear a Frenchman denouncing the mad incitement to glory which has led France into such unutterable misery. This is not the time, however, to discuss either the large question of subventionising theatres, or the encouragement of martial spirit. Enough that all the reductions, except that referring to the Théâtre Lyrique, were rejected by a show of hands, and that the grant was duly voted. The last-named theatre was burnt during the Commune, and the Parisians, who always must laugh at everything, make great fun of the slowness of the restoring process. The last joke is, that the one workman who was employed in rebuilding the theatre, has been taken ill this week, and that all the young composers of France have called upon him to leave cards, 'with kind inquiries.'"

\* He is Mdle. Marimon's professor.—A. S. S.

## MUSIC IN ITALY.

(Extract from a Letter).

The withdrawal of Government subvention from the Italian theatres has tended to narrow their resources and circumscribe their action. Many leading houses, notably those of Genoa, Turin, Milan, and Venice, are now only opened during what is termed Carnival season, from the 26th of December to the end of March. At this period the wealthier families are residing in their palaces, and, by private subscriptions contribute to the opera that pecuniary support which the State no longer affords. An exhibition of fine arts, however, held at Milan in the early autumnal months of the present year, drew an unusually large concourse of strangers to that capital, for whose entertainment La Scala was opened during a brief supplementary season, with *Der Freischütz*, and a ballet, *Bianca di Nevers*, founded upon the story which Mr. Fechter has rendered familiar to London audiences by *The Duke's Motto*. The performance of *Der Freischütz* was distinguished by a more even excellence than is always to be found in our London operahouses. Certainly there was no "bright particular star" to compare with Covent Garden or Drury Lane; but the performers, Signore Mariani and Pasqua, Signori Tasca, Maini, Predeval, Viviani, &c., were note-perfect, and played well together. The tenor, Tasca, was formerly in London, and gained only a moderate success. The baritone, Maini, sang and acted with earnestness and vigour. But it was the representative of Agata, Signora Marietta Mariana-Masi, who carried the suffrages of the house. Signora Mariana-Masi has no qualifications of youth or beauty, nor any striking talent as an actress, nor is her voice a powerful one; but I have rarely heard a more thorough artist in every respect. The ballet was brilliant, the *premiers danseuses*, Mdlle. Angiolina Petronio, is a finished artist, and Mdlle. Giovannina Marchetti is a promising beginner, whose personal beauty is remarkable. The *corps de ballet*, nevertheless, is the pride and glory of La Scala, being unsurpassed either at Paris or Vienna, and unrivalled in Italy. The *spectacle* of both opera and ballet was in good taste.

At Venice, La Fenice, was closed. The interior, which in size and general arrangement bears a strong resemblance to the late Her Majesty's Theatre, is handsome; and the decorations are so rich as to permit of an inspection by daylight without detriment—an unusual circumstance, seeing that most theatres present a tawdry appearance when not lighted up for the evening's entertainment. There was an *opera buffa* company performing at the Teatro San Benedetto, recently re-christened the "Teatro Rossini." Old and dilapidated, this house has still its claims to distinction. It was for the San Benedetto that Rossini composed *L'Italiana in Algeri*. On the occasion of my first two visits I heard Flotow's *L'Ombra*. On another night they gave the *Barbieri*, a work which can never fail to please, whenever and wherever performed, provided the execution be respectable. The *Almaviva*, Signor Montanaro, possesses a voice worn by time, but cultivated. The Figaro, Signor Alessandro Polonini, is a son of the veteran *basso* long attached to Covent Garden. He is a good actor, is gifted with a voice of beautiful quality, and, although young, has already learned to sing after the one true method.

But it is at Bologna that the traveller will meet with the best operatic performances at this period of the year. The Teatro Comunale is, next to the Teatro Farnese at Parma, the oldest theatre in Italy. During recent years it has acquired, conjointly with the Carlo Felice at Genoa, the reputation of being the most artistically directed operahouse in the kingdom—in great part due to the fact of the musical arrangements being entrusted to Il Cavaliere Angelo Mariani, who also, during the Carnival, when this house is closed, fills the post of *chef d'orchestre* at Genoa. Mariani occupies here a position analogous to that enjoyed by Sir Michael Costa in our own country—namely, of being the first orchestral conductor of the day, and his band is without question the finest and best disciplined in Italy. The great season commences at the end of September, and continues for about nine or ten weeks. The operas announced were *Mosè in Egitto* (Rossini), *Tannhäuser* (Wagner), and *Norma* (Bellini), of which the first two have been given. *Mosè in Egitto* has never taken root in England. The Scriptural nature of the story would naturally prevent its being brought before an English audience in its present form; but upon two occasions an attempt has been made, by re-arrangement and alteration of character and locality, to introduce it. The first, if I do not mistake, occurred in 1825 or 1826, when, as *Pietro l'Ermita*, it was brought out during the management of Mr. Ebers, at the old King's Theatre. A second and more elaborate undertaking was its production, with the title of *Zora*, at Covent Garden, in the spring of 1850 (the first year of Mr. Gye's long and honourable connection with that establishment), when, despite the admirable singing of Castellani, Vera, Tamberlik, Zelger, and Tamburini, and the splendour of the mounting, it failed to command more than a *succès d'estime*, and was never afterwards revived. That the feebleness of the plot has anything to do with this I cannot believe, seeing that other operas of Rossini—for instance, *Semiramide* and

*Guglielmo Tell*—equally deficient in this respect, still attract great audiences whenever they are performed. But the fact remains. Yet Rossini has written few things more charming than the introductory music, and the chorus, "La dolce Aurora," in the first act; the duet, "Parlar, spiegar non posso," in the second, which pairs off with, and, perhaps, surpasses in beauty, a corresponding one for tenor and baritone in *Otello*; "Mi manca la voce," in the third; and the prayer with which the opera concludes. Here, thanks to the excellence of the singers, and the ability of the conductor, the performance was one which would have done credit to any theatre in Europe. The *prima donna*, Madame Ramirez, has a *soprano*, the upper notes of which are especially bright and telling. The *comprimaria*, Madame Bellotti, is painstaking and correct. The representative of Mosè, Signor Giuseppe David, has a sonorous *basso*, and acts with dignity. The baritone, Aldighieri, and the tenor, Paterno, are, however, entitled to the chief honours. Aldighieri, when a very young man, was at Her Majesty's Theatre, under Mr. Lumley, in 1858, but did not succeed. He was dismissed with the qualification of "*Vox et prætera nihil*." It was reserved for a later period and for continental audiences to mould this singer into what he now assuredly is. Signor Filippo Paterno is about 32 years of age. To say that nature has not been bountiful to him in the way of external advantages is but a faint expression; for, like Madame Pisanoni, the famous contralto (who forwarded her portrait to every manager who offered her an engagement) he is repulsively ugly, a defect increased by tastelessness in stage costume. But Signor Paterno has a tenor of beautiful quality. The epithet golden may seem fanciful, but I know of none other so appropriate to such a voice as his.

To write on the subject of *Tannhäuser* is a more difficult task. Idolised even to fanaticism in his native country, Herr Richard Wagner has until lately met with little favour. The production of *Tannhäuser* in the French capital a few years back is fresh in the recollection of all. It was brought out at the Grand Opera with a decoration lavish even for that theatre, and with the support of many influential members of the Parisian world, including the Princess Metternich. Yet after two or three representations the work was consigned to oblivion. Nor has Herr Wagner's career in London proved more fortunate. It would be needless to do more than allude to the well-known circumstance of his connection with the Philharmonic Society in 1854, a connection which, however brief, was so disastrous as to threaten that time-honoured association with dismemberment. During the earlier seasons of Mr. Mapleson's managerial career, *Tannhäuser* was on more than one occasion put forward in the opera-prospectus; and only last March Mr. Gye held out a probability of his being able to present *Lohengrin*. Yet these promises came to nothing. In 1870, meanwhile, another work, *Der Fliegende Holländer* had really been brought out at Drury Lane, during Mr. Wood's one season of management—a management, though financially unsuccessful, the most interesting, in an artistic sense, that London had witnessed for many years. But *Der Fliegende Holländer* was produced at the end of the subscription, when nearly everybody had left town, and consequently no fair means were afforded whereby to decide of its merit. Happening to be at Munich early last August an opportunity was given me of hearing *Der Fliegende Holländer*. To judge an opera of any pretension by a single hearing would be unfair, even if it were possible. It was, notwithstanding, evident enough that here was something tuneful, original, and fresh, however strange (strange, perhaps, because so fresh). I remember a duet in the first act, and a chorus of spinners in the second, as being melodious and characteristic in no ordinary degree. Greatly did I regret that no chance of a further acquaintance with this or the composer's other works offered itself during my stay there; and hearing recently that *Tannhäuser* was being played at Bologna, it seemed unwise not to return to that city, and, by a repeated attendance at the theatre, to acquire if possible some further knowledge of Wagner in what is said to be his masterpiece. The execution was fine. The Venus (Mdle. Carolina Bossi) and the Elizabeth (Mdle. Frederica Gruhn) were both careful and steady in their music. Mdle. Gruhn had one chance, the *preghiera* in the third act, and this she made the most off. The tenor Gyarre, who represented *Tannhäuser*, has youth, good appearance, and a voice of extraordinary power, which he must be careful not to impair by overstraining and exaggeration. The *bass*, David, contributed not a little to the effect of the septet in the first act. The strength and success of the performance, however, vocally speaking, lay in the singing of Aldighieri as Wolfram. The opera was got up in a manner for which Signor Angelo Mariani cannot be too highly commended. To his unwearied exertions, Herr Wagner is largely indebted. That *Tannhäuser* has succeeded is beyond doubt; for although the prices of admission are doubled, the theatre is filled on every occasion of its performance. It is said that Signor Mariani was lately offered *carte blanche* by Mr. Gye to superintend the musical arrangements at Covent Garden, but that he refused the offer, despite its advantages, preferring to remain in his native country. When *Tannhäuser* was given at Hanover, a few months since, the curtain rose

at six, and did not finally descend till one in the morning. At Bologna it was so shortened as to occupy only three hours in performance. Of the judgment displayed in the abridged version, prepared by Signor Mariani, its reception is testimony sufficient.

### THE RUBINSTEIN CHAMBER CONCERTS.

(From "Watson's Art Journal.")

The Chamber-Concerts announced by Herr Rubinstein will afford us an opportunity of hearing some of his most charming compositions, and also of hearing him play in his best style; for, in conjunction with the other solo instruments, it is probable that he will subdue in some degree that nervously, furiously extravagant manner, which is not really piano playing, but rather a frenzied ecstasy, in which this great performer is as liable to strike as many wrong notes as right notes.

Rubinstein's reputation as a pianist rests upon his minutes of sanity; and all his absurd mannerisms and glaring inaccuracies are extenuated on the score of his genius. We acknowledge that he is possessed of genius, although we do not think it of the first class, but we do not consider that the possession of genius excuses a man, who claims to be the foremost pianist in the world, exhibiting himself, on several occasions, as a sixth-class player. An artist who is so mentally and physically unequal, as not to be able to keep to a certain level during an hour and a half, should cease playing in public; for although the minutes of sublimity may balance the minutes of mediocrity, the impression left is one of extreme dissatisfaction.

Rubinstein is certainly not a great master of the pianoforte, although at times he is, probably, one of the greatest executants. From his earliest youth he despised rules and condemned schools; he played as he thought fit, and his want of early, settled method, is clearly evidenced in his uncertain and extravagant technique, which is at all times neither one thing nor the other. This contempt of all rule is, in the case of Rubinstein, rather the result of egotism than of genius; for what he does and what he has done does not lead us to expect that his music will leave a great impression upon his own era, or influence, in any degree, the future of music; while his piano-playing, save in his moments of inspiration, and then not as regards his affectation, is certainly not a healthy example to place before students in art. The influence of Rubinstein will in no way compare with the influence of Thalberg and Gottschalk. Thalberg displayed a perfect mechanism, combined with grace and great power, without confusion of tone and great thumping; while Gottschalk, with a splendid mechanism, and a touch of wonderful sympathetic tenderness, added to these brilliant fancy, poetic imagination, and the magnetism of passionate earnestness. Neither of these great artists was subject to "conniption" fits; they would play better at one time than another, but they rarely fell below their own high standard of excellence.

We heard Rubinstein, at one *matinée*, play Chopin in a manner very inferior to many of our amateurs, and soon afterwards, Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 3, in a style that could hardly be surpassed. The colouring (exaggerated, of course,) which he gave to the long-spun-out *finale*, was wonderful in the broadest meaning of the word. It was the product of his moments of inspiration, and we doubt if that performance ever was, or ever could be, surpassed.

This was followed by Liszt's Fantasia on *Don Giovanni*, one of the most difficult compositions for the piano ever put upon paper, and in many respects one of the grandest. It is said that Von Bülow once attempted it in public, but broke down at the commencement of the *finale*, stopped, and confessed his inability to proceed. Rubinstein commenced it grandly and pursued it for a time in his best style, but when he came to the *finale* everything became chaotic. For page after page he floundered and blundered, nearly equalling Jerry Popkins in the performance of his great composition, entitled, "The Devil in a High Wind," or some such name. The more he advanced the more hopeless the confusion became; wrong chords in the bass, wrong chords in the treble, wrong notes everywhere, while his dishevelled hair flapped against his face with a positive hirsute fury, seeming to lash him to madness. We never remember to have heard a performance so hopelessly bad, always excepting, of course, the performances of Jerry Popkins—and we wondered if that troublesome hair had anything to do with the failure. It was curious to observe how the fanatical worshippers of Rubinstein looked at each other in blank astonishment when this wonderful fiasco ended! While all competent musicians acknowledge with us the splendid points of Rubinstein, they are also aware of his glaring defects, and doubt, with us, if the one counter-balances the other; or, in other words, they doubt if it is worth while to go through so much to hear so little.

But, as we have said, in the promised Chamber-Concerts, we may expect that Rubinstein will play more equally, and if he does, we believe that the concerts will be delightful.

### THE ARCHBISHOPS ON MUSIC.

As decay breedeth life, so, from discontent springeth reformation. We hail, therefore, as a promising omen, the dissatisfaction manifested both by priest and layman, at the present state of Church music. In all sections of our national church, from the pompously demonstrative Ritualist to the plain and informal Evangelical, is seen a striving to make music a serviceable and becoming handmaiden to religion. The clergy are eager and watchful, but, alas! without light; the musician is busy and fussy, yet working without any comprehensive plan; whilst the congregations are patient subjects for both to operate upon with their varied specifics. The organ, with its hundred stops, sends forth its thunder, and the humble harmonium drones out its feeble wailings, to encompass the desired end. The Gregorian tones, stern and harsh with age, growl their monkish song, the scholastic cathedral service and anthem, so respectable, yet oftentimes so dull, strive to edify with their complacent strains, and the Lutheran hymn and chorale, with strident accents, try to quicken into life the drowsy service, yet all have hitherto failed to build up church music into a compact system, or to mould it into an acceptable form. From both the Catholic and Anglican Churches is heard, by the voices of their respective Archbishops, the cry for change. Dr. Manning, with characteristic despotism, fulminates a prohibition that women singers shall no more be heard in his diocese; Dr. Tait, with that caution that distinguishes his efforts to hold together the discordant sections and crumbling fragments of his Church, suggests that "the music, though exquisite, is more than is conducive to worship." The sincerity and earnestness of the Catholic Prelate are visible in all his words and deeds; his actions are also in accordance with, and the result of, an ascetic mode of life that often appears strangely diverse to the customs and tastes of his flock. The removal of the female element from the London choirs is an act which springs from his rigid notions of the constant and pure, entirely irrespective of the judgment and interests of the inferior clergy, and utterly regardless of the wishes of the congregation. Harsh may be the mandate, yet weighty reasons, doubtless, have prompted it. Blind obedience is the discipline of the Catholic Church, and the decree has cast forth the women singers from their pleasant and useful office. Would that we could ask what are the reasons that induced the Archbishop to revolutionise his choirs. Are they musical, or moral, or ecclesiastical? Surely the advancement of church music could not have been the prelate's design. Contrary to the uniform practice of the Catholic Church, to use the *art* to heighten the effect of her gorgeous ritual, he has virtually banished from her pale the grandest works of her most musically gifted sons. Mozart, Beethoven, and Haydn will no longer, with their solemn, devout, and inspiring strains, clothe the mass with heavenly beauty; for without the female soprano their works cannot be adequately rendered.

Boys cannot—but in rare instances—be made efficient: they hold the high register upon too brief a tenure to admit of the necessary vocal culture. The needed executive skill, ripened judgment, and appropriate expression can only come by years of experience denied to chorister. Their voices, doubtless, are sweet, but only whilst in early boyhood. Ere they can artistically use them the tones become harsh and speedily crack into the most discordant of human sounds. For such the great masters wrote not their elaborate and sublime music, their works need for their proper interpretation the educated female voice, such as in past years was heard at many of the London Catholic churches, when ladies of high artistic rank devoted their cultivated talents to the services of the church that now so rudely banishes their rare gift, and with them the only excellencies the choirs possessed. Have moral reasons led to this desolation of the choirs? Has the presence of singing ladies produced triviality or immorality of conduct? Have their syren voices turned thoughts away from spiritual to carnal things? Probably their fascinations may have often distracted frail manhood when engaged in holy meditation and reverend praise; with some the sacred themes may have been lost by the womanly charms of the vocalist; for oftentimes it is difficult to separate the message from the messenger. The ethereal strains—as they flow, now gentle and low, then jubilant and exalting, now with the humble pathos of a penitent Magdalene, and anon triumphant as Miriam the prophetess—partake both of heaven and earth. So subtle is the transition, that celestial rapture seems commingled with worldly song, like sea and sky when melting into one; scarcely is it known when the angel ceases and the woman speaks. To the imaginative mind it may be all seraphic, to others of grosser susceptibilities impure human passions may be excited. Of such it is truly said—

"The devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,  
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

It is but just to Dr. Manning to say that his edict is but a return to the old ecclesiastical policy which forbids women to hold office in the Church. If his prohibition were but a protest against the present un-

seemly clamour for "woman's rights," we should hail it with satisfaction, but as we loathe all things appertaining to monkery, we cannot but look with suspicion upon an act that is manifestly monkish in its tendency, and we shudder at the many practices observed in the development of such systems. That horrible mutilation—the male soprano!—was the result of monkish policy applied to choirs. In the earliest times, both of the Jewish and Christian religion, women were the chief singers. It is recorded that *Miriam*, the prophetess, took a timbrel in her hand, and led, with up-lifted voice, the song of victory, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously," and *Mary the Blessed* poured from her holy lips the "Magnificat" that has been the medium of praise and thanksgiving through all ages of the Christian Church. Women sang at the births of the Old and New Dispensations, their sweet accents fell upon the ears of the Holy and Divine Founders; and surely they should not in these later times be thought unfit to share in songs of devotion and adoration. It is, moreover, a strange inconsistency in a Church that deems St. Cecilia the divine patroness of music. The hallelujahs of Heaven would be shorn of their full harmonies were voices, that on earth are the most angelic, silent in the eternal anthems. The songs of the Church that are but as preludes and rehearsals for that never-ending and celestial concert, should, irrespective of sex, comprehend and unite all melodious gifts of humanity.

The Archbishop of Canterbury in his recent charge said:—"I think it impossible for anyone who has been in the habit of constantly attending our Cathedral services not to have been struck sometimes with the idea that the exquisite music with which the services are adorned, is, perhaps, more than is conducive to a devotional spirit on the part of some of those present." There can be no doubt his Grace spoke from personal experience, and also echoed the thoughts of most Cathedral dignitaries. Men taken from the library or closet, college or school-room, where music never can be heard, and compelled for months to constantly attend a musical service, must have a surfeit of anthems. And were they not compensated for those irksome duties by elevation of rank and increase of fortune we should give them our pity. Music prolonging and clogging their prayers must be to them as incongruous and irritating as are the tunes from the street to a mathematical student. It is, perhaps, a cruelty to take elderly gentlemen from their life-long quiet habits and pursuits, and to place them for hours each day, as they may consider it, under a roaring organ and in close proximity to screaming boys and bawling men. Music, if unloved and neglected in youth, will prove a galling shrew to old age forced to listen to her. The Primate calls our Church music exquisite. If the term be used critically we should in all humility differ from him, if only complimentary it may be received as a proof of his courteous urbanity. It is a sweet word. Still there are those who would not appreciate being called an "exquisite." The most nourishing food is not sweet; and the grandest music can scarcely be called "exquisite;" it tickles not the ear so much as it satisfies the soul. Much of the best of our Cathedral music is rugged, stern, and severe; when it descends from this uncompromising character, it is generally weak and twaddling. If Cathedral music be "more than is conducive to worship," the objection surely rests rather with the length of the service than the music which adorns it. The Sunday morning service is felt by many to be too long, if not wearisome. In it are amalgamated the Morning Service proper the Litany, and the Communion Service; causing thereby needless and tiresome repetitions. When celebrated with music, it necessarily becomes longer; although, excepting the anthem, nothing is added. Is it not detrimental to music to have "to adorn" so much, without sufficient time to accomplish its task? For example, the composer has to set to music the *Te Deum*, a hymn containing themes of boundless variety, demanding a corresponding treatment; yet it must not occupy but a few minutes in its utterance, consequently, he is limited to a form of composition little better than a "chant." So with the other portions of the service, speed and hurry are the qualifications and characteristics. So much has to be sung that delay for a moment to reflect, by music, the distinct sentiments cannot be allowed. As the service is long, the *art* must be short. Such fetters have crippled the efforts of Church musicians, and debarred them from cultivating in their services true and just expressions. Unjust, therefore, are the sneers of critics at the poverty of invention, as they call it, of such composers as Rogers, Aldrich, Gibbon, and Boyce. These men had to supply a close fitting musical dress without any adornments, and under such conditions their works have been as useful as they are admirable.

The absence of any comprehensive plan in the music of Divine service causes a rambling monotony, and a jumbling of parts, instead of presenting a well-defined whole. The chants, responses, services, anthems, and hymns, are usually by different composers; they bear no relation to each other either in style or purpose, age or character; they are but patches instead of a garment. Our Cathedral structures are being restored to their primitive styles and unique beauty. The still more important task rests with our Church authorities to present each

service in its ancient state, or in a complete form, and to so adorn them with exquisite music that they should really be conducive to worship. Hitherto music has been treated by the clergy as but "a maid of all work;" the time, however, is coming when they will entertain a higher appreciation of her value, and a greater respect for her offices. The fame of the ballad-maker oftentimes outlives that of the statesman, so also the despised organist achieves an immortality denied to his clerical superiors. Purcell is known, but his dean is quite forgotten; and the works of Goss, Hopkins, and Wesley, of our own time, may endure longer than the united productions of the present members of the Houses of Convocation. The influence of music can be no longer ignored by the clergy. If they be wise they will seek to understand its spiritual nature, ascertain the force and direction of its ethereal currents, and hoist all sails to catch and utilise the heavenly gale.—L. T.

#### MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

M. Rebehard's idea of getting up a concert for the benefit of the hospital and "orphelins" of Boulogne, has (through his energy) assumed a more tangible shape, and I can now inform you that the event—for it will be an event here—is likely to take place on or about January 15, next. Among the special pieces, will be performed, Rossini's *La Ophiré*, and *La Prière de Moïse*.

In my last I told you that there was a chance of our hearing Mlle. Schneider at the Theatre, when the "everlasting drama" will be varied by the performance of operettas. The *London Figaro* has, I suppose, quoted you, but wrongly, stating that "Mlle. Schneider was engaged at the *Etalissement* at Boulogne." The writer must be very ignorant of Boulogne, its manners, and customs, and of Mlle. Schneider. We have the truth, I presume in the programme of to-morrow's "Bill of the Play": "Au premier jour, *La Maitre de Chapelle* avec le concours de Mlle. Faigle, d'ugazon Schneider, et M. Jams." That's all I can tell you. S. C.

#### DEATH OF MR. HENRY BLAGROVE.

Mr. Henry Blagrove, the most justly-renowned of English violinists, died on Sunday evening, at his residence in London, after a lengthened and severe illness. The immediate cause of his death was congestion of the lungs, but he had suffered from a complication of maladies, and his case had for some time been regarded as hopeless. Mr. Blagrove—with the late Mr. Charles Lucas, Mr. T. M. Mudie, Mr. Manke, Mr. W. H. Holmes, Mr. Grattan Cooke, and others, most of whom, like himself, afterwards became eminent in the musical profession—was among the first students admitted to the Royal Academy of Music, when that Institution was founded, about half a century ago. He there early distinguished himself, and acquired a proficiency on his instrument much like that afterwards acquired on the pianoforte by his fellow student, Sterndale (now Sir Sterndale) Bennett. In order to perfect himself in his art, Mr. Blagrove went to Germany, and for some time enjoyed the inestimable advantage of instruction from Dr. Spohr, who excelled no less as a violinist than as a composer. He also took friendly counsel of Bernhard Molique, who, a genuine disciple of Spohr, stood nearest to that master as composer for, and performer on, the violin. On his return from Germany, Mr. Blagrove, at a concert given by the Philharmonic Society, introduced one of the concertos of Molique, and played it so admirably, and with so much applause, that when the composer himself, a year or two later, paid his first visit to England, and made his *début* with another of his concertos at the Philharmonic, the essay of our gifted countryman cannot fairly be said to have been eclipsed. Mr. Blagrove's professional career in England is too well known to stand in need of any detailed account. For very many years he occupied the position of our foremost violinist, and whether as solo player or orchestral "leader" at the Philharmonic Society, at the Opera, or at the great provincial Festivals, maintained his supremacy undisputed. A more beautiful and, if we may use the conventional phrase, "silvery" tone than that of Mr. Blagrove, a more graceful and vigorous bow-arm, a more facile and unerring execution few violinists we remember have possessed. The Royal Academy of Music has exercised far more influence on the progress of the art in this country than is generally understood, and one of the most eminent examples of its teaching was the accomplished professor whose death we now record.—*Times*.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1872-3.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

### ELEVENTH CONCERT, MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 18, 1872.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

#### PART I.

QUARTET, in E minor, Op. 69, for two violins, viola, and violoncello  
—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. . Beethoven.  
RECIT. and AIR, "Revenge, Timotheus cries"—Mr. SAWLEY .. .. . Handel.  
THIRTY-TWO VARIATIONS on an Original Air, Op. 36, for  
Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD .. .. . Beethoven.

#### PART II.

SERENADE, Trio for violin, viola, and violoncello—MM.  
STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. . Beethoven.  
SONG, "The Monk"—Mr. SAWLEY .. .. . Meyerbeer.  
SONATA, in G, Op. 30, for pianoforte and violin—Madame  
ARABELLA GODDARD and Herr STRAUS .. .. . Beethoven.  
CONDUCTOR .. .. . MR. ZERBINI.

### SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT. AN EXTRA MORNING PERFORMANCE

(Not included in the Subscription) will take place

On Saturday, January 18.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

#### PROGRAMME.

QUINTET in G Minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello  
Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and  
DUNN .. .. . Mozart.  
RECIT. and AIR, "Nemico al bosco" (Zio)—Mr. SAWLEY .. .. . Handel.  
SONATA, in G, Op. 29, No. 1, for pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES  
HALL .. .. . Beethoven.  
SONATA, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Madame  
NORMAN-NERUDA .. .. . Nardini.  
SONG, "The Bellringer" (by desire)—Mr. SAWLEY .. .. . Wallace.  
SONATA, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, for pianoforte and violin—  
Mr. CHARLES HALL and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, .. .. . Beethoven.  
Conductor .. .. . Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

#### MARRIAGE.

On the 12th inst., at St. Luke's, Caterham Valley, Surrey, by the  
Rev. W. T. Du Boulay, Incumbent of Boltons, Brompton, assisted by  
the Rev. P. J. Watts, vicar, and the Rev. Wm. Calvert, Incumbent of  
St. Peter's, Dulwich, MARCUS ELMER BENNETT, Esq., of Foo-Chow,  
China, to MADELINE GRETRUDE, third living daughter of the late  
Henry Carl Schiller, Esq. No cards.

#### DEATHS.

On Sunday, the 16th inst., at 244, Marylebone Road, HENRY GAMBLE  
BLAGROVE, Esq., aged 61.

On the 11th inst., at 111, Beesborough Place, Pimlico, after a painful  
illness, F. J. SUTTON, Esq., musician, aged 58.

On the 9th inst., at 19, Devonshire Street, Islington, JAMES SHOU-  
BRIDGE, Esq., Vicar Choral of St. Paul's Cathedral, aged 68.

On the 7th inst., ORLANDO BRADBURY, Esq., gentleman of Her  
Majesty's Chapel Royal, and Lay Vicar of Westminster Abbey.  
Aged 68.

#### NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs.  
DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little  
Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements  
may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

Next Week, being Christmas Week, Advertisers are requested to  
oblige the Publishers by sending their Advertisements to the Office not  
later than TUESDAY EVENING.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1872.

THE bazaar lately held for the benefit of the Dundee  
Choral Union proved a great success, two thousand  
pounds being obtained, and devoted to release the Society

from its debts, and to provide it with the means of working  
out designs for the future cultivation of high-class music.  
It may grieve the lovers of such music that the art has to  
go begging; but it is too true that Master Crotchets is an  
expensive lad, with but poor business capabilities, and needs  
continually a helping hand to pick him up and put him on  
his feet again.

The experience of nearly all our provincial musical  
societies is loss of time, labour, and money; and the usual  
painful result to the amateur management is disgust and a  
washing of hands of such bankrupt concerns. The Dundee  
Choral Union has been, hitherto, no exception to the general  
rule; in spite of the efforts of its energetic and self-sacri-  
ficing committee, it was deeply involved. In this instance,  
however, Master Crotchets met with more powerful friends  
than even Messrs. Nagel and Mitchel, and other patrons;  
for Miss Crotchets came gallantly forward to his rescue.  
The prim, busy, little lady set all the needles of the town to  
ply for him. She called in the aid of her sisters, Tatting,  
Knitting, and Netting, and all the fancy workers in lace  
and beads, and embroiderers in wool and silk, members of  
her benevolent family. She gathered all their productions  
in the great City Hall, and opened shop for the benefit of  
the poor bankrupt. Master Crotchets had greatly interested  
her. He had brought, for her amusement and entertain-  
ment, his relatives and friends, not only from London, but  
from all parts of the world. Sometimes it was a party of  
vocalists, at other seasons a band of instrumentalists, and  
he crowned his favours by prevailing upon Sir Michael  
Costa to come and discourse, through a splendid orchestra,  
his eloquent themes in *Eti*.

Now Master Crotchets's friends cost him dear. They  
would have "siller," and, to give it them, he borrowed and  
borrowed until he became deeply in debt. Careful Scotch-  
men shrugged their shoulders, and turned themselves away  
from such a shameful "braking o' saxpences," thinking their  
own pipes as beautiful and far more economical; and had it  
not been for the dear girl, Crotchets, the spendthrift, would  
have been sent away south. She paid his debts and gave  
him cash to indulge in future frolics. Scotchmen have  
earned fame for being good at a bargain, but they are  
nowhere in comparison with Scotchwomen. Commerce may  
say of them

"Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O."

Adam, like Sandy, would take the proffers of the lassie,  
Eve, though they cost him paradise. She made the daft  
bachelor that came to the bazaar pay fifteen shillings a pair  
for baby's socks, twenty shillings for a child's cotton frock,  
and two pounds for "a bunch of blue ribbons." She loaded  
the staid and saving elders of the people with toy flags,  
rattles, and drums, and all kinds of such unprofitable  
merchandise, and thereby eased them of the cash usually so  
safely buttoned up in their deep pockets. The Dundee  
Choral Union is to be congratulated on the successful issue  
of its bazaar. A goodly sum is two thousand pounds to  
have in hand. It will doubtless do much for the growth of  
musical art in a district where, hitherto, musical art has well  
nigh languished for want of public support. L. T.

THE Managers of the Royal Academy of Music are  
evidently desirous to well-ground their students in the  
natural phenomena upon which all musical theory is based.  
They could do no better thing; nor take a surer means of  
exciting an intelligent interest in music as a science. It is,

therefore, with no common gratification that we refer to some lectures lately delivered to the pupils of the Academy, by Sedley Taylor, Esq., M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. Taylor, as need scarcely be said, is a gentleman quite competent to deal authoritatively with his subject; and the keen interest taken in the lectures by all who had the privilege of hearing them was not only a proof of their value as lectures, but of the excellence of their delivery. Mr. Taylor advanced thirty-five propositions. The thirty-fifth having such a practical application that we must quote it:—

"Vocal practice with a 'tempered' instrument tends to impair purity of intonation. It would be better to have a pianoforte with one key perfectly in tune, and use this key alone in accompanying the voice for ordinary practice."

The charm of reasoning and demonstration, by which the learned lecturer worked up to this point, cannot be followed here; but enough has been said to direct attention to a valuable feature in the Academy course. Let us hope that Mr. Taylor, or some equally competent master of musical acoustics, will often have work to do in Tenterden Street. The Principal of the Royal Academy being absent, on account of indisposition, Mr. Walter Macfarren presided at the first lecture, and Mr. G. A. Macfarren at the second. Both were attended by a great majority of the pupils and several of the professors.

THE *Brighton Guardian*, taking note of our last week's "leader," has drawn a very unflattering contrast between the conscript fathers of Liverpool and those of the fashionable southern resort. Our cotemporary says:—

"The *Musical World* of last Saturday draws under the grateful notice of the profession in which it circulates the conduct of the Mayor of Liverpool, who, as the municipal chief of the second commercial and trading community in the Kingdom, has warmly espoused the National Music Meetings, organised by Mr. Willert Beale, at the Crystal Palace, and has given a handsome subscription towards the formation and sustentation of a Borough Choir to take part in the competitions. Happily, our cotemporary seems ignorant of the way in which some of the Pavilion Committee and a section of the Town Council are disposed to treat old-established and representative musical societies in Brighton. Had the *Musical World* such knowledge, its Editor might be inclined to point a moral, if he could not adorn a tale. An explanation may, however, be offered. The Brighton Corporation is now so engrossed in Science and so ecstatic upon painting, that music would be a positive distraction."

We were quite ignorant of the state of things at Brighton, or we should certainly have used it to "point the moral" of our remarks. But there is at least one hope for the fair Sussex town, as regards this matter:—The press is awake to musical things. Let the press go on "pegging away," and all will be well in the end.

THE Sacred Harmonic Society's forty-first Christmas performance of the *Messiah* will be repeated on Friday next, 27th inst. Madame Sinico, Madame Patey, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley are the principal vocalists, Sir Michael Costa conducting as usual.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WHEN Weber was composing his little opera, *Abu Hassan*, in Darmstadt, he wrote to a friend: "I shall dedicate *Abu Hassan* to the Grand Duke; perhaps he will 'come down' with something handsome." His Serenity condescended to "come down" with 440 florins, so that, for a time, Weber was freed from care.

JOSEPH Badar, a pianoforte tuner, has just died at Paris, aged ninety-eight, at the same time as his wife, who was ninety-four. In his way, he was a celebrity, having been pianoforte tuner to Beethoven.

ACCORDING to the *Paris Patrie*, M. Victor Wilder has made a very remarkable discovery. He has found in the library of the Grand Opera, an unpublished score of a ballet, composed by Mozart, during his visit to the French capital, in 1778. The ballet was produced under the title of *Petits Riens*. There is no doubt of the authenticity of the MS.

HERE is another musico-literary curiosity, for the delectation of our readers:—

"Dear Sir,—I should be very happy, if you could fix me on the place of first violin in your orchestra of which you have spoken me at the time *Jubilee*; I will be at you very much obliged to speak at the menager of the *Museum theatre*, for engage him to take one fiddler more in your orchestra; I will be satisfied to play with you; and I will be always at your disposition.

I don't know, if I have spoken you, of my musical compositions, but if I have the honour to be admitted at your orchestra, you can to dispose of me, I will do me, a great pleasure to oblige you.

If you have the chance, to have a good success for me near the menager; Send me two lines, for indicate me the day, where I will be obliged to render me at *Boeton*; for to begin my service; and Directly I will render me at your appeal.

In the hope to receive an answer favourable, receive Sir my amicable salutations. Your Servant and friend,  
New York, the 27, July, 72.

Is it possible that this was written by our epistolary friend, *Paganini Redivivus*?

#### OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Daily News* speaks as follows of the F minor Concerto of Sir Sterndale Bennett, performed by Madame Arabella Goddard, at the first concert of the British Orchestral Society:—

"In noticing the opening performance of a society claiming distinct national attributes, it is but right to speak first of the one work in last night's programme which is associated therewith. The concerto, by our distinguished countryman, is one of the many productions by which he has established his own fame, and taken away from England the reproach of having done little or nothing, in the higher departments of instrumental composition, worthy of comparison with the works of the great German masters. The four pianoforte concertos, and the several concert overtures, of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett hold their place in classical programmes, not only here, but also at concerts of the first class in Germany. Had a few more such English composers appeared within recent times, we might have claimed a distinct position as a musical nation (creatively), which we have scarcely held since the days of Purcell. It will always remain on honourable record that—since the cessation of Sir W. S. Bennett's own admirable performances—his concertos have been chiefly heard through the medium of Madame Arabella Goddard, who plays them evidently *con amore*, and devotes to them her most earnest study and best executive powers. The concerto in F minor—perhaps the best of the four—has so frequently been performed by this lady, that it will be sufficient to say it was given by her on Thursday with as much success as ever. Each movement was warmly applauded—particularly, as usual, the charming *Barcarolle*, which would evidently have been received with pleasure a second time."

#### A PROTEST FROM BACH.

(To the Editor of the "*Musical World*.")

SIR,—When I was alive, I was an artist, and lived in Germany. I composed preludes and fugues. I am informed by some spirits who were formerly professors of music in London, and who now reside here, that my compositions are now played in England; they also tell me that an eminent gentleman named Gounod has taken one of my preludes and made it into a trio for violin, piano, and organ. This I do not like, and were I not a ghost, I would go to law about it. But as, under my present circumstances, I have no redress, I hope that somebody will treat one of M. Gounod's preludes as he has treated mine. I am yours truly,

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

*Spirittland, December 17th, 1872.*

[We fancy that Herr Bach has been mis-informed. Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia is said to have improvised the tune to which the prelude he mentions is forcibly attached; and all M. Gounod had to do was to turn it rhythmically—*secundum* Cocker.—A. S. S.]

GOtha.—Concert of the Vocal Union, under the direction of Herr Wanderales: "Tenebræ factæ sunt," Michael Haydn; "Salvum fac Regem," Löwe; Andante (from the Violin Concerto), Mendelssohn; Duet (from the 95th Psalm), Mendelssohn; First Movement from the Violin Concerto, Vieuxtemps; two Choral Songs, Mendelssohn, &c.

## CHARLES MATTHEWS ON HIS LEGS AT THE GAIETY.

On Saturday night, Mr. Charles Matthews concluded his present engagement, and made the following address:—

"Ladies and gentlemen,—It is so long that I have been deprived of the pleasure of addressing you, that I have not been willing to forego the privilege of saying a few words on the last night of my present engagement. I have a thousand things I should like to tell you, but it would take too long. Since we parted, I have played before the gold diggers of Australia, the diamond miners of California, the buffalo hunters of the Far West, and the cannibals of the Sandwich Islands. At the latter place I played one night by command, and in the presence of his Majesty Kame-hame-ha, King of the Sandwich Islands (not Hoky-Poky-Wonky-Fong, as erroneously reported), a sable potentate weighing about 17 stones, before a black and brown multitude till lately cannibals, who showed their white teeth, grinning, and enjoying *Patter versus Clatter* as much as a few years ago they would have enjoyed the roasting of a missionary or the baking of a baby. And, after all these feats, here I am once more, safe and sound, in our old jog-trot world, or, as I believe it is the right thing to say, 'on my native heath.' But I must confine myself at present to the expression of my cordial thanks for the brilliant attendance I have been favoured with night after night for the last ten weeks, and the warm and friendly reception I have experienced. It is worth a trip round the world to be honoured by so hearty a welcome on one's return. I have been three years away from England—time enough to have been easily forgotten—and it is gratifying to find that I am still remembered, and, what is better, still capable of eliciting the same old tokens of approbation from the public. Were that public the same that witnessed my first appearance on the stage, I might attribute their applause to their kindly feelings of old association, and conclude that they looked upon my present efforts favourably in consideration of our long acquaintanceship. But it is no longer the same public; another generation has sprung up since I made my *début*, and it is therefore most agreeable to me to believe that any amusement the more youthful portion of the audience may derive from my personations is afforded by my present powers, and not caused by the revival of old associations. To find myself within a stone's throw of seventy years of age, permitted still to assume characters of twenty-five, and tolerated in the same lively parts I played nearly forty years ago, I consider not only a great compliment to myself individually, but to the vitality of the comedies it has been my aim to interpret. In this age of sensation it is consoling to find that these slight pieces are still attractive in spite of the total absence of scenic effects, break-downs, topical songs, or a display of legs—when I see fashionable young men and elegant girls of the period sitting quietly and attentively for three hours enjoying a hearty laugh, I confess I feel flattered. With my own contemporaries, many of whom, I am happy to see, are still faithful adherents, it is a different thing. We have grown old together, and look with mutual indulgence at our respective bald heads; but my new and younger friends have no such considerations, and are swayed only by their present impressions, and are not influenced by kindly recollections. They look upon me, I hope, as a living reality, and not merely as a curious old fossil, dug up from some Chaldean ruin; while my earlier acquaintances are able, I trust, to say, 'There is life in the old horse still.' I will only add, ladies and gentlemen, that as long as I continue to afford you amusement so long will I endeavour to promote it; but I promise you that the moment I feel conscious of decay, I will at once retire from the stage, and will not inflict upon you the melancholy spectacle of a light comedian upon crutches. This is a purely egotistical speech, I am aware; but I couldn't help it—I drifted into it without premeditation; and, as I have for so many years been in the habit of telling you all my joys and sorrows, I have merely resumed my old gossiping practices. I have chosen this occasion to express to you my sincere gratitude for the brilliant engagement I have just concluded. Allow me, therefore, ladies and gentlemen, to thank you a thousand times for your many kindnesses, and to say *au revoir*."

WEIMAR.—Herr R. Wagner's opera, *Die Meistersinger* has been revived. Herr von Milde is Hans Sachs; Herr Feronczy, Walther; Mdle. Amann, Eva; and Mdme. Ludwig-Medal, Magdelena. Herr Ehrke, from the Leipzig Theatre, sustained the part of Beckmeister, in place of Herr Schmidt, suffering from indisposition. The *mise-en-scène* was all that could be desired.—The programme of the first Orchestral Concert contained: "Sinfonie militaire," Haydn; two Orchestral Movements for the drama, *Rosamunde*, Schubert; Overture to the opera, *Der Herrscher der Geister*. Herr Borschers sang Pylades' air, in A major, "Nur einen Wunsch, nur ein Verlangen," from Gluck's *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, and an air from E. Reiter's oratorio, *Das neue Paradies*. Herr Winkler played an *Andante* and *Rondo* for the flute, by Molique.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

At the public rehearsal of the students, on Tuesday afternoon, December 10th, the following programme was gone through, to the evident satisfaction of the audience:—

Sanctus, Benedictus, and Hosanna, from Mass in C, Beethoven—Solo parts, Miss George, Miss Bolton, Mr. Howells, and Mr. L. N. Parker; Concerto, in D minor (First Movement), pianoforte, Kalkbrenner—Miss Griffiths; Aria, "Dalla sua pace," (*Don Giovanni*) Mozart—Mr. Howells (Potter Exhibitioner); Concerto, in E minor, violin (Last Two Movements), Mendelssohn—Mr. Jones; Motett, "Salve Regina," Hauptmann; Concerto, in C minor, pianoforte (First Movement), Beethoven—Miss Troup; Recitative and Aria, "Non più di fiori" (*La Clemenza di Tito*), Mozart—Miss Mary Crawford (Mendelssohn Scholar), Clarinet *obbligato*, Mr. Egerton; Concerto, in G (No. 7), violin, De Beriot—Mr. Palmer; Agnus Dei and Dona Nobis Pacem, from Mass in C, Beethoven.

The violin performances of Mr. Jones, and Mr. Palmer, as well as the aria "Non più di fiori," sung by Miss Crawford, obtained more than ordinary approbation. Mr. John Hullah conducted.

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS MADELINE MEADE'S evening concert, at the Beethoven Rooms, was very numerous and fashionably attended. Miss Meade was assisted by Miss Alexandrina Dwight, Miss Isabel Weale, Herr Volck, and Mr. Henry Gordon, as vocalists; and the instrumentalists were Signor Scuderi and Mr. Oberthür, with Mons. A. Noyer and Mr. A. Barth as conductors. Miss A. Dwight was encored in "O luce di quest'anima." Miss Isabel Weale was very successful in Mozart's "Voi che sapete." Mr. Henry Gordon, who unfortunately was suffering from a cold, sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," and Herr Volck sang Schubert's "Ave Maria" with taste, and his voice was heard to advantage in an effective new song, entitled "Einmalbeit," by C. Oberthür. Signor Scuderi was encored after his violin solo, and Mr. Oberthür received great applause after his new harp solo, "Clouds and sunshine," his effective harp accompaniment to Schubert's "Ave Maria" being also greatly admired. Last, not least, the fair concert-giver, who appeared in the double capacity of vocalist and pianist, was highly successful in all her performances, and received a special ovation after playing a solo for the pianoforte by Mr. W. Pape.

PREHAM RYE.—The first of a series of concerts, conducted by Mr. W. F. Taylor, was given on Monday the 16th inst., in the Museum of Fire Arms. The vocal music consisted chiefly of selections from the operatic works of Mozart, Rossini, and Barnett. Some of Mr. Taylor's own compositions were also given, and were admirably rendered by Misses Edith and Gertrude Holman Andrews (accompanied, on the pianoforte, by Mrs. Holman Andrews), whose singing, especially in their duets, called forth the loudest applause. Mr. G. Carter sang "The pilgrim of love," and a new song, by Mr. Taylor, "Memory green," in finished style, and brought down enthusiastic applause. Mr. Prenton, who has an excellent bass voice, also assisted. A small, but effective little orchestra, consisting of Messrs. Low, Brown, and H. Griesbach (violins), Mr. Spiller (viola), Mr. Imhoff (violinello), and Mr. Daure (harmonium), did good service in accompanying the concerted pieces, and played some overtures as well. They also accompanied Mr. Taylor in his very successful performance of the *Andante* and *Rondo* from Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor. Besides the concerto, Mr. Taylor played a brilliant modern fantasia. The concerts are announced as "operatic, classical, sacred, and ballad," to be given weekly. If all the programmes are as well selected as the first, large attendances we hope will be the result.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—This thriving and popular society gave their second *Soirées* on Thursday, the 12th inst., under the direction of Mr. Lansdown Cottell, at Lyndenbergh, Abbey Road. A popular programme was issued for the occasion, all the pieces to be sung or played by the members. Amongst the most notable of the vocal pieces were Mr. Henry Smart's duet, "The goat bells," (by the Misses Wade); "Voi che sapete," (Miss A. Dwight), "I would I were a bird," (Miss Edmonds), "The king of my heart," (Miss Cooke), Mr. Gibson's "Across the sea," (Miss Kenning), Mr. Francesco Berger's trio, "Excelsior," and other concerted pieces. Mr. O. Bell sang "Dearer to my soul thou art," and received much applause. Amongst the instrumental pieces worthy of mention were Liszt's arrangement of the Valse de Faust, (Mr. Henry Leopold), Herr Leytach's "Bolero" (Miss H. Allen), and Mr. Frederick Chatterton's solo on the harp. The Carnival of Venice, which was encored, Mr. Coleridge Holt gave a recitation of Lord Macaulay's "Horatius" with effect. The concert was a decided success, and the room crowded.

GENOA.—A new opera, *Anna Rosa*, has been successfully produced at the Teatro Paganini. The composer, Signor Bignami, who, we believe, is blind, was called on twenty-three times.

## PROVINCIAL.

**LEWES.**—A special evening concert has been given by Miss A. T. Bown (of Brighton), assisted by Madame Louise, and several local amateurs, in aid of the funds of the Mechanics' Institution. Considering the bad weather, there was a good attendance. The whole of the pieces were well rendered, and there were numerous encores. Mr. Barfoot and Mr. Stephen Cowley were among the gentlemen who assisted.

**KINGSTON.**—A capital concert was given in the Lecture Hall, Surbiton Park, on 8th December, by Madame Fürstenberg. The programme included several instrumental trios by Madame Fürstenberg, Herr Carl Deichmann, and Herr Daubert. Mr. Christian was encored in "The Bellsinger," and was successful in "The Valley" (Gounod). Miss Edith Blair was recalled in "Softly Sighs" (Weber), and "Birds of the night" (Sullivan). Mr. H. Stafford Trego was solo pianist and conductor.

**WOOD GREEN.**—On Monday Evening, Dec. 8th, Mr. R. Forsey Brion (Associate of the Royal Academy of Music), delivered a lecture on "The life and works of Mozart," in connection with the Winter Evening Entertainments. He was assisted by Mrs. E. Sowerby, Miss Brion, and Messrs. G. B. Sowerby and Walter Reeves, who illustrated the lecture by songs, duets, &c., from the works of the great composer. All acquitted themselves artistically. Mr. Walter Reeves, who gave the great song, "Qui sdegno," deserves special mention. The lecturer acted as accompanist, and played Mozart's Sonata in F to the satisfaction of all present.

**BRIGHTON.**—The *Guardian* says:—

"A concert was given at the Pavilion, on Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the Brighton Literary Union, and the entertainment appeared to gratify a numerous audience. Mr. Long was the 'lion' of the night, his comic songs gaining him repeated encores. His peculiar rendering of a very old duet concerning a certain 'noble lord' and a certain 'pretty maid' was very funny. The reading by Mr. Sinnick, from Bulwer Lytton's *Richelieu*, was effective, the change of voice and manner in the different characters being well sustained. Miss Ascombe is apparently a great favourite with the Union. She sang two songs, and was loudly encored in each. Mr. Barfoot and Mr. Cole (well-known members of the Brighton Glee and Madrigal Union) contributed four songs between them, and were, as usual, well received. Two pianoforte solos by Miss Agnes Knight (a selection from *I Puritani* and *Marche des Flambeaux*), two songs each by Messrs. Babsen and Beale, and readings by Messrs. J. Hill and J. Carden, jun., made up the programme. On Mr. J. Hill, the hon. secretary, the burden of the arrangements rested, and he also acted as accompanist."

We read in the same paper:—

"Thanks to the enterprise of Mr. H. Nye Chart, and the liberality and public spirit of Mr. Mapleson, the local performances of Italian Opera have been renewed this year with the same completeness and attractiveness experienced in previous seasons. On Monday night, when Bellini's *Norma* was presented, for the opening of the brief lyric campaign, the brilliancy and extent of the audience which filled the Theatre (except in, strange to say, the lower-priced sections) could not fail to gratify those residents who desire to see the now annual Brighton series of Italian Opera adequately supported, as well as the spirited promoters of the enterprise and the eminent artists, whose pride it is to minister to the gratification of the public, and, at the same time, extend and consolidate musical taste."

## TO DISHLEY PETERS, ESQ.

SIR,—Of recent years our pianists (foreigners of course, for we have scarcely any others) have gone into what may be termed the spasmodic style. We remember \*\*\*\*\* in 1852, \*\*\*\*\* in 1843, \*\*\*\*\* in 1848, &c., &c. Now \*\*\*\*\* &c., &c. When \*\*\*\*\* and \*\*\*\*\* crowned Liszt at the banquet given by King Cliquot, \*\*\*\*\* walked home with \*\*\*\*\* and expressed his disgust.—I am, Sir, yours in strict sincerity,

THEODORE LOZENGE (M.D.).

[In "strict sincerity" we think that Dr. Lozenge is insane.—A.S.S.]

**MILAN.**—Signor Ponchielli's opera, *I promessi Sposi* has been produced with extraordinary success at the Teatro dal Verme. The composer was called on between thirty and forty times. The principal parts were well sustained by Signore Teresa Brambilla, Barbani-Dini; Signori Junca, Brogi, and Fabbri.—An elegant new theatre, the Teatro della Commedia, has just been opened, in place of the Vecchio Teatro Re.—A new ballet, *I sette Peccati mortali*, by Signor Pallerini, is in rehearsal at the Scala.

## REVIEWS.

*Old Snowfield's Fortune, and What Became of It.* A Psychological Novel. By FELIX WEISS.

This is a story that will make no great inroad on the time of the most leisurely reader. It is but brief, and is printed in good, clear type, so that, probably, its perusal might be accomplished with ease during a journey by rail from Liverpool to Birmingham, or between the ending of a business day and bed-time. The attention of the reader is, first of all, attracted by the frontispiece; for the author is one of those wise entertainers who do not scorn to bespeak the interest of their clients by the use of something of the attraction of that art by which all alike—be they capable of appreciating literature or not—are gratified and propitiated. The little drawing has a quaint humour which has long been conspicuous by its absence from the illustrations of English works of fiction. We fancy that we have to thank M.M. Erckmann and Chatriot for the appearance of this homely, sober gaiety amongst us.

We consider "Old Snowfield's Fortune" a good story well told, and of an improving and elevating tendency. It is a tale with a moral, somewhat suggestive of Dickens' treatment of character and motive in his Christmas books; the reader is led to sympathise with what is human and sterling; a genuine interest is excited in the rescue of a soul from perverted views of life, and from a hard and unnatural course of conduct; sound and true sentiment is appealed to from first to last, and emotion and curiosity are awakened and fairly sustained.

NOVELLO, EWER & Co.

*In the Gloaming.* Reverie for the Pianoforte, by FREDERICK F. ROGERS.

The composer of this piece is, if we are not mistaken, a new candidate for honours in the department to which his work belongs. We welcome him, without waiting for further proof of his ability, proof enough being given in this maiden essay. The Reverie opens with a movement, *Andante con moto*, in D flat major, the theme of which is very melodious, while the accompaniment, and especially the treatment of the bass, shows power both to conceive and carry out artistic design. A light and pretty *Allegretto* in the dominant key affords a pleasant variety; after which the *Andante* is resumed, with a slightly changed bass figure, which gives the work additional interest. We heartily advise Mr. Rogers to persevere in the course upon which he has entered.

S. WILLIAMS.

*The Irresistible Polka*, by ANNIE MINOT.

This very simple and pleasing polka is well adapted for general use. Its themes are pretty and *dansante*, while the demands made upon the performer are no more than the veriest tyro could meet.

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*Brightly the Morn is Glowing.* Song. Composed expressly for, and sung by, Miss SOPHIE FERRARI, by FRANCESCA FERRARI.

THE words of this song are a free paraphrase, in excellent English verse, of Metastasio's "Placido Zeffiretto." So far, good. But better remains in the charmingly unaffected and graceful music of Miss Francesca Ferrari. We are always glad to see this young lady's name on a title-page, it being a sure omen of something good to follow. In this instance, Miss Ferrari has written a most expressive melody with a simple, yet effective *arpeggio* accompaniment, and the result is a song which cannot fail to meet with a welcome everywhere. The composer of the melody adapts it for a mezzo-soprano or low tenor voice.

**BOLOGNA.**—Signor Giovanni Tadolini, the composer, has just died in this town, where he was born in 1793. He studied under Mattei and Babin. Among the operas he wrote may be mentioned *La Fata Alcina*, 1814, for Venice; *La Principessa di Navarra*, 1816, for Bologna; *Il Credulo deluso*, 1820, for Rome; *Il Tumerlano* 1822, for Rome; *Moctar*, in 1824, for Milan; *Mitridate*, in 1826, for Venice; and *Almanzor* in 1828, for Trieste. He wrote, also, a large number of songs, romances, &c. He was master to the celebrated Signora Savorani, whom he afterwards married.—Speaking of the "crowded houses," "overflowing audiences," and "tremendous crowds" attracted by *Tannhäuser*, a local paper says that at the sixth performance the audience was scanty, and that there were twenty-four boxes empty; at the seventh, with reduced prices, the audience was still more scanty; and, at the third, it was scantiest.

**COLOGNE.**—Fourth Gürzenich Concert: Overture to *Lodoiska*, Cherubini; Concert Aria, Mozart (Mlle. Louise Voss); Pianoforte Concerto, No. 2, E minor, E. Reinecke (the composer); "Gesang der Geister über den Wassern," Ferdinand Hiller. Pianoforte pieces: "Notturmo," Reinecke; "Marcia giocosa," Biller; "Am Springbrunnen," Schumann (Herr Reinecke); Two Songs, Frasn and Schumann; and C major Symphony, Schubert.

**GENOVA.**—A marble bust of Thalberg has been presented by his widow to this, his native town.

## WAIFS.

Gomes's *Il Guarany* is shortly to be produced at the Théâtre Italien.

The marriage of Miss Madeline Schiller, the accomplished pianist, is announced.

Luigi Mercantini, composer of the famous Garibaldi Hymn, has just died at Palermo.

The death is announced, at Geneva, of M. Arnal, the French comedian, aged 78.

Miss Laura Joyce and Master Collard, "the pocket Sims Reeves," have arrived in New York, from London.

At Madrid, the opéra bouffe, *Les Cien Vierges* (Las Cien Doncellas), has been produced with enormous success.

Madame Nilsson will return to America next year. She thinks she is not appreciated in Europe.—*Dexter Smith*.

We regret to hear that Madame Patti has been seriously ill. The latest advices state that she is now quite recovered.

A concert is to be given at the Théâtre Italien on behalf of the sufferers by the Boston fire. Mlle. Albani will sing.

Dr. Puschmann, a physician, resident in Munich, has written an elaborate treatise on the mental condition of Richard Wagner.

We much regret to hear that Madame Schumann has had the misfortune to lose her third daughter, the Countess Marmarito.

"Miss Rose Hersee," says an American paper, "contemplates organizing an English opera company for a tour through the States."

It is proposed to take home to America the remains of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, sweet home." He was buried at Tunis, Algiers.

Signor G. Tadolini, a once well-known composer and singer (husband of the still better-known Mme. Tadolini), died at Bologna very recently.

Mr. F. Howell's oratorio, *The Land of Promise*, is to be performed at the Presbyterian Church, Blackburn, on Saturday next, with full orchestral accompaniments.

Madame Fabbri, and her opera company, performed Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine* at the California Theatre, San Francisco, on Sunday evening, November 10th.

The new opera, by M. Charles Lecoq, *La Fille de Madame Angot*, continues to attract large audiences at the *Fantaisies-Parisiennes* (Brussels). Its success is complete.

Herr Richard Wagner has interdicted the performance of his *Tristan und Isolde* in Berlin, on the plea that there is no *chef d'orchestre* in the German capital able to conduct it.

Mr. Edwin Booth continues his successes in the Eastern States. He will make a tour of the South and West, and will not appear at his New York theatre during the present season.

Mr. C. Oberthur, the accomplished harpist, has left London for a month's professional tour in Germany. Among the towns he will visit are Frankfort, Wiesburg, Munich, Brunswick, Dresden, Hamburg, &c.

The Baltimore *Saturday Night* makes the following startling announcement:—

"Mr. Theodore, the celebrated concertly-gifted scraper of the cat's internal arrangements will undertake to delight our music lovers at Ford's Opera-House."

A musical festival will be held in Cincinnati next May, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. The chorus will number 8,000, and among the works to be brought out are the *Choral Symphony* and Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*.

M. Deldevez has succeeded M. Georges Hainl in the direction of the Conservatoire Concerts, which entered upon their forty-sixth season this month. A new organ by Mr. Cavallé-Coll was opened on the occasion.

Heavy damages for breach of promise have been obtained at the Liverpool Assizes. The action was brought by Miss Adele Schneider, a teacher of music, against the Rev. W. H. Casey, curate of St. Matthew's Church, and at the time the alleged promise was given the plaintiff was engaged in the defendant's choir. Damages were laid at £5,000, and after some consultation between the parties, a verdict was taken by consent for that amount.

Under the energetic management of Mr. W. Pyatt, a Handel Festival will take place in the Mechanics' Hall, Nottingham, on Boxing Day. The scheme promises well. In the morning, *The Messiah* will be given; followed in the evening by a miscellaneous selection from *Israel, Solomon and Samson*. The principal vocal artists will be Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. Rigby, Signor Foll, and Mr. W. Pyatt, with Sir Julius Benedict as conductor.

In speaking of a local debating society, a country paper says:—"Our village debating club is in full blast, and questions that have engrossed the intellectual functions of sages ever since the flood are being decided at the rate of two a week."

The *Saturday Review* points out that the advertisements of the Hoftheater, at Dresden, are habitually composed in bad German. This is very sad. Look at the exquisite English of the modest and simple announcements by our own managers. However, do not let us be proud.—*Punch*.

A stage manager should be able to pronounce the letter R. At a Belgian theatre, during *Norma*, a régisseur, not so gifted, exclaimed "Sôtes" to some soldiers, dressed up as Druid priests, who "lagged superfluous on the stage." To the horror of the manager, and the intense amusement of the house, the command was literally obeyed.

Melancholy of the minor key.—"I deny your minor," as Falstaff might have said, had Shakspeare pleased. My major key is that wherewith I open my cellar-door. My minor key is that I use when compelled to take out my cheque-book. Now, which suggests melancholy?—*Punch at Lunch*.

A painter, employed to represent some cherubim and seraphim, in a church, thought proper to make those celestials appear with very sorrowful, crying faces. His reverend employer asked him the reason why he did this. The painter replied that his prayer-book informed him that "cherubim and seraphim continually do cry."

Madame Olga de Janina, a pianist new to Western Europe, is causing a sensation in Paris just now. She makes nothing, so we are told, of the "effroyables difficultés" of Liszt, and is equally great in classical music. She has been playing, among other things, an Elegy by Beethoven (unpublished), extracted from the Album of the Countess Erdody.

The Scotchmen of New York City are moving in the matter of a statue to Burns for the Central Park. It is generally felt among them that the Scott Statue, while it may be a handsome tribute to the memory of a great man, is not particularly brilliant as a work of art. They propose, therefore, to have a statue of Bobby Burns, which shall not be a copy, but the work of a resident artist, and entirely original. We commend this feeling, and sincerely hope it will—to use a contemporary's favourite phrase—crystallize into enduring beauty.—*Arctician*.

A Rochester journal, speaking of the Rubinstein Concert in that city, on Tuesday, has the following flattering notice of Mlle. Liebhart:—

"Mlle. Louise Liebhart became a favourite immediately on her rendition of an aria by Donizetti, and increased in the esteem of the audience to the end, retiring on the laurels won by the successful execution of 'Home, sweet home,' given in response to an encore. The concert concluded at a reasonable hour, leaving pleasant memories in the minds of all who had the good fortune to be present."

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—At the twentieth annual meeting, held at the Norfolk Street office, on Tuesday, the receipts for the year ending 30th September were declared to be £116,019; and the grand totals to Michaelmas, £1,885,893. The number of the last share issued was 87,669. The reserve fund amounts to £9,000. The rate of interest remains at 5 per cent. per annum on shares, and 4 per cent. per annum on deposits. Viscount Ranelagh, Colonel Brownlow Knox, Colonel Jervis, M.P., and Mr. T. K. Holmes, were re-elected members of the Executive Committee. The proceedings closed with the usual votes of thanks.

Some weeks ago a man with a hand-organ and a bear was arrested up in Clearfield County, Penn., for not having a license. The arrest was made in front of the office of the county paper, and the sheriff asked the editor to let him place the organ and the bear in the sanctum while he took the man to the magistrate's office. Permission was given. That bear is in there yet. When the editor returned from dinner he opened the door and found that the bear had broken loose, and smashed the whole interior of the establishment into microscopic smithereens. When the bear saw the editor it thought it would go to dinner also; but the eminent journalist slammed the door suddenly, locked it, and groped his way down stairs, six steps at a jump. The bear has had nothing to eat since that time, and the paper has been suspended, while the editor and the sheriff and their friends spend their time standing on ladders bombarding that animal through the windows, and firing up through the ceiling and down the chimney at him. The bear roams around and roars, and chews up startling editorials about Horace Greeley and the campaign in North Carolina, and eats up the poetry and smashes the advertisements. It will cost that editor about 6,000 dols. to fix up his place when the bear dies, and it is whispered around among his confidential friends that he will probably not support that sheriff the next time he runs for office, nor will he encourage the introduction of the menagerie business into Clearfield County.—*New York Musical Review*.

The elephant of the Boston Coliseum is at last disposed of, and the next step is to have it torn down. The bill directing this to be done has passed both houses, and became a law last week. The attempts to secure some pecuniary advantages for Mr. Gilmore have all amounted to little, and the late Jubilee has probably proved so costly that it will not soon be repeated in Boston; although Mr. Gilmore had great plans for another one, if this had succeeded better as a money-making operation. The stimulus given to musical education still continues, and the new musical college opened two months ago by the Mendelssohn quintet club has a great many pupils, and is already a success. The quintet club itself has been considerably changed in its members since last winter, and a rival club has been formed—the "Beethoven Quintet Club," which, but for the horse distemper and the great fire, would have made some stir in Boston before this. Wulf Fries, formerly of the Mendelssohn club, plays the violoncello in the new one, and Mr. Koppitz is the flute player; in the course of the winter there will probably be many specimens of their music.—*New York Arcadian*.

*Apropos of the Rubinstein Concerts, in America, Watson's Art Journal says:—*

"Mdlle. Liebhart assisted in these chamber concerts with much success. Her merits as an artist have been quietly overlooked, by the connivance of the management, in the endeavour to centre all interest upon Rubinstein, even to the lowering of Wieniawski to a second-class position. This may be deemed policy on the management, but it is a gross injustice to the other artists thus slighted. Strakosch, with a broader view of managerial duty, and with a keener sense of the rights of artists, endeavours to popularize those artists who, engaged to sustain some dominant star, are yet component parts of an organization which he wishes the public to respect. In his hands Mdlle. Liebhart would have won the same position here which she has sustained in London and the provinces for several years; namely, one of the most popular and admired artists of the largest and the most fashionable concerts given during the season. She is an artist of fine education; her voice is pure and true, and her *répertoire* extends to every class of music. At these chamber concerts, her interpretation of the classic songs selected was admirable in expression and in the fervour of their delivery."

A new Operahouse has sprung into existence as if by magic in Fifty-third Street, near Third Avenue, New York. It is as large as the Academy of Music, and will be devoted to first-class performances, with such artists as Litchmay and Cora Perl. The builder is Mr. John Koch, whose history, as detailed by Eli Perkins, is as follows:—

"He was born near Metz, and he would be a Frenchman, only King William has gobbled up his birthplace and made John a Prussian. He came to New York seventeen years ago, since which time he has owned some of the biggest places of amusement in the city. He bought the German Assembly Rooms, on the Bowery, of Fernando Wood. Then he built and owns Central Park Garden, Thomas having only been employed by him. Now, he builds the new Operahouse covering fifteen lots, worth 200,000 dols., and proposes to run opposition to our old Academy of Music. In the summer he will throw his Operahouse open and have summer concerts. It is built like the Berlin Operahouse, with wine, supper, and smoking rooms attached, where both ladies and gentlemen can withdraw and eat and drink together. The whole thing is novel, and John Koch's ideas are bold, original, and aggressive. He says he is a bachelor, and he does not care if he does fail financially, if he can only teach the Americans how to enjoy themselves."

A Baden correspondent, speaking of a concert recently given there, observes:—

"Aptommas, the harpist, who was well-known in New York in the early days of his career, but whose proficiency in the handling of his instrument has won for him since that period the appellation of 'Liszt of the harp,' contributed a solo of great brilliancy to the rich and varied programme. An incident occurred, however, at the opening of Mr. Aptommas' piece which was little calculated to inspire an artist with a vast amount of enthusiasm. The wonderful attractions of the concert had collected together so dense and aggressive a crowd, that at the opening of the doors the Salle de Concert was instantly overrun by a frantic, eager mass, who could scarcely be induced to respect the anticipated arrival of the Empress of Prussia, and to refrain from appropriating the chairs of State designed for her Majesty and suite. When the Empress made her entry, and penetrated with infinite difficulty through the mass of human beings which already filled every available space, much confusion ensued; and when, after reaching, as she supposed, the shelter of the Imperial chair, she found the very hem of her sacred garments trodden under foot by an ignoble crowd, the august lady became naturally irritated. She signalled to her attendants to call her carriage, and the approaching wheels of this equipage being plainly audible through the opened doors of the private entrance, the Empress of Germany loftily beat such a retreat as she best could under existing circumstances. This imperial manoeuvre being executed just as the opening cadenzas of the distinguished harpist were ringing through the Salle, the delicate shades of his performance were drowned by the din due to the occasion, and discouragement and vexation were painful in the subsequent portions of his solo, when succeeding tranquillity made it once more audible."

Wieniawski, as great a virtuoso on the violin as Rubinstein is on the pianoforte, with the advantage of being far more reliable and equal in his excellence, is a far better interpreter of chamber music than Rubinstein. He is conscientious in his reading, and presents the thoughts of the author as closely as a loving appreciation and an artistic reverence enables him to do. Of his manipulation it is needless to speak; for there is nothing in the range of violin music that he does not accomplish with graceful ease. But his sentiment is with these works; and while we should desire a little more decision of attack, and more positive phrasing, in the *allegro*, we could hope for nothing more exquisite than his rendering of the slow movements. They could not be surpassed in grace and tenderness of expression, in heightened sentiment, and depth of passionate utterance.—*Watson's Art Journal*.

VENNA.—Mdlle. Gindele has not carried her point; she has failed to obtain from the management of the Imperial Operahouse the terms she demanded, namely, 12,000 florins a year; nevertheless, she has considered it advisable to accept the terms offered her, and has accordingly signed a fresh engagement. Mdlle. Minnie Hauck, on the contrary, leaves the Imperial Operahouse for the Comic Opera. She has signed for three years.—In reply to a request from the Committee that he would take part in a concert in aid of the Beethoven Memorial Fund, and compose a Cantata for the occasion, the Abbate Franz Liszt has declined.—First Extraordinary Concert given by the Society of the Friends of Music: Organ Concerto, Handel; Scene and Air from *Alceste*, Gluck; Prelude and Fugue for Organ, Bach; Double Chorus, Mozart; "Triumphlied," for solo, chorus, orchestra, and organ, Johannes Brahms. Among the principal artists were Mdlle. Joachim and M. de Lange, organist, the latter from Rotterdam.

TRIESTE.—The Florentine Quartet, under Herr Jean Becker, have given a highly successful concert here.

NAPLES.—The body of Thalberg has been restored to the deceased's widow, by professor Efsio Marini, who was charged with the task of embalming it, and who has been wonderfully successful. "There is," we are told, "nothing of the mummy about the body, while there is a great deal of the living individual. The tissues are intact; the flexibility of the limbs has been preserved; the fat has not disappeared; the hands look alive; the face has a stony appearance, but is instantly recognisable; the rest of the body resembles leather in substance; in colour, it is like the flesh of a fowl, when the bird has been killed an hour or so." We agree with the *Gazetta di Milano* that the journal whence this account was taken might have found some other comparison not quite so faithful as the concluding one.

FLORENCE.—It is said that the management of the Pergola intends producing next Carnival, Prince Poniatowski's opera: *Gelmina*! Many persons will be inclined to say with the *Trovatore*: "*Poveri Fiorentini! Che cosa hanno fatto di male per castigarti in tal modo!*"

HAMBURG.—Herr Adolf Müller, conductor at the Stadttheater, has just received gratifying evidence of the high esteem in which he is held both by the general public and by his brother musicians. A number of his admirers subscribed for a conducting-stick, mounted in silver, which they presented to him before the third act of *Die Meistersinger*, at the last performance of that opera this year. *Apropos of the Stadttheater*, another crisis seems to await it. The committee for purchasing the building is dissolved. They offered 200,000 marks, but the proprietor demanded 250,000. The present manager, moreover, having failed to obtain the grant of 300,000 marks, which he asked of the Corporation, has not renewed his lease, and there seems a chance that the Theatre may be closed.—Concert of the Singing Academy of the Philharmonic Society: Scenes from Schumann's *Faust*.

HANOVER.—The models furnished by various artists for the Marschner Memorial have been on exhibition some little time. They are about twelve in number.

KÖNIGSBERG.—A new opera, *Harald, der letzte Sachsenkönig* (*Harold, the last Saxon King*), by Herr Gustav Düllo, has been very successfully produced. The composer was called on several times during the performance, as well as at its conclusion.

LEIPZIG.—The position of the manager of the Stadttheater cannot be a very pleasant one. He is sued by his authors for no less a sum than 70,000 thalers. Among those who have summoned him is Herr Richard Wagner.

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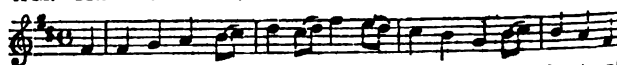
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Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May! What joys attend thine advent gay!

Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May!

What joys attend thine advent gay!

On every tree the birdies sing,

From hill and dale glad echoes ring;

The lark, inspir'd, to Heav'n ascends,

The gurgling brook in beauty wends

By mossy bank and grassy braise,

Where violets bloom and lambskins play.

Delightful Spring—sweet month of May

What joys attend thine advent gay!

In mantle clad of fairest shewn,

The woods burst forth in virgin green—

Bright home of birds and flow'rets gay,

The streamlet woos thy sheltered way,

Thro' primrose dells, sweet hawthorn glades,

And silver birches' fragrant shades,

Where nightingales, at close of day,

In leafy bow'rs trill raptur'd lay.

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## RICHARD WAGNER ON ACTORS AND SINGERS.

CONSIDERED BY DR. EDUARD HANSLICK.\*

(Concluded from page 781.)

Having started by abusing the actors, he naturally goes on to fall foul of the writers of dramas, as being the worst accomplices in the aforesaid *unbounded nonsense*. Hebbel's *Nibelungen* produces upon him the effect of a "parody of the *Nibelungenlied*, something like Blumauer's travesty of the *Aeneid*." "The educated modern literary man," says Wagner, "appears very plainly here to deride, by ridiculous exaggeration, the grotesqueness, as he considers it, of the mediæval poem; his heroes go behind the scenes, where they perform some monstrous heroic deed, and then, returning to the stage, speak about it in a contemptuous tone, as the Baron von Munchausen speaks of his adventures . . . just as though everyone of them said: 'The whole matter is a pack of rubbish, including the *Nibelungen*, and the German stage as well.'" In this tone he goes on. In order, however, to understand all the enormity of Hebbel's crime, we must, it is true, recollect that Wagner also has dramatised the *Nibelungen*, and that, in his musical drama, the monstrous heroic deeds, so far from being performed behind the scenes, are all enacted before the eyes of the public. Wagner's Siegfried chases a wild bear round the stage, while the "monstrous squirrel-like serpent-worm" attacks people, lashing his tail, spitting fire, and singing into the bargain. In this case, we prefer the rubbish of the "educated" literary man to the other.

During the discussion of the *Nibelungen*, theatrical managers also come in for their share. "Our actors see such pieces accepted as ready money by their managements, pretty much as we find to be the case with the peculiarly ironical obscenities of our historical painters, who work on a grand scale, and the patrons of art: music is composed for them as something indispensable, and then the mime must set to work to see how far he can go in his most insipid manner." Wagner is indignant that our managers will not produce the Second Part of Goethe's *Faust*, a notion at which probably Goethe himself would have been more startled than anyone else. In his mania for paradoxes, Wagner goes so far as to assert "that no theatrical piece in the world exhibits such scenic power and spectability as the second part of this tragedy, a part as much decried as it is little understood." But our "wretched modern stage" finds a perfect pendant in our "now utterly imbecile art-judgment"—in a word, it could never enter R. Wagner's head to propose plans of reform for the German stage, which is rotten to the very core.

But how is Wagner to get out of this self-manufactured infernal abyss? Very simply: by a bold jump. After saying, at the commencement (page 10), that the Germans possess theatrical talent "only in the most scanty degree, nay, almost not at all," he suddenly discovers (page 23) "that the German artist will show himself no less qualified for dramatic art also, as soon as the sphere adapted for his genius is opened freely, nay, merely left open." Anyone with a nose can already discern in the murmuring of the breeze, the advent of the *Deus ex machina*. Only a little patience is needed. Wagner first asks himself the question where the actor, who has merely comedianic affectation before his eyes as a model, can find the undistorted and natural man. His answer is: "Only in the lowest ranks." "It is only in the lowest genre that plays are well acted among us in Germany." Is this intended as a word of recognition for the folk-like freshness with which Raimund's and Nestroy's pieces are played among us? Not a bit of it!—The "so-called Folk's Theatres in the towns of Germany," Wagner expressly pronounces to be "a repulsive caricature." The ideal of original, theatrical, folk-spirit is, according to Wagner, "the Kasperl-theatre of our annual fairs!" Yes; really and truly! In such a performance, with the German Kasperl, "pushed to the absolutely demoniacal," and the "calmly gluttonous Jack Pudding," "a last light of hope has beamed" for our master—such a performance he names "nothing more nor less than 'the most genuine of all stage-plays with which he has ever met'."

Let us leave the actor and turn with Wagner to the *opera-singer*. Under this title we understand the singer properly so-called,

who is never required to appear in spoken drama. Wagner seems to desire the return of the German *Singspiel*, when actors sang grand operatic parts; when there was no regular female *bravura* singer, and no lyrical tenor. In "these two strange beings, who live apart from the other members of a theatre, in an isolation devoted equally to virtuosity and stupidity," Wagner perceives "the ruin namely of German opera." When he says that Italian vocal virtuosity is foreign to the German disposition, he is undoubtedly right. He goes, however, too far in the assertion: "Italian Canto is *impracticable* in conjunction with the German language, and we must altogether renounce it." Italian singing is no more essentially impracticable with German words, than the German language is thereby rendered "a distorted wilderness of unintelligibly articulated vowels and consonants." We feel ourselves, therefore, under no obligation "altogether to renounce," at Wagner's command, the treasures of Italian operatic literature. Wagner further laments "the completely false training of German singers in a delivery which excludes all healthy speech." "As our singers do not pronounce naturally, they generally know nothing about the sense of their discourses, and the character of the part to be sustained by them thus becomes known to them only in a general and shadowy outline. As they go, in consequence, insanely groping about, they hit, with the object of pleasing, upon nothing else than the tone-accents, distributed here and there, and on these they let loose their voices, with groaning inhalations, as well as they can." Thus it struck him as almost astonishing, he proceeds to remark, "how quickly such a singer, if only possessing moderate natural powers and good will, was to be freed from the absurdity of his habitudes, immediately, in all brevity, I directed him to what was essential in his task!" The arts of our teachers of singing are, Wagner informs us, simply so much trouble thrown away. "The only question can be, of what kind are the *tasks* which we set before the mimic talent of our people for the exercise of their art. It depends, therefore, upon this *example*, by which, in the peculiar instance now under consideration, we understand the *work of the dramatic musician*. What I meant as the *example* to be given to our performers, I believe I have most plainly established in the *Meistersinger*." Here, as we see, we have, the *Deus ex machina* bodily, and he never afterwards leaves us. Herr Wagner finds in his own works the phases of development out of the labyrinth of style reigning in opera to a "solely healthy German style," and his *Meistersinger* emboldens him to make the assertion that if the drama has really been impaired by opera, "it is only by opera that it can be raised up again."

It cannot be denied that Wagner understands admirably how to train singers for his own purposes; but when he asserts that, by the getting-up of his *Meistersinger*, he completely effected a new birth of all his singers, he is contradicted by the facts of the case. We can assure him that those artists (Betz, Hölsel, Nachbaur, Mallinger, etc.) who distinguished themselves in *Die Meistersinger* at Munich, were just as admirable previously in various other operas, and that, on the contrary, the middling members of the company were as middling after, and notwithstanding, *Die Meistersinger*, as before. "I may," says Wagner, "assign to myself the merit of having, by the musical signs of my score, furnished the singer with the most correct guide to a natural dramatic delivery, such as the reciting actor has entirely lost." The only answer we can make, is to request the reader to be so kind as to turn to any longish conversational portion in *Die Meistersinger* (the speeches, for instances, of Magdalena in the Church Scene, or David's in his first dialogue with Stolzing), and judge for himself whether the syllables which are in fifths, or sixths, and sometimes spring about even more wildly, but which, in the declamatory tone of the speaking actor, are separated from each other by a quarter, half, or, at most, a whole tone, correspond with natural declamation, or constitute the opposite. If after this "example" the whole system of dramatic delivery, not only in operas, but in plays as well, is to be "raised up again," we beg, in all humility, that we may be allowed to retain the *unbounded nonsense* of our actors at the Burg Theatre, Vienna.

After giving his "mimes," as we have mentioned, a flattering reception, like a friendly host, so as to castigate them more conveniently and more thoroughly, he feels, on taking leave, the

\* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

moral necessity of presenting them with a plaster for their wounds. He does this at the conclusion by a glorification of the celebrated Schröder Devrient. From the extraordinary rarity of the occurrence, we are most agreeably impressed at seeing Wagner warming up before any portrait but his own. In this unusual mood, he even confesses that, as Emmeline in *Die Schweizerfamilie*, the lady carried him away. We may from this, perhaps, deduce the notion that, even long before the *Meisteringer* "example," a German singer of talent and artistic training was capable of stepping a little beyond the pale of "comedianic affectation" and "utter stupidity."

### MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS.\*

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

We had fondly hoped that the perfidious "friend," at whose recommendation so many wearisome volumes have been brought out, had at last retired. But he is still, like the eternal Tempter, walking to and fro, seeking whom he may lure into publication; and his last victim has been the author of these *Musical Recollections*. When a writer tells us in his preface that he has rushed into print by the advice of a "friend," and commences his first chapter by quoting "*didicisse fideliter artes*," &c., as if it were prose, we know what to expect. The anticipations raised in the opening pages of these volumes are fulfilled in the sequel. The author is conventional, inaccurate, and unduly fond of quotations. This last weakness soon takes the form of wholesale borrowing from contemporary publications, which are laid under contribution at every possible opportunity. Sir Michael Costa is one of the author's most esteemed composers; and a fair specimen of his method of presenting "Recollections" is to be found in the account he gives of Sir Michael Costa's *Don Carlos*, which, to begin with he did not hear. "Unfortunately," he says, "I had not an opportunity of hearing this work, so that I cannot give my impressions respecting it." In his difficulty, he quotes with approval a favourable account of the opera, and with disapproval an unfavourable one. The *Athenæum* had pronounced it to be a "far better opera than Mercadante's latest works, which had been so much vaunted for their science;" while Mr. Lumley, many years afterwards, recorded the simple fact—recording it "coolly" we are told, and "after he had thrown all the obstacles he could in the way of its production"—that, "although well mounted and supported by Grisi, Mario, Lablache, and Fornasari, like its predecessor, it utterly failed to produce any prominence. It survived but a few nights, and then, like *Malek Adel* sank into the vast limbo of forgotten works, being, in a managerial point of view, a failure." It surely would have been better not to quote these disparaging remarks, damaging as they are meant to be to the manager who ventured to make them.

The author also failed to hear Costa's *Naaman*. "I meant to hear it," he says, "but was unfortunately prevented from fulfilling my intentions." Similarly of the *début* of Adelaide Kemble he tells us, "I did not witness that *début*." We do not complain of these failures and omissions when they are recorded with becoming brevity; as in the case, for instance, of Duprez's singing in *William Tell*, which, says the author, without adding one unnecessary word, "I did not hear." But there is surely too much detail in the announcement that "not being in London at the beginning of March in this year (1841), I escaped being a witness of a somewhat extreme proceeding at the second Philharmonic concert, when the classicists hissed M. Berlioz's overture to his opera of *Benvenuto Cellini*."

On these occasions, as on those when the author heard the performances in which he wishes to interest his readers, he turns for an account of them to some art-journal of the period, and by preference to the *Athenæum*, which is so largely quoted that we really believe the passages reproduced from its columns nearly one-half the entire work. In the first volume whole pages of criticism are cited from the *Harmonicon*; but when the *Harmonicon* came to an end the author seems to have taken to filing the *Athenæum*, which, happily, reflects his views quite as faithfully as the purely musical journal. He is never, from the time he first takes the *Athenæum* in hand, at variance with that organ, except once, when he quotes it to show what a terrible mistake its critic made in imagining that Mr. Costa would not be an excellent conductor of classical music. Mr. Chorley (who is mentioned by name) is the real author of at least a very great part of these so-called *Recollections*, put forward anonymously by a gentleman whose forte seems to lie less in recollecting than in collecting. At every page we meet with reasons, more or less ingeniously adduced, for reprinting another man's criticisms. "There seems to be very little doubt that much force was prevalent in the following remarks;" "the opinion expressed

concerning this work so thoroughly accords with my own;" "I cannot withhold the following just and appropriate observations," are specimens of the author's manner of introducing a forced loan.

There is one writer, however, who is often referred to in the second volume, not to be praised, but to be violently blamed. This is Mr. Lumley, who, in his *Reminiscences of the Opera*, has, at least, put down what he himself remembered. From the time, however, that the Royal Italian Opera was started, and even for a little while before, nothing, not even an individual singer, at Her Majesty's Theatre can find favour in our author's eyes, or rather ears. In the great politico-operative war between the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre our sympathies were with the former establishment, which produced grand operas, notably those of Meyerbeer, with a completeness and magnificence previously unknown in England. But it did not appear to us, as to the *Athenæum* of twenty years since, that Mdlle. Alboni sang well at Mr. Gye's establishment and ill at Mr. Lumley's; and we are not nearly so much shocked as the author of *Musical Recollections* seems to be at Mdlle. Alboni's having "transferred her services to Her Majesty's Theatre apparently without any compunction whatever." But for the copious citations from the *Athenæum*, presenting opinions in which the author before us "entirely agrees," "which fully coincide with his own," "which he himself might have expressed," and so on, we could scarcely have believed what prejudice existed in those days in regard to operatic matters. With Jenny Lind's singing "but few of the London journals ventured to find the slightest fault," says our author; "yet one at least," he adds, "among the then well-known staff of critics defied the opprobrium his *honest* dealing raised." Thus it was cowardly not to find fault with a singer who was generally regarded as the greatest singer of modern times; while to see no beauty in her singing, to say that "her voice had somewhat coarsened" when it might be that the critic's ear had hardened, was a sign of "honesty." The volumes are inscribed in a dedication, which is the best thing in the book, to Sir Michael Costa; for whom the author entertains the highest admiration. But it is on Meyerbeer's authority that he declares him to be, in words which Meyerbeer used in reference to a purely instrumental performance, "the greatest *chef d'orchestre* in the world;" and if Meyerbeer's opinion about Sir Michael Costa was valuable, his opinion about Jenny Lind was also worth something; in which case the critics who did not "venture" to find fault with her were right, and the critic who was "honest" enough to say that she was coarse, careless, and sang out of time, wrong.

The account of Signor Costa's arrival in England at the age of nineteen, with a composition entrusted to him by his master, Zingarelli, for the Birmingham Festival, is interesting; and Mr. (now Sir Michael) Costa's career from that time has been as honourable to himself as beneficial to the progress of music in England. His influence on every institution with which he has been connected has proved advantageous; he has been conductor at three operahouses, at the Philharmonic, and at the Sacred Harmonic Societies. But singers do not, all the same, lose their talent when Sir Michael Costa leaves them, to regain it only on rejoicing him at a new theatre. That, however, as we gather from the newspaper cuttings, presented with approval by the author of *Musical Recollections*, and from the author's own observations, is what took place when, in 1846 and the years following, first Mr. Costa, and after him the principal singers, quitted Her Majesty's Theatre for the Royal Italian Opera. Of late all merit, it seems, has passed away from the Royal Italian Opera, and is now to be found only at Her Majesty's Opera. But the public of the present day is less prejudiced, less inclined to partisanship than that of twenty years since, and those who recognise the superiority of the orchestra at the one establishment, will not, for that reason, deny the beauty of Madame Patti's, and of Madame Lucca's singing, nor the magnificence of the *mise-en-scène* of the other. Our author, however, thinks but little of modern singers. Bosio had no charm for him, neither Patti nor Lucca delights him, and he does not even mention Nilsson. The only vocalist, now on the stage, to whom he attributes high talent is Mdlle. Tietjens. For Madame Viardot he professes a sort of adoration; and he pursues, scourge in hand, all whom he suspects of undervaluing her. We will not say, then, what we thought of her Rosina and her Amina, and we hasten to add that we admired her very much indeed as Fides and as Azucena.

It is very difficult on a musical or, indeed, on any artistic question to prove, when a writer differs from you, that he is absolutely in error. But there can be no doubt as to the author of these volumes being in error when, speaking of the *falsetto* voice, he tells us that "both Rubini and Mario used this resource with the utmost advantage." "With as little disadvantage as possible," he should have said. If there could be any sort of advantage in using the artificial instead of the natural voice, composers would have written for it; which, we need scarcely say, they have not done. As to Rubini, we cannot speak, but it was only from hard necessity that Mario, his beautiful voice failing him, sang occasionally

\* *Musical Recollections of the Last Half Century*. London: Tinsley Brothers, 1872.

from the head what he would have wished to sing from the chest. It may be true that the use of the *falsetto* was "the great charm in Incedon's singing," and that "Braham owed to it very much of the attractive fascination of his execution," as did also Colonel Newcome, that famous night, when he sang, after the manner of Incedon, at the Cave of Harmony. The *falsetto* voice is the resource, all the same, of tenors who are vocally lame. To that condition, by the way, all our operatic vocalists ought, by this time, to be reduced, considering the "frightful wear and tear to which Verdi's music exposes all singers who are rash enough to become its interpreters." That is a very old story about Verdi's music, and it might, at least, as well be told of the music of Meyerbeer. But our author can see no good whatever in Verdi. The *Trovatore*, he writes, is "flimsy" in every act but the last, which is "from beginning to end a direct plagiarism from Beethoven;"\* while *Gilda*—than which there is no more charming part in the lyric drama—is "one of Verdi's weakest creations."

With regard to errors, not of opinion and taste, but of fact, we may ask the author of these *Recollections* to refresh his memory on the subject of "Vivi tu," which, he says (not quoting this time from the *Athenæum*), belongs to *Il Pirata*, and on that of *Ernani*, which (here again trusting to himself alone) he declares to have been founded on "one of Victor Hugo's recently published sensational novels." He even makes mistakes about Madame Viardot, who, he writes, "created the part of Azucena, in Paris," where the part was created, under Verdi's direction, by Madame Borghi-Mamo. He calls Fornasari, the baritone, again and again, "Fornasari," Hérolf, the composer, the only time he mentions him, "Harold," and Mr. Sartoris, the husband of Adelaide Kemble, Mr. "Sartorius." Characteristically inexact in these little matters, he is more than inexact in his manner of writing English.

#### LETTER TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

201, Regent Street, W., December 12, 1872.

SIR,—We have been desired by the Committee of the Mendelssohn Scholarship Foundation to send you the enclosed statement, with the request that you would give it your earnest attention. The Committee is most anxious to increase its funds, in order that it may widen the sphere of its operations for which there is much need. In the various competitions that have taken place for this Scholarship, a great deal of talent—some of it remarkable, has been exhibited, and on these occasions it has been a matter of the deepest regret that the Committee could not afford assistance which in many cases would have been of material importance. To endeavour to meet this difficulty is now the earnest desire of the Committee, and we are instructed to appeal to you for co-operation and support. By the active assistance of those who make music their vocation, and of lovers of the art of music in general, it is hoped a sum may be raised, which will be the means of extending what experience has already proved a good and useful work.—We have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient servants,

W. D. DAVISON Esq.

OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, } Hon. Secs.  
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, }

[All donations (Cheques, P. O. Orders, &c.), are to be made payable to the order of the Hon. Treasurer of the Mendelssohn Scholarship Fund, Bank of England, Western Branch, Burlington Gardens, W.; and can be received by the Hon. Secretaries, 201, Regent Street, W.]

We gladly give the following document, which has been sent to the office of the *Musical World* :—

#### MENDELSSOHN'S SCHOLARSHIPS FOUNDATION.

Committee :—Sir Julius Benedict, Chairman ; Professor Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc. ; C. V. Benecke, Esq., Trustee ; J. W. Davison, Esq. ; Sir John Goss ; Charles Mallé, Esq. ; John Hullah, Esq. ; Henry Leslie, Esq. ; Arthur S. Sullivan, Esq. ; the Rev. Sir F. Gore Osseley, Bart., Mus. Doc. ; Kellow J. Pye, Esq. ; R. Ruthven Pym, Esq., Trustee, Hon. Treasurer ; Otto Goldschmidt, Esq., Hon. Sec. Bankers, Bank of England, Western Branch.

On the 4th of November, 1847—now twenty-five years ago—Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy passed away from us. Shortly after his death, his friends at Leipzig resolved to found Scholarships in memory of the illustrious Master, to be competed for, and held at the Conservatorium there, which he had been instrumental in founding within a few years of his death ; and they appealed to his English friends to join in the undertaking, from whom they found a ready response. A Committee was formed in London to raise money for the new fund, with Sir George Smart for Chairman, Mr. Charles Klingemann, Mendelssohn's intimate friend, for Secretary, and Mr. E. Buxton for Treasurer. The promoters of the Leipzig Fund having addressed themselves to Mdlle. Jenny Lind (at that time in London), in order to enlist her co-operation, she readily came forward, and suggested a performance, on a large scale, of the

*Eljah*, for which she promised her assistance. The Committee determined on giving this performance, which took place on the 15th of December, 1848, the original Programme being as follows :—

Under the immediate Patronage of  
Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN, Her Majesty QUEEN ADELAIDE,  
and His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT.

#### EXETER HALL.

On FRIDAY EVENING, the 15th of DECEMBER, 1848,  
A GRAND PERFORMANCE

#### MENDELSSOHN'S SACRED ORATORIO, "ELIJAH."

Mdlle. Jenny Lind (who has most liberally offered her gratuitous services on this occasion), Miss A. Williams, Miss Duval, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Machin, Mr. Benson, Mr. Smythson, Mr. J. A. Novello. Organist, Mr. H. Smart. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.\* The band and chorus will be on the most complete scale possible. Full Particulars will be duly announced. The Committee of Management for this performance have the pleasure of announcing that they have received the most cordial co-operation from

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,  
AND FROM

#### THE MEMBERS OF MR. HULLAH'S UPPER SCHOOL

The performance realized a large profit, which, together with some other donations, was invested in the purchase of £1050 Bank 3 per cent annuities. The original plan, to amalgamate the London Foundation with that projected at Leipzig, had to be abandoned, and the capital was allowed to accumulate until 1866, when the first scholar was elected, in the person of Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, at that time one of the "children of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal," who held the scholarship for about four years, studying at the Royal Academy of Music, London, and afterwards at the Conservatorium at Leipzig. In 1866, the funds were again sufficient to enable the Committee to elect a scholar, Mr. (now Dr.) C. S. Heap, of Birmingham, who held it for upwards of two years, and was succeeded, in the early part of 1871, by Mr. Wm. Shakespeare, a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, London, who is now pursuing his studies in Italy. At the time of Mr. Shakespeare's election, the Committee decided to employ a small portion of the accumulated interest by offering a two years' Scholarship, of £20 a year, at the Royal Academy of Music, which has been held for a year by Miss Crawford, and to which, for 1873, Mr. E. Fanning, a young composer, has just been elected. The small amount of the Society's capital, consisting at present of £1850 five per cent India Stock, will, however, not allow the Committee to continue the last named Scholarship, nor to furnish any one scholar travelling abroad with all the means imperatively required ; and the Committee believe the time to have arrived when, with good hope of success, it may address itself to musical societies, Cathedral Chapters, professors, and lovers of the musical art in general, for substantial support, in order to raise the fund to an amount sufficient to serve the purpose for which it was established. With the exception of one or two exhibitions, differing in value, at the Royal Academy of Music, this is the *only Musical Scholarship Foundation in the British Empire* ; and attention is directed to the names of the Committee, and to the rules here annexed (which form part of the Deed of Trust and Regulations), as a guarantee for the spirit in which the Foundation is administered. By order, OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT (Hon. Sec.)

201, Regent Street, W., London, November 4th, 1872.

#### EXTRACT FROM REGULATIONS OF THE MENDELSSOHN SCHOLARSHIPS FOUNDATION.

- (1.) The Foundation shall be called "The Mendelssohn Scholarships Foundation," and shall be devoted to the education of musical students of both sexes.
- (18.) Musical students of either sex, between the ages of 14 and 24, being natives of, or domiciled in, Great Britain or Ireland, shall be eligible for election as scholars.
- (19.) The qualifications for election shall be a decided talent for music, exhibited in composition, or in instrumental or vocal performance. Precedence shall be given to talent for composition over other qualifications.
- (20.) The scholars shall be elected (after examination) for the period of one year, subject to renewal. No person shall hold a Scholarship for more than four years.
- (21.) The education of the scholars shall be carried on, in this country or abroad, under the control of the Committee.

BOLOGNA.—A few evenings since, the editor of the paper called *Dietro le Scene* was politely turned out of the Teatro Comunale by order of the management, who had taken great offence at his anti-Wagnerian articles, in which he dared to intimate that *Tannhäuser* was not quite such a success as some persons had represented.

\* Oh, Jupiter ! It is as much like Beethoven as the author of *Recollections* is like Beethoven Cellini.—A. S. S.

\* Whose services were also gratuitously rendered.

## CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The eleventh and last of the series of Saturday concerts, announced to be given before Christmas, brought a full attendance, notwithstanding the weather, which could hardly have been less favourable for an expedition to Sydenham. The programme was one of more than ordinary interest, as may be seen by the subjoined abstract:—

Overture, "Fierrabras," Schubert; Aria, "How great, O Lord" (*St. Peter*), Benedict; Quintet for string instruments (Op. 18), in A (by all the strings), Mendelssohn; Aria, "Ah se tu Dormi," Vaccaj; Symphony, No. 4, in B flat (Op. 80), Beethoven; Air, "O, Buddier than the cherry," Handel; Air, "O, mio Fernando," Donizetti; Overture, "Le Cheval de Bronze," Auber. Conductor—Mr. Manns.

Schubert's overture, the prelude to an opera never performed, and still only existing in manuscript, deserves more frequent hearing. It is very original, like everything that came from the pen of its wonderfully gifted author, who, considering that he only lived to the age of 31, may fairly be pronounced the most prolific of all composers, without excepting Haydn, Mozart, Handel, or J. Sebastian Bach. The amount of music produced by Schubert is the more astonishing when its earnest character is borne in mind. Whatever he did he did seriously; it came from the heart as well as from the brain, and was invariably wrought out to the utmost extent of his ability. Schubert was not a profound adept in the art of counterpoint, which he might have been had he practised longer under Salieri, or survived to prosecute, later in life, his intended studies under Sechter, neither of whom possessed anything approaching to his fertility, although both could have initiated him into some of the secrets of art-work, which, to one so endowed, would have been of inestimable service. Among all the musicians of whom we have any cognizance, Schubert was the most unlucky. True, he was an immediate contemporary of Beethoven, but so was Spohr, who, though a genuine musician, was in no way comparable to Schubert as a genius. Had Schubert composed nothing more than his songs, which may be reckoned in hundreds, he would have done enough to immortalize his name; but the quantity of instrumental music which he produced, for the orchestra as well as for the chamber, proclaims him a double prodigy, and more than justifies the enthusiasm of Robert Schumann, the kindest, most eloquent and persuasive of all critics on music and musicians. The opera of *Fierrabras* was written in 1823, five years before its author's death. Like the greater number of his important works, including his orchestral symphonies, Schubert had never the opportunity of hearing it, and when he died had probably forgotten every note. The overture, it may suffice to add, was finely performed on Saturday, and made a deep impression.

Of all the early compositions of Mendelssohn, who was nearly 20 years of age when Schubert died, the Quintet in A, for string instruments, is the most finished and beautiful. We place it above his first two Quartets, and even above his *Ottet*, one of the most extraordinary instances of early mastery the records of art can show. The Quintet in A is by no means so well known to amateurs and musicians generally as the *Ottet*. Nevertheless, composed a year later (1826), it is in every respect its equal, if not its superior. The first movement is one of the loveliest things imaginable—a continuous stream of fresh, spontaneous, and original melody; the *scherzo* is perhaps equal to any *scherzo* that ever proceeded from Mendelssohn's pen; the *finale* overflows with spirit from the first bar to the last, and contains an enchanting cantabile for second theme; the *adagio*, or "intermezzo," as it is styled, was not originally an integral part of the Quintet, but was composed during the author's first professional visit to Paris, expressly for the great French violinist, Baillot, the Sainton of his day, and substituted for a minuet and trio which originally occupied its place, and which amateurs would like to know. That Mendelssohn never dreamed of his Quintet being played by all the string instruments of a large orchestra may be taken for granted. The first time such an experiment was made was in Paris, at one of the concerts of the Conservatoire, when Beethoven's Septet was played by the entire orchestra, wind and string; and this was followed by a second experiment of the kind with the *finale* of one of Haydn's quartets. At the Crystal Palace Mendelssohn's *Ottet* and the slow movement, with variations from Schubert's Quartet

in D minor, had already been successfully submitted to the same ordeal; and it was not surprising that the Quintet of Mendelssohn should follow. In our opinion, this essay was the happiest of all. The performance was throughout admirable; and the execution, especially of the difficult *scherzo*, was beyond praise. We cannot recommend this innovation as a precedent; but the result with the Quintet was precisely similar to that which, not long since, attended the *Ottet*. It was as though Mendelssohn had composed another grand symphony—for string instruments alone. Of course, as a rule, the master's first form should be punctiliously adhered to; but there can be no great harm, from time to time, in making an experiment of the sort. The applause which the Quintet, with the parts thus multiplied, obtained, was hearty and unanimous.

Even the magnificent performance of Beethoven's Symphony in B flat, fourth of the Nine which are all to be included in the present series of concerts, did not efface the impression created by Mendelssohn. True, the sound of the wind instruments was refreshing, after that long unbroken monotony of strings, and imparted a variety of colour to the Symphony impossible to give to the Quintet; but no greater criterion could have been afforded of Mendelssohn's youthful genius than that, without a single wind instrument, from a flute to a bassoon, without a single brass instrument, without even a drum, the Quintet held its own against one of the most justly-renowned compositions of the giant of the orchestra. We have rarely heard the Fourth Symphony better played. The wind instruments were faultless. Of the string instruments it is almost superfluous to speak; but to Mr. Manns, the conductor, the highest credit is due, because he took equal pains with Mendelssohn as with Beethoven, and thus gave unqualified satisfaction to the jealous admirer of both. Auber's light and brilliant overture to *Le Cheval de Bronze*, as ingeniously scored for the orchestra as it is fanciful in idea, was played to perfection, and delighted everyone who remained to hear it. We trust that the day may be far hence when such genial things as the overtures of Auber and Rossini cease to give pleasure to the lovers of music. Art is many-sided, and he who admires and understands the overtures to *Leonora*, *Egmont*, and *Die Zauberflöte*, and at the same time can see nothing in the overtures to *Guillaume Tell* and *Masaniello*, is not to be envied.

The vocal music at this concert was entrusted to Mr. Thurlay Beale, who has a telling bass baritone voice, which was heard to most advantage in the expressive air from Sir Julius Benedict's oratorio, *St. Peter* and *Mdlle. Nita Gaetano*, whose voice, a pure *mezzo-soprano*, was well suited to the airs of Vaccaj and Donizetti. Both were warmly applauded.

It is only necessary to add that the pre-Christmas series of Saturday concerts has been carried out with all the spirit and intelligence to which the Crystal Palace directors have accustomed their patrons, and that the first concert of the new year is advertised for January 18.

## CONCERT AT THE BLIND SCHOOL.

A fashionable audience assembled at the concert given by the pupils at the Society for Teaching the Blind, Upper Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, on Friday, the 13th inst. The first part consisted principally of selections from the *Messiah*, and the performance on the organ of the overture by J. T. Price, and of the pastoral symphony by Caroline Wright, call for special notice. In the secular portion, Jones' madrigal, "When wintry winds are blowing," and Hatton's part-song, "Jack Frost," were rendered with great unity of effort; and "The Village Blacksmith" was given with the boldness and energy it demanded by Edward Long. Messrs. Hart and Croft's performance of a pianoforte duet (Gounod's march from *Irene*) was not so good as at the last concert. We hope the former success of these young players will not have the effect of causing them to relax in their studies.

The chair was taken by John Hullah, Esq., he being supported by the Rev. Thomas Peille, jun., and J. G. Avery, Esq. The presence of one holding so eminent a position as that occupied by Mr. Hullah, is of itself a guarantee of the estimation in which the performance was held by him, so that we were in no way surprised at the compliment he paid to the conductor, Mr. Edward Barnes, on the success of his great exertions, or that he should have expressed both wonder and amazement at their result; he also made a most urgent appeal for funds.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This society's recent performance of *St. Paul* should not be passed over without an acknowledgment of the many excellencies which enhanced its value. About the oratorio itself there is now less need to speak than when, a few years ago, *Elijah* was all the rage. It seemed at that time a hopeless case for Mendelssohn's first great sacred work, but though justice has feet of lead, justice sooner or later attains its end, and we are now witnessing that revival of interest in *St. Paul* which will soon place it in the favour of the general public, where it has been from the beginning in the esteem of the cultivated musician. There were a few blots upon the performance in Exeter Hall. Madame Lancia, for example, was not in good voice, consequent upon her exertions during a long provincial tour; and Miss Enriques showed that she has much to do before becoming an adept at recitative. But, putting these things aside, the performance called for much praise: many of the choruses being given with great effect, notably "Rise up, arise," and "O great is the depth." Madame Lancia was applauded in "I will sing of Thy great mercy," and Miss Enriques had a favourable hearing in "But the Lord is mindful." The gentlemen soloists, however, carried away the honours of the evening. Mr. Cummings gave a masterly rendering of Stephen's recitative, "Men, brethren, and fathers," while his singing of the lovely air "Be thou faithful unto death" gratified the most critical. We never remember hearing this able artist to better advantage; and, but for the lateness of the hour, an encore would have been inevitable. Mr. Santley sang all the music of the Apostle in his own pure and grand style; excelling not less in "O God of mercy" than in the very different "Consume them all."

For forty-one years this great institution has marked the religious aspect of the approaching season by the performance of that sublimest musical expression of Christian faith and hope, Handel's *Messiah*, which was given on Friday week with all the appliances that have long rendered the society famous. Again, as at the two previous concerts of the season, the chorus-singing displayed a marked improvement. The noble choral writing in the *Messiah* was thus heard to special advantage, each movement producing a profound impression, especially "For unto us," and "Hallelujah." The solo singers were Mlle. Carola, who, possibly from nervousness, was not heard to advantage; Miss Enriques, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Foll. Sir Michael Costa conducted, and Mr. Willing presided at the organ.

The second performance of the *Messiah* by the Sacred Harmonic Society was to take place last night, the singers announced being Meedames Sinico and Patey, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley.

## BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

The second concert of this Society took place in St. James's Hall on Thursday week, and was not less an artistic success than the first. Here is the programme:—

Overture, *Leonora*, No. 8; Beethoven. Air, "His Salvation is nigh," *Woman of Samaria* (Mr. W. H. Cummings), W. Sterndale Bennett. Concerto, violoncello, No. 3, B minor, first time in England (Mr. Edward Howell), Goltermann. Grand scena, "Sad as my soul," *Lurline* (Miss Blanche Cole), Wallace. Prelude, *Lohengrin*, Wagner. Italian Symphony, in A, No. 4, Mendelssohn. Duet, "Da quel di," *Linda* (Miss Blanche Cole and Mr. W. H. Cummings), Donizetti. Overture di ballo, Sullivan.

Nothing could have more fully shown the qualities of this British orchestra than the *Leonora* overture. The ensemble was magnificent, and the attention to detail, the precision, spirit, and "go" of the entire performance called for the highest praise. All these qualities were equally apparent in the "Italian" Symphony, which Mr. George Mount conducted so as to confirm our belief that he is a born wielder of the *baton*, and not, as often happens, a conductor merely by force of circumstances or impudence. We congratulate Mr. Mount upon the success achieved by him and his orchestra in connection with Mendelssohn's work. Nothing could have more fully justified the principle upon which this Society has been established. Goltermann's Concerto was a novelty, never having been previously heard in England. Goltermann, as our readers have already been told, is a living professor of the instrument for which he largely writes. The themes of the concerto, and the solo passages generally, as the production of a man intimately acquainted with the instrument, are grateful alike to performer and listener: while the orchestral accompaniments suggest no small amount of culture. Goltermann has reason to be thankful that his concerto fell into the hands of Mr. Edward Howell, who justified all that we, and others, have said in his praise. Such beauty of tone, facility of execution, truth of expression, and general artistic excellence are rare indeed; and our young countryman may, without doing violence to his modesty, aspire to the highest honours. Mr. Howell was frequently applauded, and, at the close, had to remount the platform in acknowledgment of a tribute, than which none was ever more fully deserved.

Wagner's prelude gave variety, if nothing else, to the concert; and the singing of Miss Cole and Mr. Cummings was thoroughly acceptable; most acceptable of all being Mr. Cummings' tasteful delivery of Sir Sterndale Bennett's beautiful sacred air.

## ST. GEORGE'S OPERA.

The perennial *Barbiere* of Rossini, given for the first time on Saturday night, afforded the "Winter Season Italian Opera Company" a more favourable chance of distinction than *Il Conte Ory* by the same composer. The fact that almost every Italian singer, on every Italian stage, must be more or less familiar with the comic masterpiece of the most eminent and prolific of Italian musicians may in some measure account for this. But there were other reasons for the unanimous favour and applause with which the *Barbiere* was received. The "cast," with a single exception, was in every respect efficient; and it is only to be regretted that the exception should have been one of considerable importance. That Signor Danieli has been, and is even now, an artist of intelligence can hardly be doubted; but whatever voice he may have once possessed has unfortunately departed from him; and legitimate as is his method, his efforts to atone for this sad drawback are at times almost painful. When Mario's voice had gone, or nearly gone, his consummate art enabled him, with more or less success, to get over every kind of difficulty; and, then, he possessed rare endowments as an actor. Signor Danieli has not the art of Mario; nor is he an actor to be named in the same breath with Mario. His representation of Count Almaviva is, therefore, wanting in each particular. It was the weak point in the performance of Saturday night. The rest was good; and to hear one of the purest of Italian operas sung and acted for the most part by *bona fide* Italians was a treat in itself. The orchestra of 80 players (every one a genuine player, and not a makeshift), conducted by Signor Fiori and "led" by Mr. Pollitzer, was little short of perfect—an advantage in such a work as the *Barbiere* not to be over-estimated. The magnificent *finale* to the first act has seldom been more effectively rendered; and this in a great measure was due to the orchestra, the chorus on the stage being feeble in comparison, and even the principal singers needing solid support in more than one of the concerted pieces.

The Rosina was Mlle. Maria Risarelli, who had already appeared as the heroine of *Il Conte Ory*. Although evidently suffering from cold, this young lady showed herself a practised adept, from a musical as well as from a dramatic point of view. Her "Una voce poco fa" was admirable in conception and bold in execution. This was carried out in "Dunque io son" (the duet with Figaro), and so on, indeed, to the end of the opera, the general encore awarded to Mlle. Risarelli in the "Lesson scene"—absurdly inappropriate as was the air she introduced—being amply deserved. Signor Mottino, if not a Ronconi in humour, is, as times go, a more than acceptable Figaro, vocally and dramatically; while Signor Topai, heard now for the first time in England, is decidedly one of the best and most natural representatives of Dr. Bartolo of recent years. The air in which Bartolo reproaches his ward, Rosina, was delivered by this gentleman with remarkable spirit, and applauded accordingly. Nor was Signor Rocca by any means an indifferent Basilio,—a part far better suited to him than that which he undertook in the *Conte Ory*. Signor Rocca gave the famous air, "La Calunnia" with a force and vigour which won the hearty recognition of the audience. The small part of Berta was well played by Madame Danieli, who imparted more than usual point to the soliloquy in Act II., which, often passed over as if unworthy marked attention, is, nevertheless, one of the quaintest and at the same time most tuneful pieces in the most tuneful of all Italian operas. Signor Marchetti and Mr. Henry Gordon filled the minor characters of Fiorello and the Officer of the Guard in a manner which left no room for criticism. In short, this performance of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* was in many instances excellent, in almost all more than creditable.

Every amateur will be glad to know that among the operas now in preparation are the too rarely heard *Così fan tutte* of Mozart, and *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, the generally admitted *chef d'œuvre* of Cimarosa.

SANTANDER.—A new theatre, called the Teatro Universal, has just been opened.

HAVANNAH.—While Signor Tamberlick was reading a musical score a short time since with Signor Bolis, some thieves broke into his bedroom, and carried off jewelry and other effects to the value of 7000 francs. The police have arrested some persons on suspicion.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1872-3.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

### ELEVENTH CONCERT, MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 18, 1872.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

#### PART I.

QUARTET, in E minor, Op. 58, for two violins, viola, and violoncello  
—MM. STRAUSS, L. RIM, ZERBINI, and FIATTI .. .. . *Beethoven.*  
RECIT. and AIR, "Revenge, Timotheus cries"—MR. SARTLEY .. .. . *Handel.*  
THIRTY-TWO VARIATIONS on an Original Air Op. 36, for  
Pianoforte alone—MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD .. .. . *Beethoven.*

#### PART II.

SERENADE, Trio for violin, viola, and violoncello — MM.  
STRAUSS, ZERBINI, and FIATTI .. .. . *Beethoven.*  
SONG, "The Monk"—MR. SARTLEY .. .. . *Meyerbeer.*  
SONATA, in G, Op. 30, for pianoforte and viola — MADAME  
ARABELLA GODDARD and HERT STRAUSS .. .. . *Beethoven.*  
CONDUCTOR .. .. . MR. ZERBINI.

### SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT. AN EXTRA MORNING PERFORMANCE

(Not included in the Subscription) will take place

On Saturday, January 18.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

#### PROGRAMME.

QUINTET in G Minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—  
MADAME NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIM, STRAUSS, ZERBINI, and  
DAUBERT .. .. . *Mozart.*  
RECIT. and AIR, "Ness e al bosco" (Erie)—MR. SARTLEY .. .. . *Handel.*  
SONATA, in G, Op. 29, No. 1, for pianoforte alone—MR. CHARLES  
HALLS .. .. . *Beethoven.*  
SONATA, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—MADAME  
NORMAN-NERUDA .. .. . *Nordini.*  
SONG, "The Bellringer" (by desire)—MR. SARTLEY .. .. . *Wallace.*  
SONATA, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, for pianoforte and violin—  
MR. CHARLES HALLS and MADAME NORMAN-NERUDA, .. .. . *Beethoven.*  
CONDUCTOR .. .. . SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

#### DEATH.

On the 14th inst., at Sydney Street, Brompton, MRS. VIOLET LINLEY, widow of the late George Linley, the composer, and youngest daughter of the late Dr. Borthwick Gilchrist, LL.D., deeply regretted.

#### NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1872.

IT is not often that, in our capacity as musical journalists, we are required to take note of sayings and doings by the great and mighty of the earth. Art has little practical connexion with the serene (social) altitudes in which the Upper Ten live, and move, and have their being. That "sphere" is one apart from ours, travelling in a different orbit, and (thank Heaven) governed by different laws. Still, there are occasions when the great and mighty come within the range of art; just as a too venturesome aerolite is sometimes dragged down to earth by terrestrial attraction. With one such phenomenon we have now to do, and it may be imagined how, in the course of our remarks, we shall roll the names of Premier Gladstone and the Duke of Somerset like a sweet morsel under our editorial tongue. It is not often that we get a *bonne bouche* of the sort—no, not even at Christmas time, when, if ever, one goes in for luxuries. But to the question.

In the course of his remarkable speech at Liverpool, on Saturday last, Mr. Gladstone thought proper to warn his youthful hearers against over-estimating the age in which we live, and thus doing injustice to the past. The right honourable gentleman said:—

"Again, you will hear incessantly of the advancement of the present age, and the backwardness of those which have gone before it. And truly it has been a wonderful age; but let us not exaggerate. It has been, and it is, an age of immense mental as well as material activity; it is by no means an age abounding in minds of the first order, who become great immortal teachers of mankind. It has tapped, as it were, and made disposable for man, vast natural forces; but the mental power employed is not to be measured by the mere size of the results. To perfect that marvel of traffic, the locomotive, has perhaps not required the expenditure of more mental strength, and application, and devotion, than to perfect that marvel of music, the violin."

At first sight this utterance seems a truism—one of those generally accepted statements which a real orator is privileged to make by right of the eloquence with which he can give them double force. But there was one reader of the Liverpool speech,—most probably no more than one,—who received the Gladstonian words with surprise, if not with scorn. He pondered them deeply in his mind, and, having himself to make a speech at some bucolic place known as Newton Abbot, he resolved to uplift his voice against the pernicious theories propounded at Liverpool. As he resolved, so he acted, and thus did the oracle of Devonshire send forth a counterblast against the oracle of the County Palatine:—

"I saw this morning, to my great surprise, when I opened the newspaper and read the speech of the Prime Minister on education, that he said he would balance for the proof of intellect the invention of the violin against the locomotive engine. Now, I thought that was very strange. I should like to know what the violin has done for the civilisation of mankind. Men have been scraping on these squeaking strings for the last three hundred years, but what good has the world gained by it? But he says the violin is a marvel of music, and, therefore, is equal to the locomotive engine. Now I remember that some years ago, when Paganini, the great fiddler, died, a newspaper, published in Italy, contained an article which commenced in this style:—'Genoa has produced two great men—Paganini and Columbus.' I confess that it seemed to me, when I read of Mr. Gladstone comparing the violin with the locomotive engine, that it was very much like comparing Paganini with Columbus. But is that all? Why, the locomotive engine is altering the civilisation of the world. The railroad and the locomotive are going, not only through Europe, but they have gone into Japan. Do you think they go there with advancing civilisation? I should like to know what fiddle has ever done the same?"

The speaker, O gentle reader, is his Grace the Duke of Somerset, K. G.,\* sometime First Lord of the Admiralty, a Member of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council.

SHALLOW.—Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum*.

SLENDER.—Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson, who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

Of course it behoves us to speak under our breath when we would criticise such an exalted personage; and under our

\* About whom a certain "Dilettante Curtainlifter" once wrote the following stanza, in that remarkable series of epigrams, intitled "Nonsensical Rhymes for Nonsensical Times":—

"There was an old lord, Fitzroy Somerset,  
Who could not preside over a rummer set  
Than the Admiralty Board,  
Which, with its First Lord,  
Over order and sense turned a 'somer-set.'"

Of course, somersault was meant; but *quid tum*?—A.S.S.

breath, therefore, do we say that the Duke of Somerset simply talked the veriest twaddle to the grinning rustics of Newton Abbot. Readers of the *Musical World* will not require any proof of this. They know something about the "marvel of music" which Her Majesty's Privy Councillor styled "squeaking strings." They know what genius and perseverance are needful to make such an artist as Paganini. They know—none better—what refining and civilising influences music takes with it wherever it goes. But on all these matters his Grace of Somerset is utterly and astoundingly ignorant, and in the fact of his ignorance it cannot be difficult to discern a grave matter. Did the Duke represent himself alone, his words would have but the smallest importance. But he is the representative of a powerful class, in the foremost rank of which he holds a place, and his Newton Abbot speech is a revelation of Philistinism in high society which goes a long way to account for the neglect of art shown by our governors. Material wealth; tangible results in the shape of new markets for commerce, or new openings for speculation—these are the sole good in the eyes of British Philistinism; which, whether it be the Philistinism of the "City" or of Newton Abbot, recognizes not, because it cannot discern, the higher good that springs from the culture of those arts which are as much superior to markets and speculations as the soul is superior to the body. Years ago Lord John Manners sang "Let art, religion, laws, and learning die, but spare us still our old nobility." If "our old nobility" be all akin to the Duke of Somerset we could very well spare them first.

### ITALIAN OPERA IN NEW YORK.

RESULTS OF THE PAST SEASON.

(From the "New York Herald," Dec. 8.)

With the performance of *Les Huguenots* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, last evening, a very remarkable season of Italian opera came to a close. On the last day of September, Mr. Maretzek commenced a series of operatic performances, consisting of thirty nights and eight *matinées*. These, with a couple of Brooklyn nights, made forty performances, the gross receipts of which amounted to \$150,413. Ten of these performances had Miss Kellogg as the attraction, and showed returns to the amount of \$21,620. Therefore, thirty performances given by Lucca brought receipts to the amount of \$128,793. Thirty performances last year, in which Mlle. Nilsson was the *prima donna*, brought into the treasury at the Academy of Music \$119,181. These are instructive figures, and give an emphatic denial to the assertions made by new-comers that New York cannot support opera. The subscription for the Lucca season amounted to \$1,600 per night, and for Nilsson about thirteen hundred and fifty dollars. During the Lucca season, the best paying operas were *Faust*, *Don Giovanni*, *Figaro*, and *La Favorita*. Twelve operas have been brought out during the season, namely:—*L'Africaine*, *Faust*, *La Traviata*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Il Trovatore*, *Don Giovanni*, *La Favorita*, *Crispino*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Les Huguenots*, *Linda*, and *Mignon*. During the Nilsson season, seven operas were brought out, namely:—*Lucia*, *La Traviata*, *Faust*, *Martha*, *Don Giovanni*, *Mignon*, and *Il Trovatore*. Of these operas, *Faust*, *La Traviata*, and *Lucia* were the most successful in a financial point of view. It is worthy of remark that *Faust* stands at the head of all other operas in both seasons as a financial success. The Presidential election, the epizooty, the illness of Madame Lucca, and the Boston fire, all served as serious drawbacks to the season just past.

The funeral of Mr. Henry Blagrove took place on Friday (20th inst.), at the Kensal Green Cemetery. It was strictly private, (the deceased having expressed his particular wish that it should be so). The mourners were his son, Mr. George Blagrove, his brothers, Mr. Richard and Mr. John Blagrove, his brother-in-law, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Edward Thurnam, his intimate friend, and the chief promoter of the recent testimonial to the deceased artist.

### CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR. PRENTICE'S Brixton Concerts.—A few lines, though late, are due to Mr. Ridley Prentice for the very excellent concert of the 10th inst. (the third of the series), given at the Angel Town Institution. The instrumentalists who assisted the director were Mr. Henry Holmes and Mr. Pease, players whose names are a guarantee of a rational interpretation of chamber music. The triad performed Raff's trio in G major, Op. 112, and Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor, Op. 66, No. 2, both for piano, violin, and cello, and received warm applause for their sympathetic rendering of the beauties contained in both pieces. Mr. Prentice played, *solo*, a delicious little Sonatina by Paradisi, and Chopin's Grand Valse in A flat, both receiving that careful workmanship that characterises Mr. Prentice's playing; but surely the performer's heart was helping his head and fingers in Mendelssohn's three *Lieder ohne Worte*, especially in the Lied in F major, No. 4, Book IV. Mr. Holmes pleased much in two quaint violin *morceaux* by Tartini. The vocalists were Miss Horne and Miss Beryl. One of Miss Horne's solos was a new ballad by the concert-giver, entitled, "Mither, blame me not for loving," a song simply constructed, and aiming at no great effect, but leaving the singer fair scope for any emotions the words may suggest. It was well received. The audience are greatly indebted to some one not named, but, we presume, Mr. Prentice, for the excellent annotations and some of the pieces; but we failed to see the connection between a description of a visit of Chopin to Mendelssohn and Mendelssohn's Trio. W. H. P.

WALWORTH LECTURE HALL.—The South London Choral Association, whose singing was deemed worthy of a certificate of "high commendation" by the judges of the Crystal Palace Music Meetings, gave their fourth annual Christmas concert at Walworth on Monday. The programme comprising Mendelssohn's "Festgesang," Mozart's "Ne Pulvis," Macfarren's "Christmas Cantata," and a sacred and secular selection. The chorus, which numbers some 120 members, was in good trim, and executed its task with praiseworthy efficiency; whilst the relative inferiority of the solo singing was good-humouredly overlooked by the audience. Mr. Leonard Venables conducted, and Messrs. Wakely and Brewster accompanied. W. H. P.

### PROVINCIAL.

DERBY.—The concert of Mr. T. Ley Greaves was held in the Drill Hall, and was highly successful; numbers of his friends rallied to welcome their fellow-townsmen on the occasion of the first concert in Derby, at which he was *beneficiaire*, after five years' professional study in the metropolis; and his own endeavours were warmly seconded by the talented artists he had brought hither. The room, large as it is, was filled with an enthusiastic and appreciative audience. The concert opened with the *terzetto* of Gordigiani, "Vieni al mar," sung by Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. J. W. Turner, and Mr. Greaves. Then Miss Marion Severn achieved a success in "The Irish King's Ride;" she was encored in "He will be there," written and composed by her father, Mr. T. H. Severn, and in which she accompanied herself. She was also encored after "My love he is a sailor," when she sang "Thady O'Flynn." Miss Edith Wynne rendered artistically "Oh, bid your faithful Ariel fly," "She wander'd down the mountain side," "The Ash grove," and "The Bells of Aberdyff" (in Welch). In all, she was encored. Mr. J. W. Turner gave "The Thorn" and "The Message," by Blumenthal, for which an encore was demanded. Besides taking the tenor part with Mr. Greaves in the duet, "Go, baffled coward," from *Samson*, he sang the air, "In native worth," out of the *Creation*. To speak of the giver of the concert himself (says a local journal) nothing could exceed the warmth of his reception, which was abundantly justified by his rendering of Handel's "Why do the nations," and "Shadows," by W. A. Gibbs. In both he was loudly encored, and he responded to the latter encore by singing Benedict's "Rage, thou angry storm." His most successful songs seemed to us to be "Non più andrai," and the "Yeoman's wedding song." The last was encored. Besides undertaking the arduous office of accompanist, Mr. H. C. Deason played, with the utmost feeling and precision combined, Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," and Weber's "Invitation à la Valse." We sincerely hope from the appreciation universally manifested of such pianoforte music as this, that Mr. Greaves will induce Mr. Deason soon again to come amongst us, and afford us a like treat. The concert was closed with Mr. Turner's singing "God Bless the Prince of Wales;" and it is not too much to say that every one of the audience left the hall with feelings of thanks to Mr. Greaves for having given them a first-class concert, and with the sincerest wishes for his continued success as a vocalist.

LILANEDY.—A vocal and instrumental concert has been given in the schoolroom. The chair was taken by Mr. R. J. Letcher, manager of the Handy Tin-plate Works. Amongst the performers were the Misses Williams, daughters of the Rev. R. Williams, Lilanedy Rectory, aged

eight and six respectively, who played two duets on the pianoforte in a way which greatly pleased the audience.

**PLYMOUTH.**—Prior to a rehearsal of the *Messiah* lately, Mr. J. Brooking Rowe, in the name of three hundred subscribers, presented to the conductor of the Amateur Vocal Association, Mr. F. Lohr, a massive solid silver tea service, accompanied by a scroll, on which were inscribed the names of all who had contributed. Mr. Rowe said the testimonial was in grateful recognition of the energy, perseverance, skill, patience, and disinterested kindness, displayed by Mr. Lohr during the past four years, in training the members of the association, and acting as its conductor with so much efficiency. Not only were the society but the public also indebted to Mr. Lohr; for without his aid much musical talent would probably have remained undeveloped, and many musical treats would not have been afforded to the public of the Three Towns.—A silver bouquet holder and elegant bouquet were also presented to Mrs. Lohr. Mr. Lohr made an eloquent reply, and concluded by saying that the fifteen concerts he had conducted had all been rendered pleasant to him by the attention and heartiness of the choir, and by the amount of success which followed the public performances.

**LEEDS.**—A fine performance of *The Messiah* was given on Friday the 20th, at the Town Hall, Mr. de Jong being the conductor. The choral work was entrusted to the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society, and the instrumental to Mr. de Jong's splendid band, assisted by Dr. Spark at the organ. The solo singers were Madame Sinico, Miss Percival, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Federici. Nothing can be better fitted for an audience about to welcome the great festival of Christmas, than *The Messiah*. The chorus gave "Hallelujah" capitally. The effect would have been better with double the number of voices, although the great organ assisted them greatly. The band was very good, especially in the Pastoral Symphony and the accompaniments to "The People that walked." Mr. Vernon Rigby executed his music like a true artist, and the *Mercury*, writing about the artists, says that one strong attraction was the engagement of Madame Sinico, who fully justified her cordial reception. Her splendid voice and artistic style have rarely been heard to better advantage, and she proved that, although accustomed to Italian opera singing, she can admirably adapt her talents to sacred music.

**CARLISLE.**—*The Messiah* was given on Monday evening, Dec. 23rd, by the members of the Carlisle Choral Society. Mr. Deakin presided at the piano; and the organ (lent for the occasion by Messrs. C. Thurnam & Sons), was played by Mr. R. C. Owen. Mr. Parkinson sang "Comfort ye my people" and "Every valley" impressively. Mr. Furneaux Cook gave "The People that walked" and "Why do the nations?" with effect. Madame Mariani maintained the reputation as an exponent of Handel's music she had already established among us. The gem of the evening was Miss Palmer's "He was rejected." "This was given"—writes a local journal—"with such thoroughly artistic feeling and pathos as to touch deeply the hearts as well as the ears of her hearers." The band is improved. The choruses were sung with precision and force; and, seeing the large amount of new material that the conductor has had to deal with, were effective, especially "For unto us a child is born." Mr. Metcalfe conducted, as he always does, in an earnest and efficient manner. The room was crowded with a fashionable and appreciative audience.

**BRIGHTON.**—The week of Italian opera which closed on Saturday evening, December 21st, was more successful—says the *Brighton Guardian*—in an artistic sense, than either series of the two that preceded it. Relative to Madame Tietjens, the same journal remarks that, *La Diva* has placed her celebrity upon a still higher pinnacle by the real splendour of her combined vocal and dramatic performances. Her *Famina* (*Il Flauto Magico*) vied, if it did not surpass, her *Norma*. The musical *chiar' oscuro* being more varied in Mozart's work than in any other opera in which Madame Tietjens appeared during the week, the audience had full opportunity of appreciating the lyric and dramatic versatility of this gifted and consummate artist. The same journal says that Madame Trebelli-Bertini fairly shared the honours of the week; that her husband is now a valuable lyric artist; Signor Agnesi an effective *primo basso*; Signors Foli and Campobello, and Mr. Wilford Morgan, deserve honourable mention; that Madame Sinico's appearance as Papageno, in *Il Flauto Magico*, completed the charm of that work; and that Signor Li Calci had, with few exceptions, the band and chorus well under control. The "Grand Italian Opera Concert," on the afternoon of Saturday, was not so well attended by the "upper ten" as could have been wished, but the "people" were in full force in the cheaper seats. Messrs. R. Potts and Co. superintended the seating arrangements in their usual business-like manner.

**BURTON-ON-TRENT.**—So much satisfaction did Handel's *Judas Macabbeus* give, on its first production that it was selected again this season. The weather was wretched, and many other circumstances tended to account for the indifferent attendance. The artists engaged were—Miss Woolley, Miss Eliza Heywood, Mr. J. W. Turner, and Mr.

Monteith Bandal. The band and chorus consisted of some hundred performers. Miss Woolley (soprano), who was in excellent voice, sang "Pious orgies," "From mighty kings," and "So shall the lute and harp awake;" Miss Heywood (contralto) has a magnificent voice, and it is much to be regretted that her pieces were comparatively few. Her first recitative "O, Judas! O, my brethren!" was beautifully given, and only excelled in our opinion by the air "Father of heaven, from Thy eternal throne."

### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The last concert before Christmas took place on Monday, when, notwithstanding the miserable weather, a full audience attended to hear the following selection:—

**PART 1.**—Quartet, in B flat, No. 9, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Madame Norman-Néruda, M.M. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti), Mozart. Air, "Lascio ch'io piango" (Madame Nina Gaetano), Handel. Sonata, in D minor, Op. 29, No. 2, for pianoforte alone (Mr. Charles Hallé), Beethoven.

**PART 2.**—Sonata, in A major, No. 2, for pianoforte and violin (Mr. Charles Hallé and Madame Norman-Néruda), Bach. *Fruhlingalied*, "The Spring in wrath commences" (Madame Nina Gaetano), Mendelssohn. Quartet, in E flat, Op. 71, No. 8, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Madame Norman-Néruda, M.M. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti), Haydn.

Mozart's Quartets, like all other works from his marvellous pen, is welcome in a special sense to a classic-loving public; and rarely has it received a better interpretation than on the occasion of which we now speak. Madame Néruda was in the excellent "form" she exhibited at the concert immediately preceding; the grace and delicacy of her execution being a theme of general comment. She also appeared to great advantage in the one novelty of the programme—Bach's Sonata in A. Though overlooked by Mr. Chappell till now, this work is unquestionably an example of Bach's highest power as a composer in the school to which it belongs. Both instruments are written for with a due regard to their proper display, while the music as a whole, takes high rank, apart from any question of virtuosity. Mr. Charles Hallé was worthily associated with the lady violinist in its performance; and he contributed his full share to the rendering of a *Finale* which provoked a unanimous encore. How Mr. Hallé played the familiar Sonata of Beethoven need not be said. With it he was at home in a particular sense, and the result was all the audience could wish. Haydn's beautiful Quartet (repeated by desire), again charmed every listener able to appreciate beautiful melody, perfect form, and consummate art.

Madame Gaetano sang to the evident satisfaction of her audience, doing better, however, in Handel's air, than in the *lied* of Mendelssohn. Sir Julius Benedict accompanied in his usual perfect style.

### CHRISTMAS AT THE PALACE.

Always first to honour the festival which is now being celebrated, the Crystal Palace managers began their holiday amusements on Saturday last. As usual, the great glass-house was found "swept and garnished" for the occasion, but with more completeness and good effect than at any previous time. It is now emphatically the Palace of King Christmas, wherein the jovial monarch holds court amid congenial surroundings, and as it fits his royal dignity. No brighter or more animated spectacle than that presented by the nave could be desired. The far-reaching vista glows with colour, from the gigantic Christmas tree, "fit for the mast of some high admiral," to the well-known crystal fountain of 1861; while between these extremes are displayed the goods of such a fancy fair as only the lucky youngsters of the present time have been privileged to see. But, admirable as are the arrangements and decoration of the nave, the central transept makes the best claim to be accounted Messrs. Grove and Wilkinson's *chef d'œuvre*. Upon its vast space the greatest taste and ingenuity have been lavished with results which alone are worth a journey to behold. The transept, for all festival purposes, is the core and kernel of the Palace. No labour expended there can be wasted, and Saturday's experience went to show that, at last, the *summum bonum*, after which the late Mr. Bowley struggled so perseveringly, has been reached. Anyhow, it seems to us that the force of improvement could no farther go. The transept is now wholly enclosed, from the proscenium to the summit of the Handel Orchestra. Gigantic curtains, each as large as an average suburban garden, are drawn across the openings of the nave; a valerium stretches overhead, level with the spring of the arched roof; the galleries are turned into handsome and comfortable boxes; and the whole area is bright with the colours of waving flags and tasteful devices. The general effect is unique, and when, as on Boxing-day, an immense multitude filled the huge space, the *coup d'œil* will be one of surpassing grandeur. Of course, all this has been done mainly with a view to the distinctive Christmas entertainment produced on Saturday afternoon—the first of the kind brought out under the company's own direction, and by far the most important of all the Sydenham

"annuals." Much was expected from an arrangement which made available all the company's resources; and when it was known that Mr. E. L. Blanchard had undertaken to do for the Crystal Palace what he has so often and so well done for "Old Drury," expectation ripened into assurance. Certain reforms were at once determined upon by Mr. Blanchard and the managers. To begin with, the title of pantomime was abolished, as inapplicable to a spoken drama, and that of Masque substituted. The public will, no doubt, call the entertainment a Pantomime all the same, but with that fact the managers have nothing to do. Next, it was resolved to point a very decided moral by means of the Masque—not a moral obscurely hinted and only discoverable after reflection, but one "writ large," so that even he who runs may read. Here was a delicate task, because nobody cares about didactic teaching at a Christmas entertainment? Mr. Blanchard, however, has got over the difficulty with complete success. He sets forth the advantages of learning as plainly as though the Crystal Palace had a subvention from the London School Board, doing it, nevertheless, so pleasantly that his teaching is received with a consciousness of nothing save unalloyed amusement. The "argument" and representation of *Jack and Jill*, or *Old Dame Nature and the Fairy Art*, need not be noticed here, but we must refer to the splendid "transformation" which Mr. Charles Brew, the inventor and painter, styles *Endymion: a Dream*, and it certainly is "a vision of fair women," set off by glowing colour, fanciful device, and abundant glitter, all used with the taste of an artist. Why *Endymion* is mixed up with *Jack and Jill* may be due to the fact that he, too, was a climber of hills; but the connection does not matter. Enough that when a silver crescent moon slowly descends, and shows the son of *Æthlius* and *Calyce* indulging his proverbial fondness for sleep, watched by *Diana* and an attendant nymph, a picture is presented, the magnificence of which is equalled by its artistic taste. Mr. Brew was deservedly called for and loudly applauded—an honour, by the way, which Messrs. Fenton and Emden fairly earned as painters of the earlier scenes. Some capital and amusing effects are produced in the harlequinade, supported by Mr. Bowells (clown), Mr. Osmond (harlequin), Mr. Harry Marshall (pantaloon), and Mrs. Mordaunt (columbine), and the entire work may be described as worthy the reputation of the Crystal Palace. We should add that the performance on Saturday gave an earnest of the best results after one or two more representations; that Mr. Friend, the company's stage manager, deserves great credit by a careful discharge of his important duties; and that the music, selected and arranged by Mr. Montgomery, is appropriate and free from anything like vulgarity.

#### CHRIST'S HOSPITAL CONCERT.

Visitors were requested to be punctual at the fourth annual concert given by the Bluecoat boys, and they early swarmed into the Great Hall, which, when filled, presented a striking appearance. Much had been done to relieve the sombre grandeur of the edifice. A scarlet-covered orchestra rose tier above tier to the level of the organ gallery, and was filled with a mass of youthful and exceedingly animated performers. Flags and wreaths of artificial flowers lit up the walls with bright colours, bannerets and festoons hung from the chandeliers in profusion, and when the crowd of guests had settled down in area and galleries, no *coup d'œil* could easily have been more imposing. But the feature of chief interest was the 700 members of the late "grand chorus," ranked three deep on platforms running down the sides of the room. Such a vista of bright and healthy boyish faces did one good to look upon; but we could not help pitying the lads. Their silence was cruel. No churning, no applauding—this had been the edict of authority, and right well was it obeyed; but at a cost which should have prompted the audience to ask for them the liberty of at least one good "hurrah" between the parts. How much better the seven hundred would have felt after even a single outburst! As it was, the silent Blues paid their vocal and instrumental brethren the compliment of sustained attention throughout a lengthy performance. Nor did the audience fall behind in this respect, for, truth to tell, the musical doings were very interesting, and some of them really enjoyable. We refer especially to the singing of the select choir, which numbered some eighty voices, including a few "outsiders," called to help the Grecians in the "gruff" departments. Mr. G. Bennett, one of the masters of the school, has created this choir from sheer love of the art in which he is a proficient; and the result is already admirable. The voices are sweet, and, for the most part, well in tune; the lads sing with much precision and attention to detail; while the earnestness of all proves that their teacher has inoculated them with no little of his own enthusiasm. Among the selections given by the choir, "He watching over Israel" (*Elijah*), Mendelssohn's part song, "The Nightingale," and Sullivan's "O hush thee, my Babe" (encored), were conspicuous for the merits just enumerated. In point of fact, Mr. Bennett will soon make his boys accomplished chorists; and it is not surprising that, even now, the musical authorities of St.

Paul's Cathedral seek their aid at the special services. But there are Blue soloists as well as Blue chorists; the honours in this department being carried off by Richards and Olive, whose excellent voices and good training were conspicuous in Mendelssohn's "I would that my love." The duet was encored, and thoroughly did the lads deserve the compliment. Collisson joined them in "Lift thine eyes" (*Elijah*), which also received justice; and in Barnett's well-known "Music Lesson" Salter and Banks made the sensation of the evening. If we cannot so unreservedly praise the performance of the band, it is for reasons reflecting in no way upon the zeal of the pupils or the ability of their teacher, Mr. Hopkins. Singing like erring, is natural to man and boy, but not so the playing upon shrill, ear-piercing flutes and blaring trumpets, which exact many a weary hour of practice as the cost of even moderate efficiency. But there is good material in the Blue band, and the spirit and precision shown should encourage a confident hope of much better results eventually. Todd and Combes (clarinet), Herschell (cornet), and Schön (euphonium), played solos with an ability far beyond their years, and the *ensemble* was sometimes—as in a selection from *William Tell*—of a satisfactory character. The vocal music was accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. George Cooper, who also played on the organ an *Andante*, with variations, by Mendelssohn, and a religious march by A. Guilmant. It is almost superfluous to add that Mr. Cooper justified his great reputation as one of our foremost executants, even under the discouraging conditions imposed by an instrument out of tune. The proceedings ended with "Rule Britannia"—they began with "God save the Queen"—and as the great audience went out into the dark and dismal night, the more fortunate army of Blues filed off to supper and to bed.

NAPLES.—Verdi's *Don Carlos* has been produced at the San Carlo for the first time in this city, under the personal superintendence of the composer, who was called on above thirty times, to acknowledge the applause of the audience. His last work, *Aida*, is to be produced at the same theatre during the Carnival. Signor Verdi, it is said, intends passing the winter in Paris.

MILAN.—The new theatre, the Teatro dal Verme, brought its first season to a termination with the fourth performance of Signor Ponchielli's opera, *I promessi Sposi*. When it will re-open is a question as yet undecided. It is probable that, when it does, it will bear some other name. Its present appellation gives universal dissatisfaction. The Carcano, also, is closed, but only for a few days. It was shortly to inaugurate a new season with *L'Ebreo*, to be followed by *Gli Avventurieri*, Signor Braga; *Il Caid*, Thomas; and *Claudia and Michele Perrin*, Cagnoni. Among the novelties promised for the coming Carnival season may be mentioned *Uriella*, a grand ballet, at the Teatro Cannobbiana, and a whole host of new operettas, at the Teatro Santa Radegonda.

BERLIN.—A most successful *Matinée* has been given at the Opera-house, in aid of the sufferers by the late inundations in the Baltic provinces. The greatest treat was that afforded by Herr and Mme. Joachim; the great violinist performing Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and the lady singing a scene from *Alceste*. Mdle. Sophie Stehle produced a highly favourable impression in Beethoven's *Egmont* Song, as well as in the *Jessonda* Duet with Herr Schott. Mdme. von Voggenhuber sang an air by Eckert; Herr Betz, "Schloss Honour," by Truhn; and Herr Niemann, the Love-Song from Herr R. Wagner's *Walkyre*. The orchestra, under Herr Eckert, performed in a splendid manner Beethoven's *Egmont* overture, and Glinka's "Kamarinskaja."

ST. PETERSBURGH.—This capital is at present divided into two rival parties: the Pattiists and the Nilssonists; the Emperor is said to rank among the former, and the general operatic public among the latter; the press is pretty tolerably divided. The *St. Petersburg Journal*, for instance, sounds the praises of the fair Swede in every key; while the *Golos* stands up stoutly for Mdme. Patti. The smaller operatic "stars" are entirely eclipsed, especially Mdme. Mallinger, who lately appeared as Alice in *Robert le Diable*, and achieved the very reverse of a triumph.

VENICE.—Donizetti's grand five-act opera, *Dom Sebastian*, twenty years ago a favourite work of the public here, has just been revived with great splendour at the new Opera-house.—The old Karntnertheater Theatre is being pulled down.—The City Finance Committee have voted 5000 florins towards the Beethoven Memorial, on condition of its being erected in the Square before the Academic Gymnasium.

AGRAM.—Mdme. Mallinger—who, by the way, is a Croatian and not a German—was lately called upon by the authorities of this town to fulfil the obligation she had formerly contracted to sing at the theatre here, in return for special privileges accorded to her at the Conservatory of Music, when she was a pupil there. The lady has written from St. Petersburg stating her perfect readiness to fulfil her part of the contract. She may be expected next April or May. She will appear in M. Gounod's *Faust*, and in Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*.

## REVIEWS.

J. B. CRAMER &amp; Co.

*Little Maid of Arcadee.* Song. Words by W. S. GILBERT; music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

THIS pretty song is, if we mistake not, extracted from the operetta by Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert, produced, some time ago, at the Gaiety Theatre. It will be very welcome, and, if merit has its due, will become very popular in a separate form. The story of the verses is the "old, old story," quaintly told; and the music displays all Mr. Sullivan's grace of style and propriety of expression, joined to unquestionable musicianship. Of this last, the second verse, with its happy echo of the first, in the minor key of the super-tonic, is a capital illustration. The song is in G major, and the compass of the melody brings it within the reach of most voices.

*Alone for Ever.* Romance. Words by Madame FOLL. Music composed expressly for Mlle. Tietjens by ORLANDO BARRI.

As may be inferred from the title of this song, its prevailing sentiment is melancholy, and not adapted to a "festive season." But mirth and jollity do not endure, and there are times when a good, dismal song is welcome, especially when, as in this case, the music takes superior rank. Mr. Barri has written like a musician, and not as a mere maker of tune; hence the song is a perfect whole, to the perfection of which, theme and accompaniment contribute in almost equal proportions. We emphatically commend "Alone for Ever" to all amateurs who love a really good thing. The key is D minor and major; compass from C below to F, fifth line.

*Les Bavauds.* Galop upon Airs from Offenbach's Operetta, by C. H. R. MARRIOTT.

THE mention of Offenbach's name in connection with music of this kind is quite enough to arouse interest. Mr. Marriott has adapted the chosen themes with all needful skill, and a very animated and pleasing piece is the result. The title-page reproduces a humorous scene from the operetta.

*The Galatea Waltz.* (H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh). Transcribed for the Pianoforte by J. RUMMEL.

THE royal composer of this waltz—who is a good musician and a sensible man—may ask, with some surprise, why his little bandling has attracted so much notice as to warrant its appearance in the present form. We will not affect a belief that the cause lies in any transcendent merit; enough that music from the pen of a Queen's son naturally receives attention; and is welcome to great numbers of loyal folk more because of whence it comes than of what it is. Mr. Rummel is a skilful transcriber, and he has done his work in this instance with much success. That the transcription will be a favourite among the fair lovers of such music "goes without saying."

*Minerva.* Grande Marche Militaire pour Piano, par Paul Semler.

THIS is an effective March in E flat major. The style is somewhat original, and much variety is obtained by clever and well-considered devices. Amateurs who are in want of a striking piece, of no great difficulty, may find here the object of their desire.

LAMBORN COCK &amp; Co.

*An Old-Fashioned Song for Christmas.* Words from *The Afterglow.* Music by F. AMCOTTS JARVIS (Trin. Coll., Cam.)

THIS is not only "an old-fashioned song," but a very capital one, and one to be unreservedly praised as a contribution to the music of the present season. The verses smack of that antique jollity—a blending of piety and good fellowship—to which we still cling, in sentiment, if not in practice. Here is the first verse as a specimen:—

"Tis merry at good old Christmas-tide  
When the Lord came down from high,  
All heedless of the wintry rime,  
In Bethlehem to lie.  
'Tis merry for knight, and kyeave, and squire,  
And merry for dames around the fire,  
Then, "think of the poor," saith the white-headed friar,  
For the sun rides round the world, O."

Mr. Jarvis's music has the true hearty ring in it, which such words demand, and is withal well written. A special feature is the introduction of the well-known tune "Adeste fideles," on the words:—

"But think how Christ in the manger lay  
While angels sang around."

The effect is good, and we have not the smallest doubt that the song will be a favourite round many a Christmas fire.

BARCELONA.—The management of the Liceo contemplates, it is said, producing Herr R. Wagner's *Tannhauser*.

GENOVA.—Signor Marchetti's *Romeo e Giulietta* has been successfully produced here.

## WOMEN VERSUS BOYS.

Some remarks we made last week upon the edict of Archbishop Manning, which removes women-singers from the choirs in his diocese, have prompted a correspondent to indite the subjoined letter. We cheerfully find room for his communication, as the subject treated of is an important one in its way:—

"SIR,—In your leading article, of Saturday last, I find that you have written on a subject you very seriously think does, or may, affect the services of the Catholic Church, by the exclusion of female singers by the late decree of the Archbishop. It is not for me to ask his Grace what his reasons were for excluding them. It is sufficient to know he has done so. Neither do I question in the least your opinion of the effect of a soprano solo sung by a great female artist, for I should expect of her all that execution and style in the art of singing that her years of training should demand of her. You say, speaking of the Archbishop of Westminster, that 'he has virtually banished from his pale (the Church) the greatest works of her most gifted sons. Mozart, Beethoven, and Haydn will no longer, with their solemn, devout, and inspiring strains, clothe the mass with heavenly beauty, for without the female soprano their works cannot be adequately rendered.' This is a sweeping assertion, and viewed either in the light of religious worship or of art, requires looking into. May I ask, have you ever heard those works performed as services by a choir where female voices were not permitted to be heard? I have; and so have many others, and each one is entitled to his own opinion upon the performance of the whole, as a religious service, and not a concert, even in an artistic light. You say, boys cannot, except in 'rare instances,' be made efficient. I beg to maintain that they can, and that they can be trained for such purposes, and have been so trained, and have so performed the soprano and alti parts of those great works that have been for years past so well known in London, that they have been the means of frequently drawing thousands of admirers to witness the performance of the works, not only of the great masters you name, but also the works of many others, properly belonging to the same constellation of musical genius, in such a manner that many who have been present at those services, not being able to distinguish the artists, being out of reach of the eye, upon inquiring their names, have asked, 'who were the ladies?' I presume you allude to the solo parts of those works, in ignoring the capability of the boy, as you say nothing of the choruses. I hope you will allow that there would not be much heavenly beauty to clothe a mass, if sung as a quartet. I hope I have shown that the solo parts are quite safe with a well-trained boy, and I will now say, that any choruses or fugue you wish to name, can be sung by a choir of boys in such a manner that would put to the blush many choruses I have heard sung by female voices. This is also a well known fact. As I am not writing to the ladies, who have, as you say, so long adorned the works of our great masters and clothed those sublime works with heavenly beauty, they need no apology for what I have said. My object is first to correct the error into which you have been led, no doubt, by the great zeal you always show towards the musical art and musical performances, and also to endeavour to relieve the minds of many who—at the time the command of the Archbishop went forth, that ladies should be excluded from all Catholic choirs,—thought, as you do, that the great and sublime works to which they listened for so many years with feelings of joy and love, and which assisted them by their inspiring strains to the most elevated acts of devotion, were gone, and entirely lost for evermore. As a lover of those great works I assure you that no one would lament their loss to the Church more than myself, and if I saw that the change made by his Grace must necessarily lead to it, I would at once coincide with you most heartily; but I do not see it, and I venture to assure you and your readers that, if instead of conjuring up such an evil, as it would be to all concerned in this great matter, if they would but encourage the change, if not by their co-operation, at least by their silence, the shock, as it appears to be, would soon subside and right itself, and the only change that would manifest itself would be that we should find a boy performing, in a satisfactory manner, what so long has been believed by many to be a woman's right. But you do not wholly deny that boys can be made efficient for singing those works, for you partly admit it by saying in 'rare instances' they can do so. Allow me to say that those instances are rare only because they correspond to the means. The means are rare, and because they are so it becomes incumbent upon those deeply and immediately interested in the wishes of the Archbishop to at once see that a proper person is obtained to select and train a number of boys, which can easily be done at any of their schools; for there abundance of material exists, and cause them to be trained and instructed in the music of the church; and if the teacher of such boys will but exercise firmness and determination upon his part, it will be soon found that the boys can be made to sing the music of such works as have always been performed in our churches. Therefore, I say, let teachers be found, boys' voices abound, and they soon will learn to sing.—Yours, &c.,

MAURICE CONNELL.

As our remarks were solely prompted by a desire for the good of art, we are, of course, glad to learn that no mischief need be apprehended from the recent change. Our correspondent must excuse us, however, if we take a lower estimate of the value of boy sopranos than he seems

to do. Some few lads may, by reason of exceptional gifts, take high rank in that capacity; but the average merit of even trained choristers, as exponents of the religious feelings animating religious music, is very low. The natural soprano is the female, and the boy at his best is only a makeshift, which nature spoils in a very few years. We do not doubt, however, that much more might be done than is done at present to improve the boy soprano.

### WALFIS.

It has been decided to rebuild the Théâtre Lyrique at the expense of the Municipality of Paris.

Mlle. Marimon has gone to Paris for a short season of rest, after her lengthened tour in the British provinces.

John Strauss's new operetta, *The Carnival of Rome*, will be brought out early next month at the Theater an der Wien.

The Irish Academy of Music is in future, by her Majesty's sanction, to be styled "The Royal Irish Academy of Music."

*Le Ménestrel* says that M. Sardon's *Patrie* is to be played in English, with the author's sanction, at the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

We hear that *Les Deux Reines* is to be treated as an opera proper, having failed in its capacity as a drama with incidental music.

*Harold; or, The Last King of the Saxons*, is the title of a new Wagneresque opera recently produced with success at Königsberg. The composer's name is Gustave Dollo.

The *Ménestrel*—an authority in all that concerns Madame Nilsson—states that the Swedish *prima donna* lost 750,000 francs (£30,000) by the Boston fire. "Lightly come, lightly go."

Mr. C. G. Verrinder's first *Soirée musicale*, for the present season, took place on Wednesday (December 18th), at Lancaster Gate, by kind permission of Mrs. Sant, and was eminently successful.

Mozart's *Serenade in D* was well received at a late Padeloup concert. The Parisians liked it better than the same composer's symphonies, which appeared to go over their heads when produced by the Popular orchestra.

Mr. Felix Whitehurst, formerly one of the foreign correspondents of *The Daily Telegraph*, died, we regret to state, at Baden-Baden on Saturday last. His loss will be sincerely lamented by a large circle of sorrowing friends.

**TESTIMONIAL TO SIGNOR LI CALSI.**—The members of Mr. Mapleson's Italian Opera orchestra, who accompanied him on his recent provincial tour, desiring to show their appreciation of the kindness and urbanity of Signor Li Calsi, their conductor, have presented him with a handsomely illuminated photograph album.

Mr. Alfred Hemming, the young tenor vocalist, who may be remembered with pleasure as having sung with success at several concerts in London, some three years ago, has returned from a course of study in Italy, where he went "the round" of the provincial opera houses with considerable success, according to the local journals, all of whom speak highly of his lyrical capabilities.

**ROYAL ALBERT HALL AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.**—His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh presided at a meeting of the committee of management of this society, which was held at Clarence House on Saturday afternoon. There were present the Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, Mr. Cole, C.B., Major Donnelly, R.E., and Mr. Alan Cole, the honorary secretary. Mr. Arthur Sullivan also attended.

A young man, who was charged with obstructing the police and with creating a disturbance, complained that the officers in question had committed perjury, and that, instead of taking him, they should have removed "the waltz," to whom he had an objection, not being of a musical turn of mind, at three o'clock, a.m. Mr. Flowers fined him 2s. 6d. [It ought to have been 2s. 8d. at the very least.—A. S. S.]

**PRESENTATION TO MR. ALFRED RAPER.**—The principal artists of Mr. Mapleson's Italian Opera Company, have presented Mr. Raper, who for some years has held the position of Acting Manager and Treasurer on the tours, with a valuable gold watch, by Murray, and Mr. Mapleson showed his sympathy by supplementing the gift with a handsome gold chain. The presentation was made by Mlle. Tietjens, on Saturday last, at Brighton.

Mr. Edwin Forrest, the American tragedian, died in Philadelphia on the 12th inst., in his sixty-seventh year. Mr. Forrest visited England several times. During his last visit the friendly relations which he had maintained with Mr. Macready were broken. The quarrel was taken up by the friends of both gentlemen; and to the zealous interference of partisans of Mr. Forrest has been ascribed the riot in New York on the 10th of May, 1849, during the engagement of Mr. Macready at the Astor Place Opera-house.

Liszt has declined to compose a cantata in aid of the proposed Beethoven monument at Vienna. So much the better for the prospective audience.

The *Messiah* was performed at the Royal Albert Hall on Tuesday evening, at eight o'clock, and also on Christmas Day at half-past two. The principal vocalists were Mlle. Tietjens, Miss Marion Severn, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Signor Agnesi.

The "Teatro Massimo," as San Carlo is called by the Neapolitans, opened wide its doors the week before last for a crowded audience. There was a rush to hear *Don Carlos*. Verdi, too, was there to superintend the performance, and as he has been unremitting in his exertions for a month or more, everything went off in a most satisfactory manner. The performers did their very best, and were greatly applauded, all but one unfortunate whose voice was not equal to the "Massimo;" and the popular *maestro* was loaded with honours. Thirty times he was called for by an audience enthusiastic almost to madness, and on his return to his hotel crowds accompanied him, while the road was in a blaze of light.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—The Westmoreland Scholarship and the Potter Exhibition were competed for on Monday at the institution in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, the examiners being the Principal (Sir Sterndale Bennett), Mr. F. R. Cox, Mr. W. Dorrell, Signor Garcia, Mr. John Hullah, Mr. H. C. Lunn, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. Walter Macfarren, and Dr. Steggall. The results were as follows:—Westmoreland Scholarship.—Miss Emma L. Beasley elected; Miss Annie Butterworth, Miss Needle Goode, and Miss Harford highly commended. Potter Exhibition.—Miss Florence A. Baglehole elected; Miss Mary Taylor highly commended; Miss Clara Whomes, Miss Annie Martin, and Miss Annie J. Turner commended. Mendelssohn Scholarship.—Mr. Eaton Fanning unanimously elected by the Mendelssohn Foundation Committee, and the Committee of the Royal Academy of Music.

**THE PARSEE LADIES OF BOMBAY.**—Signor Marras, who is said to be well known in the West-end circles, gave a concert at the Town Hall, last Monday evening, assisted as usual by a number of amateurs and pupils. We should not have noticed so every day an occurrence, but that the occasion was signalized by the first appearance on any stage of a young Parsee lady, wife of one of our most eminent citizens. The event has caused a great sensation among her caste, young Zoroaster highly approving the courage of the lady who so far assimilated and fraternized with her English sisters, while old Zoroaster, represented by the Parsee newspapers, is furious and insulting, and vents his displeasure in very unbecoming language. The Parsee ladies of Bombay are, with the approval of their husbands and relatives, fairly casting away all the more odious restrictions imposed upon their sex, and we sincerely hope the day is not distant when Hindoo ladies will be permitted to follow their example.—*Bombay Gazette*, Dec. 2.

Natives of the Principality, in all parts of the world, will rejoice to learn that the Prince of Wales has consented to preside at the Eisteddfod which is to be held next year at Mold. This result is due to the spirited action of the committee, and the influence exercised by the Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household, Lord Richard Grosvenor, M.P. The presence of Royalty at a bardic congress was indispensable in olden times, and the Welsh Princes were *ex officio* presidents of the Eisteddfod. After the Eisteddfod held by Royal warrant in the time of Elizabeth, the national institution lapsed into a state of decay, which was resuscitated at the commencement of this century through the patriotic exertions of that brilliant circle which enriched Celtic literature with "The Myfyrian," and other masterpieces of learning and research. The late Duke of Sussex presided at the Denbigh Eisteddfod in the early part of the century, when one of the bards exclaimed, with more conciseness than dignity—

"Nid Sir yw, ond brawd Sior Rex,  
Dacw Sash y Duc o Sussex!"

Our present Majesty, also, when Princess Victoria, attended the Beaumaris Eisteddfod in 1832, and invested the late Caledfryn with a gold medal as the prize for his celebrated ode on "The Wreck of the Rothery Castle."—*North Wales Choir*.

### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

DEIGHTON, BELL, & Co.—"Cambridge School and College Text Book," music by Henry C. Banister.  
METZGER & Co.—"The Practical Choir-Master," part VII., by W. Spark, Mus. Doc.  
RUDALL, CARTE, & Co.—"The Flute Player's Fello, No. 24, 'The swallows' flight,'" by A. Collard. Journal of the London Society of Amateur Flute-players, No. 10, "Romance and Rondo," by Richard Carte.  
ENOCH & SONS.—"The Musical Monthly" for January, 1873, edited by Sir Julius Benedict.

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